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SOME CRITICS ANSWERED

By Dora Marsden

As the article under the heading "I Am" in the last issue of The Egoist raised all the debatable and insoluble problems in philosophy, we realize that promptness in acknowledging their existence and attempting to deal with some of them is very desirable. As, however, metaphysics is the latest form of controversy to be introduced into these pages, and as, judging from our correspondence columns, there are readers not satisfied with the treatment up to date of other subjects, a number of forthright statements on these less ethereal matters must take the place of the consideration of the "Real and the True" which last month's article otherwise would make due.

The following remarks having been suggested largely by dissenting correspondents, we would direct our readers' attention to the correspondence columns appearing in this issue. If these are first read, coherence will be given to remarks which otherwise might possibly appear desultory and unrelated.

First: something more needs to be said before we can expect our adoption of the term "archistic" to be wholly vindicated, especially as we hope by this adoption to oust—for serious discussion—the already strongly established term of "anarchist" and its allied forms. As to its derivation, it is not, as the criticism of Mr. Kuehn would imply, to be related to the derived term "Archon," but rather from the primary verbal form "Archo" or its parallel substantive "Arche."

The verb "archo" means, in relation to *time*, "to begin," "to make a beginning"; in reference to *status* it means "to take the lead," "to govern," "to rule"; while the term "Archon"—meaning the highest State magistrate—is purely derivative from these, implying apparently one who has shown qualities which can in the highest degree "make a beginning" or "take the lead"—show initiative, that is. One who can in supreme fashion take the initiative, who can govern easily, is an Archon. An Archon is not called into being by a sort of typal baptism, or born an archon and thereafter made a governor; but vice versa—supremely able to take the initiative, and therefore inevitably begins to govern.

Thus it follows that the *Archonistic* status is an effect and not a cause. It is the effect of the archistic endowment, the power of initiative. Not all of us could suitably be classed as of the *archonistic* type, but we are all *archistic*. We all set out on purposeful adventures, if with widely varying degrees of initiatory power; those who possess it in the highest degree become archons—chief rulers in their differing spheres. Therefore the defining by our correspondent of "archistic action" as action which is undertaken under command, permission, or threat of the Archon proves far too limited. Archistic action is any kind of initiatory action, any "setting to" of the living unit to the task of dominating the conditions which lie between it and the goal of its desires.

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The living unit is an organism of embodied wants; and a want is a term which indicates an apprehension of the existence of barriers—conditions easy or hard—which lie between the "setting towards" and the "arrival," *i.e.* the satisfaction. Thus every want has two sides, obverse and reverse; of which the one would read, the "not yet dominated," and the other, "progressive domination." The two sides grow at the expense of each other. The co-existence of the consciousness of a lacking satisfaction, with the corresponding and inevitable "instinct to dominate" that which prolongs the lack are the features which characterize "life." Bridging the interval between the want and its satisfaction is the exercising of the "instinct to dominate"—obstructing conditions. The distinction between the lifeless and the living is comprised under an inability to be other than a victim to conditions and to possess a power which tends to dominate conditions. That of which the latter can be said, possesses life; that of which the former, is inanimate. It is to this dominIstic instinct to which we have applied the label archistic—the Greek in preference to the Latin, with a view towards

a subsequent illumination of the meaning of the "anarchistic." In view of the foregoing analysis, then, "archistic" is the term which can be applied broadly to everything which possesses life in so far as one requires to keep in view the essentially aggressive nature of life. The "Anarchistic," correspondingly, is the lifeless. It is a term to be applied with accuracy only to the inanimate.

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Undoubtedly it is a far cry from "lifelessness" to that popular acceptation of the meaning of "anarchism," which, in spite of the mildness of manner of its chief exponents, has always been felt to imply "passion let loose ! rampant and reckless !" Nevertheless, in spite of its many brave associations, this disparity between its popular meaning, and its only helpful one, is to be insisted upon, and inevitably must mark it down as a word whose end is with things scrapped, though it may long continue to serve as a heightener of the tints of lurid journalism. For serious work it serves no end but confusion, and for its retention there is nothing but a vaguely valiant association to speak. It is, moreover, of quite modern growth, though not so modern that its sponsors can claim to have been denied time or opportunity to read into it a cogent meaning, were such possible. Brave attempts have been made, but they have failed. The definitions of anarchism are contradictions and confusion. None has been advanced which would stand even the most superficial application to actual human affairs—a result to be expected of an effort to define living activities under a term which is the distinguishing characteristic of the inanimate.

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If anarchistic is to be abolished, what, as a correspondent asks, is to be the term which shall describe those inarticulate ideas and ideals of the men and women who have called themselves "anarchists"? The "anarchists" are groping after something to which a name could be put if only it could be tracked down. After what, then, if every form of life is archistic, are the anarchists, so called, seeking? They are seeking to bridle in one particular sphere precisely the archistic instinct which seeks to dominate conditions; which conditions for human beings include the intents and purposes of other human beings as much as they include the nature of the sea, soil, and air. It is the including of human obstructions in the category of "conditions to be dominated" to which the anarchists imagine they wholeheartedly object. An anarchist is one who says "Thus far and no farther" in the relation to the instinct to dominate—other human lives. They would have an "embargo" laid upon such domination: one may without offence to Humanity dominate conditions up to the very threshold of human life, but there one must pause, they would say. Man must not seek to dominate his brother Man, be there conditions or no conditions. Domination of Man by Man is—The Forbidden. From this sin Man must refrain. He must submit to this embargo, and may "rightfully" expect his fellows to do the same.

Embargoist is not a graceful word, but it seems the best fitted to make *anarchists* comprehensible to themselves and to others, and embargoists we therefore suggest the aforetime "anarchists" should be.

Naturally, abhorring the domination of men by men, the embargoists early found that they had a bone to pick with the "State" because the State was obviously the most dominating institution they could see. They imagined that when the State was removed (granting for their argument's sake that it could be removed, and that the abolished State would not automatically be succeeded by another State made dominant by the fact of its predecessor's decease) embargoism would be established.

Efforts to climb up a well-greased pole would be easy compared with their efforts to prove that the embargo would work—that the bridle would settle itself automatically and comfortably (for is not man an amiable animal?) on the neck of the dominstic instinct once that embodied symbol of Dominance, the State, was removed.

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It would be a stupid mistake to suppose that embargoists exhaust the number of those who seek to enforce embargoes. It is indeed of the very nature of archistic action to curb certain forces in order to give a free run to others necessary to its satisfactory fulfilment. The ordinary living being unaffected by an ideal of embargoism places embargoes upon the forces—human or any other—which obstruct his plans, to the full extent of his ability. The peculiarity of the embargoist is that his very objection to human attempts to lay restraints upon other human beings postulates such restraints on the most colossal scale. He first flings away his weapons and then proposes to himself a colossal task which needs every weapon. Of course, he replies: "Not so. Conscience is an instrument more powerful than any external means of coercion." Conscience becomes his one stand-by: the miracle is to be worked by an appeal to Conscience. The "Moral" is to be inculcated in all men everywhere that the "domination of man by man is *wrong*." And in varying degrees it works: this, the ascetic ideal. There appears to be an anti-vital element in man, a downward trend of life which becomes articulate on the lips of the living so that they will ardently deny life, and look eagerly forward to its annihilation in—Nirvana. This is the defining tendency, this embargoism—asceticism—with the humanitarians, nihilists, and the ascetic among Christians. In all these the affected conscience in a limited degree is working in the direction of Death—towards genuine anarchism, which only inasmuch as it is limited is embargoism. And the graceless ones of the unaffected Consciences walk off meanwhile with the spoils.

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At the expense even of reiteration we would endeavour to make clear the distinction between the embargoes of necessity and expediency which are to be met with in the ordinary conduct of the ordinary archistic, and the embargoism which is made an "Ideal." An archist would say: "I enforce on others to the extent of my ability such embargoes as, all things considered, best suit me: I submit to such embargoes as it is impossible for me to avoid, or to such as, again all things considered, in the long run seem likely to serve my own ends." An embargoist would say: "It is the first article of my faith that archistic encroachments upon the 'free' action of Men are not compatible with the respect due to the dignity of Man as Man. The ideal of Humanity forbids the domination of one man by his fellow. Therefore let men fear to overstep the limits laid upon domination. Let them make it a matter of Conscience that they have regard to this embargo. Let this be their supreme 'Thou shalt not.'" Thus the humanitarian embargo is an Absolute: a procedure of which the observance is Good-in-itself. The government of Man by Man is Wrong: the respect of an embargo constitutes Right. To be sure, except upon about half a dozen points, most embargoists appear very like their less fearful brethren—usually quite dogmatic and self-assertive gentlemen laying down the law with no little force and energy. They would, of course, hold that in thus pounding in "The Doctrine" they are using the one instrument of coercion they permit themselves: the pressure of public opinion upon Conscience. It remains as a subsidiary problem for them to solve to say how coercion which is effected by the weight of public opinion is not coercion; how, in short, it is as genuine, if not so drastic, a method of domination as the prison or the gallows. They will doubtless find themselves acknowledging that they are as anxious to govern their fellows, to "impress the pattern of their will" upon them, as the most conscienceless of archists. Only they would contend that they limit themselves to "Moral methods," whereas the other would be daring enough to reach out after other means should occasion demand. Apart from the proviso as to the character of the weapons of coercion, the embargoist, if hard

pressed (that is, as he is distinguished from what he thinks he is), abandons the mark which distinguishes him from the common run of archists. He becomes then simply a unit possessed of the instinct to dominate—even his fellow-men.

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We shall here perhaps be able to rebut the unkind accusation that we are specially concerned with the purveying of a new brand of ethics (again see correspondence). We have been at pains to make clear that we are neither the inculcators nor the detractors of morals. We have examined the nature of the moral, the immoral, and amoral ; the springs of such action, and their values for different sorts of people and different sorts of occasion. Of moralities we have preached none, not even the "morality of immorality," but have been content to point out that for different men different ways apparently prove "good." Ethical propaganda we have left for those who elect to think all men are equal.

For us some men appear to be fairly equal in competence even if different, but we have considered it serviceable to keep in sight the fact that they are just as likely to prove to be unequal, every situation therefore needing to be judged individually. It is no compliment to our precision to find that one considers us to be conducting an ethical propaganda and seeking to make proselytes for fixed procedures. The intention of THE EGOIST is not propaganda but exposition. The impulse which leads us to the latter is our own amusement and edification. Of any desire to "save the souls" of our audience (which the former would impute to us) we hold ourselves guiltless. To be sure, we seek an audience for our expositions, but so would the teller of a good joke ; exposition, like a joke, to be fully enjoyed, requires its audience. We have as little or as much intention to teach and to preach as the teller of a good joke.

We are not an advice-bureau and give no recipes for conduct, though we do not deny ourselves the pleasure of expressing opinions upon other people's conduct or even of saying what we would have done, or would do, in a given case. On the other hand, if anyone can cull useful advice from these pages the credit is theirs, and our attitude thereto could only be the deprecating one of the amiable cow to whom the small girl tendered grateful thanks for being so good as to give them milk. To be able gracefully to preach morals one must keep oneself blind to the fact that men ordinarily, and of their own accord, branch out into such adventures as they feel they have power for. To advise a man to be this and that, pioneer or follower, employer or employed, bold or discreet, master or servant, is to usurp the seat of judgment and take on a responsibility which only he who is to be actor in the drama is competent to occupy and undertake. Ethical propagandas are best left to people whose axes are to be ground in that way, whose interest lies along the line of "soul-saving" ; ours, happily, is not, and we can afford to admit and speculate upon the varied range of human competency—to realize that for different powers daring, responsibility, morals, the immoral pleasures and satisfactions will generally take on an individually different expression. One can afford to recognize that there exist simple as well as astute, and that the first will form the opportunity of the second. And because they provide the astute ones' opportunity and are exploited by them, their very usefulness forges a chain which binds the latter to them as securely as their own simplicity puts them under the control of the astute. And here, for such as have eyes to see, there grows up a comedy : the Comedy of Words.

