

Containing a Study by Picasso.

THE

NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

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

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That misgivings have been aroused in Mr. Lloyd George's camp is plain from the desperate haste with which he inserted an amendment to exempt private houses from the inspection of the Insurance officers. For two months the clause empowering his agents to enter any private house suspected of concealing uninsured servants stood untouched in his Bill. But at the very first breath of trouble on this subject, Mr. Lloyd George went by night, as it were, and uprooted the obnoxious clause in anticipation of the discussion by daylight. The clause, however, as he will discover, is as necessary to the Bill as the sixpences of the servants or their mistresses are necessary to his actuaries. Without the two or three millions per annum contributed by the healthy and, on the whole, already provident class of servants, the benefits for the rest of the victims of the Bill would prove mythical. But how is the collection of these sixpences to be guaranteed if inspectors are not allowed to visit the houses where they are to be

collected? Dogs may be impounded that wander the streets without a licence, but servants seen in the streets without an Insurance card will presumably not be liable to arrest. If the threats of the "Daily Mail" correspondents are carried out, a good proportion of both mistresses and maids will deliberately evade the demands of the Bill. And, so far as we can see, without the clause empowering the inspection of their houses, they will be able to evade them with impunity.

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

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The reflection is suggested that if the Bill is so unpopular that the concession of a contracting-out clause is necessary to win an election, the Tories and the Labour party are conniving at a very black piece of work in assisting in the passage of the Bill at all. There is not the least doubt that a single unanimous vote of the Labour party would kill it for ever. But there is no more doubt that a combined vote of the Tory party would be similarly fatal. Mr. Bonar Law remarked on Thursday that the first duty of the Opposition was to turn the present Government out. Well, they have

their chance in the Insurance Bill. The defeat of the Government on any other issue would not, we think, ensure the return of the Tories to power after a General Election. It is not the Cabinet as a whole that the country desires to remove, but Mr. Lloyd George and his Bill. But on the single issue of the Bill, since the Cabinet has foolishly consented to stand or fall by it, not only might the present Government be defeated, but a Conservative Government might be returned. Unfortunately for this prospect there is no evidence that Mr. Bonar Law is sincere in his expressed intention. In plain words, he is not anxious to get rid of the present Government. Though in his publicly expressed opinion, the sins of the present Government are as scarlet, the votes of his party will continue to make them white as snow. We confess we do not know the reason for this, unless it be a fresh instance of the widespread dishonesty of political life. For, on the face of things, not only have Conservatives everything political to gain by defeating the Bill and the Government with it, but they have committed themselves by their recent conduct and speeches to the promise to attempt it. In the speech of Mr. Bonar Law to which reference has been made, the new Conservative leader again expressed his view that the Insurance Bill would add to the number of the poor and increase unemployment. The same opinion has been expressed by Lord Selborne and hosts of others. Surely the natural conclusion to be drawn from these opinions is that their holders will do their best to make such a Bill impossible even at the risk of getting rid of a Government they profess to live to defeat. Yet as any of the voting lists of the Commons prove, no attempt whatever is being made by Unionists to defeat the Bill. Scarcely one in four of them is present at the discussions, and no more than one in two takes the trouble to vote. England is come to a pretty pass if all the people can be fooled by this all the time.

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But Mr. Bonar Law's speech at Leeds was disappointing from more points of view than the Insurance Bill. In the matter of the Insurance Bill, he is, after all, only following everybody. The bitterest critics of the Bill, it seems, are prepared to vote for it if no other way of defeating it can be found. All three candidates at Oldham, for example, promised to support the Bill on the third reading on condition that two of them might oppose it at every other stage. The same unintelligible attitude is maintained by Lord Robert Cecil, who, nevertheless, obtains by it the electoral support of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Lord Robert criticises the Bill, but he will not promise to vote against it. Under these circumstances, Mr. Bonar Law may be forgiven his own ambiguity on this particular subject. But there was less excuse—indeed, there was no excuse at all—for ambiguity and vacuity on the one subject which will try the Unionist party as with fire. What alternative conception have the Unionists to Mr. Lloyd George's theory of the methods and means of Social Reform? Mr. Bonar Law appears to have grasped, as Mr. Lloyd George never has, the root of the Labour unrest. "The greatest of all social reforms would be to raise the general level of wages." But he pursues his analysis of the situation no further. He does not tell the party what in his opinion is the cause of low wages. He makes no excursion into economics, true or false, to discover why wages are low and are getting lower. He simply accepts the fact that they are low, and adds that in his opinion the main object of Social Reform is to raise them. But the efficacy of the method of raising wages depends on the accuracy of the diagnosis of the cause of low wages. If you merely scratch upon the surface in respect to the cause, it is very probable you will scratch upon the surface in respect of cure. A superficial diagnosis, in short, is very likely to be followed by a quack remedy. Mr. Bonar Law, indeed, did not fail to produce his quack remedy for a misunderstood disease. Fiscal Reform, he said, would alone tend to raise wages. "Without a change in our fiscal system a general rise in wages is absolutely impossible." Fortunately, however, this bold announcement is as false as it is pessimistic. It would be a sad day for the work-

ing classes if once it were supposed that fiscal jugglery alone would raise wages. And, in our opinion, no worse programme or declaration could have been laid down by a new Conservative leader. In a single phrase, he has pushed Tory Democracy into the gutter again, he has undone the work of Mr. Balfour, he has repudiated the tradition of Disraeli and Burke, and he has played into the hands of both Mr. Chamberlain and the Liberal party. These two latter will be glad enough to have the Conservatives committed to the dogma of the "one thing necessary," since it will condemn them to superficiality and to unpopularity. Disgust with Mr. Lloyd George will alone induce anybody to vote for a party that regards Tariff Reform as the sole remedy for low wages. And a disgusted support of this kind will not be of much use to them.

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While all mouths are gaping at the acrobatics of the professional politicians, it is a pleasure to record the fact that two or three members of the Cabinet are quietly and unostentatiously pushing on with their own proper business of effective administration. Viscount Haldane has displayed admirable courage and persistency in his endeavours to create a Territorial force out of voluntary material. The attempt, we fear, is doomed to failure for reasons we have many times given. It is not because compulsory service is likely to be popular or even possible in this country. England will not ruin the Territorial force because in her heart she believes in conscription. The reason of Lord Haldane's failure will prove to be, we believe, his omission to enlist the support of any popular representative body. The County Councils were, in our opinion, the natural nuclei of the new citizen force, and the sudden rehabilitation of the county lieutenants in their stead was a blunder for which the Territorial movement will pay possibly with its life. Within these self-imposed limits, however, Lord Haldane, we must admit, has done wonders. Nobody suspects him of any private axe to grind. He does not aspire after the Premiership or any higher office that may be nevertheless thrust upon him. With Mr. Birrell, whose self-effacement and efficiency are equal to his own, and with Mr. Burns, whose administration of national health is almost a model, Lord Haldane is one of three Cabinet Ministers whose place few men now in public life could take.

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Particular attention may be drawn to the Annual Report, issued last Tuesday, of the chief medical officer of Mr. Burns' department—the Local Government Board. The "Times" remarks of the statistics therein contained that they show an unusually high level of achievement. Comparing the death-rate of the past year, 1910, with the death-rate of 1900, the returns show a decrease of no less than 20 per cent. Over the same period, the rate of infantile mortality has been reduced by 30 per cent. Of diseases whose prevention is mainly by sanitation, the decline in extent has been equally or even more marked. Diphtheria, for example, has fallen in the power of death by 50 per cent. Enteric fever, which Dr. Newsholme cites as an index of sanitary efficiency, has declined almost steadily in virulence from 1871-80, when it averaged 11,800 deaths per annum, to 1910, when only 1,848 deaths were due to it. Tuberculosis, in one form or another, is still the worst plague of our national physique. But with its scheduling as a notifiable disease, its continued steady decline may be accelerated. When it is remembered that a considerable section of our population is suffering from poverty with all its attendant risks of disease, the health and the increasing health of the community at large is nothing short of amazing. An extraordinarily efficient sanitary administration must be maintained to guarantee under conditions so bad as our economic system involves the degree of health that actually prevails. By comparison with statistics of former years, and in particular with the records preceding the last decade, the decade now closing reveals an improvement in the health of our population which suggests at once the ground of our hope for the future. If while still subject to widespread poverty, the community can be adminis-

tered to resist with ever increasing effectiveness the ravages of disease, to what degree of national physical well-being would it not be possible to attain if poverty were abolished? Mr. Burns does not concern himself with the abolition of poverty, unfortunately. Saving for his Housing Bill, he will leave no mark on legislation. But within the limits set by his office, he is by far the greatest Minister of Health that England has ever had.

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The circumstances under which the Railway strike last August was suddenly abandoned at the instigation of the men's leaders at the moment of victory have been further elucidated by the revelations provoked by Mr. MacDonald. We say provoked, because it is impossible to suppose that Mr. MacDonald would ever of his own accord play a straightforward game with all the cards on the table. Hints and rumours of reasons of State were suggested as the explanation of the general retreat of the men; but if they resumed work from patriotic motives, some acknowledgment was surely due to them. It is understood now that the main inducement to Mr. MacDonald to order the men back to work was the information that England might be at war with Germany at any moment. For reasons of State, therefore, it was highly desirable that industrial peace should prevail. Why, however, if this was the case, pressure should not have been placed on the railway companies rather than upon the men we do not know. If patriotism was the appeal, it might have been expected that the companies would have been as willing as the men to make some sacrifice. Nevertheless, it appears that only the men were called upon or responded to the call to make any sacrifices to patriotism at all. The companies quite cynically took advantage of the sentiment of patriotism animating Mr. MacDonald to accept the resumption of work on their lines without the loss of a single one of the privileges for which their men were contending. Another hour or two of firmness and the Government would doubtless have been compelled to command the companies rather than the men to submit. But this happier issue of the struggle was thrown away by the contemptible flabbiness of Mr. MacDonald. He and not the companies was the first to submit.

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If any sense of honour existed in the Government this self-sacrifice on the part of the men would at least have been rewarded by the concession to them of the right of recognition. Having generously, if foolishly, abandoned their fight to oblige the Government, the Government surely owed the men, if not everything they would have won for themselves, at least a substantial reward of some kind. As a matter of fact, it is clear now that this reward was actually promised. The Royal Commission appointed to draw up the terms of settlement was tacitly instructed to draw them up in favour of the men. Mr. Keir Hardie specifically stated that he was given to understand that the Commission was loaded to report in this direction. But by this time the German peril had blown over. The devil was no longer disposed to play the monk. The Report of the Commission was first delayed and finally issued as a colourless document in which nobody yet has been able to detect any advantage to the men whatever. And, except for good advice, no move on the part of the Government in favour of the men has been made. On the contrary, it is patent that moves in the opposite direction have been made. For one thing, we are privately informed that the Government has made the fullest preparations for defeating the next strike without laying themselves open to the mercy of the men. An appeal to Mr. MacDonald's patriotism was effective on the last occasion, but the Government would certainly be better pleased to be able to dispense with appeals and to rely upon force. And that force is now in readiness. Again, the companies themselves have been enabled to prepare their defences. By mutual arrangement they can now at a pinch run a fair service of trains even if all the union men are on strike. The Government has promised to make effective picketing

impossible without making it illegal, and in this way the companies stand a good chance of success. And all this, it will be noted, is the reward for patriotism.

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The worst effect, however, is not the loss of any immediate advantage, but the rebuff to a promising industrial movement among the men. We have seen that neither of the political parties has any notion of how wages can be raised, and the Labour party, after a fair trial, has similarly failed to do anything but aggravate the problem by political means. The only method now left open is direct action by means of a renewed industrial agitation; and this method was beginning to be employed with vigour when its first great exercise was nipped in the bud by Mr. MacDonald. It is certainly much less vigorous at this moment than it was three months ago. Three months ago, we had some millions of workmen, transport, railway, and seamen, engineers and miners, all within a degree or two of striking in unison for a minimum wage. By common consent the establishment of a minimum wage in this country would put an end to some dozens of pauper and charity problems at a single stroke. In other words, the establishment of a minimum wage, by a general strike or by any other means, would be a piece of statesmanship of which any nation in the world might be proud. And this, as we say, was within an ace of being accomplished by the new industrial spirit. That spirit, however, as the result of the unforgiveable sentimentality—to use no more offensive term—of the men's leaders has now been temporarily broken. The railwaymen have been reduced to balloting when they should be striking. The miners have practically withdrawn their demands and substituted begging appeals. In all the labour world, in short, spirit has fallen by several degrees; and in place of the hope, the defiance and the courage of some few months ago, we have now despair, submission and entreaty. Far be it from us to say that society is not more comfortable in mind as a result of this lowering of spiritual temper. It is so comfortable that sleep with complete oblivion of wage-troubles may now be resumed. Mr. MacDonald having delivered the new spirit a felon blow, Mr. Lloyd George can be trusted to keep it quiet with his opiates. There will probably be no more strikes for at least a year.

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The women's deputation to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George on the subject of the proposed Franchise Bill elicited a certain amount of information, notably the fact that the Bill will be passed through all its stages during 1912—but the vital question which should have been answered occurred to nobody: what are the Government's motives for introducing a Manhood Suffrage Bill at this moment? Several motives appear to us to be plausible. First and above all, the Bill may be designed to postpone woman's suffrage for another decade. It is idle to pretend that Mr. Asquith could not possibly have had this calculable effect in his mind. Mr. Asquith has never concealed his opposition to women's political enfranchisement in any shape or form. Significantly reminding Miss Christabel Pankhurst that he (and not Mr. Lloyd George) is head of the Government, he frankly confessed that he is not convinced of the wisdom of women's suffrage. And if the head of the Government is openly not convinced, it is improbable that his Cabinet will deliberately force legislation over his objection. As for the House of Commons itself, its own freedom, even when invited and encouraged, will prove, we fancy, unequal to the responsibility of adding several millions of women to an already too numerous electorate. And when it is known that Mr. Asquith and other powerful persons would be better pleased if they shirked than if they accepted the responsibility the absentees on the day of decision in the House will be many. In short, we do not anticipate that women's suffrage will be established in 1912. Nor does Mr. Asquith. Another suggested motive, however, is a prospective appeal to the country on the question of Home Rule. Next year will see in all probability the passage through the House of Commons of this Bill,

but, as everybody expects, it will be suspended in the House of Lords next autumn. If that should be the case, the alternatives before the Government are to sit still until their parliamentary life expires or instantly to challenge a General Election. It is not usual to pass a Franchise Bill save on the eve of dissolution; and, if we remember rightly, Mr. Asquith once declared that he never would. The second alternative is therefore more probable than the first. The Irish party will doubtless complain, and especially if the forecast of the electoral results should appear to be unfavourable to them. But, after all, they cannot expect to rule England before ruling Ireland. Moreover, the extension of the franchise, and the abolition of plural voting should, from their point of view, ensure them the so-called democratic support of the English electorate. If Home Rule should slip through by stealth, incurable sores will remain. But if the Irish boldly challenge a General Election on a new and enlarged register, the result, if it is favourable to them, will be final.

