

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE somewhat tumultuous scenes which accompanied the doctors' demonstration in the Queen's Hall on Tuesday were not, as one of Mr. Lloyd George's buckwashers suggested, the result of a lively apprehension merely for the financial future of general practitioners. Their main and, perhaps, sole source was the natural human indignation at having been, as the doctors think they have been, and as we think they have been, diddled. If the chief Exchequer official's political career had been hitherto spotless in the matter of jobbery, the appointment of the paid secretary of the Medical Association to an Insurance Commissioner-ship while the subjects of dispute between his clients and the Government were still unsettled, would have been a hard nut to swallow. But with his notorious record of a now habitual practice of buying off critics by jobs, Mr. Lloyd George was the last man in the world to carry through the medical appointment without raising a storm of protest. Though evidence should be offered us that the selection of Dr. Smith Whitaker was made with no other motive than the desire to obtain the best services available, we should find it hard to believe. Without any such evidence, the statement presumes upon ignorance too much and strains the credulity even of sucking doves. Nothing, absolutely nothing, will convince the doctors that their interests have not been bought and sold.

* * *

The case is all the worse for being, as we say, merely typical. Lord Selborne recently drew attention to the fact that over fifty per cent. of the Welsh Liberal members had received offices under the present Government. How many more Welshmen still remain unsatisfied but marked for public plunder we cannot say; but the census figures, we imagine, may be taken

as the minimum. The same astute wirepulling has obviously characterised the appointments to the Insurance Commissioners. In the first announcements was the name of Mr. Lister Stead; in the second was that of Dr. Smith Whitaker. The third of any corrupt importance is still to be made. Take again the Welsh Commissioners, as innocent a lot as anybody ever saw who knew no more than their names. Yet, if we remember rightly, the Welsh Chairman was one of the first to open his mouth against the Insurance Bill—and one of the first to close it. Miss Pennant is the daughter of the late Lord Penrhyn, one of the most implacable enemies of Trade Unionism. Mr. Rowlands was a secretary or something of Mr. Lloyd George. The appointments, in fact, whatever their intrinsic merits, have a distinctly fishy appearance. This appearance is not rendered more pleasant by the suggestion of hypocrisy in the instructions issued for the selection of the staffs now to be appointed. The final clause runs: "Any attempts made by candidates seeking posts, of whatever nature or grade, under or in connection with the Insurance Commission, to enlist support for their application on political grounds or for political purposes, whether through members of Parliament or in any other ways, will be regarded as disqualifying such candidates. . . ." It is all very well to insist on political innocence in these minor appointments, where, as a matter of fact, it is of comparatively small importance; but the provision comes too late to regulate the major appointments that have already been made. Furthermore, it is only probable that men who themselves have been jobbed will job, provision or no provision to the contrary. We undertake to say that the clause is merely intended to warn off such applicants as do not know the ropes. The back stairs will still be open.

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Both Mr. Harold Spender, who carried Mr. Lloyd George's bag on his tour of investigation in Germany, and Pee Wee Wee of the "Daily News" attended the meeting of doctors to report on what they saw. The latter begins his account by assuring us that he took with him "an open and sympathetic mind." By what means, we wonder, did "P. W. W." come into possession of such a rich and, to him, strange jewel? However, lightly come, lightly go, as the saying is, and Mr. Wilson had been only a few minutes in the

Hall when he found his mind (his own old mind, this time) quite closed. The doctors were as wrong as wrong could be. True, "there was evidently the utmost anger at Dr. Smith Whitaker's appointment," but since it expressed itself in "rowdyism" and not in the tones of "the dread issues of life and death," the meeting had no weight. Besides, two thousand doctors were only a minority of the profession. Where were the rest? Why had they not all come? P.W.W. could only conclude that they had stayed at home to pray for the success of the Insurance Bill. One more rumour had, however, to be swept away by a wave of that magical fountain pen of the "Daily News": "The preposterous rumour that Sir Victor Horsley had been promised a peerage if the Bill passed." Its preposterous character, on the contrary, argues with us its plausibility. Let P. W. W. read Mr. James Douglas' article in "Pearson's Magazine" before discounting again any "preposterous" rumour concerning the sale of titles.

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Mr. Harold Spender is even more shameless than his future colleague. As the pet journalist of the Finance Chancellor, his business appears to be to bark at every intruder on his master's domain. The Insurance Act, he says, "has been passed by Parliament"—which is an undoubted fact—and it has been "approved by public opinion"—which is undoubtedly a "Morning Leader" statement. Nevertheless, Mr. Spender concludes with a reflection which, we fear, may have some ground. The very doctors who are now protesting loudly against the Act will be found in six months' time tumbling over each other to get on to its panels. Very likely. It may be so. We would not put it past them. Only two considerations exist to make this cynical assumption, so comfortable to the friends of Mr. Lloyd George, at least doubtful. The prestige of the medical profession is at stake. They must either work the Act so efficiently as to ensure a decent medical service to the millions who will come into their hands; or they must absolutely refuse to touch it. It will not do for them to allow their failures and juveniles to monopolise the Act and to risk thereby discrediting the whole profession. Yet this alternative, as matters stand, is the only one apparently open to them if they accept the Bill half-heartedly and do not reject it entirely. In short, they must either make the Act a public success at whatever sacrifice to themselves, or they must decline to have anything to do with it. And the choice in this matter is obviously made easier by the results of the referendum instituted by the "Practitioner." Of some 25,000 doctors whose opinion has been received over 20,000 have declared that the Act as drafted does not enable them to guarantee efficient attendance. The practical sequel to this overwhelming opinion is that they should declare against acting or countenancing action under the Bill in any shape or form. For entirely different reasons, we sincerely hope they may.

* * *

Colonel Lonsdale Hale, who has been, and still is, an opponent of the Bill, writes to the "Times" deprecating any active resistance to its operation. The richer classes, in particular, he thinks, have an interest in maintaining respect for law and not less so when the law in question is irritating to themselves. This is undoubtedly sound reasoning in general cases, but the case of the Insurance Bill is an exception. Nothing discredits law in a State so much as bad laws. Bad laws, like bad currency, drive out the good. Remembering the methods by which the Insurance Bill has been passed, the practical unanimity of opinion against it, the disgust universally felt with both Houses of Parliament for consenting to it, and the ill odour brought upon it by the appointments made and to be made under it, the Bill at this very moment is discredited in the