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Not all are ready to believe that there exists guile in the Blessed Words, or in their peculiar and strictly human offspring—Thought. One correspondent makes this exceedingly curious remark : "The principal categories of human thought . . . have not been imposed upon man by his dominators," and that "Most of them are common to man with the lower animals." Out of our inexhaustible store of patience we make reply : Thought is the waste-product of thinking—an obstructing fluff thrown off by a too wasteful mental machine as it plies about the images of knowledge. Thought is an illusory effect produced by mental images indistinctly imaged, and mental relatings (*i.e.* the process of thinking) not quite related. It is a negative combination, therefore, of mistake and incompleteness. Its proper end, judged from the point of view of clearness, would be dissipation into nothingness—into which it always does dissipate upon the advent of knowledge. It would not be able to hold together at all did not words—of which it is half born—enmesh it and harbour it, to use ultimately as material to pile higher and yet higher their edifices of vague terms and lost meanings. To thought words are an essential ; to thinking, though they are a help (also a hindrance), they are not completely a necessity. Therefore, since Man is the only animal which has developed the use of words, he is the only one which has evolved "thought." "Thought" and its "Categories" belong to him solely and alone. Of course, what our critic really means is that certain ways of action very common to men are likewise common to the subhuman world. Well, naturally so, since all life is compact of desire and will. If men differ widely from other animals, there exists probably an even wider area of vital characteristics within which their features appear common. In short, Thought and Archistic Impulses do not refer to the same kind of thing, and the categories of the latter are not to be confused with those of the former. Thought certainly must be the expression—perhaps the most outward straying fringe—of an Archistic Impulse, but of such impulse become abortive : an impulse whose purpose has gone awry and which has failed to do the thing it set out to do, *i.e.* arrive at some particular precision in knowledge.

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Why the same critic drags in Darwin we do not understand.

For what was it that Darwin effected ? Men had amused themselves by plotting out their words into the form of a pretty fable which they called "Genesis: the way things began." Darwin's work exploded this fable. Had this fable—and some others like it—never been made there would, of course, have been no such shocking explosion, although the exceedingly interesting observations of Darwin would remain. Darwin's work assumed an epoch-making character not so much for what Darwin discovered in a positive way, but on account of a quite incidental effect his discovery had upon certain highly accredited myths and fables.

What possible connexion Darwin's researches can be considered to have in relation to THE EGOIST'S attempt to establish a new method in philosophy we fail to see. Darwin certainly made it seem likely that certain verbal interpretations would not "do." What would "do" he left for succeeding generations to say. He had nothing to say about "interpretations" themselves.

One more point, again addressed to the same critic : "Other heights in other lives" perhaps ; in this, the peak of psychology is sufficient unto us. We are not Historians of Morals ; nor do we aspire to be. We are not even sociological students except by implication. We "tell the tale" as we find it in ourselves and in those around with whom we are in constant reaction. This may appear limited, but we think it will serve. It may comfort Mr. Byingtom, however, if he reflects that the scientists he admires so much have said that the "life of the race" in its broad features re-enacts itself in the mind of the individual.

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To summarize : We are not people engaged in soul-saving, either after the egoistic or altruistic manner. We are not opposers of fence-erecting, nor desirous of dragging down fences except those which stand between us and whatever we choose to want. Such fences as are to our interests we endeavour to get set up. We do not regard ourselves as the foes of suffragists,

feminists, "proletarians," freedom-worshippers, rebels, embargoists, or seekers-after-right of any kind. Nor, on the other hand, do we imagine ourselves bowing in awed wonder before the Napoleons or any of the "strong-man" species—though, to be sure, we have found this sort of person more stimulating, if also more inconveniencing, than the less encroaching kind. Mrs. Pankhurst, for instance, is a far more "enjoyable" person than the bulk of those who form her "faithful audience." Nor do we contemn, unduly, Causes in any of the forms which these hypnotic dances round Fixed Ideas take. Not at all. They offer the most pleasurable and least arduous form of excitement. From nothing else is it possible to obtain the pleasure of flattery in such easily assimilable form. And the fact that the thing is based on a mistake should form no objection to a continuance of a pleasure if one can afford the mistake. We have no antipathy for "Cause-ists." One does not dislike people because they mistake chalk for cheese, and if it is obvious that the perpetuation of the error is bound up with such people's enjoyment one would even be willing to assist in its perpetuation—provided always, of course, that it does not interfere seriously with one's own amusement. Nor is one seized with a repulsion for chalk and cheese. It is not a repulsion for Fixed Ideas that causes us to approach so many Holy Causes only to recoil from them, apparently making an attack on them in the recoil. For one to seem to attack a "Fixed Idea," it is not necessary to set against it with animosity; it is enough that one should resist its potential attachment. The secret of its strength lies in its fixity and in the bond which it can impose on those who approach it. To resist the binding influence is to bring to bear the one influence really hostile to the Fixed Idea; and a sort of mental globe-trotter inevitably takes on an appearance of hostility to Causes which is not strictly the effect of his own purposed intentions but rather an effect produced by the character of the Fixed Ideas themselves.

Likewise regarding "followers," we have no rooted antipathy against a "Following." There can be few things more calculated pleasurably to expand the sense of one's own importance and well-being than the flattery of a following—always providing, that is, that the "followers" follow. The difficulty with the species is that they don't follow. They keep their own ground and expect the "Leader" to abide with them, to use his personality to quicken into energy the monotonous circuiting round the Idea. If a man's ruling interest is "being an influence" among men, he is adapted to being a leader of the followers who don't follow. He has tact—the touch which knows the tender spot where a little subtle flattery of his following will work wonders. Thus he knows how to give them what pleases them; asks them to do what he knows they want to do, and accordingly they do it. He thus "maintains his influence." He may, of course—usually he does—insinuate among them new ways after his own heart as the direct outcome of his follower's regard for him. His untiring solicitude for the maintenance of his followers' good opinion of themselves earns some truly genuine regard.

But if one wants to go one's own gait and primarily to amuse oneself, gaining a following is a very different matter. One is likely to find oneself qualified to become what a wrathfu' correspondent has labelled an "isolist." Of course, one fondly dreams there might be a kind of follower who followed closely—one who kept up. Unfortunately, the stride of such a one must be equal to that of the "leader"; he would be as well able to walk alongside as to follow, in which case he would not be a follower. Those, apparently, who would make the most delectable sort of "following" are too competent to be followers, and we shall presumably continue to lack a following, not because of any reluctance on our part to foster one and treat it gently and kindly but because of this awkward kink in the nature of things.

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In short, as far as our activities in THE EGOIST are concerned, we are luxurious people, gleefully, if laboriously, contributing to our own amusement by attempting to plot out a geography of the human mind.

THE EGOIST is creating a psychology; it is therefore a superlatively Reckless Indiscretion in addition to being that which should never be owned up to by solicitors of the people—a luxury. It makes no compromises or accommodations, plays up to no one. It serves no one's "good"; fosters no interest, no cause. It is always ready to learn—a most profoundly suspicious trick; it means that it is ready to abandon any prejudice without compunction, to be faithless to any Idea. It abandons itself to curiosity, to "finding out," as to some suspiciously pleasurable business. To gratify an insatiable curiosity about the human kind, its ways, its works, its institutions; to seek for answers to a never-ending stream of "whys"—this is reckless indiscretion! Of that there is no doubt. Ordinarily, a powerful intelligence looks, sees—and says nothing; it may thus exploit its superior knowledge the more unhamperedly. Here an intelligence looks, sees—and tells. Half its audience it offends and the other half it puts suspiciously on their guard. Such "telling" is like giving way to a vice. To gratify it one must be prepared to waste one's material substance. How much of this world's spoil might one not secure if . . . ? It is the unfinished calculation which all prodigals and spendthrifts have to put to themselves.

Curiosity—which is an untired wonder—is a gift; the publication of the results of its activities is to be regarded solely as an expensive luxury. A Galileo, for instance, endowed with a curiosity which led him to make the discovery of the relation of earth and sun was a man and a half; he had a gift which meant power. But Galileo announcing this discovery to the world was permitting himself a luxury which would demand heavy payment. There are, of course, people who regard their luxuries as necessities; but it is all their own business. In the end it is they who must foot the bill, and they are foolish if they expect to meet with sympathy—even less with support—from those who are proud of being content with little, or from those who know to what inconvenience indiscretions may lead. So the problem which faces such as are possessed of a gift whose exercise has an overweening fascination for themselves is the one with which the ant dumbfounded the grasshopper: "How can one make one's vices and master-passions profitable?" Doubtless it can be done. Pavlova to the grasshopper should prove some small encouragement and comfort.

It is possible that such a journal as THE EGOIST would be able, even in Anglo-Saxon countries, to survive if it made its frankness diverting enough to outweigh the effect of its depredations. People are willing to pay for old familiar things whose character they know, and which suits them: all good Liberals will readily pay their ha'penny for the *Daily News*. And they will also pay for something novel if it succeeds in diverting them. If the spectacle of The Falling Idols were made sufficiently diverting the wrath of the various brands of "Faithful" against its iconoclastic activities might be smothered in excitement and laughter, and they might be willing to pay for the entertainment of seeing their Fixed Ideas put on the slide. On the other hand, they might not. The Pavlova illustration is misleading: her dancing is diverting, but her audience would probably cease to find it so if she demanded as a sort of tribute the offering up of their most prized pieces of china to be shattered by her nimble feet.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS

THE Press still continues to send out "feelers" to try what effect the notion of the compulsory military training is likely to have upon public opinion, and a good deal of the zest already seems to have departed from its opponents. An attempted antithesis between "Conscript and Freeman" certainly has failed to bite—possibly because a more serviceable understanding of the meaning of the term "free" is beginning to oust the more bewildering and rhetorical one. The element of *power* as the distinguishing element of the "free" may be making itself articulate against the heavy romanticism about one's "divine, inalienable right not to be interfered with, &c." Those, therefore, who would establish such antithesis between "compulsory military service" and "freedom" would require to show that the former would lead to a diminution of ordinary citizens' power and capacity, the mere anathematizing of it as "compulsory" implying nothing. Compulsory aspects are negative only: we are compelled on every hand by the things we have not power to subjugate—by a wall we cannot overleap, an incline we cannot ascend. For ordinary men there are two ways of looking at conscription: one can regard oneself as the unwilling tool driven to do what he would revolt from doing if a superior force did not compel him; and as a man "on the make," ready to utilize whatever opportunities are going in order to increase his power—in this case by a system of desirable training put ready to hand. From this man's point of view "compulsory military service" represents opportunity. It will at least smarten him; but mainly it will make him competent in the use of those offensive and defensive weapons the lack of familiarity with which puts men permanently at a disadvantage in any serious disagreement.

Unfortunately, a queer sort of reasoning—or the humanitarian spirit—has inclined most working men in "being compelled to be competent for self-defence," to lay the emphasis on the compulsion in the compelling rather than the competence implied in capable self-defence. Also the worship of a negative "Freedom" has been supported by a fruitless preoccupation with "Injustice," both of which have tended to make the less fortunately placed members of society believe that their woes are the effects of inherent wickedness on the part of their "oppressors" rather than the inevitable result of their own actions. They have never seriously faced the fact that their ill-fortune might be wholly the effects due to themselves, that they are the only sort of "aura" which their competence is able to furnish.