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It is lamentable, however, that in all these current discussions of the Franchise nobody appears to be willing to examine the bases of Representative Government. Mr. J. M. Kennedy in his book, just published, on Tory Democracy, puts the matter in a nutshell when he declares that the issue is between Burke and Mill. For those who are familiar with these authors the choice is not in doubt for one moment. Mill was a theorist and a logician. Burke was a statesman and a poet. Mill was a typical English reformer, but Burke was a typical Englishman. Their respective systems of representation reveal, naturally, their several origins. Mill, as became a logician and an arithmocrat, advocated a view of Representation which in effect, though not in intention, led straight to the caucus and government by an arithmetical majority. Both the Referendum and Proportional Representation, strange as the combination may seem, are logical extensions of the doctrines of Mill. Burke, on the other hand, held firmly by the spiritual view of representation. By whatever means chosen, the representative man stood after his election for the nation and not merely for a part of it. He ceased to be a member for Bristol or, as proportionists would have him, the spokesman of a sectional body of opinion, and he became, or should try to become, one of the voices of the whole nation, public opinion incarnate. Unfortunately, this large and national view of Burke's has for many years now been overlaid by Mill's relatively small and sectarian view. Mr. Bonar Law did indeed in his speech at Leeds hint at its revival among Conservatives, but his later declaration in favour of passing Tariff Reform by a bare majority gave Burke the lie. To press Tariff Reform on a considerable minority and by the weight of simple arithmetic would be no less contrary to Burke than the enforcement of Home Rule or Welsh Establishment by the same means. It is an appeal to Mill in short, who is also the Liberal Cæsar.

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Now we do not contend that Burke's view is any more popular at this moment than it has been for the last hundred years; but we do maintain that Mill's view is becoming increasingly unpopular as it extends in practice. Nearly everybody nowadays has his suspicions of the futility of parliamentary and pseudo-representative institutions. It is not that parliamentary government itself is losing ground in national opinion. Certainly there is no perceptible drift in the direction of monarchy or of republicanism or of autocracy. But there is a wholesale dissatisfaction with the methods by which parliamentary government is carried on. It is felt that, for some reason or other, the House of Commons fails to speak with the voice of England. English public opinion is seldom heard there. An interest, a section, a class, may find expression in parliament, but in general everybody is heard save everybody. To remedy this, it has been suggested by Mr. Belloc, for example, that the roots of the existing party system should be destroyed. Deriving their nourishment from

secret funds, the exposure of these would in turn expose the party system, and the abolition of this would force members of Parliament to speak their honest opinions. The proportional representationists, however, throw the blame upon another part of the system. The House of Commons, according to them, is only unrepresentative because its members are not numerically proportioned to the diverse bodies of opinion existing in the country at large. It is representative, but inaccurately so. The majorities and minorities should be a little more or less. Of Mr. Belloc's criticism it is enough to say that it is moral, manly and English. Party system or no party system, it is plainly dishonest and corrupt to have representatives secretly paid by private interests. Mr. Belloc does not deny that some party system would remain even if the secret cash nexus were abolished, but its affiliations would be real and sincere, instead of, as now, pretended and interested.

* * *

Proportional Representation, on the other hand, is, in our opinion, another long step in the direction of Mill and away from Burke. So far from combating the further spread of sectionalism, the proportionists openly advocate the complete sectionalisation of Parliament. The country, they argue, contains so many millions of people grouped in bodies of opinion which should be represented in Parliament in proportion to their size. The largest body in the country should have the largest party in Parliament and the smallest the smallest. Thus the House of Commons would be a kind of miniature of the nation. Taking as this view is at first sight, a little reflection will reveal the fact that it is based on a doctrine the very contrary of the doctrine of representation. To represent is precisely not to reproduce. Yet Proportional Representation would admittedly reproduce on a small scale the conformation of the nation on the large scale. To represent, on the other hand, is to discover, not the exact proportions of the varying opinions existing in the nation, but their common factor, their soul, if we may use the term. It may thus happen in a perfectly representative body that its expressed opinion actually coincides exactly with no single body of opinion, large or small, in the country. For all that, it may by universal consent be typical, national and representative. Now how are we to produce such a representative body? It will not be by apportioning members in the proportion of numerical bodies of private-minded citizens. When a body of citizens is invited to return a spokesman they will send a delegate with sealed instructions, not a representative Englishman. Nor will it be by adding thousands to the electorate. Both these methods have been proved to be powerless to effect the nationally representative character of a parliamentary assembly. The only effective method is to return, if we are honest enough for it, to the method of Burke. If we return to Representation, Representation will return to us. To insist that men in Parliament, however or by whomsoever elected, shall when once there, speak not for their constituencies, or their trades and professions or their class, but for England—that is the secret of Representative government. To reveal your private interests or the interests of your constituents in Parliament should be declared a public indecency. We hope that the appeal made by the Proportional Representation Society for fresh propaganda funds will meet with no response.

THE GOD FROM THE MACHINE.

He stands before Demos, their spirit personified,
Hands waving ecstasy, striking an attitude
(Shades of great statesmen, observe what they've
deified!)

Cambria's gramophone, mouthing a platitude.

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

CHARLES WHITE.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I HAVE just reached Salonika from Tripoli, and find here the amount of ill-concealed uneasiness which reports led me to expect. There is a general feeling of satisfaction at the thought that Turkey can finally conquer Italy by simply sitting tight; but this is balanced by a feeling of resentment against the actions of the members of the Committee of Union and Progress, which still really rules the country.

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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Nor should it be overlooked that a considerable amount of dissatisfaction is beginning to arise in Italy over the war. The censorship is absurdly strict. Nothing is gained in the long run by endeavours to minimise the Italian losses; but the Government has not so far proved itself to be bold enough to publish complete lists of the killed and wounded. This feeling of satisfaction, however, is not unmixed—and this is important—with a large amount of patriotic pride. Those who have remained at home are really proud of their sons or brothers who have gone to the front; and any severe defeat the Italians may meet with will certainly be blamed on the Government. Nor will the blame be altogether undeserved; for responsible Italian officials have acknowledged to me that the war was undertaken without adequate knowledge of the circumstances or of the diplomatic attitude which was likely to be adopted by at least one of Italy's near neighbours. In view of the faultiness of our own Intelligence Department at the time of the Boer war, we cannot, of course, criticise

Italy as if we had never been caught in the same trap ourselves. For we have been, and badly.

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

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

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I see that the "Daily News" has made a brilliant discovery. In one issue there is a remarkable paragraph or two from its Paris correspondent, beginning: "In an obscure corner of its last page the 'Temps,' whose connections with the French Foreign Office are notorious, and which is on particularly intimate terms with M. Caillaux, publishes in its Saturday's issue the following staggering paragraph."

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

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

TO-DAY.

(Suggested by Modern Thought).

The Devil, at the lax ear of to-day,
 With smiling visage and with oily tongue,
 His gospel preaches unto old and young;
 And this his sermon: Fling all creeds away—
 All superstitions that have erst held sway
 And been the bane of self-deluded fools—
 Dupes of imagination, priestcraft's tools—
 Living on Faith that never yet shed ray
 Of light on man save but to lead astray.
 Know for a truth, there's no such thing as sin,
 And with the knowledge gather wisdom in,
 Nor lend an ear to what the foolish say.
 Burst, then, your fetters, O ye slaves, aspire!
 Each his own God, his Heav'n—unchecked Desire.

MATTHIAS BARR.

Pages from a Book of Swells.

Political Swells in Council.

By T. H. S. Escott.

ONCE or twice in a generation do the great party clubs in Pall Mall put on an appearance of fussy animation betokening a serious crisis or, it may be, merely an important and unwonted incident in the domestic life of the political parties to which they respectively belong. Some points of resemblance in the procedure on such occasions at the rival establishments there may be, but the "buffs" do their internal business under conditions and on premises very different from the "blues." And here may be parenthetically interposed a word about the origin and significance of party colours. First, as regards the great political connection to be designated the "buffs." According to a common tradition the mixture of orange and dark azure, to-day frequently called the "buff" colours, originated in its having been the turf badge adopted by the Dukes of Richmond, who, in the eighteenth century, were in the van of advanced Whiggery.

As a fact, the Richmond turf colours have always been, as they are to-day, yellow for the jacket and crimson for the cap. Some generations ago, indeed, when the owners of Goodwood kept not only a racing stud, but foxhounds, the Nimrods who rode with them frequently pleased their fancy by donning cut-away coats of cerulean hue and waistcoats of a shade varying between fawn colour and saffron. The combination of orange and the darkest shade of blue as the Whig insignia is still seen in the "Edinburgh Review" cover, and was C. J. Fox's legacy to his followers, who, not content with copying the blue coat and yellow waistcoat always worn by their chief, displayed these two tints on election flags and ribbons. The association of light blue with the Tories first, with the Conservatives afterwards, takes one back to Stuart days, when, three years after James I. began, the St. George's white banner of England fused itself with the blue banner of Scotland. Of that process the first result was the Union Jack (Jack-Jacques, or Jacobus) and the recognition of blue as the Tory symbol. The earliest Stuart king, in the races he frequented at Newmarket, by his own hand decorated the horses he ran and the stable boys who rode them with precisely that shade of wachet to-day forming the ensign of Cambridge University and of Eton School.

With the politicians recently assembled under that flag in Pall Mall we are now concerned. But first a word about some striking differences in the process of convoking the "buffs" and the "light blues" respectively. Nearly two score years ago the great Mr. Paramount suddenly threw up the party leadership. The Progress Club, Pall Mall, became the scene of a function like that celebrated at the neighbouring establishment, the light blue Palladium, last week. But of the gentlemen who were whipped into the lobby after Mr. Paramount by no means all held advanced views. On the contrary, Mr. Paramount's successor-designate, Lord Maunder, so seldom entered the Progress that

when, for the ceremony in which he was to take so important a part, he had put one foot across the club threshold the porter actually asked the new comer whether he might be a member. The aristocratic section of the "buffs," to which, of course, Lord Maunder belonged, was wont exclusively to affect Hook's Club in St. James's Street—the institution concerning which was made the antediluvian joke that to dine at Hook's was like dining with a duke, the duke himself lying dead upstairs. The light blue Palladium, on the other hand, has always been what the buff and blue Progress has done its best rather unsuccessfully to become—the chosen resort of every section and individual composing the party to which it belongs.

One of the reasons investing with absolute unanimity the Palladium gathering which has given the "light blues" their new leader, was that all the essential points of the proceedings had not only been carefully rehearsed, but definitely settled beforehand. Sir Blankney Sleaford, on the motion of Lord Gerald Saunterton, as the oldest member present, was voted to the chair. In his most impressive tones this really eloquent survivor of the period when the "light blue" leader was Mr. Ben Judah, deprecated what he called a scramble for Balfour's mantle. He was quite sure, he said, that everyone present saw in Mr. Sheffield Blunt the providentially-designed successor to Mr. Whittingham Postlethwaite. This brought up Mr. Maudle Highbury himself, in his own opinion and in that of one other man and of two women, eminently qualified to fill the vacancy. But nolo exiscoparæ formed the burden of his remarks. Wasn't it odd, and wasn't it lucky, by the way, that within a few hours of Postlethwaite's retirement becoming known Maudle Highbury met Brabazon Short, another potential chief of the highest competence, and that the two gentlemen agreed to lay aside their claims to the post, for which they were now engaged in choosing an occupant, in favour of Sheffield Blunt? When gentlemen of this sort do agree, their unanimity is, indeed, wonderful. As for Mr. Brabazon Short, the gift of saving his party by self-sacrifice is hereditary. During the nineteenth century's opening years a combination of accidents had made Addington for a short time Prime Minister. Pitt and Fox were both prepared to unite in upsetting him. But the men of Pitt's own faction shrunk from the idea of a collision between these two rival leaders, both of whom belonged to the Sarcophagus Club. Brabazon Short's ancestor of that period was walking home from the House one night with Pitt. As they passed the Sarcophagus, Pitt said, "I have a great mind to go in here and get some supper." "I think," was his companion's reply, "you had better not." The reason for this remark was that the Brabazon Short of the day knew Fox at that moment to be sitting down at his midnight repast, and dreaded the two statesmen meeting each other, composing their differences, and so subverting the projects on which the Shorts of the period were bent. The Pittite of 1804 now referred to, took much credit to himself in thus destroying the one chance of the two great statesmen burying their differences and then probably arranging a programme of their own that might not suit all their adherents. "Perhaps," dryly said a gentleman to whom Short told the story, "you were not hungry and could have eaten no supper." "On the contrary," rejoined the party patriot, "I had not broken my fast since noon and was ravenous; but I would sooner have starved to death than that Fox and Pitt should have come together just then."

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

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

E. H. VISIAK.

The Reform of Criminal Procedure.

By G. W. Harris.

It is a curious thing that attention is but rarely drawn to the peculiar position in our country which the legal profession has managed to secure. The law is assuredly a law unto itself: it is a closed body, exercising a rigid tyranny within its own domain, and forming in fact that abomination of honest government, an imperium in imperio. Not only are lawyers occupied in interpreting the law, but they have actually the power of assisting in the making of the law, a vastly disproportionate number of them being members of Parliament. They have managed to establish a series of charges for their services which are utterly incommensurate with the work they do, and their arrogance of behaviour is only equalled by their stiff formalism and real incompetence to deal with human affairs. But the most glaring abuse of legal power is exhibited in our criminal procedure, in which all the elements that make for equity and fair play are conspicuously in abeyance. A judge, to begin with, in sentencing a man, delivers a moral expiation upon the enormity of the offence. He usually begins by saying: "You have been found guilty of the most revolting of crimes: you have displayed the lowest characteristics of the lowest of criminals," and so on for half a column in the ordinary newspapers. Now the judge is there to sentence, not to moralise. The judge is not required for oratorical brilliance. Does he imagine in his arrogance that words of his are going to influence a man one way or the other in ten minutes? His attitude is on a par with our political belief in the power of the perpetual harangue. As to the Court of Appeal, being constituted of judges, it may perhaps be justified on the principle of a hair of the dog that bit you, but it seems rather absurd to allow its present constitution. The ancient vindictiveness of the race is nowhere more prominent than in judges, barristers and other members of this gigantic trust. Take but a recent instance. A girl is found guilty of theft. The jury recommend her to mercy on the ground that there was no motive for her crime, and the doctor states that she is subject to hysteria. The judge, one of our emblems of wisdom, sentences her to eighteen months' hard labour. Comment is superfluous. The fact is that the whole of criminal procedure so far as concerns the treatment and sentence of the prisoner should be entrusted to a specially created board of medico-legal practitioners, who would endeavour, not to punish the criminal according to early and Victorian ideas, but to turn him to some good account for the benefit of the State and the community at large.