country. Nobody realises yet that it will actually come into operation. When, however, it does, the effect of actively resisting it will not be to weaken respect for law, but to strengthen it by demonstrating it. Law in its best sense is still separated in the public mind from Acts of Parliament that come and sometimes go. Active opposition to an Act of Parliament may, therefore, sometimes be an affirmation rather than a denial of respect for law. Colonel Lonsdale Hale's alternative suggestion is, moreover, quite as impracticable as it happens to be useless. We are to nurse our resentment until the next Election, when we are to vote against all "the legislators who have in any way aided in turning us into tax-gatherers." But this would mean voting against every member of the House of Commons save only some five-and-twenty. For we have no intention of allowing the Unionists to escape their equal responsibility for the Bill with the Liberals themselves. When Colonel Lonsdale Hale is presented with the choice of voting for a Liberal or a Unionist supporter of the Bill he will find his resentment at its passage somewhat obscure in its utterance.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George quite naturally takes Colonel Hale's line. At the meeting on Saturday he appealed to all citizens, whatever their previous criticisms of the Bill may have been, to carry out their duties as loyal subjects and to help to administer the Act with the best effect. Nothing, of course, would be more pleasing to him than such abject service. "In the Parliamentary struggle," he says in effect to public opinion, "I, having all the cards in my hand, have won and you have lost. You were foolish enough to entrust me with power, and I have used it as it seemed good to me. That you have objected and are still inclined to object I am aware; but take your defeat like a man and make the best of it. In short, make the Bill I have forced on you a success by your own loyal efforts." This attitude would be perfectly fair if there were an equality and a simultaneity of power between the two parties to the dispute. But, as everybody knows, when a Parliament is once elected, its possession of power is exclusive until a fresh election takes place. The power of public opinion is only potential over a sitting Parliament; it cannot forcibly intervene to prevent any legislation whatsoever being passed by a Government sufficiently reckless and headstrong to risk defeat at the next election. And if the next election is still a long way off, and in the meantime the Bill of which the public disapprove is being put into operation, the only remedy they have is to decline to work it. The "Daily Mail," we observe, is now asking that the Act should be indefinitely suspended or repealed. But suppose none of these appeals fructuates! Between the way of Mr. Lloyd George and the way of English public opinion no loyal subject need hesitate to choose. Loyalty to England demands that, in the event of the Bill being actively persisted in, it shall be made a dead letter. A Bill is not a complete Act until it has been ratified by Commons, Lords, King—and People!

* * *

The "democratic" sympathies of Mr. Lloyd George are as unintelligible to us as they are suspect to the W.S.P.U. Frankly, we doubt whether Mr. Lloyd George has any notion of what democracy and democratic government really imply. He appears to suppose that an electoral victory for his party gives him very nearly carte blanche to legislate exactly as he pleases. In other words, his notion of democracy is a licensed autocracy. The necessity of carrying public consent—in weight, if not in numbers—continuously seems not to have entered his head; or, if it has, he assumes that the confidence of the Commons is the symbol and guarantee of it. Otherwise it is incredible that the Cabinet Minister who has pitchforked the Insurance Bill on the nation should, within an hour or two of its final toss, be addressing a public meeting to advance "democracy" by the extension of the franchise to women. Our own guess, however, is that Mr. Lloyd George is not quite so muddle-headed as this contradictory conduct would appear to indicate. With the instincts of a demagogue

he has scented among politically inexperienced women new sources of power for himself. At present his strength lies with the class of Nonconformist voters; and to increase it he must descend just one degree lower, namely, to women who have no knowledge of politics whatever. Only this can in any satisfactory way explain Mr. Lloyd George's infatuation with Women's Enfranchisement.

* * *

The reciprocal backscratching of Sir Edward Grey and the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the same meeting was little short of indecent. In the second part of his speech Sir Edward Grey read out a passage from Mr. Lloyd George's Cardiff speech which he declared was the most eloquent, the most sympathetic, the most powerful and unanswerable plea for women's suffrage that has ever been heard. To our mind the passage he quoted was no more than claptrap clad in fustian. Its very grammar and construction betrayed the Welsh rather than the English speaker. But Mr. Lloyd George was not only pleased with the compliment paid him by Sir Edward Grey, but he purred over it to give it special emphasis. In his own subsequent remarks he "particularly emphasised and endorsed every sentence uttered by Sir Edward Grey in the very important second part of his speech." Could egotistic naivete any further go?

* * *

The point to observe, however, is the consciousness this mutual admiration of Ministers implies of the weakness of their collective position. Like desperadoes in difficulties, they are all the more fervent in their oaths to hang together as they realise that the alternative is to hang separately. To compare the prestige of the Cabinet at this moment with its prestige a few months ago is to compare nothing with something. With the final passage of the Parliament Bill and the vindication of the Budget the present Cabinet stood at its highest level of public respect. Four years of unchallenged power lay in front of them. Tasks of especial magnitude awaited them for which the country was quite disposed to give them quiet and effective credit. Minor difficulties of all kinds had been cleared away. The Navy had been restored in public confidence (whether rightly or not is another matter), the Labour party was feeding peacefully out of the Government's hand, Home Rule for Ireland, a new Federalism and a liberal policy in India were all coming safely into harbour. The very Unionists themselves were disposed to share the general confidence and to give the Government credit for good intentions and the ability to carry them out. All at once the centre of gravity was changed by the introduction of the Insurance Bill. The criticisms of the public were met by a brutal as well as a slippery indifference which at once warned us that for the deposed Jeroboam we had saddled ourselves with the Rehoboam of the Cabinet. The Cabinet became an object of as much suspicion as the House of Lords at its very worst. And to add to the dismay, there was no longer any power to which the country could turn. Under these circumstances, the prestige of the Cabinet fell leagues in a few weeks, and it is still falling. Its credit at this moment is as low as it was once high. It is no longer capable of great tasks. Mr. Lloyd George, who undoubtedly raised it, has also been the means of depressing it. The Lloyd hath given, the Lloyd hath taken away.

* * *

Nobody has yet succeeded in defining the personality of Mr. Lloyd George. Perhaps, like so many modern men, it is indefinable by reason of its indefiniteness. But one quality appears sufficiently constant in his public appearances to warrant our ranking it as a characteristic: it is slickness. Everything that Mr. Lloyd George does must be done slickly or not at all. He would, in fact, rather not do anything than do it in a manner which is not slick. From our point of view his Budget, for example, was a straightforward and tolerably honest piece of work. There were more tricks in it than instantly met the eye, but they were subordinated to what appeared the serious and far-sighted purpose of tackling the land problem. Yet when it came to carry-

ing the Bill and, still more, to administering it, Mr. Lloyd George relied upon a series of happy dodges, improvised "out of his own head," as he claimed, as occasion arose. To politicians accustomed to giving their leaders credit for careful preparation these impromptus came with something of a charlatan air. And charlatantry of a kind they certainly are. Needless to say, in the case of the Insurance Bill these devices have been multiplied to the dazzling point. On several occasions, we are assured, Mr. Lloyd George took his place to defend his Bill without any preparation whatever, relying, like Micawber, on something turning up. His extraordinary resource—or, as we prefer to put it, the blinking stupidity of his Parliamentary critics—usually carried him through. But only the preternaturally dull were in any doubt that the result was due to quick-wittedness and luck rather than to deliberate judgment.