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Perhaps the most widely discussed contribution to the conscription controversy is a letter which Professor Pollard addressed to the *Times* some days ago. One could not attempt to controvert historical fact against the assertions of the learned professor, but it is clear that the facts which he himself adduces are open to a construction quite other than that one he applies to them. He is gainsaying a general sort of statement made by the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords to the effect that it is in conformity with the common law of the country for the Crown to enforce compulsory military service should occasion make such a measure necessary. The professor asserts that the Crown was never invested with such power, and only had the ordinary subject's right at common law to enforce the terms of a contract. The only parties involved—so he alleges—in the contract in question were the Crown and the tenants contracting directly with the Crown: the terms of it being that the tenants should be liable for the furnishing of a proportionate quota of military assistance for service in the waging of the King's quarrels. It is maintained that only "tenants-in-chief"—the great barons—were thus bound to provide military assistance for the King because only they contracted with him directly; and that beneath this highest rank of tenant the right to enforce military service never applied. But obviously such a contract would have been purportless on the one hand and impossible to carry out on the other had not both contracting parties held in view the subletting of the land on the definite stipulation of military services to be rendered. Military service was a stipulation attached to *tenancy*, irrespective—save as to quantity—of the status of the tenant. And considering that tenancy of land was so widespread that as late even as Cromwell's time laws were being enforced against farmers which permitted cottages to be built on their land without a minimum of four acres attached, the system of land-tenure and therefore of compulsory service must have been sufficiently widely distributed as to warrant its being called national. By Cromwell's time, of course, the system had been almost wholly destroyed. From the insinuation of a money-consideration in place of service in the earliest Plantagenet times down to the abandonment of the last pretence of the Crown's right to demand military service on account of land-holding at the return of the Stuarts, capitalism was undermining feudalism and destroying the basis of national defence which, by means of it, the Norman kings had made more efficient in England than on the Continent. That the Norman kings insisted on all tenants swearing faithfulness in respect of military service to the Crown in addition to their feudal superior makes it clear that the service demanded by the overlords was held to be the King's service, *i.e.* a national service. The fact that the Plantagenets were able to allow the sub-tenants to commute a money-payment to the Crown in lieu of service is additional proof. That the royal inauguration of capitalism, which the adoption of a system of shield-money by the Plantagenets really was, must have been rapidly followed up under the Tudors, is clear from the fact that the great tenants-in-chief had become transformed into land-owners, and being absolute lords of the land and not requiring to furnish men for king's wars, there was no longer any necessity to keep their estates supplied with men. As sheep were pecuniarily more profitable, sheep replaced men on the land under the Tudors. That "most nefarious piece of class legislation"—as Professor Pollard terms it—which at the Restoration freed the great land-owners by statute from any bonds of military service, was probably nothing more than an open recognition of a long established situation. Of course much is to be excused in a King without a kingdom anxious to "get back home," but a King with intelligence enough to understand his position knows that a nation is nothing more than a name which does not provide the instrument which will perpetuate it, and seek for some basis of self-interest which will make it appear worth while for members of a nation to enforce its perpetuation. Feudalism had such a basis in self-interest. Capitalism—the system which implies that men can live upon a money-basis without reference to land-holding—has destroyed it and put nothing as substitute in its place. Kings and nations are now left at the mercy of strength of sentiment and association for their defence. This is not the place in which to attempt any psychology of patriotism, but the one outstanding feature of the present situation is that the English proletariat—in spite of its long tradition, sedulously cultivated, of bitterness and oppression—is patriotic. They like—to use no other word—England, and are prepared to pay for the sentiment. They are, we believe, prepared to undertake personally the case of national defence. They are beginning to realize that many things need to be changed; perhaps also that one thing well-defended entails the effective defence of other things; it follows, "as night the day," that men who have prepared themselves to defend their country will find themselves better equipped to defend themselves.

D. M.

THE MUSICAL FACULTY *

By M. Montagu-Nathan

In the past few decades there has been no lack of speculation, theory, and dogmatism in regard to the nature and constitution of the musical faculty. In perusing the printed records of research and opinion, however, one has become more and more inclined to place the scientific investigator on much the same plane as the author addicted to the employment of musical colour in his novel. There is, it is true, an important difference between them; the novelist appears on every occasion to remain totally oblivious to the circumstance that, instead of deftly inserting his pen into the pleasantly tinted fluid of musical "relief," as he imagines, he has in reality committed the regrettable blunder of putting his foot in it. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that since Mr. Sutherland Edwards first drew attention, some thirty years ago, to this form of "howler" in an essay on "The Literary Maltreatment of Music," a comprehensive, though sporadic, literature of the subject has sprung up. The scientific inquirer, on the other hand, is apparently often able to recognize his limitations, and in some cases does not hesitate about making an avowal. Alison,† for instance, before delivering his "few observations" on the subject of "Composed sounds, or Music," assures us that "it is with great diffidence that I speak upon an art of which I have no theoretical knowledge"; and one of the leading authorities on psychology, so Mr. Wallace informs us, has put forward his "incapacity for music" as a reason for ignoring it in his treatise.

Mr. William Wallace, while discussing the various aspects of the musical faculty, has been the means, unconsciously no doubt, of drawing attention to a phenomenon which he does not actually include in his scheme—one, nevertheless, whose absence makes a regrettable *lacuna*. He provides no clue to the mystery that while he, a composer whose claim to a place in the front rank of British creative artists will not be disputed, has been capable of producing a remarkable volume in which evidences of lucid reasoning, literary taste, and felicity of expression abound on every page, there are certain other composers whose product reveals the same sense of beauty and order but who are apparently devoid of any power of convincing self-expression once they emerge from the domain of their Art. Relegating the comparatively illiterate composer to the past, Mr. Wallace does no more than hint at the freak of Nature which continues to throw into Society the musician who is an artist but who in all other respects is more or less a savage; and yet his book proclaims him a shining (not a glaring) exception.

We cannot fairly blame the author for omitting to deal with another subject into which there has been all too little serious inquiry—the effect of music on the mind. Few of its readers will close this volume without inwardly expressing a hope that Mr. Wallace will realize how well qualified he is to fill the existing gap and that he will hasten to apply himself to that task. Yet it seems somewhat strange that it should not have occurred to him, when occupied in the presentation of the alienist's diagnosis of the musical faculty, its origins and processes, to point out that the possessor of that faculty is not merely the victim of the pains attaching to and the penalties attendant on a life of artistic productivity, but is also subjected to a pretty strong surfeit of tonal sensation. It is the function of music to arouse emotions. Quite a large section of Society hears music only during meals; at such times a powerful rival to music claims the feeder's attention. But the musician's brief gastronomic interval is the only respite he obtains from an otherwise continuous attack upon the nerves, delivered, through the emotions it arouses, by music. Is not this a proper subject for alienist inquiry?

Again, while dwelling upon the essentially permanent "transitional state" of music—the permanency of which eludes only the foolish—Mr. Wallace passes somewhat lightly over the evolution of the listening capacity, which after all is a distinctly important department of the musical faculty. The capacity for listening to, and indeed actually enjoying, to-day the music of to-morrow is the one so often foreign to the professional listener's equipment; its want has proclaimed, time and again, the false prophecy of the supposed pundit. If musicians are agreed—and there is, fortunately, little reason nowadays to assume that many sceptics survive—that music's chief power lies in the addressing of a more pointed parable to the mind than words can convey through the intellect, it should be tolerably clear that it is the music of our own epoch which is best suited for the purpose.

In our churches we are rarely content to leave the Scriptures to speak for themselves. We rely very much indeed upon the exegesis of our contemporaries, worked out in a manner appropriate to the spirit of our own time. If, then, the exegetical function of music, as I have taken leave to suppose, is on all hands fully recognized and sanctioned, it should be obvious that whatever the subject for the illumination of which the aid of the tonal art is recruited, and whatever its date, the music best suited for the purpose of intensifying its appeal is that which most keenly affects our emotional sensibilities. Supposing, for example, that we commission a composer to write a symphonic poem on "Don Quixote," we should acquire little insight into the mind-states that lay behind the Rueful Countenance from a deliberate attempt to imitate the musical mannerisms of Thomas Morley; his tonal presentation of the portrait might conceivably have appealed to Shelton, the first translator of Cervantes' masterpiece, but would certainly leave a twentieth-century auditor cold.

Mr. Wallace hazards "the conjecture that each generation has the music that it can just comprehend." This is the music that really matters, because the music "that it can just comprehend" is precisely the music that has the power of arousing the emotions.

In treating of the constituents of musical memory Mr. Wallace affords us just the clue we seek. To pretend to an interest in music and yet to deny the "People" its claims in respect of taste would be to assume a mental attitude only physically comparable to an attempt to kneel down with one leg while standing upright with the other. It is incumbent on the searcher after the truth about music to devote an earnest attention to the kind of music that appeals to the masses. Those who can lay claim to have done so must surely find their attention arrested when they reach Mr. Wallace's pronouncements regarding the catchiness of popular tunes. "The kinds of rhythm used in popular tunes," he says, "are few, and there are no daring innovations which demand serious thought. The tune itself is remembered probably because it consists of elements which are already in the mind, but some unusual turn of phrase, by stimulating the attention, brings about a reassortment of these elements and completes the record." It is precisely this unusual turn of phrase, constituting the emotional appeal, which makes the popular song of to-day superior in effect to that of the immediately previous generation—it has no other claim either to the mob's affections or to our own interest once this "unusual feature" has lost its novelty.

The revered but outworn art-music of a bygone age has equally lost the power to fulfil its highest function. By the force of a curious and persistent superstition it is still supposed to retain that power. In reality it is impotent, for it has ceased, or is in process of ceasing, to *move* the listener and only edifies him. The musical pundit clings to the past because he is desirous of retaining his office of explaining the things that everybody understands; he is incapable of the mental effort without which a sluggish intellect and an atrophied taste cannot revive their activity sufficiently for the

* "The Musical Faculty. Its Origins and Processes." William Wallace. [Macmillan & Co. Ltd.]

† "Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste." Archibald Alison, LL.B. [3rd Edition. Edinburgh: 1812.]

task of getting on terms with the present and future. The written history of music is in effect an extremely hurtful thing, for it glorifies the past at the expense of the present and future, it makes a false claim to a power over the human mind that music of a bygone age no longer possesses. There is one fulmination unhappily absent from the first volume of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's puce periodical which ought to be paraded on the backs and fronts of sandwich-men outside all musical institutions and concert-rooms, and that is: BLAST THE CLASSICS. Only their immaculateness of form remains.

When in the latter section of his book Mr. Wallace addresses himself to a defence of the artist as a social unit, he wields like a two-edged sword his intimate knowledge of the subject in hand and a fine clarity of reasoning. The effect is overwhelming. The ground is strewn with bleeding sophisms. In polemical combat with the lay inquirer he scores an easy victory. He forbears to quarter the corpse of Nordau, hung and drawn by another's hand, but J. F. Nisbet's "The Insanity of Genius" comes in for some well-deserved strokes. He is not, however, satisfied with his triumphant exposure of fallacious arguments. No sooner is it completed than he begins to plead for a more reasonable attitude towards the artist on the part of those who, even if they have not been guilty of investing the denomination with a stigma, have not always been successful in appreciating the amount of irritation and annoyance entering so continuously into the artist's life.

"The artist in his relation to his surroundings is imperfectly understood. . . . From the earliest, unless he has an unusual amount of self-control, his efforts are directed towards his work being recognized, and as it is fairly certain that fame will not burst upon him in a morning, he finds himself taking arms against the common foe, Stupidity. No matter what renown he may eventually win, from start to finish his work and his life will be engaged in a perpetual struggle against the enemy. . . ."

And further: "The lack of sympathy and of generous understanding, persistent detraction and hostile criticism (the more cruel because it is so often anonymous), have many a time done more injury to a delicate and sensitive temperament than unsavoury surroundings and ill-chosen companions."

A very short period of association with a man of genius will be sufficient to persuade the observer that the man's power lies chiefly in the capacity to separate the chaff of Conventionalism from the grain of Life. This fully justifies us in refuting the prevailing but specious doctrine that genius is a form of insanity and in replacing it with the confident assertion that genius is a common form of that rare thing—sanity.

We are as much in need of such thought-provoking volumes as this as we are in need of music of a kind that will stir the emotions. "The Musical Faculty" sternly carries on the work begun with "The Threshold of Music," and readers of these two volumes will look forward with anxiety to the completion of the author's task and trilogy.

SYNTHETIC SONNETS

By Richard Aldington

I. CLASSIC

Thee, Smintheus, with plectroned lyre we sing—
The golden mean—Priapus—thund'ring Jove—
The pale white violets of the queen of Love
Would that I were a halcyon on the wing!—
The pipes of Pan—kisses that bite and sting—
Softer than sleep or the breast of a dove—
Where the high gods sit on their thrones above
There comes no hail, rain, wind, no anything.

Hymettus honey—Ætna's snowy peak—
The lips of Lesbians hissing hot desire—
(Cæsar's emetic leaves him rather gruff)—
O fields of asphodel—O maidens sleek!—
Pour your libations on the funeral pyre—
Odd that the public scorns this sort of stuff!

II. DANTESQUE

When first I saw thee—those on whom she gazes
Are dumb—when Love doth seize the gentle heart—
Turn, turn thine eyes; withhold, O Love, thy dart—
Paler than pallid lilies—whose praises
My lady's gentleness, him straight Love raises—
Tears are but fire not balm unto my smart—
O warrior Love, how passing fierce thou art—
See, where she sits among th' admiring daisies!

The Spirit of Love hath sent an emanation
Whose distillation poisons all my life—
Would I were dead, nay, would she were in heaven—
Madonna mine—Love's bitter deep damnation
Within my piteous heart holds deadly strife—
This sort of rot was damned in fifteen seven.

III. FRANCIS THOMPSONIAN

Like swift concatenated loops of time
Her tendrilled tresses fold my minutes up—
A mammoth drinking from a primrose cup—
("Mary" and "hairy," these be parlous rhyme)
O Paraclete, my hesitant feet to climb,
Teach Thou—ye ministrants who inter-sup
With Christ, O purple hierophantic group,
With ye I festinate and haply swyme.

O Lord, when I address Thee as a child
In monosyllables I make my prayer—
When as my gibbous self I cantilate
In rubious ecstasy, in wassail wild,
I hale the planets by their horrent hair!
Marino, Crawshaw, Donne, behold your fate!. . . .