This does not necessarily mean that there would be no long terms of imprisonment; but it does guarantee that the best methods should be tried for the regeneration of the criminal.

Take, for instance, capital punishment. Certain judges have written recently to express their views on the retention of the death sentence, arguing that it is absolutely a deterrent. This seems a debatable point, particularly in view of the fact that in communities where capital punishment has been abolished the percentage of murders is not very high. But capital punishment is absurd waste of human life. Admitting that there is a tendency to exaggerate the value of human life, criminals condemned to death should be handed over to the medical faculty for experiment, their living or dying being absolutely immaterial, providing they are well fed and not in any way tortured. The celebrated criminal, Koch, who was hanged in Chicago for the murder of his fifty-five wives, actually offered himself for experiment, but was refused owing to the short-sighted folly of the law. The more State action comes into play, the greater will be the need for breaking down the colossal tyranny of the law. Cases and cases come up where it is obvious that the culprit

is abnormal, yet he is relegated to the hard labour which the legal mind imagines is the requisite of reform. The whole attitude of the law is mediæval, its buildings, its procedure, and its inept formalities.

Consider the offence known as contempt of court. A judge may say what he likes, a barrister may do the same, if the judge allow him, and an unfortunate witness or criminal can be bullied, ragged, cross-examined and confounded without the right of resisting, for if he answer back it is contempt of court.

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

Notes on Bergson.

By T. E. Hulme.

III.

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

But my attitude towards the state of mind behind these attacks has become so complicated by the mixture of partial agreement and partial disagreement that I shall try to disentangle the thing out clearly.

I agree entirely with the point of view from which these jokes spring, but, at the same time, I do not see that they have any "point." Some jokes one can never appreciate because they spring from a general mental make-up which one dislikes. I don't appreciate jokes about stupid Conservative candidates, for example. But in this case I am on the same side as the people who make the jokes. Why, then, do they seem to be rather pointless?

Take first the sneer about the antiquity of Bergson's conclusions. I agree with the statement it makes. It is so true that it is merely a platitude. But if it is to have any point as an attack, behind it must lie the supposition that philosophers may, and, indeed, ought to, establish some absolutely new conclusion—if they are to be considered of any importance. This is the most vulgar of all superstitions. No new conclusions can ever be expected, for this reason, that when a philoso-

pher arrives at his conclusions he steps right out of the field of philosophy and into that of common knowledge, where nothing new is, of course, possible. I don't mean by this that he has made a step which he ought not to have made; it is, on the contrary, a necessary and inevitable step, which is involved in the very nature of "conclusions." Every philosopher in his conclusions must pass out of his own special craft and discipline into the kind of knowledge which every man may and should have. He passes from the study to the market-place. I use market-place here something in the sense which is intended in the epitaph which I quote below. It is one which is fairly common, but I happened to see it myself first in a churchyard in Sussex. I put in the second verse just for the fun of the thing:—

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

By the "conclusions" of a philosopher one means his views on the soul, on the relation of matter and mind and the rest of it. If, then, in the above epitaph I take the market-place not to be death itself, but "thoughts and opinions about death," I get the position accurately enough. When the philosopher makes the inevitable step into this market-place, he steps into a region of absolute constancy. Here novelty of belief would be as ridiculous as novelty in the shape of one's body. In these matters, in this market-place, "all men meets." There can be no difference between the philosopher and the ordinary man, and no difference between the men of one generation and the men of another. There is a certain set of varied types of belief which recur constantly.

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

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

I need not be suspected, then, of the kind of excitement about Bergson which would be caused by the delusion that in him one was for the first time in the world's history, in the presence of the truth. That would have caused my instant flight in some other direction.

Though I do not, then, admit that there can be any real novelty in his "conclusions," yet I can sympathise with the people who find their souls a novelty. I am prepared to defend these people as having instinctively seized an aspect of the truth which the traditionalists had neglected.

The traditionalist view, I take it, is this: To state the thing, I take one definite problem and state, in the terms of the market-place, a certain view of the soul which has always existed, and has always been represented by one of the factions. More than that, the objections to that view have also always existed and always been represented. What excuse is there, then, for the people who became suddenly excited at the discovery of their soul? It is not a new view of the soul that is put forward, and it has not overcome any special obstacles peculiar to this period. Why make this tremendous fuss then?

The answer to that I should put in this way: The opposing sides in this dispute, I supposed, represented by opposing factions in the market-place—always remembering, of course, that the market-place exists in you. These factions represent not only the various views it is possible to hold, but also the force with which these views press themselves on your mind. Beliefs are not only representations, they are also forces, and it is possible for one view to compel you to accept it in spite of your preference for another. Now, while it is impossible to create a new faction, it is possible to alter the weapons with which they are armed and so to decide which shall be predominant.

This is just what has happened in the matter of the beliefs about the soul. The growth of the mechanistic theory during the last two centuries has put a weapon of such a new and powerful nature into the hands of the materialist, that in spite of oneself one is compelled to submit. It is as if one side in the faction fight had suddenly armed themselves in steel breast-plates while the other went unprotected.

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

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

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

It could not be said, then, of me that I had "discovered my soul." But simply that for the first time the side that I favoured was able to meet fairly without any fudging the real force which was opposed to it. It would have been sheer silliness on my part to pretend that this force did not exist, for I knew very well that it did and affected me powerfully.

The attitude behind the sneer seems then to me to be childish, because it takes no account of real conditions. To ignore what one gets in Bergson seems to me to be as silly as to take no interest in Dreadnoughts because one is convinced that one Englishman is a match for fifty Germans. I could not be said to have suddenly discovered that I was an Englishman if I exhibited some delight in a naval victory, but merely

that I had some sense of the real forces which move the things. There is, then, nothing comic in the attitude of the people who suddenly discovered their souls, but merely an admirable sense of reality, a sure instinct for the forces that really exist. They had the capacity to understand "the Realpolitik" of "belief."

Summing it all up, then, there exists this constant struggle between the two attitudes we can assume about the soul. But during the last 150 years the balance between the two has been greatly disturbed. The materialist side has clothed itself in a certain armour which makes it irresistible, at least to people of a certain honesty of mind and a certain kind of education. In more concrete terms, what is all this?

* * *

The problem as it has always existed in the market-place, quite independently of its modern manifestations, can be stated quite simply: Is consciousness a mere local phenomenon appearing in certain places where there is a certain highly complex arrangement of matter and entirely at the mercy of the surrounding material circumstances? Or is it a permanent part of reality which only manifests itself under these circumstances, but which exists apart from them?

I put the difference between these two constant views in market-place terminology as a contrast between two different states of mind. I give these states merely as states that occur, without any suppositions as to whether the things we feel in them are true or delusive. They are illustrations by which the problem can be most easily stated. I give them entirely from the point of view of the novelist, then.

This, roughly, is the first state. Among the multifarious contents of a man's mind somewhere in the rubbish heap there is one mood which now and again comes to the top. In certain periods of mental excitement it seems quite clear to one that the active mind whose workings have just excited one, in the working out of a problem, say, or the seizure for the first time of a new idea, must exist independently of matter. When the mind is in full action in this way it seems inconceivable that it is not an independent and persisting entity. It seems ridiculous to think that it is less real than matter. One may get the same kind of sensation in a different way. Sometimes walking down an empty street at night one suddenly becomes conscious of oneself as a kind of eternal subject facing an eternal object. One gets a vague sentiment of being, as it were, balanced against the outside world and co-eternal with it.

Take, on the other hand, an absolutely different state of mind. To make the thing concrete, I will suppose that I am lying in bed ill, in some pain, and unable to get to sleep. This balance I have just talked about seems then upset. The two things that were balanced are no longer so, for all the weights have gone into the one pan. It is now only the material world that seems to be real and enduring. My own consciousness does not seem to me to be an enduring and solid thing at all. It seems as unsubstantial as the flame of a candle and as easily put out.

Now if either of these states occur alone there would be no need for philosophy. You would simply believe the evidence of the state you were in and which you happen to be in. But, unfortunately, for one's peace of mind these states do not occur alone. We pass continually, and sometimes rapidly, from one to the other. At one time one has a firm conviction of the reality and persistence of mind, and at another time one is equally convinced that it is as flimsy as a shadow. The memory of one mood persisting on into the other and forming thus a background of doubt to the firm assurance of the other, we are obliged to search out some system which will enable us to decide which is real and which is a delusion, to decide which is to be taken as a rock-like solidity and which is a temporary aberration of the mind due to the situation of the moment.

I do not, of course, put these two states forward as anything more than two sentiments which do exist and can be described. The question as to whether they

correspond to anything real has to be decided in other ways. One can state the question at dispute a little more objectively, in order to bring to a focus the real point of difference which has to be decided. There exist, distributed in space, at this minute, so many centres of consciousness, just as there are so many electric lights in the streets outside. Is there any real resemblance between these two phenomena? Each light exists as the result of certain material conditions, and can be easily extinguished. It is possible for the whole of the lights to be put out. No one pretends that there is a kind of light-world independent of the real world and that light is immortal and endures. Is the same true of consciousness? To all appearances it seems as easy to extinguish a centre of consciousness as to extinguish a centre of light. Is, then, consciousness like light, a phenomenon occurring here and there as the result of certain local physical conditions, having no separate enduring existence? Or is each centre of consciousness, to continue my use of domestic metaphor, better compared to a water-tap, where if you turn off the tap you do not thereby annihilate water?

Is consciousness, then, a temporary phenomenon coming out in spots, or is it a permanent, continuous and enduring entity? The difference between these views is connected somehow with the idea of "separation," and anything which increases your consciousness of your separation from other things increases your conviction that the electric-light view is the right one. Extreme cold, for example, increases your feeling of "separation" from the world, and at the same time tends to convince you that consciousness is nothing but a mere local phenomenon. Personally, I can never walk down the narrow spiral stone staircases that you get in old castles and church towers without feeling what a frail thing consciousness is and how it is caught in the net of matter and is absolutely at its mercy.

On the other hand, we are told that if a man could go to the centre of his own mind and penetrate beneath the surface manifestations of consciousness he would feel himself joined on to a world of consciousness which is independent of matter; he would feel himself joined on to something which went beyond himself, and in no sense an isolated point at the mercy of local changes in matter. The retort to this, of course, would be that he was merely deluding himself.

This is the whole question in as crude a metaphor as I can get. There exist along Oxford Street various entirely separate red buildings known as Tube Stations. As far as outside appearances go, each has no physical connection with the other. Let the phenomenon of conscious life be represented by the ticket clerks at these stations. Suppose that for some mysterious reason they become extremely unpopular and a hostile crowd boards up one of the stations. The crowd represents the world of matter. Would the clerks as a result of this boarding up cease to exist? Obviously not, for they, on descending the lift, would find themselves in communication with an underground world which extended beyond themselves. Such is the position of consciousness from one point of view. The position from the opposite point of view would be represented by a number of men living at isolated points, who at the threat of danger dug down under the delusion that they would in that way reach down to an underground passage which did not, as a matter of fact, exist. There are the two views. Either the one or the other must be true. Either consciousness is joined on to something which passes beyond its local appearance in certain physical conditions, or it is not. That is the position as it has always existed. Though appearances, in the shape of death, seem to be in favour of the materialist view, yet the matter was always "open." One could take the opposite side without any flagrant absurdity.

The question in this stage is, then, an open one. The balance of evidence is on the materialist side, but not sufficiently so to turn it into a nightmare. The arrival of the mechanistic view changes all this. It

turns the open question into a closed one. It settles the thing definitely in favour of materialism. It is not merely that you may believe that this is the true view, but that you have to. The honest use of your reason leads you inevitably to that position.

Views and Reviews.

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

Bishop Warburton, after an acquaintance with Sterne of less than two years' duration, wrote: "The fellow is an irrevocable scoundrel." Mr. Lewis Melville's only comment is: "However, little stress need be laid on this, for Warburton was given unduly to the use of strong language on the slightest provocation." But a biographer cannot be allowed to shirk his duty in this manner. Exactly why Warburton changed his opinion of Sterne we shall probably never know; but there is presumptive evidence, at least, that there was some breach of faith by Sterne to justify the Bishop's condemnation. It must be admitted that the story that Sterne had blackmailed Dr. Warburton was told before the two were acquainted. It was in consequence of this scandalous report that Sterne wrote to Garrick in 1770, according to Mr. Melville, to beg an introduction to the Bishop. The introduction was made; the Bishop presented Sterne with a purse of gold; he recommended "Tristram Shandy" to the bench of bishops, and called Sterne "the English Rabelais"; he corresponded with Sterne, and when the fifth and sixth volumes were published, in 1761, he wrote to a friend the phrase I have quoted. As the story was that Sterne was bribed not to lampoon Warburton in "Tristram," it seems probable that Warburton was not satisfied that Sterne had kept his promise. There is a parallel case which proves that Sterne's principles in such a matter were not strict.

In 1759 Sterne lampooned a Dr. Topham in a pamphlet entitled "A Political Romance." Mr. Melville must, of course, correct everybody else, and he says: "It is usually said that 'A Political Romance' was not published during the author's life, but this statement is inaccurate. It was printed in January, 1759, but suppressed." The other biographers were right; for Mr. Melville's subsequent statement that it was published, "somewhat revised, and without the key or the letters, in 1769," does not invalidate their statement. Sterne died, according to Mr. Melville, on March 18, 1868. Either Mr. Melville or the printer has added a century to Sterne's age, but that is no matter for cavil in an expensive biography. What I want to insist on is the reason for the suppression in 1759.