* * *

This slickness in debate and in public affairs, however, is no guarantee that the measures produced by its means will actually work. American machinery has the same reputation as Mr. Lloyd George. It is slick, it is ingenious, it appears to be going to work, but actually it is "on the scrap-heap" before many months of use have gone by. Similarly all Mr. Lloyd George's measures, without exception, a few months or years after their passage, require to be repaired, renovated or scrapped. They do not last, they have no wearing quality. We need not repeat our remarks of last week on the Budget; but it is clear from Mr. Lloyd George's present attitude that he himself has tired of that toy. The Railway Conciliation Scheme of 1907 is a still better example. We said at the time that it would not work, and more experienced persons than ourselves in railway affairs said the same. Yet Mr. Lloyd George was quite confident that having manoeuvred the scheme on to paper duly signed, it was bound to be a success in practice. Far-sighted *practical* imagination was, in any case, intolerable to him. He could not be bothered to put the scheme into practice in his mind before trying it in men. There it was, complete on paper, and only waiting for experiment. The scheme, as we know, broke down only this year—in August last, to be precise. But the same cheerful, ingenious, slick mind was at hand to put Humpty Dumpty together again. The totally unsatisfactory Settlement of the present month is the result.

* * *

His tour de force in slickness, however, is, of course, the Insurance Bill. Anybody with the patience to project a section of the Act into daily life will instantly realise that the Act simply cannot work. It is as ridiculous as a machine of perpetual motion. The mechanics can all be assembled, the structure may be completed according to the specifications, but when the steam is developed the machine will refuse to budge. Doubtless Mr. Lloyd George will attribute this failure to the machinations of his enemies; but it will be due merely to his own machinations. Doubtless, also, he will spend many active nights and days in attempting to discover what is wrong in this part or in that part. But his search will be in vain, for it is the whole and not a part that is really wrong. Like the wonderful One-Hoss Shay, it will go all at once and nothing first, like a bubble when it bursts. And we who behold the pleasant spectacle can add a new proof of an old contention that government is an art and not an experimental science, and that in social reform the last person to be trusted is the slick charlatan. The coming year, we venture to say, will see an enormous decline in the prestige of Mr. Lloyd George.

A STUDY BY ANTIPIASSO.

CRACKED street-lamps reeking to the dingy moon;

And, to the street-lamps, stink of frying fish:

What is the soul of this? O, horrid rune!

Nay! Paint it not, it is too devilish!

E. H. VISIAK.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IN a country like ours national defence is a primary consideration. We are not in the position of Switzerland or the Republic of Andorra. Without a sound national defence policy our ambassadors are naturally hampered in their negotiations, and our friends and allies have some excuse for becoming anxious and protesting through the medium of their semi-official Press.

* * *

I mention this matter particularly this week because of the tension which has existed for some time between the naval and army authorities. There is, of course, always a good deal of friendly rivalry between the two services; but it is another thing when the authorities of the one branch fail to come to an agreement with the authorities of the other regarding strategic considerations. It was bad enough for the Navy to be unprepared when this country was on the brink of war with Germany in September last. There was no ammunition available, and there was no coal. And at least one commander lost his head and took his vessel cavorting round the North Sea with undue recklessness. One remembers the wild scramble there was to rush coal from Cardiff to the North. There was no equally wild scramble to get ammunition sent; for there was none to send at the precise moment it was asked for. There was some little delay about this important matter.

* * *

In the days before smokeless powder was invented it was customary for warships to throw overboard the shells and powder served out to them for target-practice. The old dirty powder of course simply ruined the beautiful white paint; and no really artistic commander could stand this. So target practice became restricted within very narrow limits; and, although it would not be quite correct to say that this state of things still exists, it is nevertheless a fact that ammunition actually has a way of disappearing mysteriously.

* * *

While all these things in themselves are bad enough, the disputes between the Admiralty and the War Office authorities are worse. The position may be briefly summed up as this: the War Office people wish to dictate the policy of the Naval Authorities as well as the policy of the War Office itself. It is unquestionable that in matters of strategy the naval experts should be listened to above all others. The efficiency of the Navy should on no account be detracted from in order to bolster up the appalling inefficiency of our Army, on which more money is wasted in proportion to its numbers than is the case with any other army in the world. This, however, is just what is being done at the present moment. I do not, I may say, regard it as being in the public interest to make any further details of this scandal known at present. But further details there are. I will give them in these columns at the proper time, unless, of course, steps are taken in the near future to set matters right.

* * *

When talking over this question the other day with one of the secretaries belonging to the Embassy of a Power allied to us, he asked me what on earth our so-called Committee of Defence was doing to allow such a scandal (which is thoroughly appreciated on the Continent) to continue. Our Committee of Defence, as I was compelled to inform him with some sadness, is a grotesque farce. It consists of everybody, apparently, except somebody who is anybody. The Prime Minister is in it; and so are two "secretaries" nominated by the War Office, as well as two nominated by the Admiralty. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is in it. So is Lord Esher and a number of unimportant busybodies. Lord Kitchener and Sir John French are the only two names of any real weight connected with this precious body.

In any case, the functions of this committee are purely advisory and not executive; and, again, the War Office representatives on it can easily outvote the naval men. The Committee of Defence, in short, is at this moment in the pocket of Lord Haldane; and will no doubt be utilised by him to bolster up the inefficiency of the Army and the Territorials.

* * *

Mr. Churchill, it is notorious, has been sent to the Admiralty chiefly for the purpose of carrying out the War Office policy there. He may, no doubt, be depended upon to make the Fleet as efficient as he can; but he must work while doing so within limits. I am quite ready to admit, with a feeling of disgust, that Lord Haldane's out-of-date philosophy, his faculty of not being able to see the wood for the trees, still carries some weight in the Cabinet; and I am sorry that Mr. McKenna's illness came at a rather unfortunate time.

* * *

The Powers will shortly intervene in China. The official "advice" already conveyed through the Consuls may, indeed, be considered as intervention; for it is merely a prelude to any stronger measures that may be deemed necessary. For the last three weeks negotiations have in particular been going on between Great Britain and Japan, and a plan has now been arranged. If the Chinese cannot speedily settle their differences joint action will be taken. It is only natural that the Japanese should not wish to see a Republic as its next-door neighbour; for such a form of government in China would not be without its effect in Japan. There is plenty of Socialism in Tokio, Yokohama, and other large towns, and the Government has no desire to see it spreading. Great Britain, again, has large trade interests in China; and the advice of experts on the spot is to the effect that those interests can be better looked after by a monarchical form of government than by a few enthusiastic students of our degenerate Western institutions. The Powers, as I have said, have given "advice"; but Japan at least is getting ready to intervene with something more than advice. Nor is Russia sleeping. Trying, isn't it, that Eastern countries which want to change their institutions are always sat upon and exploited? Turkey, Persia, China . . . and now even Thibet is thinking of declaring its independence!