IV. COSMIC

(*Sonnet in vers libre*)

When I behold Chicago I behold the universe—
The Stars, the Stars, the Stars! (Where's F. S. Flint?)
The Milky Way—Arcturus—Peter Doyle—
Where God is Love and Love is God, how then?
The old order changes; Kings and Emperors pass—
Behold Columbia in her Cosmic robes—
Illimitable Eros weds Osiris now—
Dagos and niggers, Polacks, Dutchmen, Jews.

Most every Cawsmos has a Soul, I guess,
Least so they tell us down Springfield way—
Wild cataclysmic Cosmos, cosmically
I strive across the Void to grapple Thee!
(I dare not speak; I whisper: "Amy Lowell,
Ask me to Boston when the last Cosmic poet's dead.")

V. REALISTIC

The clattering tram of workers wan and tired—
A little child born in a London slum—
"I'll break your bleedin' 'ead I will, by gum!"—
You leave that pianola, it was hired
By my poor dead old mother—sad, bemired,
A tattered woman barters life for rum—
"Well, Bill, yer needn't look so b——y glum,
You ain't the only bastard what's bin fired."

"This is my child; his father was a Lord.
What matter if I've lost my marriage lines?"—
See how that private soldier hugs his girl!—
London is sad for old folk—yes, I've wh——d,
Pretty nigh everywhere—those bloomin' mines—
Newbolt's a knight; Masefield will be an earl.

THE INDIAN MACHIAVELLI

EGOISTIC philosophies are based on real egoistic impulses, and these latter manifest themselves at all times in all men in various degrees of intensity. In the midst of political strife they will be liberated with considerable force ; and when men are in positions of power the egoistic motives will find expression in many ways.

Chānakya, to whom I give the title "The Indian Machiavelli," because of a certain generic likeness to the great Italian jurist, was the purohita or domestic priest to the all-conquering Chāndragupta, the founder of the Maurya dynasty of India in 321 B.C. This office conferred upon its holder much more than the powers of a private chaplain, rather those of Chief Priest and Prime Minister combined. Indeed Chānakya, the deformed Brahman, boasted of himself as "he who with knowledge in his head and weapon in his hand snatched with irresistible force the earth from Nanda," the weak monarch who immediately preceded Chāndragupta on the throne of Magādha. Indian law-books, attributed to ancient sages, all exhibit an unpleasant discrimination in the regulation of the domestic and civic duties ; and the constant exaltation of the Brahmans, on a principle difficult of appreciation in the West, is one of their chief features. Chānakya's legislation, while covering much of the same ground, is devoted to the organisation of the growing empire of his master, and is recorded in the *Arthasastra* in 150 chapters on 180 themes divided into 15 books, omitting nothing even to the smallest details. The *Arthasastra* deals with political division and distribution of the land, sources and collection of revenue, finance, prices, currency, trade, industry, mines, military, admiralty and civil government. The appointment and control of officers and ministers of every kind, the principles and methods of diplomacy and foreign policy, and the protection of the imperial person are all presented in minutest fashion. There are no means of knowing how far the dominions of Chāndragupta *were* ruled by the principles of Chānakya, but it is something to know what the spirit of the administration must have been when directed by such a remarkable character. In selecting quotations from the *Arthasastra* I do so in order to exhibit the spirit of "non-moralism" which is part of the general philosophy of egoism. Of philosophy in this sense Chānakya displays no knowledge ; he is a Vaidic priest with all the ancient lore behind him ; his non-moralism is designed to serve the state, and what is unusual about it is its unconsciousness.

ESPIONAGE

Passing over therefore all that may have been well designed and open to no objection, I come to certain sections dealing with what may be called the "secret service department."

"The Institutes of Espionage" had a large staff of spies representing fraudulent disciples, recluses, householders, merchants, ascetics practising austerities, apprentices chosen from the orphans, firebrands chosen from brave desperadoes, poisoners chosen from those who exhibit "no filial affection and who are cruel and indolent," mendicant women, &c. These were provided with money to carry on their assumed occupations while really engaged in espionage.

"Such a spy surrounded by a host of disciples with shaved head or braided hair may make his abode in the suburbs of the city, and pretend to be barely living on a handful of vegetables or meadow grass taken once in the interval of a month or two, but he may take in secret his favourite foodstuffs."

All ministers and officers were to be tested by means of "artificial allurement" of four different kinds—religious, monetary, love, and fear allurements. The method was as follows : A military officer was to be dismissed his post and surrounded by spies who would suggest the possibility of his obtaining wealth by murdering the King out of resentment : "This attempt is to the liking of us all ; what dost thou think ?" That was the money allurement. If he resisted he was reported "pure." Again, each minister was subjected to the "love allurement" in the same way. A woman spy under the guise of an aged ascetic was to tell each minister in succession, "the Queen is enamoured of thee and has made arrangements for thy entrance into her chamber"—and so on. The resisters of *religious* allurement were appointed to civil and criminal courts ; of *money*, to the revenue collection ; of *love*, to the royal pleasure-grounds ; of *fear*, to immediate personal service. Resisters of *all* four temptations were to be appointed as prime ministers ; those who fell into the traps were sent to mines, timber forests and manufactories.

REVENUE-COLLECTING

One of the many ways of collecting special taxes is called by Chānakya "begging," the gist of which may be told by the words : "The King's servants shall revile those whose subscriptions fall very low." In the raising of revenue apart from taxation and begging the non-moralist principles are exhibited in all their nakedness. Here follow a few of the many devices, upon which I leave my readers to comment.

(10)

"The King's spies, under the guise of sorcerers, shall, under the pretence of ensuring safety, carry away the money, not only of the societies of heretics and of temples, but also of the dead, provided they are not Brahmans."

(12)

"The Superintendents of Religious Institutions and Temples shall collect money under the pretence of holding at night processions of gods or of performing other religious ceremonies with a view to avert impending calamities."

(13)

"Or by causing false panic from the arrival of an evil spirit on a tree in the city, wherein is hidden a man making all sorts of devilish noises, the King's spies, in the guise of yogis, shall collect money with a view to propitiate the evil spirit and send it back."

(15)

"Or, to persons who are not by nature credulous, the yogi-spies shall sprinkle or give to drink of sacred water mixed with anæsthetic ingredients and attribute their insensibility to the curse of the gods . . . they may cause an outcast person to be bitten by a cobra. Thus the King's spies shall gather sufficient money to fill his empty treasury."

(16)

"Or else one of the King's spies, in the garb of a merchant, may become a partner to a rich merchant and carry on trade in concert with him. As soon as a considerable amount of money has been gathered by sale, he shall rob the whole and transfer it to the King's treasury.

"Or else a spy in the garb of a rich merchant may borrow vast quantities of gold . . . and allow himself to be robbed of the same at night !"

(18)

"Courtesan spies, under the garb of chaste women, may cause themselves to be enamoured of persons who are guilty of various crimes punishable by Government. No sooner are the guilty persons seen within the abode of female spies than they shall be seized and their property confiscated by Government. . . . Or state spies may bring about a quarrel between two guilty persons born of the same family and administer poison to one or the other. The survivor and his party shall be accused of poisoning and their property confiscated. . . . Or a claimant may be set up against a guilty citizen of wealth to claim a large amount of money professed to have been placed in his custody by the claimant. . . . The King's spies may murder the claimant at night and lay the charge at the door of the citizen. Then the citizen and his party may be arrested and their property confiscated."

(19)

"An outcast may be induced to enrol himself as a servant to a rich citizen. The servant may be murdered by a spy at night and the citizen accused of the crime. Consequently his property may be confiscated by the Government."

(22)

"A spy, under the garb of a cook, may enrol himself as a servant to a rich citizen and mix counterfeit coin in the money in the possession of his master and make room for his arrest."

Relations with other rulers and foreign policy generally were regulated by similar principles.

Moralism *v.* Immoralism

The above extracts, a small part of a translation of the *Arthasastra* by an Indian scholar, show how far non-moralism can be seriously carried; it is probable that many a monarch in the pursuit of his egoistic aims, or even in fancied defence of the welfare of his country, has before and since Chāndragupta's day employed just such men as Chānakya. If any one should believe that such principles are in the last resort necessary for the welfare of a nation, the case of King Asoka, the grandson of the founder of the Maurya Empire, is to the point. His edicts and his conduct are the direct antithesis of Chānakya's *Arthasastra*, and it would be pleasing if my readers would turn their minds to the intellectual and moral problems which this remarkable divergence suggests. I quote a few of the most notable of the many inscriptions cut on rocks and pillars all over India, by order of King Asoka.

"His Majesty King Priyadarsin in the ninth year of his reign conquered the Kalingas. One hundred and fifty thousand persons were thence carried away captive, one hundred thousand were slain, and many times that number perished. Ever since the annexation his Majesty has zealously protected the *Dhamma*, has been devoted to that law, and has proclaimed its precepts. His Majesty feels remorse on account of the conquest of the Kalingas, because, during the subjugation of a previously unconquered country, slaughter, death and taking away captive of people necessarily occur, whereat his Majesty feels profound sorrow and regret. . . . The loss of even the hundredth or the thousandth part of the persons who were then slain, carried away captive, or done to death in Kalinga, would now be a matter of deep regret to his Majesty.

"Although a man should do him an injury, his Majesty holds that it must be patiently borne, so far as it can be borne.

"Even upon the forest tribes in his dominions his Majesty has compassion, and he seeks their conversion. . . . His Majesty desires for all animate beings security, control over the passions, peace of mind and joyousness." (*Edict XIII.*)

"I am never fully satisfied with my exertions and my dispatch of business. Work I must for the public benefit, and the root of the matter is in exertion and dispatch of business, than which nothing is more efficacious for the general welfare. And for what do I toil? for no other end than this, that I may discharge my debt to animate beings, and that while I make some happy in this world, they may in the next world gain heaven." (*Edict VI.*)

"Beating the Drum of the Law"

"Now, by reason of the practice of piety by his Majesty King Priyardarsin, instead of the sound of the war-drum the sound of the drum of the *Dhamma* is heard, while heavenly spectacles are displayed to the people. As for many hundred years has not happened, at this present, by reason of his Majesty's proclamation of the *Dhamma*, the cessation of slaughter of living creatures, the prevention of cruelty to animate beings, respect to relatives, respect to Brahmans and ascetics, obedience to parents and elders are growing." (*Edict IV.*)

"All men are my children, and just as for my children I desire that they should enjoy all happiness and prosperity both in this world and the next, so for all men I desire the like happiness and prosperity.

"If you ask what is the King's will concerning the border tribes, I reply that my will is this concerning the borderers—that they should be convinced that the King desires them to be free from disquietude. I desire them to trust me and to be assured that they will receive from me happiness, not sorrow, and to be convinced that the King bears them goodwill, and I desire that they should practise the *Dhamma* and so gain both this world and the next."

Buddhist Ethical Criterion

The oft-repeated words about "gaining both worlds" need perhaps some explanation. Contrary to the general impression, the Buddhist life ideal, which King Asoka shared, was "happiness now, leading to happiness hereafter." It was emphatically *not* "wretchedness now, to be followed by blessed rewards in another life." The Buddha constantly emphasized the *advantages*, "the immediate fruit visible in this very world," of living according to the *Dhamma*. One of his disciples represents these advantages as overflowing or radiating to all those in whose midst the *Dhamma* is practised. Says Nagasena the sage:

"The longer virtuous and noble Bhikkhus and Brahmans live, the more they avail for the welfare of the multitude, for the happiness of the multitude, for compassionating the world, for the advantage, the welfare, the happiness of Gods and men." (*Milinda-panha*, 195, 1.)

The Buddha gave in the clearest possible terms an ethical criterion by which all action might be tested. He said:

"Four in number are the various courses of conduct: (1) at present painful and also bringing future pain; (2) pleasant now but bringing pain in future; (3) at present painful but bringing future pleasure; (4) pleasant now and also bringing pleasure in the future. What is that course of conduct which is both pleasant now and leads to pleasure in the future?" (*Majjhima-Nikaya XLVI.*)

It is, of course, a life regulated by the *Dhamma*, as recommended by the King Asoka. Nor need we be deceived as to the meaning of the word "future" as used by the King; the future, whether in this life or any other that may arise, follows the impetus of our deeds, as we all know. Therefore the highest aim, the purest life-ideal taught by the Buddha and accepted by Asoka, was that a man should seek *his own* and others' welfare for this present and for future life.

In conclusion, I leave my readers to judge between the ethical principles of Chānakya and Asoka respectively.

