NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The speakers at the Leeds Conference who professed to believe that peace could not come by the military defeat of Prussia but only by negotiation misconceived, we think, both the nature of the war and the character of their countrymen. It was precisely because the method of negotiation had broken down that the nations resorted to war—including, as a most conspicuous example, America herself. Surely America, if any nation, tried to maintain peace by negotiation with the Central Powers; and if America failed, what likelihood is there that another nation would succeed? There are, besides, absolute issues in dispute which only the absolute surrender of one side or the other can possibly settle; for not every question in this world is open to compromise; and the question of the future supremacy of Prussia or of Democracy is one of them. To assume that the issue between militarism and civilianism can be compromised now that it has been definitely raised is to assume that in the long run two antagonistic forms of government, each striving for mastery, can lie down together like the lion and the lamb. One of them, on the contrary, must disappear as decisively as, upon another occasion, the institution of slavery disappeared; and since, as we say, fate has willed that the issue between militarism and democracy should be raised for final debate in our day, the issue must likewise be decided in our day. Even, however, if the issue were less momentous than it is, our Leeds friends and their associates must be profoundly mistaken in their compatriots if they imagine that the effective national spirit of this country will tolerate what is called a patched-up peace—a peace, that is, unaccompanied by a Prussian surrender. Though the “Daily News” may plausibly point to the prospect of “the complete exhaustion of the manhood of the nation” and doubt at the end of it all whether a military decision is possible, only superficial persons will believe that on that account the nation will abandon the pursuit of the war in favour of negotiation. Rightly or wrongly—and we think rightly, in view of all the circumstances—the nation will continue in the war until Prussianism is admittedly defeated; and if this end does not appear possible, the nation, we believe, will make it possible.

The question, therefore, of whether the war can be stopped before a military victory is obtained has little or no reality for us. It is beyond argument. But what is not beyond argument is the question whether victory is not being delayed and the war prolonged by our preoccupation with the military side of it. Upon this subject, we imagine that our soldiers, no less than civilian strategists like ourselves, have a good deal to say. In their and in our opinion, the abdication of diplomacy and the neglect to employ every available moral and intellectual means for shortening the war, have been and are a form of civilian treachery. It is as if we had said when the war was begun that henceforth the dispute was a matter for soldiers and for nobody else, and that they alone should bear the whole brunt of it. Indeed, some of our publicists talk of “a long war” as if its very length were a quality of which we should be proud. The soldiers’ point of view, on the other hand, is that a long war is not only a burden upon the troops, but a disgrace to the civil and diplomatic authorities, who should rather pride themselves upon seconding the efforts of the Army than upon leaving the issue to the Army alone. The defect, moreover, arises from another fault than that of indolence. We know that the diplomatic authorities (including most of the public that interests itself in foreign affairs) are disposed when war breaks out to withdraw from the field, even from their own field, and to follow the movements of the Army with little more sense of responsibility than the ordinary citizen brings to a cinema-film. But the more inhuman defect that may be imputed to them is the defect of imagination in men in whom during war imagination should be at its highest. For while it may be the case that the superficial public looks to find a thrilling story of military valour upon its breakfast-table, it ought not to be the case that our responsible classes should be anything but horrified at the prolongation of a war whose agonies it is their business to realise. Conceive what would be the attitude of a diplomacy that understood the war as a direct consequence of its own failure, and realised the nature...
of the task the soldiers had in consequence been called
upon to discharge—is it not certain that diplomacy under
the circumstances would not and could not rest a
moment until it had satisfied itself that nothing was
left undone to atone for its past errors or to shorten
the terrible task of the Army? That, on the contrary,
our diplomacy does little or nothing, save in the way of
mere routine, to assist the Army in bringing about a
victory, is at once a reflection upon its humanity and
upon its intelligence.

Since the strength of an Army depends in the last
resort upon the spirit of a people, there are plainly two
things the civil administration can do to support its
troops in the field. One is to maintain and raise the
spirit of the people at home; the other is to weaken by
every legitimate means the spirit of the enemy peoples.
We will not upon this occasion consider what our Ad-
ministration has done in regard to the former; but in
regard to the latter it is clear that our diplomacy have
neglected much. To begin with, it is only after
three years of war that the true objective of Allied
diplomacy is beginning to be defined—namely, the sepa-
ration of the German people from their Prussian rulers;
and even upon this matter there is still dispute. For
us, however, there can be none, for the reason that it
is the only hypothesis upon which diplomacy can act at
all. Upon the contrary hypothesis, the hypothesis that
the German people and the German oligarchy are indi-
guishable in spirit, the war, as we have often pointed out,
is not only exclusively a matter for soldiers, but it must be a war of conquest and extermina-
tion in which diplomacy, both to-day and for ever,
have no part. We are back, in short, into barbarism.

What, we ask, should we not have gained by
the pacific Press, in its sentiments of humanity,
liberty and international fraternity, is, at any rate,
neater the mind of the nation than the Press controlled
by Lords Northcliffe and Milner. To prohibit the ex-
port to Germany of the former, which might conceiv-
able hasten and sweeten defeat for the German people,
while giving facilities for the dissemination in Germany
of the views of the latter is, to handicap the diplomacy
that aims at weakening the spirit of the enemy; and,
indeed, to frustrate it altogether. We should not be
in the least surprised to discover one day that our Press
has been responsible for prolonging the resistance of the
German people by several years.

That the German people are still humane at bottom,
and for all the horrible actions of which they are guilty,
we have the evidence of the Australian professor who
recently returned from Berlin, and is now publishing
his observations in the "Times." He tells us, first
of all, what we all know, but seldom have in mind, that
the German Press which is quoted in this country for the
purpose of adding fuel to our fire of hate is, even more
than our own Press, under the direction and control of
the Government. A Major of the Prussian General
Staff, he says, assembles once a week the editors of
German papers to instruct them (or, rather, to com-
mand them) what they should or should not say, with
the result that the comments passing in this country for the opinions of the German people are,
are, in reality, the dictated opinions of the Prussian Staff.
But how are we to guess, it may be asked, that these
are not also the opinions of the German people? The
reply is that, apart from the difficulty (to say no more)
of repudiating openly the policy of a desperate gang
of powerful rulers, the sentiments of the people, when
freely expressed, are in direct contradiction with the
policy of Prussianism. Our correspondent tells us that
the popular cinemas in Germany reveal the "Boche,"
not as we picture him, or as our own Press pretends
the German people wish him to appear, as a brutal and un-
feeling devil, but "as a philanthropist"—in short, in
much the same character as our own "Tommies" as-
sume. It pleases them to believe that their soldiers are
humane. And that the pleasure is not affected or hypo-
critical is shown by another observation of our corre-
spondent, who records the fact that when the Prussians
exhibited U-boat warfare as it really is (thereby giv-
ing the German people an opportunity of appreciating
the policy), the audiences were horrified and whispered,
"Frightful," so that the films had to be withdrawn.
This, we must say, does not look as if the German
people were utterly corrupted beyond human semblance.
Their hearts, we believe, are right in the place; and it
is only their heads that are wrong. While, therefore,
we must continue to hammer at their heads (and, as we
suggest, by every means in our power), it is as well to
remember that the heart is still alive.

Another piece of diplomacy that is being mishandled
by the Allies is that of the International Socialist Con-
ference. On the face of it, we do not see what the
Allies have to lose by it; but we can see, on the other
hand, what they can lose by opposing it. Already the
"Frankfurter Zeitung" and other German journals
have drawn the moral of M. Ribot's refusal of pass-
ports to the French delegates, the moral, namely,
that "the subjects of monarchies like Germany are
actually in some respects more free than the citizens of
republics"; and there are other morals to be drawn as well, which we shall not enumerate.
Nor has the atmosphere been improved by the negotia-
tions of Mr. Henderson with the Russian Revolution-
aries, culminating in the dictation of the terms of a peace
act and faith for which we see no justification. The Russian
Revolutionaries, it is clear, invited Mr. Henderson to
meet them for the purpose of defining the conditions
under which a genuine International assembly could
be convicted; and when they discovered that he was instructed to require that the first condition of the convocation should be the exclusion of the German Majority Socialists, they naturally preferred to proceed without him. To the accusation of bad faith, in fact, which he has brought against his Russian colleagues they can retort (as they have, no doubt, retorted) with the charge that Mr. Henderson is in Russia under false pretences. The fact remains that the Russian Government is anxious to hold an International Socialist Conference to which the German Socialists are to be invited, but of which both French and English Socialists are to be debarred by their respective Governments; and that from this fact the German Socialists are to draw inspiration for becoming as free as the Western democracies. We repeat our conviction that the German Socialists will draw no such conclusion from our official timidity. On the contrary, they will feel that our Governments are afraid lest our Socialists be overborne by the German Socialist arguments which must needs, therefore, be as sunder as formidable.

Upon the personal elements in the decision of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union (acting on the instructions of Mr. Havelock Wilson and Captain Tupper) to decline to carry Mr. MacDonald and his party to Stockholm, we observe, apart from the improved position for a Union to impose, we have nothing more to say than that the Trade Union movement is unfortunately riddled with them, and that they are at once the despair and the disgust of the friends of Trade Unionism. But upon the public aspect of the attempt of a Union to blackmail private citizens and to impede their movements upon lawful occasions, a word must be said in the interests of Trade Unionism itself. Certain shortsighted persons in the common Press, we observe, are so pleased with the attempt of a Union to blackmail private citizens and to impede their movements in public interests of Trade Unionism that they are content to overlook the danger to public policy involved in it. But they cannot, we assure them, have it both ways. They cannot accept to-day the private dictatorship as a Trade Union because it happens to suit them, and to-morrow object when the decision is against them. It is not probable, we are aware, that such a body as the Seamen's Union would venture to blackmail the opinions of Government emissaries and refuse them to a Peace Conference until the latter had announced their intentions of including the Seamen's Union in a special clause of the Peace agreement; but we certainly cannot see what objection could be raised against them by the journals now praising their parallel treatment of Mr. MacDonald. The action to which we are taking exception is without doubt beyond the legitimate province of Trade Union action; and belongs to Syndicalism rather than to any proposal with which the New Age is associated; for it is not only in contradiction of the spirit of public service, which is without fear or favour, but it is in violation of established law. We hope that if the Seamen's Union should persist in their ill-advised attempt to procure opinion by threats, the case may be brought into the courts for constitutional decision. The right of the citizen to travel on lawful occasions cannot be vetoed by a Transport Union without a challenge being given to the whole conception of national law.

Returning to the subject of our opening paragraphs, there is a second fear we entertain in the admission that a military defeat of Prussia is necessary, desirable and possible: it is that as well as requiring the first condition of the Peace of Prussia, such a victory, when once it has been procured, will be employed to impose upon Germany an unjust, and, hence, an unstable peace. Room for apprehension upon this point is to be found, we fear, in the recent speech of Mr. Ribot; and it turns, in both instances, upon the phrases that refer to guarantees for the future. Upon the need for restorations, including that of Alsace-Lorraine to France, we do not imagine that there will be any serious difference of opinion anywhere. On the need for guarantees in the peace, likewise, there will probably be little dispute. But when it comes to guarantees, and particularly to such guarantees as both M. Ribot and Mr. Asquith foreshadow, not only dispute is raised, but it appears to us that the world may very well be turned upside down again upon the question. Said M. Ribot last week in the French Chamber (and to the cheers, we regret to add, of the majority of the deputies): "We must demand guarantees to safeguard our children against the repetition of these horrors." Very good, but of what nature are these guarantees to be? A more democratic foreign and internal policy; more open diplomacy; the establishment of such a peace that only criminal nations could complain of it; reasonable give-and-take in matters of foreign trade; security for democracies everywhere? It was none of these things that M. Ribot defined as providing the guarantees he was looking for; but, in the first place, a perpetual League of the Nations now in alliance against Germany; and, in the second place, either "territorial acquisitions or temporary occupations of enemy territory, or the neutralisation of strategic territories." If this programme does not contemplate a "knock-out" peace as a sequel of a "knock-out" military victory—the very consequence, in short, that Mr. Wilson warned the Allies against—we do not know what interpretation can be put upon it. It bears, in our view, all the marks of conquest and of permanent conquest; and is, as unlikely as anything that can be conceived to induce the German people to "compel their rulers to lay down their arms." But not madness alone could so further go than to sow with such diligence in the settlement of peace the seeds of future wars, the contemplation of guarantees of this kind assumes already the present defeat of the Allies, or, at least, nothing better than an equivocal victory. It is presumed, we trust, that the victory of the Allies will put an end, once and for all, to Prussian militarism—to the will, that is, of the German people as incarnated in the Prussian military caste to advance themselves by force of arms; and it is presumed again that in consequence of the defeat of Prussian militarism, the world is to be safe for democracies, including the new democracy of the German people. At the same time, however, M. Ribot and Mr. Asquith, though parties to the promise and prospect of the destruction of Prussian militarism, contemplate either its continuance or its revival in the fact that both require that the Allies shall insist upon guarantees against it. We need not say that democratic opinion is utterly opposed to them. They can, no doubt, enlist the suffrages of the mob, whose statesmanship is motivated by fear, and whose notions, naturally, run to cowardly and servile peace. But it is not the sequel the best English opinion will expect of the military defeat of Prussia. No, M. Ribot, we agree with you that a victory must precede peace; we agree that there must be both restorations and reparations; and not only the pacifists must trust to a democratic Germany and to confidence inspired by a fearless but just peace-settlement.