* * *

The fate of the Salonika Committee of Union and Progress—how ironical the title now sounds!—is still undecided. Peace proposals are being hurried forward. It should not be forgotten that, while Italy is beginning to suffer from the effects of the war, Turkey is in just as bad a plight. There was a Budget deficit this year, and there will probably be one next year of at least five million Turkish pounds. Not even Nail Bey, I fear, can juggle with figures sufficiently to prevent this. And Turkey's borrowing powers are not what they were. Her earnest wish to tack on four per cent. to the Customs dues does not meet with whole-hearted approval in trading circles; and French financiers are not at present disposed to turn the glad eye on Turks who come to negotiate loans. Peace, therefore, is essential for Turkey; but peace negotiations will mean the end of the Committee, a blow at its prestige from which its members will not easily recover. Every Turk now knows that abstract knowledge of politics, such as the philosophical basis of the rights of man and argument for and against equal voting rights, is not of much value where it is not accompanied with practical experience. Every member of the Committee, for example, is, I am sure, perfectly competent to write an interesting essay on Rousseau's "Contrat Social," and, indeed, many of them may have done so for all that I know or care; but certainly not one of the Committee recollected that it would be advisable to fortify Tripoli—or at any rate not to reduce the garrison there—in view of the Protocols of 1901 and 1902. Hence an amount of stealthy intriguing which would have staggered the arch-intriguer, Abdul Hamid.

Bio-Politics.

By G. W. Harris.

THE invention of a new label is much to be deprecated unless just cause can be shown for its use. The term "bio-politics" can be justified by a consideration of its meaning and the aspect of politics which it has been designed to explain and characterise. The present condition of the nations of Europe gives much cause for apprehension. There is a general unrest, an almost universal discontent and distrust of existing methods, and, unfortunately, but few honest attempts at a policy of reconstruction. Everyone is nowadays iconoclastic. This party and that party are useless and must be abolished. One man calls for a "business" Government, which is as vague in its meaning as the blessed word "Mesopotamia." Another joins a society of dilettante windbags who talk and talk and talk about social degeneracy and do nothing. Others find attraction in wild schemes of universal suffrage, of redistribution of wealth, and other chimeras as impracticable as they are sensational. Either England is in need of a severe war and a sound thrashing, or else she must begin to reconstruct her home policy from a logical and obvious basis. The inevitable result of democracy—and particularly is this noticeable in the case of a democracy semi-ochlocratic—is a system of cast-iron bureaucracy in which everything is subordinated to some futile red-tapeish procedure. Democracy, in fact, is mediocrity in excelsis in all meanings of the words—particularly in the matter of high places. The choice of Mr. Runciman as Minister of Agriculture is simply the illustration of this fatal habit of endeavouring to find places for men, instead of men for places. By the term "bio-politics" we mean a policy which should consider two aspects of the nation: in the first place, the increase of population and competition; in the second place, the individual attributes of the men who are available for filling places of responsibility in the State.

There can be little doubt that before very long every State will have to take in hand seriously the question of increased population and examine accurately the places and classes in which increase is most pronounced. The present troubles with hysterical women are greatly due to the excess of the female over the male population, this superfluity having nothing to do and doing it extremely ill. Here is clearly a case where legislation might rationally diminish the number of female births, and thus leave enough women to go round without superfluity. Or, again, the superfluous women might be compelled to leave the country by a process of lot-drawing—a method employed by the Athenians for selecting their archons, and one which can be regarded as the result of their mature consideration. Again, the absurd procedure adopted at the present time in the case of the production of abortion should be abandoned. If a woman is with child and does not want it, it is impossible to see why, when at her request a doctor undertakes an operation at present called illegal, he should not only be permitted but actually empowered to do so. The production of illegitimate children is one of those phenomena which will always occur so long as the law stands as it is, and there can be little doubt that bastardy is not only a great hindrance in life, but is also liable to swell the numbers of those who, for want of something better to do, turn their hands to crime and other ignoble pursuits.

The upkeep of lunatics and criminal lunatics is another question which must be attacked. Unless some practical use can be made of them for experiment and the understanding of the causes of their disease, then a State lethal chamber is the best way out of the difficulty. Once we do away with the pomp and ceremony and ethical and moral lamentations over death, crime and other evils, we shall be able to treat them in a rational way without endeavouring to extract self-satisfaction from the failure of the ungodly. There is no panacea, and we do not suppose for a moment that bio-politics is all-in-all and the end-all of suffering. But it is highly essential to consider the men themselves

and avoid handing over to a lamp-lighter, for example, the care of the town clock. The search for good men, though difficult, is not hopeless; and were so much ingenuity displayed in the search as is shown by the promoters of the Insurance and Stamp Bills, good men would have been found long ago. Above all, the fewer orators we have the better. We do not want public speeches and canvassing and the exuberance of verbose and emotional idealists. Far better to leave the people alone who do not come voluntarily to vote—and to vote, not because the man is a Liberal or otherwise, but because he is a good man and has some knowledge of how to govern.

A Great Gun in Contemporary Letters.

By T. H. S. Escott.

ABOUT the middle of the nineteenth century the university of which, as the accomplished man of letters, Mr. Westbourne Wadham was a resident and—as he subsequently became—an illustrious member, produced a school of writers that it claimed to be beyond modern rivalry. Benjamin Jowett's visit to Germany in 1844 brought back to England other things than the hitherto neglected history of Greek philosophy. Amongst those intellectual exports from the fatherland of Kant to the country of Coleridge was an instalment of Hellenistic revival expressing itself in the English imitation of Greek literary forms. During earlier epochs the models of prose composition in the English tongue were Latin rather than Greek. The Victorian age had not advanced far into the 'fifties before men of cultivated minds and good judgment recognised Greek prose, with its more natural order of words, its emphasised logical connection of ideas, and its short, independent sentences, as of much closer kin to English than the long, connected period, with the senses suspended to the end, characteristic of the best-known Latin prose.

At the same time, an entirely novel attention was expended on the art of informing the Anglo-Saxon tongue, as written on the Isis, with the rhythm and cadence of Attic exemplars. That art reached its perfection in the hands of its most consummate master, J. A. Froude, from 1844 to 1848 a fellow of Exeter, though coloured with a greater variety of feeling, as well as animated by appeals to stronger interests or passions, and generally showing a keener eye to dramatic effect. Froude's prose belonged to the same order as that of Ruskin, Jowett, and A. P. Stanley. Consequently, the writers now named were a marked contrast to the Mozleys and other scholarly authors who showed their Roman tendencies not more in their theology than in their literary style. Such were the prose patterns for the schools and for the periodical when Mr. Westbourne Wadham began to turn what was then pretentiously called publicist. During those early days John Ruskin, as to matter and manner, rather than any of those who flourished with him, found his aptest pupil in the gentleman to-day at the head of English prose writers.

Mr. Westbourne Wadham, however, had added to the culture coming from the academic curriculum the grace and power of expression then being wrought to a rare degree of finish by the Frenchman who, in 1825, had translated into his native tongue Herder's "Philosophy of History," and who, thirteen years later, elaborated in his "Examen de la vie de Jésus" a new and, as it soon became, a modish mysticism, paving the way for conclusions less favourable to Strauss than might have been expected. What Paul Louis Courier had been to Albany Fonblanque, that Quinet became to Mr. Westbourne Wadham, as well as to the most select among Mr. Wadham's disciples. The affinities of intellectual taste and association at the time of the men and the movements now described account for Mr. Westbourne Wadham's earliest impulse towards pen and ink. His subsequent preparations for authorship, conducted through the medium of a foreign tongue, invested his work with a charm for a younger generation on the Isis

that was at once altogether original and, in many cases, nothing less than magnetic.