William Loftus Hare.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

By James Joyce

CHAPTER V

HE drained his third cup of watery tea to the dregs and set to chewing the crusts of fried bread that were scattered near him, staring into the dark pool of the jar. The yellow dripping had been scooped out like a boghole, and the pool under it brought back to his memory the dark turf-coloured water of the bath in Clongowes. The box of pawn tickets at his elbow had just been rifled, and he took up idly one after another in his greasy fingers the blue and white dockets, scrawled and sanded and creased and bearing the name of the pledger as Daly or MacEvoy.

1 Pair Buskins.
1 D. Coat.
3 Articles and White.
1 Man's Pants.

Then he put them aside and gazed thoughtfully at the lid of the box, speckled with louse-marks, and asked vaguely:

"How much is the clock fast now?"

His mother straightened the battered alarm clock that was lying on its side in the middle of the mantelpiece until its dial showed a quarter to twelve, and then laid it once more on its side.

"An hour and twenty-five minutes," she said. "The right time now is twenty past ten. The dear knows you might try to be in time for your lectures."

"Fill out the place for me to wash," said Stephen.

"Katey, fill out the place for Stephen to wash."

"Boody, fill out the place for Stephen to wash."

"I can't, I'm going for blue. Fill it out, you, Maggie."

When the enamelled basin had been fitted into the well of the sink and the old washing-glove flung on the side of it, he allowed his mother to scrub his neck and root into the folds of his ears and into the interstices at the wings of his nose.

"Well, it's a poor case," she said, "when a University student is so dirty that his mother has to wash him."

"But it gives you pleasure," said Stephen calmly.

An ear-splitting whistle was heard from upstairs, and his mother thrust a damp overall into his hands, saying:

"Dry yourself and hurry out for the love of goodness."

A second shrill whistle, prolonged angrily, brought one of the girls to the foot of the staircase.

"Yes, father?"

"Is your lazy bitch of a brother gone out yet?"

"Yes, father."

"Sure?"

"Yes, father."

"Hm!"

The girl came back, making signs to him to be quick and go out quietly by the back. Stephen laughed and said:

"He has a curious idea of genders if he thinks a bitch is masculine."

"Ah, it's a scandalous shame for you, Stephen," said his mother, "and you'll live to rue the day you set your foot in that place. I know how it has changed you."

"Good morning, everybody," said Stephen, smiling and kissing the tips of his fingers in adieu.

The lane behind the terrace was waterlogged, and as he went down it slowly, choosing his steps amid heaps of wet rubbish, he heard a mad nun screeching in the nuns' madhouse beyond the wall.

"Jesus! O Jesus! Jesus!"

He shook the sound out of his ears by an angry toss of his head and hurried on, stumbling through the mouldering offal, his heart already bitten by an ache of loathing and bitterness. His father's whistle, his mother's mutterings, the screech of an unseen maniac were to him now so many voices offending and threatening to humble the pride of his youth. He drove their echoes even out of his heart with an execration: but as he walked down the avenue and felt the grey morning light falling about him through the dripping trees and smelt the strange wild smell of the wet leaves and bark, his soul was loosed of her miseries.

The rain-laden trees of the avenue evoked in him, as always, memories of the girls and women in the plays of Gerhart Hauptmann; and the memory of their pale sorrows and the fragrance falling from the wet branches mingled in a mood of quiet joy. His morning walk across the city had begun; and he foreknew that as he passed the sloblands of Fairview he would think of the cloistral silver-veined prose of Newman; that as he walked along the North Strand Road, glancing idly at the windows of the provision shops, he would recall the dark humour of Guido Cavalcanti and smile; that as he went by Baird's stone-cutting works in Talbot Place the spirit of Ibsen would blow through him like a keen wind, a spirit of wayward boyish beauty; and that passing a grimy marine-dealer's shop beyond the Liffey he would repeat the song by Ben Jonson which begins:

I was not wearier where I lay.

His mind when wearied of its search for the essence of beauty amid the spectral words of Aristotle or Aquinas, turned often for its pleasure to the dainty songs of the Elizabethans. His mind, in the vesture of a doubting monk, stood often in shadow under the windows of that age, to hear the grave and mocking music of the lutenists, or the frank laughter of waistcoateers, until a laugh too low, a phrase, tarnished by time, of chambering and false honour, stung his monkish pride and drove him on from his lurking-place.

The lore which he was believed to pass his days brooding upon so that it had rapt him from the companionship of youth was only a garner of slender sentences from Aristotle's Poetics and Psychology and a *Synopsis Philosophiæ Schlasticæ ad mentem divi Thomæ*. His thinking was a dusk of doubt and self-mistrust, lit up at moments by the lightnings of intuition, but lightnings of so clear a splendour that in those moments the world perished about his feet as if it had been fire-consumed: and thereafter his tongue grew heavy, and he met the eyes of others with unanswering eyes, for he felt that the spirit of beauty had folded him round like a mantle, and that in reverie at least he had been acquainted with nobility. But, when this brief pride of silence upheld him no longer, he was glad to find himself still in the midst of common lives, passing on his way amid the squalor and noise and sloth of the city fearlessly and with a light heart.

Near the hoardings on the canal he met the consumptive man with the doll's face and the brimless hat coming towards him down the slope of the bridge with little steps, tightly buttoned into his chocolate overcoat, and holding his furled umbrella a span or two from him like a divining-rod. It must be eleven, he thought, and peered into a dairy to see the time. The clock in the dairy told him that it was five minutes to five, but as he turned away, he heard a clock somewhere near him, but unseen, beating eleven strokes in swift precision. He laughed as he heard it, for it made him think of McCann; and he saw him a squat figure in a shooting jacket and breeches and with a fair goatee, standing in the wind at Hopkins' corner, and heard him say:

"Dedalus, you're an anti-social being, wrapped up in yourself. I'm not. I'm a democrat: and I'll work and act for social liberty and equality among all classes and sexes in the United States of the Europe of the future."

Eleven! Then he was late for that lecture too. What day of the week was it? He stopped at a newsagent's to read the headline of a placard. Thursday. Ten to eleven, English; eleven to twelve, French; twelve to one, Physics. He fancied to himself the English lecture and felt, even at that distance, restless and helpless. He saw the heads of his class-mates meekly bent as they wrote in their notebooks the points they were bidden to note, nominal definitions, essential definitions and examples or dates of birth or death, chief works, a favourable and an unfavourable criticism side by side. His own head was unbent, for his thoughts wandered abroad, and whether he looked around the little class of students or out of the window across the desolate gardens of the Green an odour assailed him of cheerless cellar damp and decay. Another head than his, right before him in the first benches, was poised squarely above its bending fellows like the head of a priest appealing without humility to the tabernacle for the humble worshippers about him. Why was it that when he thought of Cranly he could never raise before his mind the entire image of his body, but only the image of the head and face? Even now against the grey curtain of the morning he saw it before him like the phantom of a dream, the face of a severed head or death-mask, crowned on the brows by its stiff black upright hair as by an iron crown. It was a priestlike face, priestlike in its pallor, in the wide-winged nose, in the shadowings below the eyes and along the jaws, priestlike in the lips that were long and bloodless and faintly smiling: and Stephen, remembering swiftly how he had told Cranly of all the tumults and unrest and longings in his soul, day after day and night by night, only to be answered by his friend's listening silence, would have told himself that it was the face of a guilty priest who heard confessions of those whom he had not power to absolve, but that he felt again in memory the gaze of its dark womanish eyes.

Through this image he had a glimpse of a strange, dark cavern of speculation, but at once turned away from it, feeling that it was not yet the hour to enter it. But the night-shade of his friend's listlessness seemed to be diffusing in the air around him a tenuous and deadly exhalation; and he found himself glancing from one casual word to another on his right or left in stolid wonder that they had been so silently emptied of instantaneous sense until every mean shop legend bound his mind like the words of a spell, and his soul shrivelled up sighing with age, as he walked on in a lane among heaps of dead language. His own consciousness of language was ebbing from his brain and trickling into the very words themselves, which set to band and disband themselves in wayward rhythms:

The ivy whines upon the wall,
And whines and twines upon the wall,
The yellow ivy upon the wall,
Ivy, ivy up the wall.

Did any one ever hear such drivel? Lord Almighty! Who ever heard of ivy whining on a wall? Yellow ivy: that was all right. Yellow ivory also. And what about ivory ivy?

The word now shone in his brain, clearer and brighter than any ivory sawn from the mottled tusks of elephants. *Ivory, ivoire, avorio, ebur*. One of the first examples that he had learnt in Latin had run: *India mittit ebur;* and he recalled the shrewd northern face of the rector who had taught him to construe the Metamorphoses of Ovid in a courtly English, made whimsical by the mention of porkers and potsherds and chines of bacon. He had learnt what little he knew of the laws of Latin verse from a ragged book written by a Portuguese priest:

Contrahit orator, variant in carmine vates.

The crises and victories and secessions in Roman history were handed on to him in the trite words *in tanto discrimine*, and he had tried to peer into the social life of the city of cities through the words *implere ollam denariorum*, which the rector had rendered sonorously as the filling of a pot with denaries. The pages of his time-worn Horace never felt cold to the touch even when his own fingers were cold: they were human pages: and fifty years before they had been turned by the human fingers of John Duncan Inverarity and by his brother, William Malcolm Inverarity. Yes, those were noble names on the dusky flyleaf and, even for so poor a Latinist as he, the dusky verses were as fragrant as though they had lain all those years in myrtle and lavender and vervain; but yet it wounded him to think that he would never be but a shy guest at the feast of the world's culture, and that the monkish learning, in terms of which he was striving to forge out an æsthetic philosophy, was held no higher by the age he lived in than the subtle and curious jargons of heraldry and falconry.

The grey block of Trinity on his left, set heavily in the city's ignorance like a dull stone set in a cumbrous ring, pulled his mind downward; and while he was striving this way and that to free his feet from the fetters of the reformed conscience he came upon the droll statue of the national poet of Ireland.

He looked at it without anger: for, though sloth of the body and of the soul crept over it like unseen vermin, over the shuffling feet and up the folds of the cloak and around the servile head, it seemed humbly conscious of its indignity. It was a Firbolg in the borrowed cloak of a Milesian; and he thought of his friend Davin, the peasant student. It was a jesting name between them, but the young peasant bore with it lightly:

"Go on, Stevie, I have a hard head, you tell me. Call me what you will."

The homely version of his Christian name on the lips of his friend had touched Stephen pleasantly when first heard, for he was as formal in speech with others as they were with him. Often, as he sat in Davin's rooms in Grantham Street, wondering at his friend's well-made boots that flanked the wall pair by pair, and repeating for his friend's simple ear the verses and cadences of others which were the veils of his own longing and dejection, the rude Firbolg mind of his listener had drawn his mind towards it and flung it back again, drawing it by a quiet inbred courtesy of attention, or by a quaint turn of old English speech, or by the force of its delight in rude bodily skill—for Davin had sat at the feet of Michael Cusack, the Gael—repelling swiftly and suddenly by a grossness of intelligence, or by a bluntness of feeling, or by a dull stare of terror in the eyes, the terror of soul of a starving Irish village in which the curfew was still a nightly fear.

Side by side with his memory of the deeds of prowess of his uncle Mat Davin, the athlete, the young peasant worshipped the sorrowful legend of Ireland. The gossip of his fellow students which strove to render the flat life of the college significant at any cost loved to think of him as a young Fenian. His nurse had taught him Irish and shaped his rude imagination by the broken lights of Irish myth. He stood towards the myth upon which no individual mind had ever drawn out a line of beauty, and to its unwieldy tales that divided themselves as they moved down the cycles in the same attitude as towards the Roman Catholic religion, the attitude of a dull-witted loyal serf. Whatsoever of thought or of feeling came to him from England or by way of English culture his mind stood armed against in obedience to a password: and of the world that lay beyond England he knew only the foreign legion of France in which he spoke of serving.

Coupling this ambition with the young man's humour, Stephen had often called him one of the tame geese: and there was even a point of irritation in the name pointed against that very reluctance of speech and deed in his friend which seemed so often to stand between Stephen's mind, eager of speculation, and the hidden ways of Irish life.

One night the young peasant, his spirit stung by the violent or luxurious language in which Stephen escaped from the cold silence of intellectual revolt, had called up before Stephen's mind a strange vision. The two were walking slowly towards Davin's rooms through the dark, narrow streets of the poorer Jews.

"A thing happened to myself, Stevie, last autumn, coming on winter, and I never told it to a living soul, and you are the first person now I ever told it to. I disremember if it was October or November. It was October, because it was before I came up here to join the matriculation class."