To the reasons we have adduced before for publishing to the world the terms of the Pact of London must now be added the apprehensions expressed in
the foregoing Note. If it be really true, as we are
told, that the rest of the Allies agree "absolutely" with
the declarations made by M. Ribot, not only upon the
subject of Alsace-Lorraine, but also of future
guarantees, many people in this country who
are by no means pacifists, and in America and Russia,
are placed in a dilemma. On the one hand, they are
whole-heartedly in favour of carrying on the war by
contrary, they see every
houseless Radical party, with the further result that
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Thoughts for a Convention.

By A. E.

II.

6. It is possible that many of the rank and file of these parties will not at first agree with the portraits painted of their opponents, and that is because the special pleaders of the Press, who, in Ireland, are, as a rule, allowed little freedom to state private convictions, have come to regard themselves as barristers paid to conduct a case, and have acquired the habit of isolating particular events—the hasty speech or violent action of individuals in localities—and of exhibiting these as indicating the whole character of the party attacked. They misrepresent Irishmen to each other. The Ulster advocates of the Union, for example, are accustomed to hear from their advisers that the favourite employment of Irish farmers in the three Southern provinces is cattle-driving, if not worse. They are told that Protestants in these provinces live in fear of their lives, whereas anybody who has knowledge of the region knows how far from being riotous and unbusinesslike, the farmers in these provinces have developed a network of rural associations, dairies, bacon factories, agricultural and poultry societies, etc., doing their business efficiently, applying the teachings of science in their factories, competing in quality of output with the very best of the same class of society in Britain, and obtaining as good prices in the same market. As a matter of fact, this method of organisation, now largely adopted by Ulster farmers, was initiated in the South. With regard to the charge of intolerance, I do not believe it. Here, as in all other countries, there are unfortunate souls obsessed by dark emotions, whose human malignity takes the form of religious hatreds, but I believe, and the thousands of Irish Protestants in the Southern counties will affirm it as true, that they have nothing to complain of in this respect. I am sure that in this matter of religious tolerance these provinces can stand favourable comparison with any country in the world where there are varieties of religions—even with Great Britain. I would plead with my Ulster compatriots not to gaze too long into that distorting mirror held up to them, nor be tempted to take individual action as representing the mass. How would they like to have the depth or quality of spiritual life in their great city represented by the scrabblings and revilings about the head of the Catholic Church to be found occasionally in the blunt walls of Belfast? If the same method of distortion by selection of facts was carried out, there is not a single city or nation which could not be made to appear baser than Sodom or Gomorrah and deserving of their fate.

7. The Ulster character is better appreciated by Southern Ireland, and there is little reason to vindicate it against any charges, except the slander that Ulster Unionists do not regard themselves as Irishmen, and that they have no love for their own country. Their position is that they are Unionists, not merely because it is for the good of Great Britain, but because they hold it to be for the good of Ireland, and it is the Irish argument that weighs with them, and, if they were convinced that it would be better for Ireland to be self-governed, they would throw in their lot with the rest of Ireland, which would accept them gladly, and greet them as a prodigal son who had returned, having made, unlike most prodigal sons, a fortune, and well able to be the wisest adviser in family affairs. It is necessary to preface what I have to say by way of argument or remonstrance to Irish parties by words making it clear that I write without prejudice against any party, and that I do not in the least underestimate their good qualities or the weight to be attached to their opinions and ideals. It is the traditional Irish way, which we have too often forgotten, to notice the good in the opponent before battling with what is evil. So Marcus Aurelius, the illustrious Empress Queen of Connacht, looking over the walls of her city of Cruachan at the Ulster foesmen, said of them: "Noble and regal is their appearance"; and her own followers said: "Noble and regal are those of whom you speak." When we lost the old Irish culture, we lost the tradition of courtesy to each other which lessens the difficulties of life, and makes it possible to conduct controversies without creating bitter memories.

8. I desire, first, to argue with Irish Unionists whether it is accurate to say of them, as it would appear to be from their spokesmen, that the principle of nationality cannot be recognised by them or allowed to take root in the commonwealth of the dominions which form the Empire. Must one culture only exist? Must all citizens have their minds poured into the same mould, and varieties of gifts and cultural traditions be extinguished? What would India, with its myriad races, say to that theory? What would Canada, enclosing herhiterogeneous mix of French-Catholic and English-Protestant nation, say? Unionists have by every means in their power discouraged the study of the national literature of Ireland, though it is one of the most ancient in Europe, though the scholars of France and Germany have founded journals for its study, and its beauty is recognised by all who have read it. It contains the race memory of Ireland, its imaginations and thoughts for two thousand years. Must that be obliterated? Must national character be sterilised of all taint of its peculiar beauty? Must Ireland have no character of its own, but be servilely imitative of its neighbour in all things, and be nothing of itself? It is objected that the study of Irish history, Irish literature, and the national culture generates hostility to the Empire. Is that a true psychological analysis? Is it not true in all human happenings that, if people are denied what is right and natural, they will instantly assume an attitude of hostility to the power which denies? The hostility is not inherent in the subject, but is evoked by the denial. I put it to my Unionist contemporaries that the ideal is to aim at a diversity of culture, and the greatest freedom, richness, and variety of thought. The more this richness and variety prevail in a nation, the less likely is it that the tyranny of one culture over the rest. We should aim in Ireland at that freedom of the ancient Athenians, who, as Pericles said, listened gladly to the opinions of others and did not turn sour faces on those who disagreed with them. A culture which is allowed essential freedom to develop will soon perish if it does not in itself contain the elements of human worth which make for immortality. The world has, to its sorrow, many instances of "freak" religions which were persecuted, and so, by natural opposition, were perpetuated and hardened in belief. We should allow the greatest freedom in respect of cultural developments in Ireland, so that the best may triumph by reason of the superior beauty, and not because the police are relied upon to maintain one culture in a dominant position.

9. I have also an argument to address to the extremists whose claim, uttered lately with more openness and vehemence, is for the complete independence of the whole of Ireland, that they may cry out against "partition," who will not have a square mile of Irish soil subject to foreign rule. That implies that they desire the inclusion of Ulster and the inhabitants of Ulster in their Irish State. I tell them frankly that, if they expect Ulster to throw its lot in with a self-governing Ireland, they must remain within the Commonwealth of Dominions which constitute the Empire—be prepared
loyally, once Ireland has complete control over its internal affairs, to accept the status of a Dominion and the responsibilities of that wider union. If they will not accept that status, as the Boers did, they will never draw that important and powerful Irish party into any Irish State except by force, and do they think there is any possibility of that? It is extremely doubtful whether, if the world stood aloof and allowed Irishmen to fight out their own quarrels among themselves, the fighters for complete independence could organise a community so numerous, so determined, so wealthy, so much more capable of providing for themselves the plentiful munitions by which alone one army can hope to conquer another. In South Africa men who had fiercer traditional hostilities than Irishmen of different parties here have had, who belonged to different races, who had a few years before been engaged in a racial war, were great enough to rise above these past antagonisms, to make an agreement and abide faithfully by it. Is the same magnanimity not possible in Ireland? I tell my countrymen who cry out for the complete separation of Ireland from the Empire that they will not in this generation bring with them the most powerful and wealthy, if not the most numerous, party in their country. Complete control of Irish affairs is a possibility, and I suggest to our extremists that the status of a self-governing Dominion inside a federation of Dominions, if other safeguards for minority interests are incorporated, would attract Unionist attention. But if these men who depend so much in their economic enterprises upon a friendly relation with their largest customers are to be allured into a self-governing Ireland, there must be acceptance of the Empire as an essential condition. The Boers found it not impossible to accept this status for the sake of a united South Africa. Are our Irish Boers not prepared to make a compromise and abide by it loyally for the sake of a united Ireland? 

10. I have also a resignoration to address to the middle party in that it has made no real effort to understand and conciliate the feelings of Irish Unionists. They have, indeed, made promises—no doubt sincerely—but they have undone the effect of all they said by encouraging of recent years the growth of sectarian organisations with political aims, and have relied on—but they have undone the national idealism to organise men of possibility, and I suggest to our extremists that the community so numerous, so determined, so wealthy, if not the most numerous, party in their country. Complete control of Irish affairs is a possibility, and I suggest to our extremists that the status of a self-governing Dominion inside a federation of Dominions, if other safeguards for minority interests are incorporated, would attract Unionist attention. But if these men who depend so much in their economic enterprises upon a friendly relation with their largest customers are to be allured into a self-governing Ireland, there must be acceptance of the Empire as an essential condition. The Boers found it not impossible to accept this status for the sake of a united South Africa. Are our Irish Boers not prepared to make a compromise and abide by it loyally for the sake of a united Ireland?

land, and where evils have appeared they have speedily resulted in the rapid break-up of the organisation in the locality. Irishmen individually, as a rule, are much nobler in spirit than the political organisations they belong to. (To be continued.)

The Collected Papers of Anthony Farley.

(Edited by S. G. H.)

IV.—THE GOSPEL OF WHOLENESS.

At the Opera, last night, as I listened to the pretty serenade, flavoured with saccharine, and the melodious duet in the finale of The Fair Maid of Perth, the question flashed upon me at what stage in my life did I discard the serenades of Bizet for the strong wine of Wagner? Did such a change in affection indicate a mere passage of years, as the silverying of the hair, or a spiritual progress, independent of time, unaffected by maturing physique? It must surely be, I thought, an affair of the spirit, for, as I looked at the enraptured audience, I saw men and women of every age and condition wrapped in ecstatic dreams, the willing subjects of a gracious, if shallow, charmer. And suddenly I felt the chill isolation of a pilgrimage that had carried me far from the simple emotions, so easily touched to incandescence, of my fellow men. As I left the theatre, watching family groups, lovers, school-mistresses, stray clergymen going their ways still entranced, I realised that my question cut deeper than it appeared; it was not a stray inquiry into the growth of my musical tastes, it also embraced the transition from Tennyson to Whitman, and all that lay behind Whitman; equally did it involve the revolt from the faith of my fathers—in a fevered search for a rational and ordered conception of life. In my mind's eye, I saw the several members of the audience reach their homes, their tongues loosed, engaged in lively argument upon the merits of this or that scene, this or that singer. I thought I saw a Landseer engraving on the wall, flanked by family photographs, with the latest design in wall-papers as a background, brown the prevailing colour. Very happy and contented they all seemed, pleasantly fatigue, forgetting the morrow. And I wondered whether the struggles of thousands of young men of my generation to change all this were futile. Very lonely I felt, and churlishly disposed to resent their laughing chatter, so oblivious of stern reality. Yet, on looking back, I saw that I could do no other than I had done; that I had only obeyed the impulse, old as the human race, upon which God had poured out His Spirit—"And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." A sense of content, almost of satisfaction, soothed me in my solitude. I had seen the procession of Life go by, but there was something in it of me. Somewhere amongst those miles away flags upon a chill wind, a thought ran up towards the sky on which my name was inscribed, a symbol I had taught: some youth or maiden to respect, perhaps even to love. Those wall-papers, too. They were surely not so ugly as in the years before William Morris and Walter Crane had given a measure of inspiration to an array of young designers. Movement! Patience! "Hang there like fruit, my soul, till the tree dies!"