The quarrel that produced "A Political Romance" was a clergymen's quarrel about preferments. According to Mr. Melville, in December, 1748, Dr. Topham wrote a pamphlet in which he "attacked the Dean [of York] for having given to Laurence Sterne, in 1751, the Commissaryship of Pickering and Pocklington, which, he alleged, had been promised to him." Life,

* "Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne." By Lewis Melville. (Stanley Paul. 2 vols. 28s. net.)

we know, is a mystery; so we need not be surprised to find a character in a biography writing to complain of a broken promise three years before it was broken. There was written an answer to the pamphlet, and a rejoinder to the answer; and then Sterne wrote "A Political Romance." It was suppressed, says Mr. Melville, "because Dr. Topham informed the author that if the pamphlet was withheld, he would resign his pretensions to the reversion in question to the next candidate." In spite of this bargain, we find Sterne writing, in 1761, in his "memorandums left with Mrs. Montagu in case I should die abroad": "If there wants ought to serve the completion of a third volume—the 'Political Romance' I wrote, which was never published—may be added to the fag-end of the volumes." The great man has spoken for himself, and has said that a bargain may be broken when it pleases him to do so. The one case, if it does not explain it, must be considered in connection with the other; and a biographer who was worth his salt would have done so. Mr. Melville does not. It is enough for him that "Warburton used strong language on the slightest provocation"; but Mr. Melville's readers are not thereby enlightened concerning the character of Sterne.

Take another case. After the publication of the first two volumes of "Tristram Shandy," Hall-Stevenson, the friend of Sterne at Cambridge, wrote "Two Lyric Epistles" to "my cousin Shandy, on his coming to town," which, by their impropriety, caused much scandal. Warburton wrote to tell Sterne of their publication, and that the authorship was generally attributed to Hall-Stevenson. This was Sterne's reply: "The first ode, which places me and the author in a ridiculous light, was sent to me in a cover without a name, which, after striking out some parts, as a whimsical performance, I showed to some acquaintance; and as Mr. Garrick had told me some time before he would write an ode, for a day or two I supposed that it came from him. I found afterwards it was sent me from Mr. Hall; for, from a nineteen years' interruption of all correspondence with him, I had forgot his hand, which, at last, when I recollected, I sent it back." Was Sterne telling the truth about his connection with Hall-Stevenson? They knew each other at Cambridge for a few months in 1735; and the date given by Sterne suggests that they wrote to each other until 1741. But if the correspondence lapsed, the friendship did not. "There is an abundance of evidence," says Mr. Melville in another place, "to show that, long before 1760, they were again on the best terms." "'Twas at Jesus College, Cambridge," wrote Sterne, "I commenced a friendship with Mr. Hall, which has been most lasting on both sides." It is known that Sterne was a frequent visitor to Skelton Castle, the residence of Hall-Stevenson, and was a member of a group of friends called "The Demoniacs." It is generally believed that Skelton Castle became the property of Hall-Stevenson after 1745. Mr. Melville, unless the printer has erred, proves that it became his in 1733, when he was fifteen years of age. If this was so—if he was the owner of Skelton Castle when he was at Cambridge—it is highly improbable that the acquaintance ever lapsed; and equally improbable that the correspondence ceased. That Sterne lied to avoid scandal was, perhaps, natural; but the fact impairs, if it does not invalidate, his testimony to himself, and Mr. Melville's attempt "to collect all that helps to build up his character" does not really help us to an understanding of the man.

The production of ex parte evidence cannot be accepted as biography. Walpole said, and Byron repeated, that: "Sterne preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother." Mr. Melville produces letters of Sterne's which certainly call for a judicial reconsideration of the matter. There is no need to suppose that the Archdeacon of York, his uncle, was a chivalrous defender of a distressed female; but it is disquieting to readers who wish to believe Sterne to find him denouncing his mother as "clamorous and rapacious," and resisting her demands in the interest of his wife. We are the more disquieted when we find in the "Journal to Eliza" that he makes the

same charges against his wife; the woman who, at the time of their marriage, settled her little fortune of £40 a year on him, was driven temporarily mad by his infidelities, and when success came to him, simply desired to live apart from him in France as cheaply as possible. It may be, of course, that Sterne's well-known trick of plagiarism (a trick not mentioned by Mr. Melville) was played in this case; for certain passages of his love-letters to his wife are reproduced, verbatim et literatim, in the "Journal to Eliza." But a biographer, following so many other biographers, boasting the possession of so much new material, and so determined to show us "the great man in his habit as he lived," should be able to tell us of what value as fact Sterne's testimony to himself was possessed. Mr. Melville does not.

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

I am the more inclined to believe that the errors of date are not due to the printer by the fact that, in his appendix on "Authorities," Mr. Melville writes "eighteen and a half years" for eight and a half. If I am right, Mr. Melville is responsible for the increase of Sterne's age from fifty-five years to more than two hundred; and a man who could write a letter in 1670 and die in 1868 has not lived since Bible history was superseded. Nor does Mr. Melville compensate us for his inaccuracies by his judgments. Beyond saying that "Mr. Sterne, it is to be feared, was an arrant humbug" in his love affairs, he never commits himself to an opinion. The publication of the "Journal to Eliza" and of some new letters seems to be the only justification for this biography; for Mr. Melville has nothing to say of Sterne as a writer. From the point of view of biography, many of the letters could have been omitted; frequently three or four recount the same facts or statements of intentions to different people. Their literary interest is small, for Sterne's habit of repeating his own phrases makes his letters very dull reading; and the man is not manifest in them.

A. E. R.

Present-Day Criticism.

A RECENT dictum from Mr. Huntly Carter sounded to some of us rather as though an oracle were being recklessly given upon the highways, an oracle all too clear and therefore abortive. "Out of a union of the classic and the modern the new romantic drama will be born." Verily, we said to ourselves, the whole circulationist world will now be running to produce the romantic drama and the poor thing will never see the light. Mr. Carter deserves exile for making free with the Mysteries! Indignant, trembling, we hurried round

to a young playwright whom we knew to be studying for the market. If from anyone, from him we should gather ill-tidings.

"About the new drama?" we blurted out.

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

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

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

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

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

"But what will you do about the Trousers?"

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

That being Mr. Carter's mutton, we return to ours, where literary silliness in the undefended field of novels has chewed up everything and is now bleating on the mud. There will be no future for the novel as a work of art until the present flock of novelists is securely fenced in the smart circulating libraries, where nobody will mind what they chew up or trample down. Of one thing we are satisfied, that the critics loathe them. Last week, in one daily paper, whose name, for intelligible reasons, we will not mention, we noted that out of nine reviews of current novels (five by well-known market-men), eight were contemptuous and the ninth more so. They might have appeared in our own columns. They could not a year ago have appeared where they did! The advance is merry. It means that the reign of the alternately terrorising and bribing novelist is closing. A new generation of critics is arriving, and the oldest—that which has suffered from the circulationist reviewers as the artist has suffered from the circulationist writers—will emerge to give us the benefit of its long shouted-down culture. Soon to be seen dining with a circulationist will ruin a critic's reputation, as it should! And when, one of these days, we publish our list of declined invitations the world will keep us for the rest of our lives, as it should. "We were thin but honest" shall be our epitaph.

Few people outside the publishing world realise that there are only three papers whose opinion counts with official librarians and with good booksellers. These worthies consult the "Times," the "Spectator," and the "Athenæum." You would often suppose that the journals themselves do not understand their responsibility. Regarding the "Times," for instance, we have concluded that the fiction reviewers are at daggers drawn, one side for the circulationists, the other for literature. The "Spectator" is careful as to artistic subject, but often indifferent to execution. The "Athenæum," we regret to say, is mostly incompetent. But there it is. In the past, these three journals captured the librarian mind, and they still hold it. We envy them their power, but are not below begging them to use it. We desire, beyond the belief of the most passionate devotee of Venus, the return of the Muses. Our life is not worth living without them, and we shall have to give it all up unless a way is opened for the bright young singers to come forth from the temples where they sit, not waiting upon the goddesses, but alas! wasting their sweetness upon imaginary congregations, or, as some declare, upon University dons. We have heard wondrous rumours of priceless manuscripts passed round and burned! Do Mr. Times, Mr. Spectator and Mr. Athenæum take up your task! Clear the way, even if you see nothing but the shadow of the Muse to strengthen you. She will not come into the muddled field where the circulationists batten. So turn them out that we may hear once again the golden horn blowing and see the coloured robes glancing by stream and woodland and a gay band coming over the hills. Whether they come or not makes all the difference to us between life and a sorrowful grave!

Art and Drama.

By Huntly Carter.

THIS is not an age of essentials. The exhibition of old masters at the Grafton Galleries is very typical of what it is, namely, an age of unessentials. The old masters are unessential. They were mostly fools and photographers, and now they are obstacles. In fact, looking upon the long stream of painting at the Grafton Galleries it is as though one saw a current stretching far back charged with mud and weeds, bearing down upon a rock, the new vision, where it divides, the filth flowing in one direction, the pure stream in the other. Moving along with the pure stream are the men who are impressed with the truth of the eternal idea; while floating upon the muddy stream are the stupid followers of the Old Men shouting, "We are the stream."

* * *

The most noticeable thing about the stream is the gradual narrowing of expression from the Primitives to the present time. Painting has indeed come to represent the lack of mental organisation in the painter. If painters have all through preserved fullness of vision, wideness of expression has failed them. So has come the gradual aggrandisement of the material and the disassociation of ideas. This may be seen in the centuries of painting at the Grafton. Watching the "great artists" at work is like witnessing a number of "turns" at a cosmopolitan music-hall, where the "stars" work in the order of the Creation, according to which the sun comes first, then the vegetation after the sun, then the four-legged beasts, and lastly the two-legged beasts. So they proceed, the early men treating man as Atlas, and hanging landscapes on to him as appendages. The Venetians constructing ample middle distances and neglecting to erect suitable buildings on either side. The school of Van Eyck venerate Nature and preserving it in French polish. The so-called romanticists like Claude dancing on the crust of Nature, believing they are capering in the infinite. Turner wrapping Nature in atmosphere. The portraitists putting man in an iron mask. Rembrandt reducing character to a high-light on the tip of the nose. Velasquez lotting up families and dispatching them to the Dark Ages. All these and other evidences that the Old Men saw things with the bodily eye and not with the corresponding eye of the soul, are to be met at the Grafton. The exhibition is indeed typical of the age. It should be clothed in an ass's skin.

* * *

Though such exhibitions of unintelligent shipwrecks are uninteresting, they have a comparative value. They serve to destroy the assumption that there is any real gap between the old and, generally speaking, the new form of painting. Both the old masters at the Grafton and, with one or two exceptions, the new masters at the Goupil Gallery are concerned with copying objects rather than with mastering their inner or essential meaning, and with stating what each object represents rather than with obtaining the most complete expression in relation to the main theme. Many of these objects are, it is true, highly-connected and rich and fit subjects for Society galleries, but they need a fusion of impressions introduced into their semi-detached lives to make them fit subjects for immortality.

* * *

Many of the New Men are also abreast of the Old Ones in the matter of colour. If the latter are black with age and intention, the former are black by temperament. They seem to have no instinct or special aptitude for handling bright colour. Compare some of the Goupilites with the Salonese and the fallacy of the prevalent belief in this country that bright colour is just a matter of keeping on bright colour and low tones

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

"Rhythm" should organise itself on Chinese lines and maintain the essential idea. The text of the current number is mainly a discussion of back numbers--Debussy, Van Gogh, and Croce. We have had enough of the first. Debussy is Maurice Maeterlinck not a piano. The "Letters of Van Gogh" ought not to have been published. They merely reveal there is no greater fool than a big painter when writing about his own work. Heaven sent Van Gogh to paint, not to write. Had he known his duty he would have recognised it was his not to reason why, his but to paint or die. From Croce's "Æsthetic," Mr. Middleton Murry manages to extract a point of present interest by revealing the confusion in the philosopher's mind between impression and expression. The illustrations by Herbin, Peplow, and Estelle Rice are excellent. J. D. Bergusson's headpiece is a lesson in fullness of expression with the greatest economy of line. It is full of light and a masterpiece in its way. Jessie Dismore sets Isadore Duncan moving in finely-balanced mass and direction of line.

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The exhibition of paintings, drawings, and prints by Reginald Hallward and James Guthrie at the St. George's Gallery has the rare distinction of imagination. The artists, especially Mr. Guthrie, appear to have been travelling about on poetic emotions. Mr. Guthrie favours fairyland. But his titles need revising. The sky of "Dreamland," for instance, is not at all dreamy. It is going at a terrific knock-me-off-the-earth rate. Still the lyrical note is there—in G-major.

FIVE POEMS.

By Jack Collings Squire.

A CHANT.

Gently the petals fall as the tree gently sways
That has known many springs and many petals fall
Year after year to strew the green deserted ways
And the statue and the pond and the low, broken wall.

Faded is the memory of old things done,
Peace floats on the ruins of ancient festival;
They lie and forget in the warmth of the sun,
And a sky silver-blue arches over all.

O softly, O tenderly, the heart now stirs
With desires faint and formless; and, seeking not,
I find
Quiet thoughts that flash like azure kingfishers
Across the luminous tranquil mirror of the mind.

STARLIGHT.

Last night I lay in an open field
And looked at the stars with lips sealed;
No noise moved the windless air,
And I looked at the stars with steady stare.

There were some that glittered and some that shone
With a soft and equal glow, and one
That queened it over the sprinkled round,
Swaying the host with silent sound.

"Calm things," I thought, "in your cavern blue,
I will learn and hold and master you;
I will yoke and scorn you as I can,
For the pride of my heart is the pride of a man."

Grass to my cheek in the dewy field
I lay quite still with lips sealed,
And the pride of a man and his rigid gaze
Stalked like swords on heaven's ways.

But through a sudden gate there stole
The Universe and spread in my soul;
Quick went my breath and quick my heart,
And I looked at the stars with lips apart.

FLORIAN'S SONG.

My soul, it shall not take us,
O we will escape
This world that strives to break us
And cast us to its shape;
Its chisel shall not enter,
Its fire shall not touch,
Hard from rim to centre,
We will not crack or smutch.

'Gainst words sweet and flowered
We have an amulet,
We will not play the coward
For any black threat;
If we but give endurance
To what is now within—
The single assurance
That it is good to win.

Slaves think it better
To be weak than strong,
Whose hate is a fetter
And their love a thong.
But we will view those others
With eyes like stone,
And if we have no brothers
We will walk alone.

AT NIGHT.

Dark firtops foot the moony sky,
Pale moonlight bars the drive;
Here at the open window I
Sit smoking and alive.

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

MOESTA ET ERRABUNDA.

(From "*Les Fleurs du Mal*.")