An equally valuable part of his training has been generally ignored; the more, therefore, does it call for mention now. Mr. Westbourne Wadham derived his first-rate brains and, as a consequence, his earliest views of life from an exceptionally vigorous upper middle-class commercial stock. The strain thus inherited sufficed to keep him a cool-headed practical man of the world in the midst of his youthful enthusiasms. He was much with Europe's most advanced figures, German as well as French. He was never of them. Similarly the Gallic founder of the Creed, with whom George Eliot kept up a lifelong coquetry, found an appreciative listener in Mr. Wadham, but never a convert. The already-mentioned Edgar Quinet's relations with Strauss to some extent prefigured Mr. Westbourne Wadham's connection with the first Positivist, who, imparting to Talleyrand his intended introduction of a new religion, drew from the diplomatist the rejoinder that there was only one method of doing this—namely, "To die and rise again on the third day." As in style so in treatment of his themes, Mr. Westbourne Wadham can congratulate himself during his retirement on his performance of a feat unique among the writers of his age. Without surrendering any portion of his identity, intellectual, literary, social, moral, or political, he has distilled into his writings and enriched the mind of his readers with all that is best in the new thought, philosophy, or diction, while not relinquishing his hold upon whatever may be worthiest of retaining in the old.

With no one could there perhaps be attributed fewer points in common than with his ancient friend, the late Thomas Hughes of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Still, between the pair a resemblance may be traced in this. They have both gathered up in themselves, as well as reflected in every book or article written by either of them, some leading characteristics of the generations and the forces lived through by each. No contrast could ever have been greater than that of the silken-voiced J. A. Froude and his manner, half caressing, half cynical, with the broad-shouldered, strident-toned Mr. Westbourne Wadham during their prime. Froude's business was to apply to English history first, to English politics—so far as he touched them—afterwards, the ideas of Carlyle, sweetened with an added picturesqueness after his own graceful fashion. Mr. Westbourne Wadham consistently aimed at reflecting the best and most advanced thought, secular or sacred, of the educated Englishman in language whose clearness and force have been regarded by that personage with more satisfaction because, till he read it, he never knew how bold and clever a fellow he really was.

Reaction v. Republicanism.

By E. Belfort Bax.

PRONOUNCEMENTS of your typical reactionary are cast in one mould, and hence it is easy to prognose with fair precision the attitude he will assume on any given occasion. Every progressive democratic revolutionary movement, however powerful or virile in itself, has to be waived aside as weak and of no account. Every reactionary movement, no matter whether it has any backing or not, must correspondingly be talked of as something serious and worthy of all attention. In the same way, every display of energy on the part of a progressive democratic or revolutionary organisation or administration has to be duly called ugly names, while every despotic act or outrage on popular liberty committed by powers that be is, as a matter of course, approved as a display of vigour. If the deed is too atrocious to be treated in this way, the correct reactionary tip is to belittle the importance of the matter, to declare the statements concerning it to be gross exaggerations, and for the rest, to excuse it on the ground of the difficulties of the situation. Thus Lord Roberts, recently asked his opinion of the atrocities of the Italian troops in Tripoli, talked of the necessity of giving the

wicked Arabs in the oasis, who had the temerity to repel the invader, a lesson—adding the well-known military cant to the effect that truculent measures are often the most humane in the end. On the same principle Mr. William Sykes, speaking from the burglar's standpoint, might argue that, say, hitting a worthy householder over the head with an iron bar on entering the premises selected for operations, cruel as it might seem, was really a most compassionate way of effecting the object of the expedition, since otherwise an alarm might be raised and other members of the household, as well as the police, might be involved, in which several persons might receive serious injuries. In a word, in the case of every energetic policy on the part of Democrats and Socialists it is the correct thing, according to the reactionary code of political judgment, to denounce as ruffianism. Every brutal repression by the constituted authorities of capitalist civilisation, as already said, on the other hand, is to be approved as a policy of virtuous vigour. This rule of reactionary judgment is stringently embodied in the oft-quoted admonition of "Punch's" special constable to the Chartist—the "special" standing for the governing classes, and the Chartist for the modern democrat or revolutionary: "If I slog you over the head, mind, I'm only doing my duty; but if you hit me back, by God! it's a dastardly outrage."

The above principles of what we may term the reactionist's hand-book, although they confront one in all the utterances of the tribe, received an interesting exemplification in the issue of THE NEW AGE for November 16 in an article headed "Triumphant Republicanism," by Senhor da Bragança Cunha. In this article the above Royalist Portuguese gentleman literally foams at the mouth in the endeavour to find adequate abusive language for the Portuguese Republican Congress because, forsooth, it passed a resolution in honour of the slayer of King Carlos with the words: "The Congress sorrowfully salutes the memory of the great Portuguese Buica and Costa." Now, whatever we may think of the desirability of tyrannicide as a general policy, there can be no doubt of the sincerity and unselfish devotion of the brave men in question, who undoubtedly laid the foundation of the Portuguese Republic in executing vengeance on one whom most democrats would regard as having richly deserved his fate. That the Republican Parliament in Portugal should honour their memories, that it should by a unanimous vote express its feelings in this matter, is, surely, a display of courage and honesty which should command our respect, whatever our opinions may be of the policy or act of the regicides. Now there is nothing your hard-shelled reactionary is more fond of expressing his aversion from than what he is pleased to call "sentimentalism." But the edge of this severely non-sentimental attitude is invariably turned towards the working-classes and the masses of the population. When it is any question of the governing classes and their satellites being hard pressed, these same gentlemen can froth to overflowing with indignant sentiment. Now I am myself, I trust, a sincere and thorough-going Sentimentalist (N.B., in the sense of "S. Verdad" and gentlemen of his kidney), but I confess that I am unable myself to shed very many salt tears over the fate of the late lamented King Carlos. Not so Senhor da Bragança Cunha, for whom the lawless execution of the late King is a "ghastly crime," also the realisation of a "long sanguinary dream," etc. (How the shooting of one man can constitute "a long, sanguinary dream" the worthy Senhor does not tell us.) It would be interesting to know if Senhor da Bragança Cunha experienced the same lively sentiments of horror and viewed with the same high moral abhorrence the judicial murder of Senhor Francesco Ferrer at Barcelona in October, 1909. Yet one would think that even those who most strongly deprecate political assassination, if they have the least scintilla of fairness in their composition, must admit that a judicial murder, when those responsible for it run no risk of their own skins, is a far meaner action than the slaying of a tyrant when the slayers knowingly go to meet certain death for what they, rightly or wrongly, believe a social necessity or a just retribution.

I can, of course, quite understand that, owing to family connections or otherwise, the worthy Senhor should feel keenly the death of the late King Carlos. But, I submit, his private sentiments are hardly sufficient ground for his not "keeping his hair on" when professing to discuss the matter objectively.