As I approached the physical stature of manhood, I remember how mystified I was by the mere act of living. Here was my body, strong and vital; what was it for? Old religious strains, vague, undesirable, conveyed the impression that the body is an unelegant thing, fulfilling unclean purposes, yet by Divine dispensation eneasing an immortal soul of which only would God take stock. I do not remember any particular
religious dictum, but, of course, I had read of Simon Stylites and the penitential monks and hermits, whom I regarded as mad or worse. But there was a prevailing religious atmosphere of belief that the body existed only that ultimately it might become food for worms when the living essence had departed to be analysed by God's mystical chemistry. To be sure I had been taught that "in the Temple of God, man shall God destroy; for the Temple of God is holy, which Temple ye are." But this seemed to me only another way of saying that physical strength and beauty were not ends in themselves but mere accessories to the Holy Ghost. Thus, I found myself, in the rude vigour of youth, thinking of the athletic virtues, most naturally attaching vast importance to them, intensely curious about them, yet with an ever recurring conviction that they deserved all the torments that came to him for writing this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." I think he was playing his part in the marvellous economy of sky and sea and land. I had drunk an elixir that filled my lungs with mystic ozone.

Strange, perhaps, I have never had any religious question that found salvation, never sought out the Christian mysteries (the process, such as it was, being purely intellectual and unemotional), I have known young men who suffered agonies in their vain attempts to co-ordinate the physical facts of existence with the religious tenets that led them to the impossible conviction that the body is essentially unclean, impure—to be decently cloaked, and only spoken of in the gloaming and in whispers. In those days there were quite a number of popular preachers and lecturers who exploited adolescence by well-organised meetings "for men only." I went to one of them. Even now, thirty years after, my gorge rises at the memory of the concentrated filth sprayed on the minds of the young men and boys—filth to the glory of God.

From all this I was saved by most happily making the acquaintance of Whitman. Romance had of course been a preoccupation with me as with every other young man. And this healthy poetic preoccupation had been denounced by the preachers as something to be extirpated and never satisfied. It was a wicked thing, a trap set by the Devil. Every marriage was only a legal and religious licence, a trysting place of fatigue, debauch, non-stimulating food, specially selected reading, and I know not what all. Nor do I know whether to laugh at all the preposterous cases of exhaustion. But at least I can laugh when I think of the dying Irishman who lamented the temptations he had resisted!

Out of these mephitic vapours, I stepped into Whitman's spacious philosophy of the co-equality of soul and body. I found a satisfying solution of the problem:—

"To man propose this test, Thy body at its best, How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?"

Whitman's answer was:—

"For only at last, after many years, after chastity, friendship, procreation, prudence and nakedness, After treading ground and breathing river and lake, After a loosened throat, after absorbing eras, temporary reliefs, races, after knowledge, freedom, crimes, After complete faith, after clarifications, elevations and removing obstructions, After these and more, it is just possible there comes to a man, a woman, the divine power to speak words."

With "Leaves of Grass" in my hand, I had realised the unity of the physical and spiritual forces of the Universe. All, everything, the will of my making; nothing must be rejected. As the sun excluded nothing, neither must we; every leaf a miracle; death unspeakably beautiful, a function as supreme as life. Metaphorically, I shook my fist at the theologians and the new soul-suitors for me! I was now a living, sentient part of the great candid world, with its hatred of petty reticences, of trivialifications of angels on pin-points. I was free to step out on the green sward of sweetly smelling life, to do things in the name of God that nothing was ails; I was playing my part in the marvellous economy of sky and sea and land. I had drunk an elixir that filled my lungs with mystic ozone so that I must needs shout out a new gospel of realisation. A glorious substitute for precise thinking or the tentative pursuit of something definite!

To the unrepentant nonchalance of Whitman, with his lazy, leisureed stride, I soon found a foil in the hectic intensity of Francis Adams. I wonder if any recent book has so thrilled the young man and young woman of to-day as "Songs of the Army of the Night"? The young men and boys—filth to the glory of God—were naturally thrilled by this man! Death was already beckoning him; already he had arranged that if some paroxysm of coughing should leave him hopelessly prostrate, his wife in great love should hand him the loaded revolver. No time to be lost; he must strike hard, with swift, sure blows.

Adams had nothing of the massive strength and permanence of Whitman. He was a passing episode, yet intense and poignant. After all, we are apt to forget big events and vividly remember some experience trivial by comparison. I once spent the forenoon with John Bright and cannot remember a single thing he said; yet the gentle resigned accents of a young Irish priest of the Apostolic Mission, with whom I rode for some hours over the mountainous trail to Tegucigalpa, linger with me—an ingenuous pale-faced youth, extraordinarily ignorant of life, his faith firmly founded in a disarming innocence altogether delightful. I remember the summer-litening in the Caribbean Sea in which I could read the name on the stern of a ship half a mile away, a pyrotechnic display of forked lightning in the Biscay Bay, whilst I have completely forgotten both the doctor and the nurse who, after weary weeks, brought me to convalescence and recovery. And so it was with Francis Adams. Let me at least put him in his true setting.

He came to us when Tennyson was at his zenith, and a new novel by Hall Caine was a great literary event. As to the novelist, I had forgotten that he cut such a wide swathe, until I unearthen the other day this significant notice in the "Westminster Review":—

"Mr. Hall Caine's novels afford evidence of a pronounced individuality of genius, which is calculated to count as a potent factor. Mr. Caine is essentially a romanticist. His romance is the romance of reality. He combines moral sanity with imaginative fervour, truth of emotion with strength of passion, and thus succeeds in that combination of the familiar with the unfamiliar, that blending of the commonplace with the uncommon, which must ever remain the essence of romantic achievement."

"I would not have believed it possible; yet, there it is. As for Tennyson, I remember the furore of "Locksley Hall—Sixty Years After." They were the words of a prophet thundered from the Sinai of Freshwater, Isle of Wight. Every respectable middle-class family bought copies greedily, and the verses were read to the children on Sunday afternoons. No High School was complete without it; for recitative purposes it completely supplanted "Jim Bludsoe," "Mary and I Are Out,"
honouring literature. It must not be supposed that the young Socialists and others of the Left were not susceptible to these influences. They were, too. In the midst of all this adulation some of us heard the shrill protests of Adams. Criticising "In Memoriam," he wrote:

"As for making the poem a contribution to modern thought from the supposititiously Christian standpoint, this was of a man who had never given himself the trouble seriously to think at all. Tennyson had no faculty that way... He 'plays with gracious ies' right through, and, when he is tired of the amusement, falls back without a misgiving on the divine instincts which he holds in common with a hundred per cent. of the blockheads of his age and clime."

But the passage I best remember (doubtless because it touched a social problem) was his analysis of King Arthur, who, Tennyson assured us, was "like a modern gentleman of tasteful port." How inexpressively shocked I was to read that Guinevere had committed adultery with Lancelot! I certainly felt that when Arthur spoke his mind to his errant spouse, he said very much what I would have 'said myself! Then we read Adams's critique of our hero:

"Well, an interview between her and her outraged spouse is clearly inevitable. Arthur, too, has got to come to the test at last, and we are to see what a modern gentleman, a modern English Christian gentleman, has to say to his convicted and humiliated wife. Of course, we all know what a modern English navy would do. He would put on his biggest pair of boots (if, peradventure, he had a choice of this sort), and kick and jump upon the abandoned woman. But it will be very different with Arthur... He asks her if this, indeed, is she, 'the child of one he honour'd, and who was happy,' but who is now 'dead before her shame.' The word 'child' catching his attention, he proceeds to remind her that she is barren, or, if not barren, then the parent of only sword and fire. (Kick number one.)" In this strain Adams enumerates the series of kicks administered by Arthur, and concludes:

"All that one can say is that the writer who could deliberately paint such a character as Arthur—as the Arthur of this culminating Idyll of Guinevere—and present it to us as his ideal of modern gentleness and modern manhood, never (unfortunately for us, and most unfortunately for himself) had the remotest conception of what gentleness meant, or what manhood meant. It is to be added that this is, more especially, not to every notion we possess of true morality. It is to be added that nothing more essentially unmodern, therefore, we are to see what a modern gentleman of tasteful port is certainly felt that when Arthur spoke his mind to his errant spouse, he said very much what I would have 'said myself! Then we read Adams's critique of our hero:

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(b) The policy of Capital which has afforded justification for, even if it has not improved the necessity of the restriction of output must also be abandoned, and no arbitrary limits be set to the share which Labour is entitled to in the wealth produced. According to production should remain unrestricted, and every workman should feel that his extra exertions will secure him corresponding benefits. It is not for the master to fix in his own mind a limit below which wages must not be allowed to rise. After a time, when the present distress has been met, the increased productivity will require a growing effective demand to prevent the evils of over-production. By higher wages and better home market can be expanded.

(c) As it was at the request of the State that many of the hard-won protective regulations of the Trade Unions were abandoned, and as the State has pledged itself to restore the previous conditions in the relations of Capital and Labour, it is the duty of the State, which it would be base treachery for it to evade, to guarantee such a measure as may be necessary, if not actually to restore all these conditions—for this appears now, for the reasons given above, impracticable—at least to give the practicable equivalent, so that Labour will not find itself less favourably placed in relation to Capital than it was before. Nay, a great improvement in the circumstances of the working classes may be demanded, and expected, as a small return from the nation for the services and sacrifices of the common people in this war.

II. On each of these assumptions the Christian teacher may speak without going beyond his own province.

(a) Man's industry is an appreciation of God's bounty in nature, and by his labour man becomes a fellow-worker with God in bringing that bounty to the need of his fellow-men. (b) It is a Christian precept, though found in a writing that contains much below the Christian level: "Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" (Ecclesiastes ix, 10). For even slaves are enjoined to obey their masters, "not in the way of eye-servers, as men-pleasers, but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart" (Ephesians vi, 6). A man is morally the worse when he is not doing his very best even in his earthly calling, and his religion suffers, and his religion suffers if he is hindered from making his co-operation with God in his industry as hearty and complete as it is in his power to make it. Apart from the special industrial conditions which may be held to offer some excuse for the "ca' canny" policy, it is morally and religiously blameworthy. The recognition of this truth is hindered, it must be admitted, by the fact that, under existing relations between Capital and Labour, increase in output by a worker may involve a cutting of the rate of wages, a demand of an increase of output from other workers not so able to meet it, and an increase of the profits of the capitalist, who treats his workers as hands, and so himself falling to offer any such obligation to them has scarcely the right to expect them to recognise any such obligation to him. Inter arma silent leges. As long as industry is a scene of the
conflict rather than the co-operation of Capital and Labour, it will be vain to ask men to obey the Christian law. It is for the Christian to accept the Christian precept, "The labourer is worthy of his hire." Wages should be a first charge on industry, and as large wages as an efficient and economical conduct of the business will allow. The New Testament enjoins that masters shall regard and treat their slaves as brothers in Christ. Does not this at once sweep away the assumption that the workers constitute a class by themselves, and that the wages of the class, whatever their contribution to the common good, must be kept down to a certain level of what another class, which puts no restrictions on its profits, may think adequate? The Christian estimate of the labourser shall be regarded and treated as a person and not a tool; and it seems only a necessary application of this principle that he shall have a share in determining the conditions under which as a Christian he is called to do his best.

If the masters can afford to pay the less efficient worker before the Christian conscience, which demands that every man shall receive his due, for evading the obligations imposed. The State has ceased to be the enemy of man, but industry, and is prepared for compulsory action only in so far as both know their interests better than any bureaucracy can know them; but let these agreements receive the pre-war conflict will be renewed, and perhaps with greater intensity. (Mr. F. W. Lovett, M.P.)

I am sorry that I cannot give a brief reply to the two questions, and I am not in a position to prepare full replies. I ought, however, in order to avoid misunderstandings, that I do not share the optimism implied in Mr. O'Grady's reply. I do not foresee any movement that is likely to remove the antagonism between Capital and Labour. On the contrary, I believe the pre-war conflict will be renewed, and perhaps with greater intensity.

Out of School.

On any rate, as nearly out of school as possible. Writing for publication nearly always means writing too consciously, trying to become conscious of one's wisdom, one's poetry, one's humour, or, worst of all, one's effect of spontaneity. We are all fettered by the privilege that separates us from the animals. This, you will observe, is a spasm of ill-temper. I want to write down the interesting things that are floating about at the back of my mind, and my conscious thought insists upon interfering and preventing their emergence. That is the complaint from which we suffer. We can rarely succeed in inveigling the best part of ourselves into co-operation with our ordinary consciousness. The question that needs deciding is how far this is the symptom of a disease in our thought and our education, and how far it represents a phase of necessary imperfection. Consciousness, and especially one's consciousness, seems to expand its range and its grasp enormously during the last generation or two; it is natural that we should suffer from a certain lagging behind of the intuitions. But we have to look out for the prevailing tendency of consciousness, having made good its ground, to anchor itself there, to limit itself by itself. It is at this stage that the diseases of stagnancy begin to manifest themselves.