Agatha, tell me, does thy heart not ache,
Plunged in this squalid city's filthy sea,
For another ocean where the splendours break
Blue, clear, and deep as is virginity.
Agatha, tell me, does thy heart not ache?
The sea, the sea unending, comforts us!
What demon gave the hoarse old sea who sings
To her mumbling hurricanes' organ thunderous
The god-like power to cradle sorrowful things?
The sea, the sea unending, comforts us.
Carry me, wagon, bear me, barque, away!
Far! Far! For here the mud is made of tears!
Does Agatha's sad heart not sometimes say:
"O far from shudderings and crimes and fears,
Carry me, wagon; bear me, barque, away?"
How far thou art, O scented paradise,
O paradise where all is love and joy,
Where all is worthy love 'neath the azure skies,
And the heart drowns in bliss without alloy!
How far thou art, O scented paradise!
But the green paradise of childish loves,
The games, the songs, the kisses and the flowers,
The laughing draughts of wine in hidden groves,
The violins throbbing through the twilight hours,
—But the green paradise of childish loves.
The artless paradise of stealthy joys,
Is that already leagues beyond Cathay?
And can one, with a little plaintive noise,
Bring it again that is so far away—
The artless paradise of stealthy joys?

Doggy: A Buccaneer Tale.

By E. H. Visiak

EARLY in the year 1680, a company of buccaneers rowed up the river of Darien in a periagua, an oar, or rather a sweep, to a man, pulling with long, slow, lazy strokes in the glare, losing the sense of labour in a rhythm. The reach of the river was clear of snags.

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

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

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

The periagua was victualled with chocolate and plantains. They carried a copper pot for boiling the chocolate, and a water-beaker. They had rowed about fifty leagues from the shallow waters of the Gulf, having met with no Indians, nor seen any signs of habitation. At their advance, monkeys took fright, gibbering on the banks among the shimmering, glittering green vegetation. Peccary—little black wild hogs—scampered

away grunting. Sometimes a deer fled fleetly. Parrots rose screaming in wavering flight. Presently this was changed as the banks ahead became dark with mangrove.

The buccaneers immediately landed. They were by no means squeamish or imaginative; but the thought of having to camp in a mangrove swamp was displeasing to them. They camped in a little clearing of the woods, hauling up their periagua on the bank. As their pot came to the boil the sun sank. Darkness closed rapidly about the flickering arc of their fire's lurid light. They had made, too, a smouldering fire of damp aromatic leaves, to deter the evening mosquitoes.

Having supped, they sat round the fire smoking their thick clay pipes. From the mangrove swamps there came the monotonous, hoarse, machine-like croaking of frogs and other cacophonous voices. The poet-singer reclined against the trunk of a macaw tree, improvising in his mind, undisturbed either by chatter or snores. The rhythm of his verse was influenced by the croaking of the frogs.

I will sing—of a maid—
That I loved—dear. . . .

Thus it ran.

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

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

"Pete?"

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

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

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

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

"Running mad! What mean you?"

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

He stopped, catching in his breath, his eyes dilating wildly. Then, with a groan, he put his hand to the back of his neck. Immediately after a confused outcry of groans and alarms arose in the camp. Five of the buccaneers had been stricken from behind. Small, barbed, wooden darts were embedded in their flesh, the heavy hafts having broken off. Trying desperately and unavailing to draw them out, cursing at the pain, the wounded men yielded themselves for lost, foreboding that the darts were poisoned.

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

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

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

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

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

"Bless us, it be Doggy!"

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

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

The barking sound came again.

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

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

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

The flames of the camp fire, which they fed often from a heap of touchwood and dead branches, cast swirling streamers of lurid and blue light into the blackness. Brutish noises came fitfully from the woods, but whether natural or artificial they could not tell. This state of things continued for the space of an hour, by the end of which time most of the buccaneers slept. Even one of the two sentries began to doze. He was relieved by the poet, who alone was fully wakeful. He, humane man, had done what he could for the wounded, extracting the darts, when it could be effected at all safely.

I have said that these buccaneers were not *imaginative*. Yet the poet possessed an approximation to *nerves*; and, while the others slept, and his fellow-sentry nodded, and one of the wounded cried intermittently in delirium, the environing darkness became horrible to him. In vain he tried to compose, finding only broken lines and rhythms. Every brute-call, every slightest stirring in the thicket was an alarm to him. At length, however, becoming easier in his mind, he began to doze. A wave of slumber came over him, drawing him to deep sleep.

He woke up suddenly, staring wildly up into the face of an Indian, which shone bronze-like and terrific in the flickering firelight. His legs were tied together and his arms were bound to his sides with lathes of lianes. He gazed dazedly round, to see that his comrades had been served similarly. They had also been gagged; and, even as he noticed it, a band of some broad, stout leaf was slipped and drawn tight over his mouth.

Taking them under the arms, the Indians slung their captives across their backs and bore them off into the dark woods, winding through the thickets with masterful agility, so that the buccaneers suffered scarcely a scratch in their passage through the close undergrowth. Several Indians remained behind to strip the camp. The wounded buccaneers they speared. The Indians acted throughout in silence.

When the captives had been carried some fifty yards through the bush, they found themselves in a labyrinth of mangrove swamps, which were dimly illuminated by starlight. Having proceeded a little way through the weird, crypt-like scenes, the Indians came to a stand at a place where the mangroves formed an over-arched, hall-like chamber. Like a hall in hell, indeed, it appeared, with the long, knotted roots and tendrils intertwined in cramped contortions.

Here the Indians set their captives upon the ground, and ranged them, in sitting postures, in a double row along the curved mangrove wall. Then they stood silent and motionless, waiting. Suddenly and simultaneously they threw themselves prostrate, and lay pressing their foreheads upon the ground. A human figure had emerged from the further screen of mangrove. Its body was covered to the ground in a long, sleeveless, scarlet gown, which shimmered in the dim starlight; the face appeared as a dark, tangle of long, straggling hair and unkept beard.

The bound and gagged buccaneers sat staring at it. The figure stood motionless. Suddenly it moved, and began to bark like a dog! It whined and howled, snapping its teeth. Foam spattered over its beard. It writhed and twisted in a convulsion. And, on that, the Indians sprang to their feet. Each drew a spear from the mangrove roots behind them, and plunged it into the body of a buccaneer.

The poet, who left this narrative, alone survived. Left, apparently, for dead by the Indians, he recovered consciousness in the morning. He lay, stripped to the skin, in the deserted mangrove swamps, amongst the naked corpses of his comrades.

Richard Wagner.

By E. Belfort Bax.

THESE volumes,* containing the detailed account of his own life and, at times, the outpourings of his innermost soul on the part of the great maestro, have been widely read and discussed since their issue last spring. The autobiography has generally been treated as a disgraceful self-relation comparable, though in a different way, to Rousseau's "Confessions." It has been stated often enough that the true Wagner, as here self-revealed, stands before us in an abject light with his character for ever shattered. After a careful perusal of these 870 pages, I find myself utterly incapable of echoing the popular verdict. On the contrary, these Confessions of Wagner, as they might be termed, with their frank exposure of shortcomings, poverty, the meannesses and degradation incidental to it, have only raised my sympathy with the author as man. There is something eminently human in this autobiography. It is easy to find weak points in Wagner's character; it is easy to call him a sponge; indeed, it is not to be denied that his dependence on friends and sometimes mere acquaintances for financial assistance and sometimes even for board and lodging, gives an unpleasing colour to much of the life before us. But as regards this, it must not be forgotten that we have to do with a genius of a peculiarly high order which, if it was to manifest itself at all, could only do so under conditions that it set for itself. Wagner, earning a precarious livelihood for himself and wife as music teacher, or as conductor at some small theatre, would not have produced "Lohengrin," "The Meistersinger," or "The Ring." As a matter of fact, he did do something equivalent to this during his first residence in Paris, when he kept his small household, often increased by indigent friends, who shared his hospitality, by the repellent labour of arranging pianoforte scores of the Italian operas of the period, writing short stories and other journalistic hackwork for musical papers. But during all this time, though desiring eagerly to do so, he could produce no serious work. The nature of Wagner's genius required, in order to realise itself, perfect freedom from material wants and worries. When we understand this we can appreciate better the master's willingness to accept, and, at times, even to solicit, financial and other assistance from friends and acquaintances.

Wagner's amatory adventures, real and alleged, have to be guessed at from hints thrown out in the course of the autobiography rather than from detailed narrative. For our autobiographer was no Casanova. It is certain that during his stay in Zurich he got the reputation, rightly or wrongly, of being a slayer of domestic peace. I well remember in the 'eighties of the last century at least one old gentleman, among the rapidly diminishing and now extinct coterie of old 'forty-eighters then resident in the town, for whom the name of Wagner was as a red rag to a bull. The mention of the great composer invariably opened the flood-gates of a torrent of moral indignation from this worthy bourgeois. It was even an amusement for some of his younger friends to introduce the subject and defend Wagner's alleged delinquencies in order to call forth the emphatic expression of opinion to the effect that it mattered not how great an artist a man might be, if he fell short of the correct standard of private morality he was anathema to the speaker!

Whatever may be the truth of Wagner's general relations with women, it is certain that he showed the most exemplary forbearance with his wife Minna. This woman, with whom he contracted a legal marriage in spite of the fact that, according to conventional notions, her conduct seems to have been distinctly "polyandrous," already had a daughter by a previous lover when she made Wagner's acquaintance, and apart from this seems to have run rather freely after other men. Only a few weeks from their wedding, in November, 1836, Wagner being thirty-three years old, she ran off with a rich merchant. Though doubtless not without her good qualities, this Minna, even apart from any ques-

tion of sexual irregularities (of which, moreover, it is only fair to say, we hear no more in later years), must have been a very trying person for a highly-strung, extremely sensitive nature like Wagner to get on with. Sprung from a lower middle-class family, with a very imperfect education, with no appreciation for ideals, artistic or otherwise, their mutual relations are easy to be understood. That he should subsequently have found happiness in the constant affection of a really refined and intellectual woman, such as was Liszt's daughter, Cosima von Bülow, we can very well understand.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Wagner's sensibility was purely æsthetic. The autobiography bears constant witness to the sensitiveness of his moral nature. As an instance we might cite the story narrated (vol. i., p. 91) of the attack, in which he joined, on an unpopular fellow-guest named André in a public Biergarten at Würzburg. Respecting this "wicked trick," as he calls it, Wagner says: "I relate this incident to atone for a sin which has weighed very heavily on my conscience ever since. I can compare this sad experience only with one out of my earliest boyhood days—namely, the drowning of some puppies in a shallow pool behind my uncle's house in Eisleben. Even to this day I cannot think of the slow death of these poor little creatures without horror. I have never quite forgotten some of my thoughtless and reckless actions; for the sorrows of others, and in particular those of animals, have always affected me deeply to the extent of filling me with a disgust of life."

The critical period of Wagner's activity while he filled the post of conductor of the Royal orchestra at the Dresden Court Theatre—a period to which belong the composition and production of *Rienzi*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and *Tannhäuser*, and the composition, though not the production, of *Lohengrin*—is described in great detail. Perhaps one of the most interesting portions of the whole work is that dealing with the events of 1848 and 1849, especially the latter year, in which the insurrection broke out and which saw the flight of the maestro from Dresden and eventually from Germany. Wagner's narrative of his intimacy with the quondam theatre-manager and later Socialist, Röckel, and the anarchist, Michael Bakunin, together with his own political activity which took the form at one time of assisting Röckel with his paper, the "Volksblatt," culminating in the graphic description of the barricades in the streets and his own escape, form very good reading. Especially interesting is the light thrown upon the character of Bakunin, for whose courage and unselfish devotion Wagner had unbounded admiration and for whom personally he seems to have entertained a strong affection. With Germany for the time being barred to him, the maestro had now to cast about him how to fashion his future. Fortunately he found friends in Switzerland as elsewhere. He worked on "*Tristan and Isolde*," as well as on the text of the "*Niebelungen*"; but it is no part of our purpose here to give an outline sketch of the autobiography. The course of Wagner's life can only be profitably studied in his own very full and detailed account.

There are, of course, many criticisms that might be made as regards the book itself. For example, for many readers the extreme elaboration of the circumstances often connected with somewhat squalid backstairs intrigues, as to the getting-up of concerts and opera performances, might doubtless have been cut down with advantage. Most of the details are absolutely destitute of any living interest at the present day, and throw no special light on the character of our author or of any other person of note. The meannesses or otherwise of forgotten theatre and concert impresarios, etc., have no sort of interest for the present generation. On the other hand, praise can be given for the impartial manner in which the composer deals with the story of his matrimonial relations. While he gives Frau Minna Wagner full credit for all the good qualities she may have possessed in the way of a certain amiability and good nature, the fact remains that she must have been a terrible burden to him. The allusions

* "My Life." By Richard Wagner. (Macmillan.)

"Family Letters of Richard Wagner." (Heinemann.)

to Cosima Von Bülow, who subsequently became his wife, are comparatively few and slight during the period with which the biography deals, for it is only brought down to the year 1864, ending with the author's first call to Munich. Up to this time the relations with Cosima would not seem to have begun to shape themselves in any definite manner.

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

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

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

This is scarcely the place to deal with the position of Wagner in the evolution of musical art and in the history of human culture generally. Of the epoch-making character of Wagner's genius no one doubts at the present day. That he has revolutionised opera is clear enough. The one point to remark upon is his not having directly contributed much to "absolute music," as he would have termed it. Beyond one or two independent overtures, there is no musical creation of his which has not a direct connection with the stage. And yet the indirect influence of Wagner may be seen in most of our modern classical compositions. For the rest, one is struck by the fact of the width of Wagner's outlook. He was eminently an all-round man. He looked at his art from the point of view of human life and culture in general, being the first famous composer of whom this can be said. Not all the carpings of critics as to the pretended imperfections of character discoverable in the record of his own life now before us will suffice to rob Wagner of his legitimate claims as a truly great modern man.

A word as to the translation of "My Life." We have not had an opportunity of comparing it with the original, but can say that the style of the English is admirable and seldom betrays its character as a translation. It is, indeed, quite exceptionally good in this respect. Mr. Ashton Ellis's translation of the "Letters"

gives the impression of being extremely faithful in its adherence to the original if, perhaps, a trifle less idiomatic than the English of the anonymous translator of the autobiography.

The Plato-Picasso Idea.

By Huntly Carter.