For the rest, I hear from the best-informed sources not only that the elements of hostility to the Republic are a negligible quantity throughout the length and breadth of the land—a statement which is confirmed by the obvious course of events—but that the dissensions among the Republican leaders, inexcusable though they may be under the circumstances, do not connote any differences of principle whatever. As for the cowardly monarchical conspirators, whose chief political policy (beyond an occasional raid across the Spanish frontier, followed by a "scuttle" back again as soon as the Republican troops appear in sight) seems to consist in stirring up street rows and scattering broadcast lying reports concerning the State of Portugal, Sentimentalist though I am, my policy as to their treatment and that of their Catholic abettors would be summed up in one word—"thorough!"

The present Portuguese Republic does not profess to be a social democratic commonwealth, and hence it is no special concern of we Socialists to defend it; but in any case it represents such a great advance on the corrupt reaction it has superseded that no progressive man can fail to have a respect for it and its leaders, and to feel correspondingly indignant at the paltry attempts to besmirch it and them made in the Royalist interest.

The Coming of Œdipus.

By H. F. Stephens.

I.

ANAXAGORAS in the early days of Greek philosophy was, perhaps, the first to enunciate the assumption which Descartes in the middle of the seventeenth century adopted and used in his interpretation of the phenomena of life, and which in England in these latter days Dr. Weizmann so skilfully defends. But the conception that life involves phenomena totally different from those of physics and chemistry, and that biology is not in itself simply a branch of these sciences, as the animism of Stahl led him first to believe and then to maintain, is becoming more and more the accepted attitude of thought among the students of Nature towards all her manifestations of vital activity, for the chemico-physical explanation of the Mechanists cannot wholly comprehend the phenomena of living matter, with its "tendency to disturb existing equilibria, to reverse the dissipative processes which prevail throughout the inanimate world, to store and build up where they are ever scattering and pulling down, the tendency to conserve individual existence against antagonistic forces, to grow and to progress, not inertly taking the easier way, but seemingly striving for the best, retaining every vantage secured, and working for new ones."

With the exception, perhaps, of the modern tendency towards an increase in the numbers of the Vitalists very little progress has been made by either party since the days of the early Greeks. And the problem of life is still unsolved. In spite of the accumulation of facts, in spite of the growth of imagination, in spite of the ever-increasing inauguration of terms and phrases pseudocytic or pregnant with thought and meaning, the wordy warfare of the contending theories still proceeds and rages impotently. The site of the battle has shifted and changed from the protozoon to the metazoa, from the organism of which it forms a part to the cell itself, from the cell to its constituent biophores, and back again to the composite organism. Bludgeon and battleaxe have yielded precedence to forces more potent and persuasive instruments of far greater delicacy, but the issue of the battle is far from imminent. Nor is its purport manifest. Like unto the soldiers of a king our enthusiastic biologists have been at war for an ideal, unconscious of its relation to the

truth; nor know they aught of their sovereign lord save the many representations of his majesty.

Still sits the Sphinx of Time beside the highway to Eternity propounding the ancient riddle to this world's wanderers, be they protozoon or primate, and to-day, as of yore, while there is none to find an answer, Greek and Gentile, biophore and biologist, all shall pay the penalty.

But the coming of Œdipus is at hand.

II.

Whatever may be the secret of life, it is evident that it is equally resident in the smallest thing alive as in the highest organism. But the smallest thing alive must not be confounded with the unit of the body of the highest organism, the cell. One might almost speak of the cell as an individual when it forms, with other like and unlike cells, a metazoon, but one can never speak of it as an individuality except when existing in an independent condition as a unicellular organism. In this respect the lowly protozoon is the equal of the primate, and higher far in the scale of sentient beings than the individual units of that communal body. In this respect also do the warring partisans of the two theories for the interpretation of the phenomena of life unconsciously agree. When Dr. Weizmann, the modern English exponent of the mechanistic theory, maintains that "biology should begin with the study of unicellular organisms, because in them the processes of life are more easily observed," he is in reality instituting the same plea for the understanding of the problem that Dr. Haldane, the equally eminent vitalistic physiologist, urges upon us when he contends that "life should be studied in higher organisms, where they could observe what was taking place, and not in minute specks of protoplasm." Both recognise the individuality of the organism. Both realise that life must be studied in the organism as a whole, and not in any particular part of the organism. Both, in fact, agree that the conception of the living organism as such is the foundation on which alone biology as a science can be based. This conception is not reducible to anything simpler, and apart from it the facts of biology are a mere chaos.

The quarrel of the biologists, nevertheless, arose in their failure to comply with this simple but fundamental condition. In their enthusiasm to protect each his idol theory from the onslaught of the other, the Mechanists and Vitalists came to blows, not upon the question of living and non-living organisms, but upon the utterly futile question of living and non-living matter. "When," they declared with Bunge, "with the help of scalpel and microscope, we have dissected the organism to its last shred, when we are concerned only with the single cell—then the greatest riddle still lies before us." Upon that "last shred" the Mechanists and Vitalists sought to fight each other to the death—a truly piteous spectacle. It is as if one should desire to gain an idea of the ocean in the electro-analysis of a drop of its waters, or to learn the meaning of the ebb and flow of its tides in its chemical constitution. Each party is, therefore, to be congratulated on its failure to win the battle, for from such a standpoint its outlook on life would have been small indeed, its observations false, and its conclusions altogether wrong.

Whether living matter, whether that unfortunate "last shred," the metazoic cell, does or does not comply with the mechanistic or the vitalistic theory of life is of little consequence. The ultimate, the all-important question is: what is life? Not, what is living matter? And the answer to that question must lie in the study of the organism as a whole, be that organism unicellular or multi-cellular in its constitution. It is, therefore, sincerely to be regretted that so much emphasis has been laid upon, and so much time has been expended in, the study of the functions of the somatic cell in the acknowledged endeavour to discover the secret of life resident, for instance, in the protozoon, for, whereas both are instances of living matter, there is all the difference between life and death in the nature and characteristics of the protozoon as compared with that of the somatic cell of some higher organism.

That something of the reality of their controversy is dawning upon the minds of the disputants is clearly evident in Dr. Haldane's plea for the study of the organism as a whole when introducing a discussion on Vitalism at a meeting of the Pathological Society of Manchester on October 11. His contention is highly to be commended as an attempt to find the only true way of looking at the facts of life so as to interpret what has been observed.

"What is the basis of 'Vitalism'?" he asked. "The answer is that the living being maintains itself as a whole in all its details of structure and function throughout the vicissitudes of its life-history, and is naturally perceived by us as a whole. The adult organism is a whole, but includes subordinate wholes, and is itself subordinate to the stock, and ultimately to the whole of organic existence. It is a whole because of its maintenance of characteristic structure and activity, and the whole cannot be analysed into constituent elements. Vitalism, which depends on a "vital force" which acts among mechanical forces, cannot be defended. There is no evidence of such a separate force; and its existence would involve a definite breach with the law of the conservation of energy. This conception has consequently been unpopular, but, nevertheless, the demand for a true conception of vitalism is being made more and more urgently by physiology and pathology.