When you keep a class of ordinary healthy children grinding at work in which they can see no purpose, impressing it upon them that there is something specially meritorious in this sort of grind, and then let them loose in a playground, they revert as nearly to barbarism as restraining authority will allow. When you give them work that kindles their imaginations, their playtime also shows the action of civilised imagination. The case is much the same when one considers the work of adults. There is something about dead grind (to be sharply distinguished from good hard work that is done with enthusiasm) which evokes the barbarian. Unintelligent activity promotes a reaction to unin-

When and whenever there is much talk about the unessential attributes of an art, and little understanding of its real and ultimate nature, we may be sure that the art is in a state of decadence.

In England at the present time we hear a great deal about British music, in the abstract, but when our enthusiasm has been roused to the point of demanding actual specimens of those masterpieces that have given rise to such eulogy, there are singularly few to be found. "Interrogem est ab omnibus:--Ubi est ille compositor? Et responsum est cum cachino:--Non est inventus!"

Would it not then be more profitable to search for good music, some of which may turn out to have been written by an Englishman, rather than for English composers, some of whose works may turn out to be good music?

The British composers of the older generation have already outlived their works. Elgar, who occupies a somewhat isolated position between the old school and the new, is said to have announced his intention of retiring from the field of active composition, as Rossini did after "William Tell."

And as for the moderns, they seem, with very few exceptions, to be wandering in a mist, oblivious alike of their destination and of their purpose of journeying.

The same tendency is to be observed in other countries. The so-called modern movement in music has proved to be nothing but the last hysterical flicker of the flame of the past century.

Our new musicians do little but gather up the loose ends of the old order, to entangle themselves therein. There is a more obvious fin-de-siecle feeling about music to-day than there was at the close of the nineteenth century.

If we consider the four most influential composers of the present time—Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky, and Scriabin—we find that the works of the first three are almost entirely due to indulgence of "le plaisir delicieux et toujours nouveau d'un occupation inutile"—a motto which one of them has himself inscribed upon his most characteristic works.

Their is the music of the surface, of the external world, wrought to the highest degree of perfection—at best a decorative art. The realists and impressionists in music can represent the material part with consummate skill, but to symbolise the spiritual whole is a task beyond their powers.

They hold the mirror up to Nature, as a footpad holds a pistol to the traveller's head, and Nature duly yields them her outer garment. Her self, however, she reserves for those who are able to re-create her beyond herself. "To him that hath shall be given."

Scriabin was a more real personality than any of the other three, but in his attempt to blend the romance of Chopin with the eroticism of "Tristan," and to press the alloy into the service of theosophy, he only succeeded in becoming a kind of psychopathic Gounod.

Turning to this country, we find only one figure of international importance: Frederick Delius.

He is still comparatively unknown, in spite of Sir Thomas Beecham's generous efforts on his behalf. This is partly due to the fact that Delius has never been a "professional"—that is to say, he has never played any instrument in public, nor professed to be able to "teach composition."

He has never propagated his own works, nor made use of his continental reputation to propagate the gospel of the British composer, believing that the latter, as yet, "hath no gospel."

Hence, the profession's conspiracy of silence concern-
ing him in England: he is a blackleg! He may, however, justly be regarded as the last of the true line of nineteenth century masters, the sunset of the great romantic period, as Béla Bartok and Bernard van Dieren may be called the heralds of a new dawn.

Delius' art is essentially retrospective. Of what he wrote before the age of thirty nothing has survived save a few songs. He has not lived for music: he has rather set the seal of music upon his life, that nothing be lost. This is the only immortality he desires. He is obsessed by a sense of the impermanence of lovely things, is absorbed in contemplation of the eternal conflict of love and death, viewing it not, like Bantock, from without, as an effective and highly dramatic subject, but as a dark and tragic reality within himself. It is the theme of his great symbolic opera, “A Village Romeo and Juliet,” of “Sea-Drift,” of the “Songs of Sunset,” and the Requiem.

He is intensely sensitive to the subtle suggestions of Nature, and is perhaps the first musician to show clearly the limits of objectivity in this direction. For Nature can only stimulate and quicken. The seed thus implanted, after due gestation in the artist, bears fruit in the works of art. The process of gestation in the subconsciousness none can unravel. But the work of art is not a mere image of Nature, nor yet a mirror of the artist's self, though it partakes of the character of both. There is something of the tender poignancy of Celtic mysticism in Delius' attitude to Nature, something of the wildfulness of the Celtic conception of Hy-Brasil, the island of paradise in the western sea that ever receded farther into the sunset before the ships that sailed towards it. And it is this quality in his work that seems unconsciously to contradict his conscious certainty of utter darkness beyond the grave.

Arnold Bax, in his better moments, aspires to the poetic level of W. B. Yeats. Like the American author of “The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries,” he outvies the born Celt in “Celticism,” thus providing another example of the fact that nationality in art is as often cultivated as inherent. His delightful “Faery Hills” gives us, if not the deeper and more mysterious side of the Celtic other-world, at least the Irish counterpart to the Shakespearian fairyland of Berlioz' “Queen Mah.” But he has not passed through the Royal Academy of Music unscathed: in many of his works the neo-Brahmsian characteristics acquired at this institution have proved as fatal to his own delicate and capricious lyricism as crabbed age is wont to prove to youth.

Eugène Goossens, by birth half-Flemish, “has poetry enough for anything,” as Charles Lamb said of Dekker, but his inner life seems to be unduly cramped by professional duties. With the majority of modern composers, he has embraced the fallacy that music can spring from music and not solely from the fullness of being. And until he discards this notion, we shall have to be content with brilliant and tantalisingly promising pieces-d’occasion from him.

Percy Grainger is called the most “national” of our composers, which means, perhaps, that being an Australian, he can see England objectively, just as Bax sees Ireland. He may be said to express modern England in much the same way that Irving Berlin expresses modern America. This is no disparagement of Grainger, though some may consider the comparison disparaging to America. Grainger builds upon the folk-songs of the day below, the folk-songs of the day above, and yet, Irving Berlin makes the folk-songs of to-day. Both these composers excel in the expression of simple, effervescent jollity, alternating with simple, unashamed sentimentality. Both are real primitives—which is a healthy sign.

Compare the “Syncopated Walk” with “Mock Morris,” Berlin’s “When I Lost You” with Grainger’s “Colonial Song,” and their essential similarity is at once apparent.

Balfour Gardiner is a composer whose output it is impossible to survey. He has written much, published little, and withdrawn for revision nearly all his works that have been publicly performed. He has, however, achieved in his setting of Masefield’s “News from Whydah” a choral ballad of the finest order.

Vaughan Williams, though regarded in certain circles as the apostolic successor to Sir Hubert Parry, is chiefly remarkable for having portrayed, not in one work, but in nearly all, the peculiar state of mind engendered by prolonged contemplation of a cow in a field on a foggy evening. He is one of those for whom mysticism means mistiness and vacuity rather than exceptional clarity of vision. Misty subjects have an irresistible attraction for him—London, the Sea, the Fen Country. He aims at the sublime by sheer ponde-rosity, as Handel did; but where Handel achieved a colossus, Vaughan Williams manages a rather uncomfortable rhinoceros with flabby legs. His sub-limity is that of the English post-Handelian oratorio which accounts for his popularity in some quarters.

Rogé Quilter and George Whittaker are two unpre-tentious but gifted song-writers. The latter’s setting of Yeats’ “Innisfree” is a remarkable example of the true re-creation of a poem in terms of music.

Norman O’Neill and Philip Brähm have done much to raise the standard of theatre music, and their highly successful exploitation of the infinite resources of the small orchestra is, in these days of orchestral megalomania, worthy of all praise.

Ernest Newman, a creative artist, if not a composer, has, by his critical essays, contributed as much to the development of music in England as all the composers put together.

For the rest:—Frederic Austin is re-writing a symphony which, on its production four years ago, be-tokened considerable intellectual vigour in its composer. There is no trace of this quality in his more recent “Danish Sketches.”

Rutland Boughton has set out (and he himself has said it) “to achieve what Wagner so thoroughly failed to achieve” in the musical drama. So far, he has only achieved what Bunger and other Germans were achieving nearly twenty years ago. But his little game of “Let’s pretend,” with Glastonbury as Bayreuth, and the Round Table instead of the Ring, seems to afford a great deal of innocent diversion to many young Glastonburians.

Frank Bridge continues to receive prizes for compositions that are quite up to the usual competition standard.

Joseph Holbrooke’s Wagnerian musical-box is, like Johnny Walker, “still going strong”; and so is Joseph’s tongue, declaiming against the pernicious influence of Huns on British music.

Gustav von Hertz, an Englishman despite his name, is known chiefly as a musical orientalist. Whether or no the East is “unchanging,” it is certain that the European conception of Eastern music does not materially change from one generation to another. Von Hertz’s orientalism is a little better than Bantock’s, and a little less real than that of Maurice Delage.

He has made an experiment in intimate psychological music-drama, of which the conception and text are excellent. The same may be said of Clarence Raybould’s little opera, “The Sumida River,” which really points the way to new and vital operatic developments.

But, as Beethoven said to Faérb, after hearing one of his operas, “it wants setting to music”!

Last, but not necessarily least, must be mentioned Cyril Scott, who continues to develop the harmonic style of Joseph Barnby in the spirit of Oscar Wilde.

From this very brief survey of the condition of British
music, it would seem that in spite of the "Patron's Fund," the Carnegie Trust and Mr. Cobbett, with his galaxy of mediocrity, are to be congratulated. But this is a short-sighted view. Music is a young and comparatively undeveloped art. At present it seems to be passing through the critical period of puberty.

Certain it is that the restlessness and dissatisfaction which are everywhere apparent in the music of to-day must soon lead to a critical reexamination of the basic principles by which music is conditioned, and to a strengthening of the foundations of music by careful consideration of its true function, gauged not adventuring, not entirely devoid of rhyme and reason; comparatively undeveloped art. At present it seems to the Trustees will discover some of the large and still, galaxy principles by which music is conditioned, and to a minister. For until we determine, if only as a working judge. It will take you into times of which you havevirgins will suffer distress, but they will be rescuedjourneyed to the phrase "For this relief much thanks!" and consider that my sole affair isappearance of it, busy himself withmust be neither a loversets) a despiser of it. He must know how to affect theyou. I know just how far tobe very great.

There is no solace in the idea. From "A Tale of the Two Cities." We travel to England, but I had longbecoming a force in the business world; in short, God and our own prolixity we will navigate it. Leaveon it, sentimentto letting one halfsoI have my talents rust.

Now that I have written it in cold blood, I see how little it must impress on you the tremendous resolve I have made. I have written it in cold blood, but you must not imagine that I thought of it in cold blood. Nothing of the sort. I saw, in an instant, what it would mean. It would mean that I would have to give up, once for all, any hopes I had had of becoming a force in the journalistic world, any hopes I had had of becoming a force in the business world; in short, of reconciling myself to letting one half of my talents rust. Well, I would do it. I would let them rust. I would give them up. No dilly-dallying. I would devote myself to novelf-telling. I have always thought, I have always believed that it is novel-writing, that pays best in the end. I would prove it.

Resolution is half the battle, and before the day was over I had made my preparations. I ran quickly over the names of our leading publicity-managers: they all lived in the country. Well, I would live in the country. I hurriedly dispatched notes to all the London editors.
Readers and Writers.

To a recent issue of "New Ireland," the most vivid of the Irish weeklies, and one in which my ex-colleague of this column, "E. A. B.," writes occasionally a candid review (often, I am glad to say, in criticism of an Irish author, and thus beginning Home Rule in Ireland itself), "A. E." contributes a notice of Mr. Gosse's "Life of Swinburne" which is characteristic of A. E., true in my opinion of Swinburne himself, and unique in journalism. Having read Mr. Gosse's Life of Swinburne," I am moved to say that it is one of the most carefully superficial biographies I have ever read. It is full of facts, but it scarcely contains a word of truth. If Mr. Gosse had been commissioned by the most jealous surviving relatives of Swinburne to write the life of his kinsmen without giving anybody of the name of Swinburne the least offence, he could not have performed his task more discreetly or with greater success. But as for a life of Swinburne, a study of Swinburne, a representation of Swinburne, a portrait of Swinburne as he was, it is not only negatively unilluminating, but positively misleading. Nothing that we can divine of Swinburne from his works was apparently a part of his real life at all; and as little of his real life as possible is revealed. Better, I should say, one reading of Swinburne as a revelation of the man, than twenty lives of him by Mr. Gosse. Better, indeed, had such a life not been written.