Stephen had turned his smiling eyes towards his friend's face, flattered by his confidence and won over to sympathy by the speaker's simple accent.

"I was away all that day from my own place over in Buttevant—I don't know if you know where that is—at a hurling match between the Croke's Own Boys and the Fearless Thurles, and by God, Stevie, that was the hard fight. My first cousin, Fonsy Davin, was stripped to his buff that day minding cool for the Limericks, but he was up with the forwards half the time and shouting like mad. I never will forget that day. One of the Crokes made a woeful wipe at him one time with his caman, and I declare to God he was within an aim's ace of getting it at the side of his temple. Oh, honest to God if the crook of it caught him that time he was done for."

"I am glad he escaped," Stephen had said with a laugh, "but surely that's not the strange thing that happened you?"

"Well, I suppose that doesn't interest you, but leastways there was such noise after the match that I missed the train home and I couldn't get any kind of a yoke to give me a lift, for, as luck would have it, there was a mass meeting that same day over in Castletownroche, and all the cars in the country were there. So there was nothing for it only to stay the night or to foot it out. Well, I started to walk, and on I went, and it was coming on night when I got into the Ballyhoura Hills, that's better than ten miles from Kilmallock, and there's a long lonely road after that. You wouldn't see the sign of a Christian house along the road or hear a sound. It was pitch dark almost. Once or twice I stopped by the way under a bush to redden my pipe, and only for

the dew was thick I'd have stretched out there and slept. At last, after a bend of the road, I spied a little cottage with a light in the window. I went up and knocked at the door. A voice asked who was there, and I answered I was over at the match in Buttevant and was walking back, and that I'd be thankful for a glass of water. After a while a young woman opened the door and brought me out a big mug of milk. She was half undressed as if she was going to bed when I knocked, and she had her hair hanging; and I thought by her figure and by something in the look of her eyes that she must be carrying a child. She kept me in talk a long while at the door, and I thought it strange because her breast and her shoulders were bare. She asked me was I tired and would I like to stop the night there. She said she was all alone in the house, and that her husband had gone that morning to Queenstown with his sister to see her off. And all the time she was talking, Stevie, she had her eyes fixed on my face, and she stood so close to me I could hear her breathing. When I handed her back the mug at last she took my hand to draw me in over the threshold and said: '*Come in and stay the night here. You've no call to be frightened. There's no one in but ourselves. . . .*' I didn't go in, Stevie. I thanked her and went on my way again, all in a fever. At the first bend of the road I looked back and she was standing at the door."

The last words of Davin's story sang in his memory and the figure of the woman in the story stood forth, reflected in other figures of the peasant women whom he had seen standing in the doorways at Clane as the college cars drove by, as a type of her race and of his own, a batlike soul waking to the consciousness of itself in darkness and secrecy and loveliness, and through the eyes and voice and gesture of a woman without guile, calling the stranger to her bed.

A hand was laid on his arm and a young voice cried:

"Ah, gentleman, your own girl, sir! The first handsel to-day, gentleman. Buy that lovely bunch. Will you, gentleman?"

The blue flowers which she lifted towards him and her young blue eyes seemed to him at that instant images of guilelessness; and he halted till the image had vanished, and he saw only her ragged dress and damp coarse hair and hoydenish face.

"Do, gentleman! Don't forget your own girl, sir!"

"I have no money," said Stephen.

"Buy them lovely ones, will you, sir? Only a penny."

"Did you hear what I said?" asked Stephen, bending towards her. "I told you I had no money. I tell you again now."

"Well, sure, you will some day, sir, please God," the girl answered after an instant.

"Possibly," said Stephen, "but I don't think it likely."

He left her quickly, fearing that her intimacy might turn to gibing and wishing to be out of the way before she offered her ware to another, a tourist from England or a student of Trinity. Grafton Street, along which he walked, prolonged that moment of discouraged poverty. In the roadway at the head of the street a slab was set to the memory of Wolfe Tone, and he remembered having been present with his father at its laying. He remembered with bitterness that scene of tawdry tribute. There were four French delegates in a brake, and one, a plump smiling young man, held, wedged on a stick, a card on which were printed the words: *Vive l'Irlande!*

But the trees in Stephen's Green were fragrant of rain, and the rain-sodden earth gave forth its mortal odour, a faint incense rising upward through the mould from many hearts. The soul of the gallant venal city which his elders had told him of had shrunk with time to a faint mortal odour rising from the earth, and he knew that in a moment when he entered the sombre college he would be conscious of a corruption other than that of Buck Egan and Burnchapel Whaley.

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH AUTHORS IN THE WAR

THE following names are taken, by permission of M. Gaston Picard, from the December number of the *Bulletin des Ecrivains*, and are published here for the benefit of such of our readers as are interested in modern French literature.

The following are dead:

Charles Péguy, Ernest Psicari, Guy de Cassagnac, Art Roë, Charles Müller, Emile Nolly, Olivier-Hourcade, Charles Dumas, Pierre Gilbert, Maurice Deroure, Charles-Léon Bernardin, Joseph Déchelette, Jean Brezolles, Charles Perrot, Georges Latapie, René Tautain, Henri Carbonelle, Maxime d'André, Dulhom-Nogués, Elisée Gonnet, Jean Allard-Meeus, Louis Cadot, J. Brunel de Peerard, Pighetti de Rivasso, Gabriel Britsch, Noël Trouvé.

(Charles Peguy had an article devoted to him recently in this paper. Guy de Cassagnac was a popular novelist. Charles Dumas was a poet. Olivier-Hourcade, founder of the reviews *La Marche du Sud-Ouest* and *La Revue de France*, was a poet and a critic. Maurice Deroure—novelist. Charles Perrot—poet. C. L. Bernardin, founder of *La Pensée Française*. P. de Rivasso—critic. Noël Trouvé—founder of the *Réveil de l'Oise*, &c. &c.

Several of these men held fairly responsible positions in the French army, lieutenant-colonel, major, &c. Many of them died while attempting very brave feats of personal valour. We salute these gallant Frenchmen who, in spite of the alleged inferiority of intellectual men, have proved themselves very excellent soldiers and patriots.)

The following have been wounded:

Albert Acremant, Roger Allard, Henri Bachelin, Charles Batilliot, Adrien Bertrand, Jean-Richard Bloch, René Bonnamy, Jacques Bousquet, Joë Bridge, André de Brissons, Henri Chassin, Georges Chenneviére, Louis Codet, Pierre du Colombier, Roger Cousin, René Dalize, Yvon Delbos, Alfred Droin, Robert Fort, Jean-José Frappa, Raymond Gentil, Lucien Gonnet, Pierre Hepp, Robert de Jouvenal, Pierre Ladoué, Pierre Lafléche, Xavier Lambert, André Lang, Jules Leroux, Pierre Lestringuez, Jean Malye, Philippe Millet, Jean de Pierrefeu, André de Poncheville, Maurice Raynal, Paul Rioux, Jacques Rivière, H. de. Peretti della Rocca, Jean Ryeul, Louis Sonolet, François de Tessan, André Thérive, Gustave Théry, Robert Veyssié.

The following are prisoners of war:

Jacques Rivière, Guy-Charles Cros, Mario Meunier, Pierre Plessis, André Warnod, Gaston Riou, Joë Bridge, Jacques Vaysse, Xavier Paoli.

The following are missing:

Alain-Fournier (believed dead), André de Fresnois, René Sturel, Henri Grégo re.

The *Bulletin des Ecrivains*, an heroic little sheet of four small pages, contains a list of writers at the front. (This list is too lengthy to reproduce here, but if anyone wishes news of French authors presumably in the army I'll be glad to let them know to the best of my ability—or rather of M. Picard, M. Bizet, and M. Divoire's, who are the editors of the Bulletin.)

Under the heading "To read in the Trenches," some amusing and tragic items are printed. It is recorded, for example, that Matisse has been relegated to the "auxiliare," on account of his myopia! Dunoyer de Segonzac, a very able and well-known artist, is said to be reading Stendhal and Balzac under a hail of bullets. I have since heard that he is dead.* Charles Vildrac is ill, not wounded; and the Duhamel who is killed is not Georges Duhamel, the critic of Poetry in the *Mercure de France*.†

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

* This is now contradicted.

† Some of this information has been already printed in Mme. Ciolkowska's admirable "Fighting Paris"; but it seemed reason able to collect it here for the benefit of those interested.

FIGHTING PARIS

January 1.—Henri Bataille, the dramatist, has written the finest war-poem we have seen here up to now. It is an ode to the hands that have saved France :

Vastes mains des Héros, pauvres mains confondues,
Couleur de boue, couleur des champs, couleur des bois,
Osseuses ou crispées, desséchées ou charnues,
Mains qui savez donner, car vous donnez vos doigts
Mutilés au sillon—pauvres mains qui naguère,
Caressiez les enfants et les mains de vos mères,
O mains qui souteniez la taille de la femme,
Que vos chiens ont léchées, que vos fils ont baisées,
Ou mains d'adolescents, pas faites pour ces drames,
Mains du prêtre toujours mystiquement croisées,
Ou mains du paysan qui cherchent la charrue
Dans le froid du fusil qui leur meurtrit les pouces,
Mains de cet ouvrier rencontré dans les rues,
Mains qu'on ne savait pas si belles ni si douces,
Celles de son serviteur et celles de son maitre,
Peuples de mains. . . .

"World of hands who hold everything, the beginning and the end, the 'perhaps' and 'in spite of all' of these days. Yes, *you* are *we*, and behind your ranks we hold our breath, you, the fertile, the robust, the good, the miraculous ! . . . You look like frightful black demons whom the depth of the night awakens in the empire of dreams ! . . . Where is the holy woman who will pour enough love on them to efface the debt ? . . . I see you burrowing, tearing like the beast in his den—and I would fain hide mine under the table for I blush for their exasperating whiteness. I see you and I touch you, 'midst the silence and the grass and the blood, hands of the dead, hands of the sleepless in the hollow of the trench, which gently crease the earth thinking of linen sheets, for the forms by your side remind you of softness and warmth—the white sheets, maternal, scented, between which you will never again wish to die ! Seek what you will, recall what you will, but be, above all, heroes that you are, the brotherly hands wound round the neck . . . the last caress bestowed on the thing which tumbles and which was a man and is no longer . . .

I see the exact lines of these hands. I would be free of this vision but I know that this evening, so cold and so sad, when I go out to see some sky, I shall feel—so tight is the grip of the dream—your deadly touch, the chill of your veins, in the first hand to meet mine."

Shells have fallen in the family estate of Arthur Rimbaud, the visionary poet who might have had an obsession such as the above.

January 2.—The first of January is the greatest holiday in the French year. But no breach was made yesterday in the attitude the Parisians have adopted ever since the outbreak of the war. Nor did the Government give them any opportunity, for no more than on Christmas Eve were the restaurants and cafés allowed to remain open a minute longer than on other days, *i.e.* ten o'clock. Forty-four years ago, when the hundred and ninth day of the siege had been reached, the population was not more subdued. Less, perhaps, though there was nothing fit to eat in the city, or, at least, on sale, for it was found later how much food had been kept in hiding. At that time a rat was sold at the same price as an egg, *i.e.* 3 francs ; butter at 60 francs the pound ; Gruyère cheese, 30 francs ; a bushel of potatoes, 50 francs ; a lean goose, 150 francs ; a turkey, 190 francs ; a cat, 25 francs. But every citizen was allowed 250 grammes (a little over half a pound) of horse-meat every four days. In addition to these hardships the cold was intense, and fuel, of course, as rare as food. Yet there were people on the boulevards and in the cafés, and concerts were given for the benefit of the wounded.

Victory is on our side this time ; Paris at least is safe, yet we still remain deprived of our museums and picture-galleries. Considering these are resorts rather of study than of popular recreation their persistent closure is keenly felt.

January 3.—The last war-joke : A native soldier at a prisoner's camp in Morocco, to a visitor : "You come to see the savages, sir ?"

In *L'Héroique Belgique*, edited by Charles Sarolea (Crès), M. Rémy de Gourmont writes : "After 1870 it was possible to forgive the victor who had not sensibly exceeded the rights conferred by might and which victory may sanction ; after 1914 it will not even be possible to forgive the vanquished." The same publication, profusely illustrated, contains poems, one specially written for it by Emile Verhaeren, and commented upon by the French poet Charles Grolleau ; a sonnet by Henri de Régnier ; a study of the French element in modern Belgian letters by Albert Mockel ; a few lines from Rosny Ainé ; while a "homage" by René Bazin also commemorates Belgium's martyrdom.