"We must, at the same time as we reject the principle of a 'vital force,' also refuse to agree to the assumption common among scientific men that the world as it appears to physics and chemistry is the only world which we can perceive. If such conceptions as those of mechanism do not enable us to understand the facts of life we must replace them by others which are adequate to the facts observed. There can be no *à priori* or philosophical objection to this modification of conceptions.

"In perceiving an organism as a whole we perceive the continuity and connection which are present in the form, properties, and activities of the living being, and not simply the matter and energy which pass through it or exist in it. Similarly, also, we look at the surrounding environment as part of the whole, and it is in a sense true to say that an organism by its selective and other influence makes its own environment. The environment in the physical sense is simply irrelevant or non-existent from the standpoint of life. The difference between vital and physical is the difference between two ways of looking at the observed phenomena. It is possible to treat the phenomena of life from either standpoint, but the result of restricting our view to the physical is that we leave out, or abstract from, and are unable to describe all that is really characteristic of life. . . .

"It is, further, insufficient to look at the organism as an individual merely. This is incomplete without reference to the stock. The individual dies and disappears, while the stock remains. We can also trace life back to earlier forms, and logically we are led to believe that if we could go back far enough we would find life under the guise of inorganic matter. As conscious individuals men and animals are, it is true, much more than mere organisms, but the simple conception of the organism enables us to deal with all the facts belonging properly to biology."

III.

In the future investigation of the problem of life much valuable aid should be obtained from the theory outlined above. To this end, also, the suggestion offered by Sir Henry Butlin in his Hunterian Lectures* for the current year on the parasite of cancer should prove especially useful.

Biologists have always wondered why certain cells of the body of an animal, though similar in every particular to their companions, should suddenly assume the property of rapid and destructive reproduction charac-

teristic of a malignant new growth. Many theories have been advanced in explanation of this curious phenomenon, and the aim of experimental research has been to find an answer to the two important questions: What is malignancy? How does it arise? Sir Henry, as the ardent student of carcinoma in all its forms, and particularly of the neoplasms of the tongue, and as the close associate of all the most recent work on cancer, is, perhaps, best qualified in England to speak on the subject which has been, and is, one of the most urgent and the most interesting problems of pathology. His lectures, therefore, were of considerable importance, for they embodied the latest conclusions of the cancer experts.

Discarding all the older theories that supposed the existence of some stimulus, physical, chemical, or bacterial, to be responsible for the sudden acquisition of destructive growth on the part of what were originally normal cells, Sir Henry brought forward evidence to prove conclusively that "malignancy" is "life," and that the cancer-cell is a new creation, an independent organism, and lives as a parasite in the body of the animal which is suffering from cancer. In all its characteristics it most closely resembles a protozoan. It is not, however, quite conformable to the laws of the protozoa, and a separate phylum has, therefore, been found for it, to which Sir Henry has given the name *Unicellula cancri*.

To medicine this parasitic theory of cancer should prove to be of practical value, but for biologists the interesting question will be: Where does the cancer-cell come from? Sir Henry, after carefully examining the evidence of the collected facts of recent years, has had reluctantly to come to the conclusion that the cancer-cell is formed within the body, and does not enter it from without. In other words, the cancer patient is the creator of his own cancer-cells. This is a conclusion of tremendous significance.

In a given part of the body two cells are exactly alike. In every particular they are the same. To the critical eye of science both are normal. Suddenly one of them becomes endowed with life. It is no longer a passive cell, one of countless numbers living peacefully and usefully in a corporeal communism. It is now an independent organism, a new creature, a living soul, striving with all its might and main to preserve its own individuality, and to continue its own species, sacrificing every interest but its own to work out its own salvation. What has effected the change? What is the cause of this new departure? At one moment an indifferent, passive, normal cell, at the next the Pentecostal fires of life have fallen upon it, and the new gospel of Regeneration is manifested in all the fanaticism of the young proselyte.

The secret of the cancer-cell is the secret of life, and in the birth of *Unicellula cancri* is the hope of the biologist. "He who discovers the true origin of cancer," said Sir Henry Butlin, "will have solved the enigma which has hitherto baffled the searchers and philosophers in all ages and of all countries."

ARISTODEMOCRACY, 1911.

She plumed and preened herself, and pranced athwart
The appraising gaze of many a common man;
Drank with her eyes his lust, and laughing ran
To Virtue's thorny shelter, still unbought.
Night upon night she coiled her tresses swart,
Tricked out the scarlet mouth and visage wan
To titillate some crude American
Or set some Hebrew trafficker at naught.

Came one, fastidious, with lip acurl,
Nostril astretch with overmuch gentility;
Damned heartily her soul, but took the girl.
She was a creature of a fine ability;
He was a draper's son—that is, an Earl:
Bow, Demos, bow before your new nobility.

C. M. KOHAN.

* Two lectures delivered before the Royal College of Surgeons of England, on November 13 and 15, on "*Unicellula cancri*: the Parasite of Cancer."

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

[Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute expositions and translations in illustration of the "New Method in Scholarship."—ED.]

V.

FOUR EARLY POEMS OF ARNAUT DANIEL.

THESE poems belong perhaps to Arnaut's early work—at least Canello's arrangement of the poems shows a steady development from first to last, and we may as well accept it as a working hypothesis until something better is offered or until this is proved erroneous. Let us say the poems were written about A.D. 1180-1185. The music to "Chançon doil" exists in MS. R. 71 Ambrosiana, Milan. The poem runs on four rhymes. Their order in the stanzas changes. Whether I have transgressed in translating with three rhymes and an assonance cannot be determined until we know more twelfth-century orthography and the various dialects of Provence. The second poem has a rhythm like a sea-chanty, and is almost more like an estampida or dance form than a canzon. It is an interesting experiment in "elevens" and a strong changing cæsura. All the poems must be considered as things to *sing*. The second two suggest the possible surrounding in which they may have been first presented. You will note that they are all free from what Morris and Rossetti—and the smaragdite poets generally—have taught us to regard as mediævalism, and that they undoubtedly contain many a turn which would have delighted Robert Browning—the third especially.

I do not mean to assail *plat ventre* the mediævalism of the Victorian mediævalists. Their mediævalism was that of the romances of North France, of magical ships, and the rest of it, of Avalons that were not; a very charming mediævalism if you like it—I do more or less—but there is also the mediævalism of mediæval life as it was.

"Bona es vida
pos joia la mante,"

bawls Arnaut in "Can chai la fueilla" "Bully is living where joy can back it up." This comes from a very real, very much alive young man who has kicked over the traces, told his instructors to go to hell, put his title "En" ("Sir") in his wallet, and set out to see life as a jongleur. He will see no stags with crosses growing from their foreheads, he will not fly to an imprisoned lady in the form of a hawk; he will, I think, preserve through life a pleasing sense of humour, he will dine often with the Cœur de Lion, he will form some sort of friendship with that dyspeptic curmudgeon, En Bertrans de Born, fourth holder in the tower of Altaforte. But this sort of thing belongs to the novelists and not to a pedagogue.

CHANSSON DOIL.

I.