* * *

To return to "A. E.," I find in his short notice one or two comments upon Swinburne which are really satisfying, if, at the same time, they will strike the ordinary reader as extraordinary. A. E. says of Swinburne that "if he had been born in Ireland our infallible psychological instinct would have discovered him to be a changeling, as W. B. Yeats undoubtedly is." And by "changeling" A. E. does not mean something merely fanciful or metaphorical, but something real, though fairy and non-human. But are we prepared even to listen patiently to such a view? Yet the remark is made by a man capable, as readers of The New Age know, of brilliant common sense and by no means disposed to humour himself. There is, therefore, something to be said for it, and since the changeling theory is the best I know for the case of both Swinburne and Mr. W. B. Yeats, I propose one of these days to discuss it at some length. For the moment I content myself with saying that in my opinion not all is human that wears a human form. Strange beings are amongst us disguised as men; strange moods have their way with some of us that are anything but human. To be human is to be in a continual state of self-criticism and of self-defence; for the task of being and remaining human is difficult and perilous. But what are the signs, it may be asked, that Swinburne was a changeling? Putting aside his life, the story of which, if it were truthfully told, would be simply incredible, there is his work, of which not a line that I can discover has the indubitably human note. What A. E. says of this is that Swinburne's work is "revelled in technique, that is to say, in rhythm. It was peculiar to him to be guided by sound entirely, the sense being left to take care of itself. I do not say, of course, that in Swinburne's case the sense was nonexistent. What I am saying is that he wrote poetry by ear, as certain gifted persons (Mr. Grierson was one of them) played music by ear—and marvellous music, indeed, it was, as I can testify. But this sense of hearing, this exclusive attention to and consciousness of sound in music, gives Swinburne so acute that what sounded to him well turned out as a rule to be sound in substance—converted him the non-human creature A. E. declares him to have been. For it is of the nature of an "elemental" or fairy being or changeling to differ from humans.
in its approach or method of arriving at what we call sense. With the great human artists, again, as A. E. observes, the technique is never obvious; but in the non-human as well as in lesser artists, the technique or art is everything. Nobody can read Swinburne without being aware that he is reading rhythm, through which, if at all, the sense steals, as it were, unbidden. But in reading the great poets, it is the rhythm that steals upon our ear while the sense is entering our hearts.

There are two ways by which inspiration may enter the brain, which is the instrument of the mind of man. One way is through the appropriate gate, the other is by what I may call a gap in the hedge. The former is the way found and taken by the great artists in whom the gift of inspiration is something more than a mere gift—it is a faculty, a power within their control, as much their own to employ as the normal powers of the mind. Plato, Milton and Shakespeare belonged to the order of men whose genius communicated with them through the proper gate-ways. The second method, however, is something akin to a disease of the brain, never being compelled to make up his mind upon any point, he could afford (or he allowed himself) to express contradictory judgments upon almost every thing.

Mr. W. M. Salter sends me from America a reprint of his article in a recent issue of the "International Journal of Ethics" on "Nietzsche and the War." We have had a good many pamphlets upon Nietzsche and his connection with the present war, some of them affirming that his part is that of chief villain of the piece, others denying his complicity, and even professing to prove that he could not possibly have defended either the war in general or Germany in particular. The question must, in my judgment, be left open; for there is as much evidence for the one view as for the other. The truth is that Nietzsche is full of ambiguities, and he ridded like an Adelphian. Not being a man of action, and, therefore, never being compelled to make up his mind upon any point, he could afford (or he allowed himself) to express contradictory judgments upon almost every problem that occurred to him. You can find in Nietzsche anything you choose to look for: the most extreme form of Christianity, the most extreme form of paganism, dulness and brutality, praise and denunciation of force, the same of the virtues, and the same of various kinds of social life. He was, as he said, an interrogation-mark; and every attempt to define him in more accurate terms must end in an interrogation. I cannot say that Mr. Salter is more successful than others in proving that Nietzsche would have been on the side of the Allies. He tells us, for example, that Nietzsche, while in favour of a unified Europe, desired the unity to be brought about, not by force, but by the voluntary adhesion of all its parts to a common idea. That is all we can ask of him, but there is too much praise of force in Nietzsche to permit us to doubt that if the unity of Europe had been achieved by force he would have repudiated it. Again, Mr. Salter attempts to exonerate Nietzsche from any influence upon German militant racialism; and no doubt it is true that Nietzsche believed himself to hate the German Empire as much as the German Empire neglected Nietzsche. But the boot may be tried, perhaps, upon the other foot. Nietzsche himself avowed Germany as one of his great influences, but there is no doubt in my mind that Germany influenced Nietzsche. Germany's profession of a War for Culture preceded Nietzsche, who, in fact, did no more than spell Culture with a C, while approving of war as its method. A War for Culture cannot have been a caricature of Nietzsche, and this must be put to his credit; but his War for Culture was undoubtedly an artistic projection and restatement of the War for Kulture; and to this extent he may be said to have lent his art to the purposes of barbarism. A lyrical Bismarck, as has been said before, defines him, I think, in relation to Germany.

R. H. C.

Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day.

By Katherine Mansfield.

If there was one thing that he hated more than another it was the way she had of waking him in the morning. She did it on purpose, of course. It was her way of establishing her grievance for the day, and he was not going to let her know how successful it was. But really, really, to wake a sensitive person like that was positively dangerous! It took him hours to get over it—simply hours. She came into the room butoned up in an overall, with a handkerchief over her head—thereby proving that she had been up herself and slaving since dawn—and called in a low, warning voice: "Reginald!"

"'Eh! What! What's that? What's the matter?"

"'It's time to get up; it's half-past eight."

And out she went, shutting the door quietly after her, to gloat over her triumph, he supposed. He rolled over in the big bed, his heart still beating in quick, dull throbbs, and with every throb he felt his energy escaping him, his—his inspiration for the day stifling under those thudding blows. It seemed that she took a malicious delight in making life more difficult for him than—Heaven knows—it was, by denying him his rights as an artist, by trying to drag him down to her level. What was the matter with her? What the hell did she want? Hadn't she three times as many pupils now as when they were first married, earned three times as much, paid for every stick and stone that they possessed, and now had begun to shell out for Adrian's kindergarten. ... And had he ever reproached her for not having a penny to her name? Never a word—never a sign! The truth was that once you married a woman she became insatiable, and the truth was that nothing was more fatal for an artist than marriage, at any rate until he was well over forty. ... Why had he married her? He asked himself this question on an average about three times a day, but he never could answer it satisfactorily. She had caught him at a weak moment, when the first plunge into reality had bewildered and overwhelmed him for a time. Looking back, he saw a pathetic youthful creature, half child, half wild, untamed bird, plunging into reality had bewildered and overwhelmed him for a time. Looking back, he saw a pathetic youthful creature, half child, half wild, untamed bird, half child, half wild, untamed bird, totally incompetent to cope with bills and creditors and all the sordid details of existence. Well—she had done her best to clip his wings, if that was any satisfaction for her, and she could congratulate herself on the success of this early morning trick. One ought to wake exquisitely, reluctantly, he thought, slipping down in the warm bed. He began to imagine a series of enchanting scenes which ended with his latest, most charming pupil putting her bare, scented arms round his neck, and covering him with her long, perfumed hair. 'Awake, my love...'

As was his daily habit, while the bath water ran, Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day. 
he sang, softly at first, listening to the quality, nursing his voice until he came to the third line:

"Open she thinks, were this wild thing wedded. . . .

and upon the word "wedded" he burst into such a show of triumph that the bath glass on the bathroom shelf trembled and even the bath tap seemed to gush stormy applause.

Well, there was nothing wrong with his voice, he thought, leaping into the bath and soaping his soft, pink body all over with a loofah shaped like a fish. He could fill Covent Garden with it! "Wedded," he shouted again, seizing the towel with a magnificent operatic gesture, and went on singing while he rubbed as though he had been Lohengrin tipped out by an unwary Swan and drying himself in the greatest haste before that tiresome Elsa came along.

Back in his bedroom, he pulled the blind up with a jerk, and standing upon the pale square of sunlight that lay upon the carpet like a sheet of cream blotting-paper, he began to do his exercises—deep breathing, bending forward and back, squatting like a frog and shooting out his legs for if there was one thing he had an horror of, it was of getting fat, and men in his profession had a dreadful tendency that way. However, there was no sign of it at present. He was, he decided, just right, just in good proportion. In fact, he could not help a thrill of satisfaction when he saw himself in the glass dressed in a morning coat, dark grey trousers, grey socks and a black tie with a silver thread in it. Not that he was vain—he couldn't stand vain men—no; the sight of himself gave him a thrill of purely artistic satisfaction. "Voila tout!" said he, passing his hand over his sleek hair.

That little, easy French phrase blown so lightly from his lips, like a whiff of smoke, reminded him that he was English. People seemed to find it impossible to believe that he hadn't some Southern blood. True, there was an emotional quality in his singing that had nothing of the John Bull in it. . . . The door-handle rattled and turned round and round. Adrian's head popped through.

"Please, father, mother says breakfast is quite ready, you know we can afford one, and you know how I love to humiliate me. Objectively, you may not know that, but, subjectively, it's the case." This last remark so delighted him that he cut open an envelope as gracefully as if he had been on the stage.

Dear Mr. Peacock—"I feel I cannot go to sleep until I have thanked you again for the wonderful joy your singing gave me this evening. Quite unforgetable. You make me wonder, as I have not wondered since I was a girl, if this is all. I mean, if this ordinary world is all. If there is not, perhaps, for those of us who understand, divine beauty and richness awaiting us if we only have the courage to see it. And to make it ours. . . . The house is so quiet. I wish you were here now that I might thank you in person. You are doing a great thing. You are teaching the world to escape from life!—Yours most sincerely, Ainoe Fell.

P.S.—I am in every afternoon this week . . .

The letter was scrolled in violet ink on thick, handmade paper. Vanity, that bright bird, lifted its wings again, lifted them until he felt his breast would break.

"Oh well, don't let us quarrel," said he, and actually flung a cushion to his wife.

But she was not great enough to respond.

"I must hurry and take Adrian to school," said she.

"Your room is quite ready for you."

Very well—very well—let there be open war between them! But he was hanged if he'd be the first to make it up again.

He walked up and down his room, and was not calm again until he heard the outer door close upon Adrian and his wife. Of course, if this went on, he would have to make some other arrangement. That was obvious. Tied and bound like this, how could he help the world to escape from life? He opened the piano and looked up his pupils for the morning. Miss Betty Brittle, the Countess Wilkowska and Miss Marian Morrow. They were charming, all three.

Punctually at half-past ten the door-bell rang. He went to the door. Miss Betty Brittle was there, dressed in white, with her music in a blue silk case.

"I'm afraid I'm early," she said, blushing and shy, and she opened her big blue eyes very wide. "Am I?"

"Not at all, dear lady. I am only too charmed," said Reginald. "Won't you come in?"

"It's such a heavenly morning," said Miss Brittle. "I walked across The Park. The flowers were too marvellous."

"Well, think about them while you sing your exercises," said Reginald, sitting down at the piano. "It will give your voice colour and warmth."

Oh, what an enchanting idea! What a genius Mr. Peacock was. She parted her pretty lips, and began to sing like a pansy.

"Very, very, very good, indeed," said Reginald, playing chords that would waft a hardened criminal to heaven. "Make the notes round. Don't be afraid. Linger over them, breathe them like a perfume."

How pretty she looked, standing there in her white frock, her little blonde head tilted, showing her milky breast.

"Do you ever practice before a glass?" asked Reginald.

"You ought to, you know; it makes the lips more flexible. Come over here."

They went over to the mirror and stood side by side. "Now sing—"moo-e-koo-e-oo-e-oo!"

But she broke down, and blushed more brightly than ever.

"Oh," she cried, "I can't. It makes me feel so silly. It makes me want to laugh. I do look so absurd!"
"No, you don't. Don't be afraid," said Reginald, but laughed, too, very kindly. "Now, try again!"

The lesson simply flew, and Betty Brittle quite got over her shyness.