THE NEW AGE represents the new age. Picassoism is not of the new age, but in the new age. Accordingly there is presented with this week's issue a reproduction of an advanced study by a painter who is one of the most advanced spirits in Paris to-day. THE NEW AGE is the first journal in this country to show an intelligent appreciation of the latest stage in M. Picasso's remarkable development, that is at present generally misunderstood and derided, just as the comparatively commonplace early work of the Pre-Raphaelites was jeered at and spat upon. The work of M. Picasso and his followers has been so associated by the ignorant ha'penny critics with cubism that it has become the constant habit of these persons to discuss everything produced by these painters in terms of geometry. This is how the famous Mr. Lewis Hind lets himself go in the "Daily Chronicle": "The Cubists, those drear, reviled folk, who are *geometricians* first and painters second, arouse interest with their figures and architecture, and still-lives emerging from canvases that look like coloured, symbolical frontispieces to editions of Euclid." Here Mr. Hind develops his cube-root in a manner of which only Mr. Hind is capable. In another of his outbursts he asks whether any lover of the old masters can avoid feeling "displeasure before a geometrical, cubical landscape by Picasso?" He is apparently quite ignorant of the fact that the old masters at least saw light reflected at angles just as Mr. Hind's cubists do, but they were not intelligent enough to give their vision the Picasso wide-ness of expression. Picassoism is thus summarily brushed aside to the satisfaction of Mr. Lewis Hind, whose efforts during recent years to make board and lodging in the daily press out of the advanced movement in painting has probably done that movement more harm than he (Mr. Hind) will ever be able to repair.

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

REVIEWS.

Tory Democracy. By J. M. Kennedy. (Swift. 3s. 6d. net.)

During the months when the bulk of his chapters contained in this volume were running serially in *THE NEW AGE*, no Conservative politician to our knowledge paid any attention to them. It remains to be seen whether their publication in book form will meet with any better fate. Whether, however, they are received or ignored, students of the history and prospects of English politics must be prepared to examine the problems here set out with courageous if tentative solutions. Mr. Kennedy is of the opinion, now apparently forgotten by political Conservatives, that Conservatism is an active principle and requires to be constantly maintained by positive conduct. It is not enough for Conservatives to remain in their trenches in defence of the ancient institutions of the country. As a matter of fact, this passive resistance has actually already lost them most of the treasures on which Disraeli, for example, and Lord Randolph Churchill set such store. The hereditary principle, to quote one instance, has been almost destroyed and is now in danger of complete extinction. The same may shortly be said of the union of Church and State. The landed interest, likewise, is rocking on its throne. The conclusion is therefore certain that in a very little while, if Conservatives remain inactive, none of their former principles will exist to be conserved. Every one will have been cast into the melting-pot in which Liberals and Radicals are preparing their brew of the future. To bring the Conservatives to a sense of their peril in this matter is Mr. Kennedy's professed object. He has written, he says, for the education of the Tory party. Inadvertently, however, as our readers know, other political parties have something to learn from Mr. Kennedy. His insistence on the precedence of a theory of the State over a theory of economics, for example, is aimed as much at Fabians as at Tories; while his sharp and just censures on Liberal thinkers for confusing Representation with Delegation are a warning to every party.

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

M. Hugon has made an interesting compilation. Beginning with the etiquette of the court, and the domestic habits of the nobility, he tracks the gentry to their estates, and gives us a veridical picture of the lives of the high and low. In a century that was remarkable for war, plague, and famine, the problem of the poor assumed a terrible aspect. M. Hugon devotes a chapter to the various means of amelioration that were improvised. Art and Literature, Sorcery and Crime, Food and Dress, Travelling, Amusements, the Upbringing of Children, Religion, are all treated in a manner that cannot fail to interest; and if the final impression is that the sun never shone on the kingdom of Louis XIV., the fault lies in the facts, and not in M. Hugon's treatment of them.

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

This is a stupid book. There is no other word for it. Mr. C. Lewis Hind suffers from the disease common to most art critics to-day; he has no standard of criticism. His views on pictures are the result of vague sentimentalism and benevolent intentions on the following pattern. "In the ideal state," he says, "the critic will be unacquainted with artists. Thereby much trouble will be avoided. The most thankless, the most disagreeable of the duties of the critic is that of criticising the works of his contemporaries. He dislikes it; they dislike him for doing it. His words do them no good; their words, under the smart of criticism, do him no good. Indeed, I believe that criticism is only fruitful where it is appreciative. . . . I do not suppose any artist was ever improved by criticism. What, then, is the use of the critic?" Mr. Hind then proceeds to show that the present use for Mr. Hind is sundry dinings-out with self-advertising artists and the wholesale consumption of their mutton chops, while steadily

refusing to cultivate a knowledge of the true inwardness of advanced works of art. In point of fact, such has been the use for Mr. Hind all along. If his book is to be believed, his life is one demnition round of glut-tony and the recording of conversations, no matter how stupid they be, confident he is doing admirable work in his generation. In pursuit of his benevolent intention, Mr. Hind has been lately dining out in Paris, where he has taken the spirit of the French Impressionists to his swollen bosom. It seems that he has for quite a long time been mistaken in these "newcomers." But as late as 1910 the great event took place. He was converted to the fact that the men of yesterday—Cézanne, Van Gogh, Matisse, Gauguin, and others—whom he indiscriminately lumps together in a party of jolly hinds—were far too considerable to be left behind any longer. Henceforth he will bring them all together into the ranks of his vast procession of muddled heroes, from Giotto onwards, wending his way at their head, piping his passionate love for them, and investing them with temporal and other powers in the most approved Corelli fashion. In time Mr. Hind will discover there are more "heroes" to be piped about, and De Segonzac, Herbin, Van Dongen, Chabaud, and the greatest of these—Picasso—will set him spilling columns of ink in the halfpenny Press. At the same time he may discover the nature and significance of the big idea underlying the work of these revolutionaries, and will seek to illuminate it while ceasing to crown the advanced spirits with an offensive theological laurel or two. Thus, in the course of years, Mr. Hind may appear with a creative volume under his arm and cease to present the picture of a crow with his head on one side intently watching a fat worm that has just popped its head through the turf, and is saying, "Good morrow, kind gentleman! Am I likely to suit your all-round digestion?" Mr. Hind's book contains 24 reproductions, many of them taken from the dealers' pictures exhibited at the Grafton Gallery. These are dumb so far as colour is concerned.

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

Mr. Harris having concluded his task of excavating the dark person from the Sonnets, now proceeds to spread her over the "Women of Shakespeare" like a pot of treacle. He has, indeed, written his book to demonstrate that the he, she, or it of Shakespeare's passion was not only the better part of Shakespeare himself, but the greater part of his heroines. For our part we believe there is ample evidence to show that Mr. Harris is right in his assumption that Shakespeare's master-mistress does dominate all his leading women (such as they be). But we totally disagree with Mr. Harris's identity of the master-mistress. We refuse to accept the candidate he has nominated as the original of the mysterious person or persons addressed in the Sonnets in pursuit of his theory of the conception of passion as a forcing-house for genius. The contention that this passion was, in Shakespeare's case, a sexual one inspired by a "wanton" really makes the Sonnets too hot to hold. (Even Mr. Harris does not handle them without getting his hand badly burned.) If he proves anything by his Mary Fitton theory it is that Shakespeare was not inspired by the eternal impulse of art, but by a common prostitute who led him in sixteen thousand words or so to give utterance to the silliest collection of sycophantic adulation and salacious reminiscences that pen ever put to paper. In this connection Mr. Harris is quite right to say that "when writing to the woman, Shakespeare was not an artist, but a lover." He simply prostituted his form of art to erotic mania.

In pursuit of his theory Mr. Harris divides the sonnets into two series, the first of which (1 to 125) he maintains, "is addressed to Lord William Herbert," the second (127 to 152) to the "dark lady"; the first breathes friendship for a youth; the second passionate love for a woman. To support the latter contention Mr. Harris revives Mr. Tyler's view that "fit one" in Sonnet 151 is a sly identification of Fitton. If so, it is a very silly play upon a person's name. But if it is so,

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

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

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

The truth is Mr. Harris is on the wrong line. He has neither discovered the real Shakespeare nor the origin and nature of his master-passion. Let him examine the sonnets again. He will find they have a classical frame and are in allegorical form. This fact may lead him to rediscover Shakespeare, and to treat him as a god on a winged horse impelled by internal inspiration, and not as a fit subject for Dr. Havelock Ellis's "Psychology of Sex." We may remind Mr. Harris that Plato once said, and it was repeated by Montaigne, "A poet seated on the Muse's footstool does in a fury pour out whatsoever cometh in his mouth, as the pipe or cocks of a fountain, without considering or ruminating the same." This does not make it necessary for Shakespeare to run round to brothels for inspiration, in spite of the view of Mr. Harris who, as a publisher's note informs us, Mr. Arnold Bennett calls our supreme Shakespearean expert. We are now prepared to receive the view of the supreme expert on Bacon.

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

Fully stated, the title would be Self-helps to the prevention and cure of disease and dis-ease, as expounded to suffering humanity at the Eustace Miles Hospital. We are led to adopt the term hospital on the author's own statement that his attempt to turn the Chandos Street Restaurant into a health resort by lecturing on health was a failure. But directly he began to chatter to ailing ones on disease the place was crowded. So Mr. Miles came to spend much time and trouble in giving damaged audiences information on the troubles that attend the passage of the cargo that finds its way along the alimentary track. But if he gave information he also asks for it. He has discovered the "importance of individuality," or what doctors term idiosyncrasy, in the treatment of ailments. He recognises that what is Eustace Miles' pea-soup to one person is a murderous concourse of bilious atoms to another. He therefore invites letters from sufferers who have tried means other than those mentioned in his book. Mr. Miles ought to get some new material in this way. There must surely be many persons who have tried more original methods of curing sleeplessness than those in Mr. Miles's list, which range from hot-water bottles and night socks to self-hypnotism by means of long, silly recitations.

John Boyes: King of the Wa-Kikuya. (Methuen. 12s. 6d.)

The King of the Wa-Kikuya records a plain, unvarnished narrative of facts, confirmed by actual experience, that gives his story the semblance of realistic romance. One objection we may offer to this circumstantial account of his extraordinary adventures in Central Africa, where for a time he became the king of a murderous tribe of niggers, and made himself comfortable under circumstances that would have been the death of most men, is that it begins in the wrong place.

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

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

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

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

The Position of Women in Indian Life. By Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda. (Longmans. 5s.)

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

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LAW AND THE WORKERS.

Sir,—In your issue of November 2 Mr. Peter Fanning asked me whether there was anything to parallel subsection 3 of Section 63 of the Insurance Bill, in the English Law. I am sorry to say, in my opinion, there are two or three worse iniquities than the proposed one. By the Children Act, 1908, it was enacted that a man or woman who left children under seven years of age in a room where there was a fire without providing a fireguard, and death resulted from burning, should be indicted for manslaughter. This section can only be operative against the poorest of the poor who cannot afford to purchase fireguards. The Act was passed by a lot of wealthy nobodies who take care to prevent themselves from having children, but abuse the poor should the latter follow their example. It contained no clause authorising the provision of fireguards by local authorities. This abomination, invented by Mr. Herbert Samuel, has no parallel in the legislation of history. The wickedness of indicting a woman for the manslaughter of her children under such circumstances puts even the Insurance Bill in a favourable light.

By the Prevention of Crime Act, 1908, it was enacted that any person who had committed three offences (assuming that the third offence could be punished, in the discretion of the court, by penal servitude), might be indicted as "an habitual criminal," and receive an additional sentence of five years' penal servitude. The result of this Act has been that judges who have a mania for imposing long sentences are passing sentences of penal servitude in cases where, probably, a term of hard labour would have been the sentence before this Act, so that the extra five years' preventive detention can be added on. In any event, this Act, in practice, has extended the terms of imprisonment for most offences against property, and is an Act wholly against the spirit of the Constitution.

The Incest Act of 1908, which has established the principle of secret trials for offences under that Act is leading to most melancholy results.

These harsh measures were all rushed through the Houses of Parliament without any real discussion, and the English people are just discovering their existence.

With these exceptions I agree with Mr. Fanning's view as to the oppressive character of the cited clauses of the Insurance Bill.

C. H. NORMAN.

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WAGES AND PRICES.

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

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

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

P. R. BENNETT.

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THE REFORMER'S DESPAIR.

Sir,—The system of free banking advocated by your correspondent, Mr. Meulen, was preached some three decades ago by Benjamin R. Tucker, of Boston, U.S.A., and, coupled with the entire abolition of the State and the establishment of absolutely free competition, was termed by him philosophic anarchy, but apparently nothing has come of it all so far beyond the conversion of a few advanced thinkers like Mr. Meulen. No doubt such a system would work all right if everybody understood it and believed in it. Of course the same can be said of Single-tax Socialism and all the other Morrison pills warranted to cure the maladies of society. But there's the rub; you may lead a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink.

The average man—God bless him—is neither a philosopher nor a reformer, but simply a plain, sensible fellow, who accepts the world as it is and makes the best of it, with considerable success in this way, and here is just where the hiatus between the world of thought and the world of action comes in; you must have the co-operation of the practical man before the fine spun theories of the thinker can be realised and put in practice.

It is comparatively easy to sit in your study chair mending old worlds and making new on paper. You may take the chart of all your complex philosophical systems and draw a perfectly straight, level and logical line of action from point to point, but how to get the average man of sense to leave the beaten track, though it be rough, crooked and uphill, and blaze a new trail through the undiscovered thickets and jungles of time, there's the problem!

It is said that as a man grows older he becomes more conservative and less inclined to change, his mind becomes less plastic and impressionable, his sentiments crystallise into prejudices, and his ideas become fixed and rigid; is it so with the race? And is it not better so? Were the world of action to become immediately responsive to every change in the world of thought what becomes of that degree of permanence which is necessary in order that the world may get the full measure of good out of every stage of evolution? Was it not Goethe who said that nearly all the "thousand ills" were due to the divorce between thought and action, and what man who knows his world but is aware of the disposition of the average man to make that divorce permanent? Be it so. Let the average man have his way, for you cannot distil golden conduct from his leaden instincts. The world of thought is a grand, sublime and beautiful world; let he who can enter in and gather its golden fruits; but why try to translate it into the mean, sordid, work-a-day world of action where all the elemental passions, base instincts and brutalities of the race find their level?

W. T. HORN.

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CONDITIONS IN ENGLAND.

Sir,—In reference to a trenchant "Open Letter to the Working-man" appearing in your issue of August 24, may I ask your indulgence for space to add my quota in support of the present tirade against the political tricksters and financial jugglers responsible for the recent industrial upheaval in the homeland? Your correspondent signing himself St. John G. Ervine, does not mince matters when he declares "the state of degradation makes our poor quarters an eyecore to men from other lands" is an axiom among travellers all the world over.