Patriotism "gone wrong" : changing the name of the rue Wagner and depriving Beethoven of his nationality by calling him a Dutchman.

January 5.—The official, though as yet unpublished statistics up to date of dead (on the French side) : 217,000 ; of wounded, 400,000–500,000 ; of prisoners, 119,000. Alexandre Mercereau wishes me a "Happy New Year" from I know not what battlefield ; the author of "Paroles devant la Vie" has chosen the perilous duty of stretcher-bearer, preferring, as he says, to save lives rather than to destroy them.

January 8.—Things seen : A British officer in uniform hunting for old books among the stalls on the quays.

This is the first day since the beginning of the war that we have tasted of crusted or "fancy" bread, the particular variety so much appreciated by foreigners and which used to be distinguished as Viennese, but which no one dare call by that name any longer. One must have been deprived of it for five months to realize its charm.

January 11.—All who remember the first Franco-German War say the behaviour of the Germans has entirely changed for worse. In 1870 they never, or hardly ever, exceeded the bounds of legitimate warfare. There are families who have even entertained agreeable recollections of the invader, and I know of one in the neighbourhood of Paris who kept up a correspondence covering a period of forty years with the officers who had been billeted on them during the occupation. There will not be a single case of the kind after this war.

Indeed, those who were familiar with the older German generation only have had the greatest difficulty in believing accounts of the present army's conduct in the invaded countries, but people who are well acquainted with the younger generation say there is a marked difference between them. Apparently, prosperity and might do not agree with this people whose qualities found expression under more homely conditions. The Germany of Werther, Heine, Schumann, Christmas trees, lover-poets, folk-lore and Kinderscenen died forty years ago. And it was that defunct Germany we bore in our mind, where alone it still survived, when we hesitated before lending an entirely credulous ear to reports of atrocities. The error was ours. Our memories had developed into superstitions, fact into legend ; we must bury all this bric-à-brac as the Germans have buried it, and consider the new standard with new eyes.

Since 1870 the Germans have not progressed, they have simply swollen.

January 12.—We are warned that we may be deprived of all lights in Paris henceforth in view of incursions from Zeppelins.

Once upon a time there was a young Bulgarian who lived in France, where he was married to a Frenchwoman. When the first Balkan War broke out he had to leave her to take part in it. At its conclusion he returned to France, but he was scarcely back when he

was again called East for the second Bulgarian campaign. When this came to an end and he had returned safely home his wife said to him: "I think you have had your share of war and had better naturalise yourself French." He is now fighting in the French ranks.

January 13.—Forain is doing some good war cartoons. Like a rose in winter *Le Double Bouquet*—whose editor, Charles Perrot, was recently killed in battle—for August has just made its appearance. It contains some memorial lines by André Germain to a young poet, Charles Demange (nephew of M. Maurice Barrès), who committed suicide some five years ago for—it is said—one of our most celebrated authoresses (this being the popular version); an article on, and verses by, Emile Despax; prose poetry by Mlle. Henriette Charasson, reviewer for the *Mercure* and *Temps Présent;* souvenirs of Rheims and an epigrammatic eulogy of that Prinzip of singular name to whom we owe the war, both written by "Loïs Cendré" in July; a description of a London night-club by Alan Seeger; and a fluent poem in the smooth metre characteristic of Charles Grolleau, author of *Sur la Route Claire*, *L'Encens et la Myrrhe*, &c., and translator of Wilde and Mgr. Benson.

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

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NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*While quite willing to publish letters under noms de plume, we make it a condition of publication that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the Editor.*—ED.

* * *

ARCHISM AND ANARCHISM

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,—Miss Marsden asks me whether a voluntary action—of association or any other—is not "archistic"? I answer that it certainly is not. Whatever I undertake without a threat of punishment by the "Archon" is free from archism.

Too much stress may be laid upon the resemblances between Egoism and Archism. The differences far outweigh and outnumber the likenesses. Egoism deals with purpose. Archism seeks to compel the purpose of the Archon upon whoso is under the domination of that functionary.

It may be claimed that every egoistic purpose requires compulsion for its fulfilment. The claim has not yet been substantiated. Even so acute and astute a philosopher as Miss Marsden unquestionably is must fail to achieve such a corroboration.

Master and slave are alike egoistic. The slave follows the bent of his desire to curry favour with his lord, to secure immunity from punishment, and to find what content he may in his lot. The master can do no more. But though both are egoistic only one of them is archistic.

If the slave associates with his fellows to overthrow the master, the association, although voluntary, may or may not be archistic. It will be archistic if the movement is designed to enslave the former master. If, however, the purpose is Defence against the archism of the Master, then the voluntary association is Anarchistic. It may fail to achieve its avowed purposes. If it succeeds in getting along without an Archon such an association cannot fairly be classed as "archistic."

On the one hand Domination. On the other Defence against Domination. We need a word-symbol for each of these ideas. Miss Marsden's "archism" will serve to denote the first. If we are deprived of "anarchism" as a symbol of the other we must beg for a substitute; but must decline to permit "archism" to serve both these divergent endeavours to become articulate.

I would welcome a cogent substitute for "anarchism," for the term has suffered hard usage. Miss Marsden's animadversions upon the embargoists and devotees and moralists and claimants of "the rights of Man" and the like have been none too severe. Such persons have been misusing an otherwise efficient label. Shall we toss an appropriate term into the rubbish-heap for such a reason? Yes, if we can supply the lack without too much inconvenience. But in our eagerness to rid ourselves of an offensive plus sign let us not commit the error of employing the minus-mark to serve both purposes.

HERMAN KUEHN.

Minneapolis, U.S.A.

ARCHISTIC ANARCHISM

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

Press reports from New York dated October 24, outline what Alexander Berkman proposes to do to control armies of unemployed this winter. These quote him as saying that mere protest as last year won't do much good to his "cause," but that something more "violent" will have to be done for his "movement."

This school of militant antimilitarists pose as and are popularly known as anarchists. But a moment's reflection will show that the antithesis of archism couldn't possibly be advocacy and enforcement of any form of violence as now obtaining under government.

The mere substitution of one form of rulership or sovereignty for an existing one is about all that the Goldman-Berkman notorious doctrine espouses. The spirit which impels these valiant insurgents is admirable, while their alleged remedy is absurd and futile. For they but seek to achieve and enforce the identical power which they condemn and assail, promising to perform all sorts of fine things while they themselves are in power.

The State and Government exist as result of man's delusion that his fellow is base and vile and must be compelled. Governments were invented in response to fearthought, and are still in force. And will be, so long as mankind lacks faith in his fellows or in the beneficent forces that abide in and emanate from the nature of things.

Swayed once by what is inherent of brotherly decency in him, man will voluntarily co-operate, instead of as now preying upon his fellowman, which expedient he finds himself driven to by current regime of compulsion.

Human relations will perhaps be conducted through organisation always; but such wherein one may enter and withdraw at will would in no sense be a State or a Government. A State or a Government is a political organisation which asserts jurisdiction over and controls the lives of those living under it.

Such archistic institutions are denied and not upheld by anarchists, for the simple reason that they see that these contrivances always and in every single instance have failed in their alleged purpose of producing peace and good-will among mankind.

But it appears to be necessary that mankind must try about every conceivable humbug before he finally will learn a bit from sad experiences.

Evolutionary processes are "divinely slow," and it is vain seeking to accelerate them. There will not be nor can there exist any more rational human relationship than now obtains until after man has grown to an attitude enabling him to appreciate that his neighbour is his friend and will be decent and generous if only he isn't scared, robbed, or compelled.

So it seems to me that such activities as those of Berkman, Emma Goldman, *et al.*, proclaimed as panaceas for current ills, are simply manifestations of the failure of existing Law and Order. And their espoused cause and method being the same in kind, they are reactionary and futile.

Enlightened man will not seek power over his fellow nor will he compel. He will mind his own business. Nor will he *obey* any more than he tries to command. And these are the qualities by which anarchists some day will be known, instead of by the current baseless claims made by those who use a good word in a poor business.

And these strident agonising agitators are sure to meet with about the same experiences that previous reformers have suffered. Present forms for regulating human conduct and relations are popular and will be defended to the death by all patriotic citizens. And he who aggressively seeks to destroy popular institutions will meet with a very similar fate to that of previous "fearless reformers."

And it is but grim justice that all should receive the punishment that they knowingly expose themselves to. There is an itch for martyrdom, and such desires are easy of fulfilment and gotten by those who have the ache. Of specious justification for any old method of reform there is no dearth, but the great law of Compensation doles out to all of us what is rational.

A. G. WAGNER.

HENNING, U.S.A.

A CRITICISM OF "THE EGOIST"

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,—The expiration of the original guarantee subscriptions makes it opportune to say what one thinks of THE EGOIST, and I yield to the temptation to send some hostile criticisms.

First, the paper is divided between two interests. The greater part of it is occupied with certain movements in belles-lettres and art, the smaller part with the Marsdenian treatment of ethics. Whatever parallelism there may be between the impulses that these two parts represent, the connection is not so close as to establish any very strong presumption that one who is especially interested in the one will be especially interested in the other.

Second, ethical propaganda, or some of it, may be divided into soul-saving and society-saving. Soul-saving may be of different kinds: the orthodox soul-saving which would make the souls altruistic, and the Marsdenian soul-saving which would make them egoistic. Everybody, without any exception known to me, believes in soul-saving of one kind or another, but some prefer to specialize in society-saving by some plan of improvement regarding the organization of social life. Not everybody believes in society-saving; there are ardent soul-savers who sedulously discourage the society-saving impulse as an impulse that misleads human nature and draws its attention off from the soul-saving through which alone a really substantial improvement in men's relations to each other can come. Among these opponents of society-saving is Miss Marsden, along with some of her orthodox enemies. I am one of those who feel more competent to lay a hand to society-saving, and who have firm faith in its utility; I believe that Cain killed Abel not only because Cain was so wicked, but also, and equally, because fences were not yet invented and Abel's sheep got into Cain's wheat, and I believe that the sacrifice of Abel's valuable life might have been averted not only by making Cain a better man, but also by the alternative method of introducing the use of fences. A paper which devotes itself to crying, "Hang fences, let us teach Abel to strike back when Cain hits him," is no more along the line of my interests than is one which raises the more familiar cry. "Hang fences, let us teach Cain not to strike his brother." I heartily approve of educating men to a proper spirit, whatever that spirit may be, but I don't care to be where questions of fences are considered inane.

Third, the course of modern science, since Darwin's time at least, has all gone to prove that the principal categories of human thought and action have not been imposed on man by his dominators. Most of them are common to man with the lower animals; if there be any which are not, at least it is matter of scientific demonstration that they were not put into man by his kings, his priests, his rich neighbours, or whatever class or classes make up the dominant part of society. Doubtless the Polynesian system of tabu has been so handled that it reserves the daintiest foods to the chiefs; but the chiefs did not invent tabu, they have not even at any time (so far as appears) been especially responsible for strengthening the binding power of tabu. Throughout the centuries it has been a familiar cry that the moral code is a device of the dominant classes to confirm their power. Those who raised this cry have never, so far as I remember, been the better intellects; but their error was pardonable in the days before Darwin, when the unanswerable demonstration of the contrary was not in possession of the field of science. To-day pre-Darwinianism of the sort is not pardonable. In this respect I think that Stirner can be admitted as within the sphere of modern thought; THE EGOIST'S editorials cannot.

I do not assert that the universality of any type of thought proves its correctness. Some pernicious falsehoods have in the past been held by the human race with substantial unanimity, such as the demoniacal origin of miscellaneous diseases. Others, equally bad, are to-day held with a too nearly complete unanimity, such as that the general insistence on clothing is an important safeguard of chastity. Heterodoxy in such matters I applaud; what I cannot away with is the ignorant slander, sometimes actually heard, that missions to the unclothed races are financed largely for the sake of the increased demand for cloth that the missionaries evoke. If the origins of current prejudices were so simple, getting rid of them would be an easier task.

Fourth, I have already registered my protest against Miss Marsden's habit of not testing her generalizations by seeing whether life affords familiar instances to the contrary. Properly speaking, my third point is a subdivision of this; for the conclusions of modern science have been reached by examining the instances that life furnishes, and if she had been willing to use this method she would not have missed the lessons it most clearly and notoriously teaches.

These, I believe, are the main reasons why I find THE EGOIST to be mostly outside the sphere of my chief interests, and why I feel that it is wrong-headed on some of its own interests.

Ever since the war began, "Fighting Paris" has to my taste been the best thing in THE EGOIST. May no bomb light on the head of its author!