"When can I come again?" she asked, tying the music up again in the blue silk case. "I want to take as many lessons as I can just now. Oh, Mr. Peacock, I do enjoy them so much. May I come the day after to-morrow?"

"Dear lady! I shall be only too charmed," said Reginald, bowing her out.

Glorious girl! And when they had stood in front of the mirror, her white sleeve had just touched his black one. He could feel—yes, he could actually feel! a proper amount of milk," said he.

"Reginald, can you let me have some money? I must pay the dairy. And will you be in for dinner to-night?"

"Yes, you know I'm singing at Lord Timbuck's at half-past nine. Can you make me some clear soup, with an egg in it?"

"No, no; that's not good enough. You can do better than that," cried Reginald, ardently. "You must sing to-day, I say! And as he sang, as in a dream he saw their unforgettable joy. Triumph upon triumph! And the words of his reply dropped like flowers down the telephone.

"Dear lady, I should be only too charmed!" By the end of the afternoon he was quite tired and lay down on a sofa to rest his voice before dressing. The door of his room was open. He could hear Adrian and his wife talking in the dining-room.

"Do you know what that teapot reminds me of, Mummy? It reminds me of a little sitting-down kitten."

"What a triumphant evening! The little dinner fête-tête with Ènone Fell, the drive to Lord Timbuck's in her white motor car, when she thanked him again for the unforgettable joy. Triumph upon triumph! And Lord Timbuck's champagne simply flowed.

"Have some more champagne, Peacock," said Lord Timbuck. Peacock, you notice—not Mr. Peacock—but Peacock, as if he were one of them. And wasn't he? He was an artist. He could sway them all. And why need ye flow so fast? Weep ye no more, sad fountains, why need ye flow so fast?"

"Isn't it?" cried Reginald, ardently. "You must sing as if you were in love. Listen; let me try and show you." And he sang.

"Yes, yes, yes. I see what you mean," stammered the little Countess. "May I try it again?"

"Certainly. Do not be afraid. Let yourself go. Confess yourself. Make proud surrender!" he called above the music. And she sang.

"Yes; better that time. But I still feel you are capable of more. Try it with me. There must be a kind of exultant defiance as well—don't you feel?" And they sang together. Ah! now she was sure she understood. "May I try once again?"

"You love me. Yes, I know you love me."

The lesson was over before that phrase was quite perfect. The foreign hands trembled as they put the music together.

"And you are forgetting your violets," said Reginald softly.

"Yes, I think I will forget them," said the Countess, biting her underlip. What fascinating ways these foreign women have!

"And you will come to my house on Sunday and make music?" she asked.

"Dear lady, I shall be only too charmed!" said Reginald. Weep ye no more, sad fountains, why need ye flow so fast? sang Miss Marian Morrow, but her eyes filled with tears and her chin trembled.

"Don't sing just now," said Reginald. "Let me play it for you." He played so softly.

"Is there anything the matter?" asked Reginald. "You're not quite happy this morning."

"No, she wasn't; she was awfully miserable.

"You don't care to tell me what it is?"

It really was nothing particular. She had those moods sometimes when life seemed almost unbearable.

"Ah, I know," he said; "if I could only help!"

"But you do; you do! Oh, if it were not for my lessons I don't feel I could go on."

"Sit down in the armchair and smell the violets and let me sing to you. It will do you just as much good as a lesson."

"Why weren't all men like Mr. Peacock?"

"I wrote a poem after the concert last night—just about what I felt. Of course, it wasn't personal. May I send it to you?"

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"I could have any one I liked by lifting a finger," thought Peacock, positively staggering home. But as he let himself into the dark that his marvellous sense of elation began to ebb away. He turned up the light in the bedroom. His wife lay asleep, squeezed over to her side of the bed. He remembered suddenly how she had said when he had told her he was going out to dinner: "You might have let me know before!" And how he had answered: "Can't you possibly speak to me without offending against even good manners?" It was incredible, he thought, that she cared so little for him—incredible that she wasn't interested in the slightest in his triumphs and his artistic career. When so many women in her place would have given their eyes—yes, he knew it... Why not acknowledge it? Yes, he knew it...

"And there she lay, an enemy, even in her sleep... Must it ever be thus, he thought, the champagne still working. Ah, if we only were friends, how much I could tell her now! About this evening; even about Timbuck's manner to me, and all that they said to me and... so on and so on."

"And only I felt that she was here to come back to—that. I could confide in her—and—so on and so on."
In his emotion he pulled off his evening boot and simply hurled it in the corner. The noise woke his wife with a terrible start. She sat up, pushing back her hair. And he suddenly decided to have one more try to treat her as a friend, to tell her everything, to win her. Down he sat on the margin of the bed, and seized one of her hands. But of all those splendid things he had to say, not one could he utter. For some fiendish reason, the only words he could get out were: "Dear lady, I should be so charmed—so charmed!"

I asked if a guild would help the children. "I think it would," said Mr. John; "nothing could be worse than the present system. This is an iron age. The Guild would erect and preserve a standard." The children might be taught technique, if this can be done without spoiling their art. But technique is not all. There is no need, for instance, to try to develop a technique equal and similar to Van Dyck's; for the reason that Van Dyck has already achieved it. All the technique that any artist needs is what suffices to express his ideas. No technical skill can be other than good, but when it overruns the artist's needs, it is only wasted. As for training, "There are no schools nowadays," said Mr. John, "there are only tendencies."

I mentioned Mr. de Maeterk's suggestion that the function of a writers' guild should be primarily the preservation of truth. Mr. John said he is inclined to think that this is the function of all artists.

Mr. John showed how truth enters into painting. We may suppose an arabesque, perfectly beautiful—therefore, perfectly true. If anyone denies the greatest beauty of it, let him show where it is imperfect—untrue to itself. This is a matter for reason; it is not dogmatic. Even when falsehoods are lopped away, the latitude is still enormous. Who is to judge the judges of the truth? Mr. John said that probably the cultured artist of any art is capable of realising the inspiration in a picture or any other object of art. "But the conviction of an artist is unanswerable, and you cannot reason with passion."

How a guild of artists' ideas to be established is, Mr. John thinks, a rather remote subject. But no form of bureaucratic organisation will be of any value. Everything that has been done so far in painting under bureaucratic direction has been absolutely hopeless. "The artists' guild must start with children—the grown-ups are hopeless."

Tigranes the Slave.

By Dikran Kouymjian.

SCENE.—The Royal Palace of the Great King at Susa, 479 B.C. The terrace above the banquetting-hall. It is the birthday of King Xerxes, the day of gifts and licence in all Persia. The Persian's slavery to see the face of Xerxes when there is below reason, not above it, while the work of a great artist is beyond reason. Yet, "although a vast gulf appears formed from a mist and dream such as the Enterrio of El Greco from the naive imaginings of a child, the truth remains that the difference is only one of technical culture and experience, and one may still asser that work of the finest artists resembles the play of children."

Did this mean, I asked, that the old masters recovered the vision of their childhood? "The old artists never lost it."
is reason in him as well as wine. The growing belly of the man is the reproach of Cyrus to his kingship. (To the Persian.) O Persian, can you hear the shades of Cyrus and Darius weeping in Susa this night?

THE PERSIAN: I hear no weeping of Cyrus and Darius this night, slave of Masistes. But I hear well the weeping of the country which Darius called Armenia, and I hear the shriekings of the chains of slaves, and I hear the shrieks and groans of Tigranes as his tongue is torn out of its roots for blasphemy against the King of Kings.

TIGRANES: But, O Persian, I have sworn an oath of the Egyptians tonight, so thou wilt not hear my shrieks when my tongue is forfeit to the glory of Xerxes.

(He takes a step forward, but the hand of the Jew restrains him.)

THE JEW: Have a care, Tigranes. Thy master Masistes cannot protect thee from the wrath of Xerxes, which is the power behind this Persian dog who insults us.

THE JEW: Have a care, Tigranes. Thy master Masistes cannot protect thee from the wrath of Xerxes, which is the power behind this Persian dog who insults us.

TIGRANES: (to the Persian) : I am tempted to give thee alease of life that I may watch the feasting, Persian. But attack me not from behind after the manner of thy nation, else I will be angry and use thine own collar-bone with which to chastise thee.

THE JEW: Be silent, fool! Hast thou no polity that thou insult thy life with vainglorious threats? Surely, if thy nation is altogether made of such impolitic fools as thyself, thou hast deserved well to suffer the ravages of the Scythian and Assyrian.

THE JEW: Be silent, fool! Hast thou no polity that thou insult thy life with vainglorious threats? Surely, if thy nation is altogether made of such impolitic fools as thyself, thou hast deserved well to suffer the ravages of the Scythian and Assyrian.

THE GREEK: And much good thy wisdom and polity have done thee, Israelite, whose people have been enslaved by Nineveh and Babylon, whose Temple has been defiled by strangers, whose God has been carried captive to Marduk. Hast thou not thyself said that it was Abraham—plague on thy barbarian names— who gave thee thy God, Moses who made Him speak, Solomon who clothed Him, and Sennacherib who took Him from thee as though He had no more power than Baal or Juggernaut.

THE JEW: Name not Jehovah and Baal in one breath!

TIGRANES: Why may he not name them together if his impertinence requires it?

THE GREEK: He had no more power than Baal or Juggernaut. (To Tigranes.) Ha had no more power than Baal or Juggernaut. (To Tigranes.)

THE GREEK: Juggernaut—for he who could name thy God and take the place of Jehovah— Ha had no more power than Baal or Juggernaut. (To Tigranes.)

THE JEW: Why may he not name them together if his impertinence requires it?

TIGRANES: There is no threat where the deed is to be done. But do not now distract my ears with thy gods and caustions, as I would listen to the feasting, and watch Xerxes made a fool by women.

THE JEW: It matters little if a King is made a fool by women. Solomon who clothed Him, and the words of thy wife Artayuta be heard that all may share of her sweetness.

THE JEW: It matters little if a King is made a fool by women. Solomon who clothed Him, and the words of thy wife Artayuta be heard that all may share of her sweetness.

TIGRANES: Do not loosen thy tongue, and Artayuta. He is celebrating thy praises, Master.

DARIUS: And my uncle is wise beyond the wisest. We are celebrating the praises of thy treasures and thy bed, O King.

ARTAYUTA (whispering): Do not loosen thy tongue, Darius.

DARIUS (unheeding): O Xerxes, who art a King, and wise, tell Darius, who may yet be a king when the moon hangs red on Susa, but never so wise as thou, the answer to this riddle. Here beside me is the most beautiful, the most glorious, the pearl of Asia, my beloved wife, the Lydian Artayuta. She is at the feet of your wondrous beauty, and I am at the feet of her gloriousness. What, then, is the relation between yourself, the Great King, and myself, thy son? Thou art wise beyond words, and will deign to answer on this thy birthday.

DARIUS: Nay, Artayuta, it is not my wish that thou shouldst be modest of thy charms before the King.

XERXES: I am weary of thy voice, Darius. I would hear only the voice of Artayuta. I would have conquered those Greek slaves more easily had my Immortals been fed on the music of Artayuta's voice.

DARIUS: Nay, Artayuta, it is not my wish that thou shouldst be modest of thy charms before the King.

XERXES: I am weary of thy voice, Darius. I would hear only the voice of Artayuta. I would have conquered those Greek slaves more easily had my Immortals been fed on the music of Artayuta's voice.

DARIUS: Have patience, Master, and thou shalt hear the voice of my wife answering wisely. See, Artayuta, I have in this hand a peach, the most glorious of all the tribute of Lydia. Its colour is like the cheeks of a virgin when the wind has whispered to her of all the men who are dead in Carchemish, and it is soft like the flesh of a woman. The peach in my hand is a virgin. Here in this hand is the dagger of Cambyses, and the Egyptian blood it has spilled would dye the fishes of Propontis the colour of thy cloak. See, then, this dagger is death, for it has fed on blood, or dishonour, for it has slain in the blood of the Scythians. As this peach is life, for it is a virgin, and many men have wished for it, but only Darius has it. The dagger pierces the peach. Is the peach dead, Artayuta? Has the virgin peach of Lydia been delivered up to at every sally that is made. It is obvious, and he cares not that it is obvious, that he is in love with his daughter-in-law, Artayuta, who sits beside his son and her husband Darius, opposite him. He has eyes only for her, words only for her. He will lean over the table and make her eat a grape from his hand, and whisper her praises in words which all the guests may hear. His wife Amesstris is beside him, but has long known of the King's love for Artayuta, and keeps her revenge only for the girl's mother, the wife of Masistes. Darius has drunk much wine, is silent and morose. Suddenly he whispers to his uncle Masistes beside him, and snatches up a peach and seems to regard it as an olive branch.