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

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

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

Personally, rather than submit to the dastardly outrage perpetrated upon my fellow-countrymen, in surroundings for the most part common swine would loathe to inhabit, I would go and seek protection, not in vain, among our swarthy island neighbours, whose noble lives are better left untrammelled by the egotism and bigotry of an Established Church while its holy conscience panders to a clique of insatiable financial hogs, seeking their own destruction in a diabolical attempt to crucify the world upon a cross of gold.

Sydney.

H. P. F.

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ITALY IN TRIPOLI.

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

War in itself is barbaric, for how could a man with a child's heart—that is, with a pure soul—be brave in war? But if war was at any time a civilising factor, civilisation is not now being degraded by the Italian army, for, according to men such as Barzilai, Detelice and Lucatelli, held in high esteem in Italy for their cool judgment and unblemished repute, the only fault they could find with the Italian army now at Tripoli was the showing of too much consideration to those "innocent Arabs," who, after being fed and given full liberty of action, attacked in the rear with indiscriminate frenzy the Italian line of defence while these were engaged in repulsing a fierce attack in front made by the Turks.

I do not intend to chronicle here all the incidents, but will only say that if the Italians at Tripoli have been guilty of shooting Arab women and men (not children, who when found were entrusted to the care of the Red Cross Society officials) it was for the sole reason that it had to be done. Those found actually shooting strayed soldiers, I even give in, were shot on the spot, but those who were found in possession of arms and made no resistance were arrested and exported to Italy. The demoralising of the Italian army, as attempted by Germans, Austrians, and a few British reporters, is natural.

Italy as a museum and hotel and lake, Italy as a home for poets is admired and even respected by Germans and others, but a modern progressive Italy, who may even try to boast of possessing a well-trained army, cannot be looked upon with tolerance by her allied neighbours.

Mr. Asquith was right to snub Mr. Mason for believing and taking as serious the alarmist reports, most of them originating from Constantinople. I hope the writer of the "Notes of the Week" may in future continue his able criticism of the Insurance Bill that he knows so much about and leave S. Verdad to write about war.

OLINDO PORCHETTA.

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THE GOSPEL OF THE BODY AND THE FACE.

Sir,—While admitting gladly that the author of "The Woman without Sin," may be quite the proper individual to defend Mr. Bernard Shaw, I beg to dissent entirely from his wish to suppress Dr. Wrench's method. For my part, I long to elaborate it. Only the other day, I saw all together a group of ladies and gentlemen of whom not merely the secret souls were plainly visible in their physique, but also the whole history of their terrestrial pilgrimage. There were in that group a politician with a mailed fist, two poets with cold shoulders, two Nietzscheans, one with a stiff-neck, the other with his tongue in his cheek, a close-fisted philosopher, a Bergsonian whose eyes were in the ends of the earth, a novelist whose mouth was filled with gravel, a woman whose mouth was a deep pit, and another whose legs were bright blue, and still another—*mirabile dictu!*—with the moon for her forehead. But almost as great marvels were a painter with seeing eyes, a musician with hearing ears, and a critic with a clean tongue. Gazing upon this assembly, I wad the gift, but, failing it, I implore you not to listen to Mr. Smith, but to let Dr. Wrench go forward. Some day he may come round to T. K. L.

P.S.—In the meantime I hold my flea by the ears.

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MENS SANO IN CORPORE SANO.

Sir,—It is a self-evident truth that a strong and beautiful face is the expression of a strong and beautiful mind. This is the gospel of common experience, that faces and facial expression are inseparably connected with character. To hold the converse to be true is to be guilty of the typically modern mistake of putting the cart before the horse.

Ugliness is ever critical of beauty. Weakness is ever jealous of strength. Hence, Nietzsche, the apostle of weakness, preached the worship of the ideal Superman. This rage against the weak, as Mr. Chesterton observes, is only possible in a man morbidly brave but fundamentally sick: a man like Richard Crookback, a man like Nietzsche.

Dr. G. T. Wrench has said that Mr. Shaw "voices the desire of a vast number of free, weak people who want every responsibility destroyed." Another view, which is doubtless familiar to readers of THE NEW AGE, is that Mr. Shaw's desire (if indeed he has such a desire) to see the conventional restraints of civilisation considerably relaxed is a direct result of his own balanced and normal personality. Shaw is like Diana, the virgin huntress. Only one who has felt strong passion can fully realise, for example, the object of stringent marriage laws. Perhaps Dr. Wrench's most futile example is his crude and vulgar treatment of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's personality. To describe Mr. Chesterton as "a mixture of hopeless incompatibles" is to suggest complete incompetence to grasp the essential unity of Mr. Chesterton's philosophy. Writing of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Chesterton makes a criticism particularly applicable to his own works when he says that given the seed of an idea in the soil of Mr. Shaw's imagination, one can always be sure beforehand what flower to expect. In other words, both "G. B. S." and "G. K. C." are perfectly consistent with themselves. To say in consecutive sentences that "Mr. Chesterton looks to Catholicism as his Lord" and that "he can never be hard or definite" is typical of the "Daily Mail" type of office-boy-journalism, but hardly suitable for serious discussion of an author whose obvious sincerity is lost only upon those who are either too idle to study him seriously or too prejudiced to study anything. Dr. Wrench's delightful *reductio ad absurdum* of his own specious theory is but one more example of a half-truth being carried to the extreme length of an illogical

conclusion. The danger in scientific analysis, when carried out by a person of limited general knowledge, is that exceptions may quite easily be taken for generalities. Because the late John Davidson (in whom Dr. Wrench seems to claim a monopoly) happened to be a man of great physical charm, therefore *all* handsome people are prophets, priests and kings, and *all* who are not physically Greek gods are condemned to perdition. Could mad Materialism go further? According to the Christian doctrine, in Mr. Chesterton's words, man is meant spiritually, as well as physically, to feed on something other than himself. Dr. Wrench's theory seems to lose the spiritual element in a clumsy medley of unproved materialistic assumptions, of most of which one can simply say at once: "Non sequitur."

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

It were easy to multiply examples of the *reductio ad absurdum*. What of Carlyle, for instance? But one does not use a sledgehammer to crush even one of the mere caterpillars of society. Still less should I use THE NEW AGE to remove an already exploded fallacy.

J. RUSSELL SOWDEN.

* * *

BLACK AND WHITE IN SOUTH AFRICA AND JAMAICA.

Sir,—Writing simply as one sincerely interested in native races, and especially in African races or those of African descent, among whom I have lived and worked for some nineteen years, but with no personal knowledge of South Africa, I said in my first letter than I would be glad to believe that there was no "Black Peril" there, but that I had heard Mrs. Macfadyen's statement (part of which I quoted) at the Races Congress, and would therefore like to hear more about the matter from Mr. Purchas and Mrs. Hastings, who were both intimately acquainted with South Africa. They have both given explicit statements such as I desired to elicit for the information of myself and any others interested in the question. I have no controversy with either, and it seems that at bottom we are all one in our sympathy with and desire that justice should be done to the native races. Mrs. Hastings has made a mistake in identifying me with "the other savages," as she also did in regard to Mr. Purchas. Let me further say that I never called in question Mrs. Hastings' "veracity." The "insinuation" as to the native's "intention" was hers, not mine. "Lashes . . . would have been that man's fate if I had spun a story about him; they have been in far less threatening circumstances." So that until, by his "bibulously babbling about the affair," she learned he was drunk, she by her actions showed that she regarded his attempt to enter as "threatening," and, in spite of this, simply contented herself with locking all the windows. Quite sincerely I commended her silence as golden, and expressed agreement with her dictum, "The shortest way back to safety is silence." I prefer Mrs. Hastings the poet to Mrs. Hastings the controversialist, and, after reading her last letter, turned up THE NEW AGE of September 14, and re-read her fine "Ode on Friendship." May I ask her to devote her great powers to literature and leave one-sided polemic on "The Black Peril" and the Woman Question severely alone?

Since writing my last letter I have received the official "Record of the Proceedings" at the Races Congress (P. S. King and Sons, 1s. net), and in the report of the Sixth Session (pp. 58-65) there are several addresses bearing on the relations of black and white races in Africa and elsewhere, the discussion being opened by Prof. Du Bois, whose "Souls of Black Folk" has eloquently voiced the aspirations of the race in U.S.A., in an address that was perhaps the best given at the Congress. He asserted that "no one race had all the insignia of inferiority; there were some in every race; but every race had the possibility of advance in approximately the same way, given the right environment. Then came the appeal to the facts; what had the negro race, in particular, done? In such an investigation the laboratory method was difficult of application. When, for example, one gentleman said that the Griquas were disappearing, and a gentleman from America said they were not, neither was necessarily deceiving his hearers. One had to remember the bias of the people who were collecting the facts; only after very long investigation could one find the exact truth." That dictum applies to the present controversy and was illustrated in the discussion. Mr. Jabavu (South Africa)* said: Nearly all that Dr. DuBois had written of the position of the negroes in America, and nearly all that was said in the paper on West Africa [by Dr.

* See also his paper "Native Races of S. Africa" ("Inter-Racial Problems," pp. 336-341), and especially his quotation from Rev. W. Y. Stead.

Agbebi, Lagos, Director of the Niger Delta Mission] was applicable to his people in the South. Certainly there were local variations. . . . There were six millions of coloured people in S. Africa, and only one million whites. The whites feared the natives, but among the natives he found no feeling against the whites; such as there was was due only to misunderstanding. . . . He thought that education would remove this fear." Dr. Rubusana† said, "Parliaments and statesmen must be educated to understand the feelings of the East. White men in South Africa thought it wrong to educate a coloured man, because he became a thief. The absurdity of such reasoning was palpable. . . . The black men resented the flooding of this country with drink. . . . Their native Kaffir beer was wholesome, and had very little alcohol in it; but they were willing even to do without that. Through the white man's drink many of their people had lost their manhood. . . . There was, further, no such things as the alleged 'black peril.' There were only isolated cases of misbehaviour among the submerged tenth. If there was a black peril, there was also a white peril. He read the report of a trial recently held at Johannesburg, in which the judge commented severely on the conduct of a white man, and regretted that the law did not provide a punishment for him. The judge said that it was due to persons like the accused in this case that there existed a peril to the honour of white women. The whole of the South African Press belonged to the whites, and so the English only heard the white men's side of the case. The black man required no favours: only equal opportunity and an open door." After three other speakers had spoken, Mrs. Macfadyen spoke, and in the course of her address is reported as saying: "She had intended to cite the same case of wrong treatment of a black woman by a white man as Dr. Rubusana had quoted. The white women were pleading the cause of all the women in South Africa." It must be remembered that all the speakers spoke under a short time limit, and few details could be given. But any fair-minded person will see that the question of both the black and the white peril was dealt with as fully as time allowed, and that in essentials there was no conflict between the statements of Dr. Rubusana and Mrs. Macfadyen.

Mr. N. D. Davies, C.M.G., stated fairly the facts regarding the relations of black and white in the West Indies, where the British "were proud of their peace and union with the black men. Except in Jamaica, there were no soldiers, and order was kept mainly by Africans.* The negroes had votes; they sat in the councils and legislatures; sometimes they were magistrates; and there were many Africans [better, West Indians, the term 'Africans' being used only in regard to real Africans rescued from slave-vessels and brought to West Indies] in the Government Civil Service. They had no such fears as the white ladies in South Africa. [I told Mrs. M. so myself in a short talk I had with her next day.] They were a generation before the Americans in emancipation, and most of them were educated. Time was on the side of the American negro," and, he might have added, of the South African too. I owe my seat on the Parochial Board of Trelawny, Ja., largely to the negro voters on the roll. The excellent teacher of the Government School in Falmouth, Ja., is a full-blooded negro, and was joint-secretary with me of the Trelawny Citizens' Association, and I am proud to call him and many other black and coloured Jamaicans my friends. I thoroughly agree with what the Governor of Jamaica, Sir Sydney Olivier, whose policy generally in Jamaica I cordially support, said ("Record," p. 33): "As soon as you got a mixture of races, black or white, you got a better and more flexible vehicle for human genius. There was often weakening of racial will and instability of character in the first few generations; but it was undeniable that the mixture gave a more flexible vehicle. Missionaries, Christian and Mussulman, had always appealed not simply to the animal nature, but to a wider nature lying behind the racial one, and capable of being appealed to. In the West Indies and in Africa the men most convinced of the possibility of progress for alien races were those who had ignored racial considerations, and taken their stand on the spiritual nature and on a common humanity. The results had justified the belief. By treating almost any race—Jews, Negroes, or Chinese—on the higher principles of our nature, as one gentleman would meet another, a response

† "Mr. Rubusana is now the member for Tembuland, a constituency with both white and black voters on the roll. By education, character, and ability he is by common repute admitted to be quite as eligible as many representatives of European descent." He is a full-blooded member of the Abantu race.—"Black and White in South-East Africa," by M. S. Evans, C.M.G., 1911, p. 199.

* A young negro poet, Claude McKay, a member of the constabulary, is just about to publish at Kingston, Ja., his "Songs of Jamaica."

beyond and higher than race would be elicited. Nothing could be done with any race unless they were met on that hypothesis, ignoring racial and economic and local differences. This applied more strongly to mixed than to pure races. Hence although the immediate result of some crosses might be a kind of physical deterioration, nothing could be argued from that fact as to the possibility of raising the stock through miscegenation."

Whether miscegenation, preceded or accompanied by education, elementary and secondary, and equal opportunities for all races in South Africa, will be the solution—as it has proved and is proving more and more to be the solution of the races problem in Jamaica—of the peril in South Africa, I do not presume to say. There is a valuable contribution to the discussion of the whole question in "Black and White in South-East Africa: A Study in Sociology," by Maurice S. Evans, C.M.G., with a preface by Sir M. Nathan, G.C.M.G., late Governor of Natal (Longmans, 1911), which, though dealing in detail with the S.-E., has much that is relevant to other parts of Africa, to the U.S.A., and the West Indies, and apparently also in "Nigeria: Its Peoples and its Problems," by E. D. Morel (Smith, Elder) just published. Sir Sydney Olivier's "White Capital and Coloured Labour," and the books and articles of Sir H. H. Johnston are also valuable contributions to the discussions of the problems of black and white, which, like the poor, are ever with us, though it is to be hoped that like the question of poverty the races question will ultimately be solved by the co-operation of men and women of good will and adequate knowledge and experience, and the gradual evolution of mankind as a whole toward a complete humanity.

WILLIAM MARWICK.