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, U.S.A.

"THE EGOIST'S" EMPLOYMENT OF WORDS

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,—Miss Marsden misinterprets and misrepresents the idea of Rights emanating from the Proletarian and the Feminist. Why, if words have no more value than she attributes to them, does she waste so many of her own words? What does she expect to gain by this more than the other verbalists she so fiercely denounces? Rights exist only so long as a social ego can maintain them. The moment a more powerful social ego comes along the Rights thus maintained are overthrown, to be supplanted by other rights. Do all proletarians and feminists place all their dependence as to rights upon a "scrap of paper" merely? Are they all such fools as Miss Marsden would make them appear? Do they not know quite well that they must needs secure and maintain those Rights which the "scrap of paper" defines, and that the paper itself has no power to do this? What every one is trying to do is to secure and maintain the rights that she desires. What a person means by Rights is the power to have and to do what he wishes. If he is ignorant of the best way to obtain such "Rights," why does not Miss Marsden show him a better way instead of wasting words in denouncing his ignorance? "Might is spirit." Yes! but those words are the merest verbalism as they stand. Spirit is might only when it has proved itself able to produce more and more life. It has such power only when it is based on nature's law of life. Why does Miss Marsden accuse all the women in the feminist movement of subjecting themselves to the "pernicious process" which misleads and subdues spirit by a tame acceptance of "bluffed" rights? Feminists are getting what rights they can through what might of spirit they have power to manifest.

Human beings hampered by the tyranny of circumstance must take hold of whatever handle they can reach to lift themselves to a higher vantage-ground for the exercise of greater power. The ballot is at present such a handle. When this handle has served them and another presents itself, will not women discard the former and seize the latter? This is the only way of evolution. Miss Marsden's analysis of what women think and feel and do is wildly afield. Women generally do what best they can with what might and spirit they have to obtain their desires in life, just as Miss Marsden does, and apparently just as well or as futilely as Miss Marsden does. If Miss Marsden can lead them out of this wilderness in which they are wandering, why does she not demonstrate her power by other means than the use of words—a means for which she has no quarter in others.

Miss Marsden is not an egoist; she is a self-personalist, an "isolist" (I have coined that word), and she will never do anything in the direction of "the will to create," to "set the pattern of her will on the world of events," until she becomes one of the elements in a social ego with a unity in the direction of such impulses, such purposes. Her individual initiative may be based upon natural law, but this initiative must beat itself out against a void in such social processes as "setting the pattern of her will upon the world of events" (I like that expression) until it unites with a social ego bent upon moulding and constructing in social clay. In her inability to grasp the simple scientific, sociological principle lies the utter unreason of her idea of the ego. Never until she grasps it will she manifest any of that "power of personality," that "might of spirit," that "fighting force" which she so exalts and defies; nor will she find a philosophic basis for the principle of the Ego.

ALICE GROFF.

Philadelphia, U.S.A.

THE CRUELTY OF GOOD WOMEN

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

One of the greatest dangers to human freedom is the woman of the Bloody Mary type. This kind of woman is powerful to-day in all women's movements. The woman suffrage organisations, temperance societies, purity leagues, and all such bodies, swarm with Bloody Maries.

The essential characteristic of Bloody Mary was that she was an extraordinarily kind and good woman who hated liberty. "It takes a thoroughly good woman to do a thoroughly stupid thing," says Oscar Wilde. Bloody Mary is the classical example. She was firmly convinced that everybody who was not a good Catholic would be shut up in a red-hot coffin for all eternity. Her gentle heart was

grieved at the thought that anybody should suffer such an awful fate, and she determined to extirpate the cruel heretics who were bringing such misery upon the world. But she had some pity even for the heretics. In order to save them from an eternity of torture, she burned them to death over a fire of green wood, so that they might burn very slowly and have ample time to repent. An equally kind woman was Isabella of Spain, who founded the Spanish Inquisition with the same benevolent intentions.

Wherever women have attained any power in the world, they are using that power exactly as Isabella and Bloody Mary used their power when they had it. The great example is the United States. The States which have established woman suffrage are vomiting forth a fuliginous cloud of penalties and prohibitions of every imaginable kind. Benevolent women are glorying in the fact that they have raised the minimum penalty for rape in California to ten years' imprisonment. It was only five years before—a scandalous state of things! If a boy of fourteen has relations with a girl under eighteen, even at her own request, that is rape! I need not say that all such forms of wickedness as dancing, beer drinking, bathing without stockings, and so on, are being rigorously suppressed. Two young men in California were lately sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for the offence of accompanying two young ladies, both above the age of consent, into an adjoining State, for "immoral" purposes. The negro pugilist Jack Johnson is accused of a similar "offence," and the newspapers are announcing that if Johnson should visit Cuba or Mexico, the United States Government will take steps to have him kidnapped in order that he may be tried for the outrage. Of course, you already know that a young negro boy was lately sent to prison for thirty years in California for forcibly kissing a white girl on the street.

To show how utterly good American women loathe liberty, let me refer to the case of Margaret Sanger. Some time ago she started a paper called *The Woman Rebel*, to advocate the limitation of the family. The paper was far from being such a bold one as the English *Malthusian*. It not merely abstained from telling people how to limit their families; it did not even mention the name of any book or pamphlet in which such information could be obtained. It merely stated, in language very like that of the Rev. T. R. Malthus or the late Professor Sidgwick, the evils of a high birthrate and the desirability of limiting the population. Yet every issue was pounced upon by the postal authorities and confiscated. Mrs. Sanger is now being prosecuted by the United States Government, and will, it is said, be liable to twelve years' imprisonment if convicted. Yet not a single one of the prominent women of America has uttered a word about the case. Such women as Mrs. Chapman Catt, the Rev. Anna Shaw, and the other woman suffrage leaders are entirely silent. Mrs. Sanger is fighting for liberty, and every one of these women detests every form of liberty from the bottom of her soul.

If you will turn your eyes on the English suffrage movement, I fear you will find a good many Bloody Maries there. They are all extremely kind-hearted and gentle, and they would shrink from no form of cruelty or torture in order to diminish human liberty. I advise you to get a good picture of Bloody Mary, and carefully study the features and the expression. You will be astonished to find how closely she resembled some of the very good women of the present day.

R. B. KERR.

Kelowna, B.C.

DERIVATIONS AND CONCORDANCIES

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

Respecting derivations: the Orientals speak of "occult plagiarisms." A curious instance of the kind—always striking, however frequently met with—is found in the similarity between a familiar quotation from the *Merchant of Venice*, and verse 143 of the third book of the Code of Menu. Not being able to refer to Sir William Jones's rendering of the Sanskrit text I can only offer my own interpretation from a version in another language: "A gift . . . produces fruits, equally gathered in this world and the next, as well by those who give as by those who receive." Otherwise: "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." Shakespeare had certainly not read Menu, translated for the first time at the close of the eighteenth century.

Let those who are so easily ready to accuse others of plagiarism or influence meditate. There is nothing single in this world.

C. M.

PARIS.

WASPS, WORMS, AND WORDS

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,—(1) I do not think I misrepresented Miss Marsden by saying that she makes morality = egoism + humbug. She says morality is that part of the normal habits of the crowd which arises from their wish for approval. Such wish is egoism; and the fact that they disguise it under the fine names Miss Marsden so hates enables me to add "plus humbug." The fact that egoism comprises both moral and immoral and humbug does not "spoil my classification." Lincolnshire = chalk country + fens; and this classification is not spoiled by pointing out that both chalk and fen are in other counties too.

(2) The principles which Miss Marsden expounds under the title "I am" are true, but she does not always follow them herself. She says her great aim is to reduce words from tyrants back to tools; so is mine. Twenty years ago I read "The Rediscovery of the Unique," by H. G. Wells, and said to myself, "Here is truth. The world of things we see and feel consists of uniques; the world of words is a set of cross-classifications and mis-groupings of those uniques, false generalizations from them, live flamingoes used as croquet-mallets, and algebraic deductions from non-existent square roots."

(3) But Miss Marsden's effort to humble the too uppish caste of Words is suicidal. She throws out the baby with the bath, the feelings with the names. She points out, quite truly, that the "I" creates its own world, that "it gives to itself, to the extent of its power, such images as it can strike out for itself." But seemingly *she infers that the world, being merely the "I," is quite simple*, and that problems of space, time, etc., are "thin sound." I cannot help thinking that Miss Marsden's world (assuming for convenience that she is a Thing-in-herself, and not merely a projection of my ego) must be an unusually simple one. To me, the total removal of words seems to leave a world (or an ego) as water-marked as ever with metaphysical problems; perhaps even a little harder to understand, like a map with no coloured lines to cut it up.

(4) I think, however, the simplicity of Miss Marsden's world is due to the fact that she still sees a good deal of it through the coloured glass of certain sacred Words, such as Authority, Napoleon, Strong Desires, Concept, Thought, Consciousness. All these words are used to name large vague, overlapping areas of the "I"; and some of the tracts are as incoherent as the county Cromarty.

(5) The most important mistake into which Miss Marsden thus falls is to *confound the two far-apart tracts named Conscience*. One is a decently wrapped-up form of fear of authority; the other, as anyone can find by introspection, is itself an authority, often far stronger than any other. Indeed its relation to the ego is almost that of the light to the flame, and to call it a product of words is like calling light a product of the spectroscope which helps to distinguish its parts. Miss Marsden, being still a verbal philosopher, re-names things and they vanish from her sight; but not from mine. She may re-name a brick a sponge (both contain silica), but it won't wash.

(6) On the other hand, Miss Marsden makes a verbal distinction where there is none in the feelings concerned (and feelings, as she herself says, are the only reality). Apparently she thinks the phrase "*I wish everybody to be happy in his own way*" cannot in any ego denote the same feeling as that denoted by the egoist phrase "*I wish to be happy myself.*" And apparently she will not believe that the existence of any unhappiness anywhere may have the same effect on the mental eye (or "I") as ugliness or dirt has on the bodily eye, and that consequently *a luxurious and ambitious egoist cannot be happy till everybody else is happy.* Hence Miss Marsden cannot see why I should refuse to annoy worms, and she thinks I must be no first-hand egoist but a mere seeker for Honour and Good Repute—a second-hand egoist.

(7) This shows a far too limited knowledge of the variety of things men *do* wish. Napoleons, spaniels, and hybrids between them—this is not a classification which covers us all, as Miss Marsden seems to imply. Many do not aim to be either Napoleons or spaniels, indeed would rather be extinct than be either. In Miss Marsden's world all the people with any power are seeking ends which involve the reduction of others to slaves, servants, or disciples; and the less powerful are seeking good repute and the honour of loyal service to the powerful or something emanating from them.

(8) Now "the prospect of roused worms" *has* terrors for me, hence, on Miss Marsden's showing, I must be nearly powerless; and yet I am not conscious of seeking good repute or the honour of loyal service. Servants and disciples seem to me blots on the scenery; I will not be loyal nor a disciple to anything but myself, and nobody shall be so to me if I can prevent it. (I would not keep a dog, he is too loyal. I don't mind a cat; puss is the same kind of egoist as myself, except when mice are near.)

(9) Now I quite admit that by a little playing on words Miss Marsden could show that my wishes are absurdities. I despise the herd, yet wish all its members to be happy in their own way. I will not irritate worms, and wish that no one else should, yet do not wish for the kind of power which alone could fulfil that wish. But I think Miss Marsden knows enough of the unreliableness of verbal logic to see that these apparent contradictions do not really reduce my ego to "seven from five you can't."

(10) What I do doubt is *whether she can understand how such an ego is egoistic.* I certainly find it difficult to see the egoism in her attitude of respectful admiration towards every kind of tyrant and brute who can show himself strong enough to be so with impunity (the latest illustration of this is her recommendation to our elected tyrants to institute compulsory fighting).

(11) I think the explanation may be that, despite her attacks on Words, she has not yet realized all their faults. She thinks them bad masters but good servants. *They are not even good servants*; they are very bad ones. Unfortunately, our only other way of expressing the ego, namely by Acts, is still worse. To beings with better means of expression, if there are such beings, it must be entertaining to see Miss Marsden set out to destroy palaces of Aurora Borealis with a hammer made of the Northern Lights. However, I am doing exactly the same myself, and if my hammer is only cobweb instead of aurora, at any rate it is made of the best and least cobwebby cobwebs I can find.

CALDWELL HARPUR.

ALSTON, CUMBERLAND.

[The above letter arrived too late for an answer to be incorporated in the leader.—ED.]

NOTE.—Owing to lack of space a letter from Miss H. M. Pulley is held over to the next number.—ED.

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