XERXES (whispering): Thou art the pearl of Asia, Artayuta.

DARIUS: And all Asia belongs to the King!

MASISTES: Thou sayest well, nephew. The pearls of India also belong to the King.

DARIUS: And the daughters of Perses belong to the King!

XERXES (to Artayuta) What is my son Darius saying? He has become merry of a sudden, and looks to make a lover of a peach.

MASISTES: He is celebrating thy praises, Master.

DARIUS: My uncle is wise beyond the wisest. We are celebrating the praises of thy treasures and thy bed, O King.

ARTAYUTA (whispering): Do not loosen thy tongue, Darius.
TIGRANES: Xerxes, I come to celebrate thy birthday.

ARTAYUTA: I will tell thee the answer to thy riddle, Darius. Give me first the peach, and let the royal blade stay fixed in its flesh. See, I cut it cleanly open. Here has the dagger, which is death or dishonour, pierced the virgin peach of Darius. The heart of the peach is hard like a stone, and has yielded nothing but a scratch to the blade. The flesh is pierced, but the heart is unbroken and unyielding. Strike how hard thou wilt at the heart of a Lydian peach, O Darius, it will be like a stone even to the dagger of the King of Kings.

MASISTES: Artayuta has answered wisely.

AMESTRIS: How wise is Artayuta!

ARTAYUTA (to Darius, whispering): Was not Xerxes drunk, thou hadst endangered the sight of thine eyes with thy riddles of peaches and daggers.

DARIUS: Nay, Artayuta, I had not missed thine answer for twenty Xerxes. I liked it well. (To the table): Let us drink to the heart of the peach which will not yield to the royal dagger!

XERXES: What is this tale of a peach with which my son Darius has wearied the ears of Artayuta?

AMESTRIS: The tale of the peach is in the eating, O Xerxes.

DARIUS: True, mother. Artayuta has cut the peach in two. Here is the half for the King. Eat, my father. I will eat the other half, and we will have shared the Lydian peach.

AMESTRIS (laughing): But the heart of the peach is hard like a stone.

(There is a cry, "Persians!" Then silence).

XERXES: Who dares cry out in the hall of Achaemenes?

(Enter the lower Guards).

XERXES: Artayuta! Is he there?

ARTAYUTA: It is easier to destroy the body of a slave than the heart of a peach.

XERXES: Thy tongue is easily silenced, slave.

TIGRANES: I have my wish, since I see both fear and wine upon thy face, Xerxes. (He dies.)

AMERXES: It is easier to destroy the body of a slave than the heart of a peach.

Notes on Economic Terms.

SYNDICALISM. Derived from the French word "syndicat," meaning a Trade Union. Syndicalism claims for the Trade Union in every industry (the industrial union, that is), the exclusive right to own the Capital and to control the industry of its function, and without the intervention, or, in fact, the existence of the State. Syndicalism envisions the community as composed wholly of workers or producers grouped in their several industries; and conceives of no function outside industry for a State to perform. National Guilds, on the other hand—a conception of English thought acting upon Syndicalism and English history—postulates the continued existence and active partnership of the State in industry; and supplants the "syndicalism" of every industrial union (or Guild) by the common factor of the State representing the nation. Even as a Guild of Guilds, or Syndicato of Syndicates, the State is, in the opinion of National Guildsmen, necessary; and Guildsmen are even disposed to confine State control certain State Guilds, e.g., the Navy, the Army, the Civil Service, etc., whose function is collective and general rather than confined and particular. It is of interest to note that French Syndicalists are now inclined to admit in both practice and theory the railway and co-responsibility of the State in every industry. As a reaction against State Capitalism, Syndicalism was driven to deny the State; but in practical thought, both the State and the Syndicate are recognised. This, in effect, brings recent French Syndicalism into line with English National Guild doctrines.

PROLETARIAT. The working-classes in general; or the wage-earning classes. Includes all persons who depend for their means of living upon wages. Wages being the price of Labour bought and sold as a commodity, the proletariat are the class that must live by selling their labour. They are thus the class that has nothing but its labour-power to live by. But this labour-power, being inseparable from the labourers themselves, involves in it the selling of the labourers who exercise it. The proletariat are thus said to be wage-slaves.

SALARIAT. The section of the proletariat that sells its labour for a month or a year or so at a stretch. Observe that the salariat does not differ at bottom from the proletariat, since the salariat, like the proletariat, lives only by selling its labour-power. On the other hand, it differs by reason of the psychology of time. A man employed for a day at a time is a casual labourer; a man employed for a week at a time (who can, that is, be dismissed at a week's notice) is a workman; a man employed for a month is in the first grade of the salariat; a man employed by the year is in the second grade of the salariat; and a man employed on a lease of years is in the highest grade. This element of time, though not fundamentally differentiating one class of wage-labour from another—wages, in fact, are called salaries in France—accounts for the practical fact, on the one hand, that the tendency of the salariat is to be divided against the proletariat. And the reason is plain. A day-labourer has a day's interest in his industry; a weekly wage-earner has a week's interest; but the salariat have an interest ranging from a month to a term of years. The salariat thus has a practical fact, on the one hand, and time, on the other, that the salariat are relatively to the proletariat, permanent; and hence the salariat tend to side with the really permanent element in industry, namely, the capitalists. A revolution would be
wrought if either all labourers were engaged by the year, or the present salariat were engaged by the week only. Note, finally, the difference introduced by an engagement for life—when such an engagement occurs, capital and labour are indistinguishable. From the capitalist standpoint marriage differs from any other form of contract. It constitutes, in short, status as distinct from contract.

**EMPLOYER.** One who undertakes to bring Labour to Tools and to produce profits out of their products. He is distinguished from the Capitalist as the landowner is to be distinguished from the practical farmer. Capitalist and Employer may, of course, be the same person; as landowner and farmer are sometimes the same person; but the fact that the two functions are separable proves their real difference. What, in effect, does the employer who is simply an employer do? He borrows Capital of the Capitalist—tools, that is, of the man who owns them—and he then proceeds to buy Labour to work them. Acting under his direction, Labour applied to Tools produces commodities out of the selling price of which the wage charged by Capital (in the form of Rent and Interest), taking the remainder in Profit for himself.

**NATIONAL DEBT.** Represents the liabilities of the State to individuals, corporations, or to foreign States which are its creditors. Upon what security, however, does the State raise loans? The reply is that the State's future taxation; or, again, it is debenture-shares with opposing any increase on the ground that a part of such money or currency— and he then proceeds to buy his pledge or undertaking is within his choice or discretion. It follows that a contract must exercise in concert the rights of large nationalities, and if, in doing so, they can give freedom to small nationalities, so much the better; but they must have Turkey. Germany alone did not aim at the destruction of Turkey. He is not a Turkophobe by any means; on the contrary, he is a great admirer of the Turks, and he proves with most charming candour that, in addition to the benefits that it will confer upon the world, the partition of Turkey would be of inestimable benefit to the Turks themselves. He is a military correspondent who wants to go about doing good not by stealth, but by force of arms; and he appeals to the Allies to make Asiatic Turkey the main theatre of war, shows them that only in Turkey can decisive blows be struck, shows them that the continuous victory to which we have become accustomed on the Western front (even if Lille were recaptured and Metz were taken) will leave "Germany's force of resistance still colossal and unimpaired." On the other hand, the conquest of Turkey will be the summum bonum, which even the Turks will enjoy.

He argues to this conclusion with characteristic Russian simplicity. In his first chapter he examines the "alleged aims of the war," to discover that they are not the real aims. The "freedom of small nationalities" he dismisses in a couple of pages; it is only an English cry, "the French insist upon it with much less emphasis, and official Russia with still less." The redemption of Alsace-Lorraine, the Trentino, and Poland, and so forth, although emphasis, although they do not constitute either a cause or an aim of the war; and if it were to be concluded without settling these questions, "a failure in this regard, sad though it would be, would not be likely to set the world at war again." As for the destruction of Prussian militarism, what does it mean? As Mr. Jabotinsky understands it, as the military defeat of Germany, it is, of course, desirable; but as everyone else understands it, it is, of course, impracticable. None of these is the real cause or aim of the war; the only explanation that is valid is, strangely enough, the Russian simplicity. This war arose not from mere differences of opinion in the politics of Europe, but from the conflict of interests in the Near East. This being the real cause of the war, the only satisfactory conclusion to it will be the reconciliation of those interests at the expense of Turkey. The Allies must exercise in concert the rights of large nationalities, and if, in doing so, they can give freedom to small nationalities, so much the better; but they must have Turkey. Germany alone did not aim at the partition of Turkey, "because she would prefer to swallow Turkey as a whole"; the British on Mesopotamia, the Russian on the Straits and Armenia, the Italian on Adalia, Greece's pretence upon Smyrna . . . these claims cover more than three-quarters of Turkey's present area, and no

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* "Turkey and the War." By Vladimir Jabotinsky. (Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)
optimist in the world can dream of a peaceable settlement for a litigation of this size. Here it is no question of bargain, cession, or arrangement; it is a question of ‘heritage.’ To leave a heritage, the owner must die.

This reasoning is as simple as that of the multiplication table, and it has the further advantage, from a Russian standpoint, of being supported by the New Testament. “When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace. But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.” Turkey has been the “sick man” of Europe for generations. As long as 1878 England received Cyprus in return for a definite guarantee of the remaining dominions in Asia. Whether or not the Turk trusted in this guarantee, the fact remains that it no longer protects him; even so pacific a Liberal as Viscount Bryce has asked the British public to consider whether Turkey can be permitted any longer to rule over subjects of a different faith. Mr. Jabotinsky goes much further than this; he argues that the Turks, even if left to themselves, would not be able to maintain their ascendency over the other, and therefore that it is no reason why the Allies should alter their strategy to meet a specific need that these decretales were forged; in the ninth century, secular government had fallen into decadence and the government had also failed. The Pseudo-Isidore “was merely a reformer with practical suggestions of returning to the ways of the past”; and if the legal prece-

dents did not exist, they had to be invented. “His ideal was not ecclesiastical supremacy, but ecclesiastical independence. His immediate concern was the protection and purification of the Church in Gaul.” The Pseudo-Isidore apparently had the same simplicity of mind as the monistic biographers manifested; if a desirable fiction were not fact, then it ought to be fact, and if it ought to be fact, his moral and therefore that it would be an act of grace to relieve them of it. “The destruction of the historical absurdity called the Ottoman Empire will be a blessing for both Turks and non-Turks. The latter, independent or placed under protection of mighty civilising Powers, will freely develop their long-subdued vitalities; the former, liberated from the oppressive load of Imperial responsibilities, will enter an area of peaceful and productive renaissance.” He who wishes Turkey’s destruction is a friend, not a foe, of the Turkish race.” It really is extraordinary how modern politics turn upon Christian paradoxes; but surely there was never made a more elaborate demonstration of the “die to live” paradox than is here offered by Mr. Jabotinsky. Unfortunately, the Turk is not a Christian, and may not see it in this light; and that is why Mr. Jabotinsky attempts to take from him the sceptre he will not resign.

To impress upon the Allies the necessity of adopting his strategy, Mr. Jabotinsky considers the alternative. “There are only three ways for Russia. She must look for a free seaport either on the western coast of Norway, or on the southern coast of Persia, or on the Mediterranean. Geography does not admit of any other choice. Let the British public think over this choice, having in mind not Russia’s but Britain’s interest. Should Russia be compelled to look for a footing on the Scandinavian coast, it would mean a Russian base just facing the British Isles, and not even too distant from the Firth of Forth. . . . Of course, we firmly believe in the complete harmony of Russian and British interests. But the balance of forces in the North Sea is already such a delicate and complicated thing that Englishmen will have to take its decision to remain as it is without further complications.” In short, on Mr. Jabotinsky’s reasoning, it will be bad (although spiritually good) for the Turks if Russia gets her own way, and bad for England if she does not; the real aim of the war, on this reasoning, derives from Russia’s power to put the Allies on the horns of a dilemma. But that power seems to be renounced by the party that made the Russian Revolution; and as the defeat of the Germans in France is of immediate importance to us, and the Russian menace from Norway of the same importance, a local importance, it seems no reason why the Allies should alter their strategy to please Mr. Jabotinsky.