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Sir,—As one who has spent a goodly number of years in South Africa and who has seen the Kaffir both in his kraals and on the mines, and who knows him somewhat after years of study and close touch, I would like to deal with what the writer considers the main cause of the happenings which have given rise to the heading. I think most of the other writers in your columns have failed to recognise it, and perhaps the not knowing of it is their reason for not mentioning it. Perhaps the fact that the cause lies so close to them, so close to all of us—under our very noses, as it were—is the main reason of most people not seeing it or knowing of it. And not by giving "votes to white women"—as some of your correspondents seem to think—will matters be helped or altered much. Rather by giving rights to men and making it possible for all to live free lives will aught good be done. Considering the way the native is compelled to live and to work the wonder is not that cases of assault and rape have happened but that they have been so few. When one remembers that here in the Transvaal alone there are over 200,000—two hundred thousand natives herded together on the different mines under conditions which do not bid for morality or cleanliness of any kind—then there is no need to ask the reason or the cause of the cases of assault. Living under conditions which they never lived under at any period, debarred access to any of their own womenfolk, is it to be wondered at that cases of assault occur? And surely the blame lies not upon the native alone? Are not the Government and the Chamber of Mines, as representing the people and the mining industry, more responsible for such outrage than the perpetrators of such. And the evil legacy left by the war and the remembrance of much which happened during the war betwixt whites and blacks, has all helped to create the Kaffir of to-day. So long as the native is forced to live as he is living now so long will such cases occur and in all probability with more frequency than has as yet obtained. And the Government hold up their hands in holy horror, and protest and exclaim, "Oh, no, we are not responsible for such happenings." And the Chamber of Mines, godly men all of them, protest equally that they have no act or part in it. And are we, the people, entirely free from blame that we submit to the unnatural piggery of thousands of natives together under conditions which they would never think of accepting for themselves. The native question and the right handling of it is the biggest question which South Africa has to deal with, and I will prophesy before it comes to pass so that it may be put on record that it will not be dealt with rightly by either the present Boer Government or the Unionist Party if ever they chance to succeed the Nationalists. That, on the contrary, this question of the rights of men will be dealt with wrongly, with results which are to me not pleasant to contemplate. I am fairly conversant with Mrs. Olive Schreiner's attitude on the native question as it exists in South Africa, and have had the pleasure of discussing the natives' position and the possible future with her, and I think she will agree with the views the writer has here expressed.

F. T. B.

Sir,—Thank you for sending me advance proofs of the above letters. It would be rather more fairly open to me, since I started the discussion, to dismiss the latecomer, Mr. Marwick, by declaring that I prefer him as an admirer of my poetry to himself as controversialist. But I won't—I'll accept his explanation and advise him to continue studying and writing about the natives if he feels he can do something for them. He will learn more, I venture to say, by consulting native writers and native commissioners than the writer of "Women and Labour," or the lady who has the honour of advocating the banishment for ever of men subsequent to scarring their bodies with the lash. The said lady would probably faint if she saw the business in progress. I cannot believe she would cry then as she does now: "Lash! Lash!" though I can believe that, with unimaginative feminine cruelty, she would not turn a hair at hearing about its having been done by some male flogger for whose degradation, of course, she would not consider her words in any way responsible. My original protest was merely the protest of thousands of people in South Africa against the Umtali exhibition. Nobody can deny that there was a cruel howl for the life of the imprisoned native, convicted (by the community that acquitted Lewis) of attempt only—and that an unprecedented series of assaults followed. Liberty to drink, and the compound system, though deplorably foolish, have not produced in forty years such an epidemic of revengeful crime as was directed against white women inside a month after Umtali. The people who protested against the death penalty won the day, and have almost certainly won it for ever in unproven cases. As to the immediate future, the deportation of Lewis may become necessary since the native agitation is spreading to the kraals; but although he is such a mischievous man, it is to be hoped that none will sink so low as to ask for him to be lashed. Banishment is a sufficiently dreadful punishment. The mark was put on Cain to protect a man who was to suffer the limit of misery. Let Mr. Marwick remember this next time he has a conversation with Mrs. Macfadyen.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

* * *

BERGSONISM.

Sir,—One was able from Mr. Simmons' first letter to form a fairly accurate notion of the motives which made him write it. In the first place there is that very common state of mind which urges us, at all costs, to distinguish ourselves from the crowd, to show that one is not as other men are. That is most easily accomplished at the present moment by joining the "B.M.G." Club and repeating on all occasions when one meets the enthusiast, "Bergson must go." The second is the state of uneasiness in a man's mind when he possesses something which in his opinion distinguishes him from other people, and the other people don't seem to know it. For example, I once knew an old lady in a boarding-house whose conversation on ordinary occasions was interesting and rational, but whose character when any fresh person appeared at the common board entirely changed. For this reason, that she had once, as the wife of a mayor of a small town in Cornwall, sat next to the Prince of Wales on some ceremonial occasion. She felt that this fact somehow distinguished her from the common run of the people in the house, and that the stranger ought to know of it. She was then unable to rest easy until she had forced the conversation round to a point at which she could easily and naturally communicate this information. So with Mr. Simmons. At some time or other he has read an obscure and unimportant article by Fargues. He feels that this distinguishes him from the ordinary run of amateurs who have been enthusiastic about Bergson, and he can't rest easy till he has communicated the fact.

But this second letter makes it necessary to revise even this low estimate. One can only conduct controversies of this kind on the assumption that your opponent, however mistaken, still possesses that minimum knowledge of philosophy which will enable him to understand the terms you use. In the incoherent jumble of sham quotations of which Mr. Simmons' letter is mainly composed there is at least one plain statement which shows me that in his case this would be assuming too much. In my letter I used the phrase no "thing" exists. Mr. Simmons confuses this with the absolutely different statement "nothing exists." This would be an impossible confusion to anyone who had that elementary knowledge of philosophy necessary for the understanding of what (in a hideous modern jargon) is called "the idea of thinghood."

As I am unwilling that this controversy should close without benefit to someone I will explain to Mr. Simmons as simply as possible the elementary difference of which he seem ignorant. The statement "nothing exists" is a perfectly plain statement which, very roughly, I admit, represents a certain aspect of Indian thought. It is not my

own position, but it is a perfectly understandable one. On the other hand the statement no "thing" exists is simply another way of stating the proposition that "reality is a continuum" and cannot be cut up into discrete objects. This is not only a view taken by some philosophers, but is the position towards which modern physics, to a certain extent at any rate, seems to approximate.

The division of the world into "things" is simply a practical one which does very well for action. The outline of a "thing" simply marks the limits of my own possible movements. The room in which I am sitting forms for my eye a continuum. To the unsophisticated eye of an infant or to the eye of the artist, it is simply a continuum with variations of colour and shade. To my hand, of course, the room is divided into discrete objects, but what business have I, except for practical purposes, to exalt my sense of touch over my sense of sight? I put this point very briefly. I can't answer any more ingenuous attacks on it. If Mr. Simmons wants to take the trouble really to understand the position I should advise him to read Le Roy's articles in the "Revue de Metaphysique et de Morale," for 1899.

T. E. H.

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GOETHE AND "PAGANISM."

Sir,—In THE NEW AGE for November 9 Monsieur J. M. Carré is "travelling outside the record." He ignores the original position so ably and courteously postulated by Dr. Oscar Levy—that Goethe was personally a pagan, i.e., a heathen. This assumption alone is what the present writer combats.

Carlyle worries both of our esteemed international friends. He sits on their nerves like a nightmare. Our gallant neighbour even projects Carlyle into a sentence quoted from a previous letter of your humble subscriber. Which is a shot so wide of the mark as to compel laughter. Carlyle was a rough Britisher lacking the high power of phasaf transmogrification possessed by these our mutual confrères and possibly much their inferior in intellectual subtleties. Yet he had a knack of getting into the skin of a man, discovering essential viscera, and describing these not inadequately. But why is G. H. Lewes ignored? True, he was another rough Britisher. Yet he had no especial reverence for any creed whatsoever, and his biography was accepted in Germany as the standard "Life" of Goethe until quite recent years. Is it because Lewes, having made himself a master of his subject, never attempted to class Goethe with the Southern Nigerians who, on the authority of Mr. E. D. Morel, are "not teetotallers"; and consequently, climate and cost of new clothes considered, must be the happiest heathens (pagans) on the face of this globe? Wherefore our gifted friends propose, with the assistance of Mr. Ludovici, to discover some spade-work Englishman who shall shovel Carlyle—and no doubt, incidentally, Lewes—out of their way. So simple!

"And, ah, for a man to arise in ye

That shall make Carlyle cease worrying we!"

Meanwhile, Monsieur Carré cleverly gives us his impressions of what Goethe thought and felt, or what he ought to have thought and felt; of what Goethe was, or what he ought to have been. Then he presents a most interesting and charming summary from his point of view of Goethe's "Italienische Reise," strangely enough quoting by the way how the poet described the Papacy and the Romanist cult as being "a formless and Rococo piece of heathendom." That quotation, one may believe, scarcely encourages the designation of Goethe as a pagan-heathen. Monsieur Carré clearly shows how heartily Goethe despised the mediæval asceticism of Ecclesiasticism:

"Of those

Who, shrinking from high duty, selfishly

Put by their manhood, and are content to gaze

Through cloistral sanctuaries at the fight afar—

Proud that though in the world they are not of it!";

and the expression of this perversion of truth and life by painter, sculptor, architect, and priest.

But with respect to the real issue between Dr. Oscar Levy and the writer, all that Monsieur Carré so industriously adduces is, as Goethe might have said, *gar nichts zur Sache*—quite irrelevant.

Neither does a re-perusal of the "Römische Elegien" warrant consent to Monsieur Carré's assertion that they are "instinct with pagan thought." They are instinct with references to pagan objects, doubtless. What do these elegiacs amount to? A mere classical excursus. Mythological gods and goddesses—Amor the chief—jumbled together with the poet's own erotic feelings.

The finest thing about the "Elegien" is their jolly tradition that the following lines from No. V. :—

"Oftmals hab' ich auch schon in ihren Armen gedichtet,
Und des Hexameters Maas leise mit fingernder Hand
Ihr suf den Rücken gezählt"

form an actual and literal record of the fact that while enjoying the embraces of his delightful Christine, Goethe often used to beat out the rhythm of these hexameters with his fingers on her adorable back. May it not be too good to be true!

What Monsieur Carré's citations inevitably prove is that Goethe was a clear-sighted, large-brained, warm-blooded, healthily human, unconventional, heterodox, nonconforming, independent thinker, much resembling the type exemplified by the Editor of THE NEW AGE, by the good Dr. Oscar Levy, by the ingenious Monsieur Carré, by the Christ Himself, who "came eating and drinking, and wine-bibber, the friend of publicans and sinners," saturated with the usages of the open road—a plowman, a sower, a shepherd, a fisherman, a tramp, a wayside story-teller, an iconoclast; and by every other mentally and bodily active man or woman who possesses two helpful thoughts and can tie them together at the right ends effectively.

Certainly it was not the act of a pagan to employ Easter-tide in the Christian sense, and thus beautifully to express the supreme fact of the Christian Faith, as did Goethe in his lovely chorales (Faust 1), "Christ ist erstanden!"

To Monsieur Carré's method of interpretation let us apply a fair comparative test. The following sonnet is by an English poet who could write no less nobly than Goethe:—

"The world is too much with us, late or soon,
Getting or spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Now here the ideas and aspirations are deliberately pagan, and their application is directly personal. Judged by Monsieur Carré's style of classification the author must have been a pagan. But was he? **QUIDDAM.**

MODERN MUSICAL CRITICISM.

Sir,—I look upon the advent of Mr. John Playford as a hopeful sign that THE NEW AGE is at last going to give some attention to music; the contributions of Mr. Hughes were all too few and far between. At the same time, it would be well if Mr. Playford would, at the outset, give us some idea of the standard of perfection which he has set up for his guidance in matters musical. Knowing this, the mere expression of his approval or disapproval would be interesting to his readers; but without knowing his point of view, his praise or condemnation, unbacked by whys and wherefores, is no more valuable than the personal opinions of John Smith. To tell us that this composition is good and that bad is to tell us nothing, "good" and "bad" being words signifying nothing (vide the Immortal Bard!) We want to know his grounds for asserting that this is good and that bad. Why, for instance, is a Stanford concerto the object of his contempt? (Stanford, by the way, was always regarded with a kindly eye by Mr. Hughes.) **HERMON L. OULD.**

BLIND.

Sir,—All day long she sits in her old bath chair holding in her transparent hand matches, laces, studs. I have missed many home-bound trams while watching her, endeavouring, without success, to reconcile my mental happiness with her life's tragedy. She is young, and obviously in the last stage of consumption. Her blind father sits beside her on a little stool reading from a Brail Testament, but his voice is drowned by the noise of heavy traffic, the words of life fall only upon his and his daughter's ears. Each time that I pass I expect to see him sitting alone, with head a little lower bowed, passing his hands wearily over the raised type, mumbling the words of Christ: "And He took the blind man by the hand and led him out of the town; and when he had spat on his eyes, and put His hands upon him, He asked him if he saw aught. And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking."

Monstrous, is it not, that our institutions for the blind should be inadequate, that thousands of our sightless fellow creatures should be swept into the pitiless streets to beg, or to sit patiently destitute, neglected, unpatronised, and in their awful darkness utterly alone. Social chaos does not seem such a remarkable phenomenon when one realises that society is itself so blind that even the most obvious victims of life, publicly exhibited, fail to attract sufficient attention or humane consideration.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

THE FREEWOMAN

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

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

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

It is considered that while the articulate consciousness of mind in women, which, in its different forms of expression is called feminism, is one of the most unmistakable features of modern times, yet, none the less, the readjustments in politics and morals which the new feature will make necessary, form highly debatable questions upon which we have barely yet entered.

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

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

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

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

The theory of the economic independence of women is on more debatable ground. The complete application of the theory would involve changes so enormous in the affairs of the community, the family and the individual, that there is doubt and hesitancy as to the manner and extent of its application to be found in the most forward feminist ranks themselves.

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

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

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

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

Literary contributions will be sought from men equally with women, and it is hoped that the paper will find men readers as readily as women. It is considered that any theory of feminism which regards itself as the private province of women's interests is an absurdity, and that any reputable theory must hold that the interests of men are involved at least equally with those of women.

It is submitted that the enterprise is courageously conceived, and that every effort will be made to carry it out efficiently. It is therefore in a spirit of entire confidence that support is sought from those of the community for whom the subject has an interest.

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