A. E. R.
with this volume. There is a most vivid description of an abduction and a fight for virtue which, if it appeared in a novel, would have secured its suppression; but in the cause of virtue all things are permissible. When the reader is tired of reading lists of prostitutes, and the calculations of the number of men they serve a day, and the estimates of the financial results, he can turn to equally startling revelations of venereal disease, another "virtuous" subject of conversation. After that he can proceed to be enlightened concerning the decline of the birth-rate; and when he has learned all about Malthusian practices, he can be preached at in the last chapter. Virtue is so superior to vice that it can become every form of it, can know every trick of the trade, can touch pitch and not be defiled. Social hygiene is the homage that virtue pays to vice; and in its name is projected a system of social regulation that amounts to the establishment of an inquisitorial theocracy. But although the Rev. James Marchant has stated the master-problem, he has not discovered the master-solution. He applauds repressive legislation and deplores the existence of irregular prostitution, sits on the boards of charities, and yet expresses in the redemptive efforts of various social bodies; it is expressed in the decline (until the war) of the birth-rate; and it is expressed in the decline of the incidence of diseases due to uncleanliness, and it would be still more clearly expressed by a policy of "Mind your own business, but don't get into trouble!"

This volume will do good work if only it disgusts anyone has a right to do for another is to enlighten him, to give him knowledge as a safeguard, and to enlighten his choice by good example. An enlightened public opinion is not expressed in repressive legislation that results in the barring of professional prostitutes and the increase of the "amateur," it is not even expressed in the repressive efforts of various social bodies; it is expressed in the decline (until the war) of the incidence of diseases due to uncleanness, and it would be still more clearly expressed by a policy of "Mind your own business, but don't get into trouble!"

Pastiche.

A SONG OF CAMELOT.

Two spikes of fire uprise
From some while altar-spot,
Your eyes—
Time-buried Camelot,
For woes dark Druids bear,
Pan tangled in moonbeams,
Your prayer—
O town of Arthur's dreams!
Paths fringed with lily pale
Num'bred in twilight blast,
The Grail
Haunting each warrior's rest.
Chimes wail, and helmets throng,
Spear clash and lilies bloom,
Your song—
Dim place of Merlin's gloom.
Love-broken springs depart,
Starred pink and streaming green,
Your heart—
Sad home of Arthur's Queen.

Passions carve deep the scroll
Of your strange history,
Your soul—
City of mystery... Fields rolling rich and steep
Cover a world forgot,
You sleep
Time-buried Camelot.

A LONDON TRILOGY.

(1) REVERIE.
The scent of hyacinths, that faintly daze,
Lingers, and drugs the warm and tiring air;
The half-drawn blinds are lowering the glare
That steepens the afternoon in floating glaze.

This room is dim with dreams of wistful days:
In every corner lurks a crouching care.
Wafted across the parched and dazzling square
Hovers a sweet, sad tune that someone plays.

It is a melody of years ago,
Sated with yearning perished lovers felt:
And as I hear the sobbing octaves flow
I think of all who in this room have dwelt:
I feel the tears their poor dead hearts have wept
For hopes that pined away, for vows unkept.

(2) PARTY. (DUSK IN A LONDON SQUARE)
The day-long rain that smudged and quenched the sun
Has turned the pavement into glossy slabs
On which the shadows of the trees are dabs
Of patchwork, where the colours wildly run.

A few wan staggering stragglers have begun
Their evening task: their puny lustre stabs
The threadbare clouds. Night deepens, and the cabs
Rally to scour the city, one by one.

The railings are festooned with silvery beads;
The boarding-houses gild the road with blots;
The leaden gloom that weighted down the day
Is, by a marvel, rinsed and purged away.

(3) SIESTA IN SOHO.
A hurdy-gurdy churns with wheezy zest
"The Sunshine of Your Smile" to curdled pap.
I sniff the lush aromas that envirap
Old Compton Street in drowsings of the blest.

A thousand glutton gorgers take their rest.
A thousand giddles ease the chafing strap.
A thousand pates salute their wonted nap.
A thousand maws in doleful stealth digest.

I, too, have fed (not ill) for eighteenpence,
To what pagoda shall I saunter hence?
I, too, have fed (not ill) for eighteenpence,
And, of these verses have delivered me.

This hour of birth is eerie, solemn, tense,
The pouting swellers lures the soul to tea.
To what pagoda shall I saunter hence?
Express or Lyons or an A.B.C.?

P. SELVER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I express my surprise and regret that so progressive a journal as The New Age should almost consistently use the term "English" when "British" is obviously intended? A few examples from your last two numbers will illustrate what I mean. On page 200 we read, "Lord Robertson, on behalf of England," and, on the same page, "England, France... have now declared themselves." Then, on page 235, "We hope... the English, Italian and French Governments will fall into line," and, again, on page 125, "England is planning for India..." The fact of the matter is there is no such thing as "The English Government," and England, as England, is not in this war at all. As a member in the United Kingdom of Great Britain she is, of course, doing her share in it, and we lesser partners in the Union appre-
BISHOPS ON THE WARPATH.

Sir,—"Mounting a cart, the Bishop of London delivered a powerful address. "There are no more mistaken people," declared the Bishop, "than the conscientious objectors.""

The Bishop of Chelmsford... thanked God that the war was going on, for it would be a folly and a crime to put aside the sword until the purposes for which we have drawn it had been secured."

The above quotations testify to the spiritual plane on which these representatives of the Church put the war. But if it is indeed the holy crusade they would have us believe, the clergy should have been first to leap to arms in the cause. Only with their presence in the front ranks would it seem to me proper either for the Bishop of London to be attacking conscientious objectors, or for the Bishop of Chelmsford to be thanking God that the war is going on. It may be replied that neither of these Bishops is responsible for the embargo on the clergy. "Perhaps not directly," the Bishop of London said. "But why do they not devote their rhetoric to the semblance of words without deeds?"

One of the chief gains given for keeping the clergy at home, that never were people in such need of spiritual ills. Asked what his practical suggestions were, he replied, "There must be a divine discontent with things as they are." Must? But whence? How is it to be inspired? That is what we are waiting for the Bishop to tell. Personally I thought I divined his answer in "R. H. C.'s" suggestions for a more intensive education, and again in Mr. Kenneth Herron's writings on the same subject. I would like to have the Bishop's opinion, for while he says, "We must concern ourselves with the spirit," education is rapidly becoming solely concerned with business. Will not the Church preach a new education? Only, I believe, by such an education, by the training, that is, of those higher faculties of the mind now held in ridicule, shall we be brought to a divine discontent with business as usual, including the present Church.

F. OSBORNE.

THE CRITICISM OF MUSIC.

Sir,—As a musical student I was about to resent Mr. de Maetzu's references to music last week, when I was suddenly struck with the truth in his remark. "Music," wrote Mr. de Maetzu, "is the ideal art for this kind of creature"—i.e., "the type of the usurer who weeps over a sentimental novel while continuing to suck the blood of his victims." The point raised is certainly interesting, and I wish it could be developed and discussed. In my opinion, it is modern criticism of music, rather than music itself, that has brought such a judgment as Maetzu's upon music in the lump. It is difficult to explain my theory, and I must leave it to experts to deny or elaborate. Roughly, "what I mean can perhaps best be indicated by analogy. In literature certain standards have been established by critics. It is not enough for a man to say that he loves reading. He must tell us what sort of book he loves. But, for some leniency or other in musical criticism, a man has only to come away from the opera with a damp brow or handkerchief, and off we run with the idea that he loves music. Music needs classifying. For I undertake that no man of the type Mr. de Maetzu refers to would find good music his ideal art. It is bad music that appeals to him. And it is unjust that music, the inspiration of the great in spirit, should be brought into disrepute for lack of the sort of criticism and classification which would make it impossible for the "usurer" to employ his exhibition of tears as a guarantee of fine feelings, which, in reality, he possesses only in caricature.

R. A. M.

Memoranda.

(From last week's New Age.)

It is as much the diplomatic business of the Allies to foster a democratic revolution in Germany as it is their military business to defeat the German military autocracy.—"Notes of the Week." The only part the German peoples have had in the construction of their Empire is that of docile acceptance. I think of Switzerland as the microcosm of the Europe of the future.

We shall nationally and internationally be what we believe we can be. Only Utopia is practicable. It is Utopia or perdition that awaits the human race in the end. Hate was never so near to extinction as it is now.—GRANT D. BROOM.

If we are going to speculate about the future, it is always as well to reach forward with one hand only, while feeling back with the other as far as possible into the past.

Every school ought to be a school of the prophets. That is not the case. Then, perhaps, we should have not only inspired thinkers, but a public that would attend to them.

The vision of a new order must be everybody's vision, or it may just as well be nobody's vision.—KENNETH RICHMOND.

I suppose that it is the mechanical perfection of Lancashire's chief industry that is reflected in the similarity of its comedies; all that the dramatist, like the weaver, has to do is to tie the broken threads, the machine does the rest.

The comedies of Lancashire life are driving me to the conclusion that home without a mother would mean a marked diminution in crime.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPK.

The modern Shakespeares are on at false a scent in seeking to attribute to the actor Shakespeare the plays of "Shakespeare" as the Baconians whom they criticise with commendable harshness.—R. H. C.

The Fleshly School of Poetry has, in these meatless days, run to seed that we are always hoping to see the Spirit shine through.—V. B. N.

The apple took perhaps hundreds of years to eat!—EDWARD MOONG.

If the Church has remained a united and devoted Church, this war would never have come to pass at all.

You can trace Christianity through Europe like a moldhill by the hospitals it has thrown up.—"Interviews."

The Russian Revolution seems to be fulfilling the hopes not of those who are witnessing it, but of those who foresee it.—A. E. R.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

He (Professor Ramsay Muir) falls, moreover, into a very small fellowship with Englishmen who have not latterly been over-enthusiastic in England, who have not latterly been over-enthusiastic in enthusiasm in matters of party. His (Professor Ramsay Muir) position, we believe, is infinitely more secure in the country than that of many former Ministers who have entrenched themselves with all these time-honoured advantages; but he may well feel that this is not the moment, nor he the man, to disappoint the hungry mouths. We are quite familiar, too, with the plausible argument which positively approves the system of party "honours" as better than an undisguised plutocracy. Nevertheless we trust that with this latest object-lesson before them—the public will insist (as we fear the House of Commons, unstimulated, will not) on one simple, long awaited reform, which will at least "make the punishment fit the crime." If "honours" must be bestowed for no ostensible public service, let the real reason for their bestowal be frankly made public in every case; if party funds must continue, let their sources be published and audited like those of any other business transaction. And let the accumulated funds in existence at this moment, when the old parties have, or ought to have, disappeared, be diverted by common consent to some national object. There is a great future for the statesmen who has the courage to get rid once for all of a cynical traffic and incidentally to restore the value of decoration for real service to the State.—"Times.

They are pre-eminently the intellectuals, the inspiring voices and the shaping instruments of the new Labourism; strategists and organisers, they hold a great mass of insistent and indignant thinking in relation to the hard necessities of the hour. That mass cannot be ignored, more especially when the old chiefs of militant Unionism—men like Mr. Mann, still charged with his old magnetism—come into it. Behind the Leeds Conference stands the majority of the Trade Councils of the country, and a considerable representation of the trade unionists branches of their executive. These forces will at no distant day be in control of trade unionism. The Government, therefore, showed a merely average prudence in damping down the local opposition to the Conference. For it is with these men that the future of Labour must be negotiated. Their creed or its expression is as yet unformed. Most certainly it will not be bureaucratic or Webbian Socialism. Neither can it be the old principles unionism. It seems to say that its keynote will be industrial democracy, and that the attempt to build up a new productive and distributive system must clearly be sought in association with the co-operative movement. Their strongest intellectual attraction will be towards Guild Socialism.—H. W. M., in "The Nation."

The free peoples have the world at their feet, the victory within their grasp. There is only one tower of the enemy unfallen. But till that falls, till the Hoenzollern system has followed the Romanoff system into oblivion, till the German people have thrown off their tyranny as the Russian people have done, it will be no easy matter for democracy and the sacrifice of all its hopes to work for a breach in the Allied cause. There is only one enemy to freedom extant. It is the Kaiser and his machine of despots and plotters; while that machine remains, freedom cannot live in Russia, in France, in England, or in any land. Do not let us delude ourselves with the idea that Kaiserism will fall if it wins the war. It will not. The German people will never throw off their chains if they cannot do it now. Until they have done it, until they have resumed authority over their own destiny, democracy must fight for its life or lose it.—"Daily News."

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