I'll make a song with exquisite
Clear words, for buds are blowing sweet
Where the sprays meet,
And flowers don
Their bold blazon
Where leafage springeth greenly
O'ershadowing
The birds that sing
And cry in coppice seemly.

II.

The bosques among they're singing fleet.
In shame's avoid my staves compete,
Fine-filed and neat,
With love's glaives on
His ways they run;
From him no whim can turn me,
Although he bring
Great sorrowing,
Although he proudly spurn me.

III.

For lovers strong pride is ill won,
And throweth him who mounts thereon.
His lots are spun
So that they fling
Him staggering,
His gaudy joys move leanly,
He hath grief's meat
And tears to eat
Who useth Love unseemly.

IV.

Though tongues speak wrong of wrangles non
Can turn me from thee. For but one
Fear I have gone
Dissembling;
Traitors can sting,
From their lies I would screen thee,
And as they'd treat
Us, with deceit,
Let fate use them uncleanly.

V.

Though my swath long's run wavering
My thoughts go forth to thee and cling,
Wherefore I sing
Of joys replete
Once, where our feet
Parted, and mine eyes plainly
Show mists begun
And sweetly undone,
For joy's the pain doth burn me.

VI.

Save 'neath Love's thong I move no thing,
And my way brooks no measuring,
For right hath spring
In that Love's heat
Was ne'er complete
As mine, since Adam. 'Tween me
And sly treason
No net is spun,
Wherefore my joy grows greenly.

CODA.

Lady, who'er demean thee
My benison
Is set upon
Thy grace where it moves queenly.

CAN CHAI LA FUEILLA.

I.

When faint leaf falleth
From the high forky tips,
And cold appalleth
The parching shoots and slips
And stills sweet quips
Of birds so that none calleth,
Still are my lips
For Love, howe'er he galleth.

II.

Though all things freeze here
I cannot feel the cold,
For new love sees here
My heart's new green and gold.
And I am bold
For love shuts out the breeze here,
And hath me hold
High valour well at ease here.

III.

Aye, life's a high thing
Where joy's his maintenance,
Who cries 'tis wry thing
Hath danced never my dance,
I can advance
No blame against fate's tithing
For my good chance
Hath deemed the best thing my thing.

IV.

Of love's wayfaring
 I know no part to blame,
 All other paring,
 Compared, is set to shame,
 Since there's no flame
 Shineth fit for comparing
 To her; no dame
 But has the meaner bearing.

V.

I'll ne'er entangle
 My heart with other fair
 Although I mangle
 My joy by staying here.
 I have no fear
 That ever at Pontrangle
 You'll find her peer
 Or one that's worth a wrangle.

VI.

She'd ne'er destroy
 Her man with cruelty,
 'Twixt here 'n' Savoy
 There feeds no fairer she;
 She delights me
 'Till Paris ne'er had joy
 In such high fee
 From Helena of Troy.

VII.

She's so the rarest
 Who holdeth me thus gay,
 Her features fairest
 Lay thirty fair away.
 So it's fair play,
 Thou song of mine who bearest
 Such fair array,
 That I tell why thou darest.

VIII.

Chançon, nor stay,
 'Till to her thou declarest :
 "Arnaut would say
 Me not, wert thou not fairest."

LANCAN SON PASSAT LI GIURE.

I.

When the frosts are gone and over,
 And are stripped from hill and hollow,
 When, in close, the blossom blinketh
 From the spray where the fruit cometh,
 The flower and song, their benison
 For the season sweet and merry
 Bid me with high joy to bear me
 Through days while April's coming on.

II.

And joy is right hard to discover,
 Such sly ways doth false love follow,
 Only sure he never drinketh
 At the fount where true faith hometh;
 A thousand maids and hardly one
 Of her falsehoods over-chary
 Stabbing whom vows make unwary,
 Their tenderness is vilely done.

III.

The most wise runs drunkest lover,
 Sans pint-pot or wine to swallow,
 If a whim her locks unlinke
 One stray hair his noose becometh.
 When evasion's fairest shown
 Then the sly puss purrs most near ye,
 Innocents at heart beware ye
 When she seems colder than a nun.

IV.

See, I thought so highly of her !
 Trusted, but the game is hollow,
 Not one won piece soundly clinketh,
 All the cardinals that Rome hath,
 Yea, they all were put upon
 By my Lady Slyly-wary;
 Cunning are the threads they carry,
 Yet while they watched they'd be undone.

V.

Whom Love makes so mad a rover
 'Ll take a cuckoo for a swallow,
 If she say so, sooth, he thinketh
 There's a plain where Puy-de-Dome is.
 'Till his eyes and nails are gone
 Will he play and follow fairly
 —Sure as old tales never vary
 For his fond heart he is fordone.

VI.

Well I know sans writing's cover
 What a plain is, what's a hollow.
 I well know whose honour sinketh
 And who 'tis that shame consumeth.
 They meet, I loose reception.
 Shame's a hound too swift to harry,
 Mid false words I do not tarry
 But from her lordship I'll be gone.

VII.

Sir Bertrans sure, no pleasure's won
 Like this freedom, naught so merry
 'Twixt Nile 'n' where the suns miscarry
 To where the rain falls from the sun.

FOR RIGHT OF AUDIENCE.

I.

In a new cause my song again
 Moves in my throat, with altered mien,
 No, don't think any hope springs green
 Of making fair song of my pain;
 But 'till she who hath blamed me wrongly 'll cry
 "Mercy !" I'll sing it out before the crowd,
 For she'll not let me speak with her alone.

II.

'Tis grace and pardon I would gain
 Did not her action come between
 Me and my right of asking e'en,
 Though mercy could the thief sustain,
 When all of his own deeds had passed him by,
 Unto my life no respite is allowed
 Unless, where my rights fail, mercy be shown.

III.

Hath a man rights at love? No grain,
 Yet fools think they've some legal lien;
 And she'll blame you, with heart serene,
 That ships for Bar* sink in mid-main
 Or 'cause the French don't come from Gascony.
 And for such faults I am nigh in my shroud,
 Since, by my God! I've shown such faults or none.

IV.

That place where his desire hath lain
 A man leaves loath, this I well ween,
 Yet there be some with breasts so mean
 That they to take back gifts are fain.
 As for myself, my love can not run dry,
 Not though she robs my all, where she's most proud.
 My love, in lack of joy, is stronger grown.

V. ENVOI.

Please ye, Lords fellows, now maintain
 Me, whom she would in all demean.
 Pray to her thus (until she lean
 Toward me and make her mercy plain) :
 "Fair for our sake let Arnaut's song draw nigh !"
 I may not name her, cry ye all aloud
 That Arnaut came to court, his heart is known.

* Literally: "That ships wreck ere they get to Bar (*i.e.*, the port of Bari), and 'cause the French are not Gascons."

Art and Drama.

By Huntly Carter.

By a gradual abnegation of the ideal, painting has at last reached what is termed the realistic form of art. It is, in fact, more or less imitative. But with the total abnegation of the real, consequent upon the present revolt, painting will again achieve the ideal. This revolt is already strongly marked. So, painting to-day appears in two distinct forms; one expressing the objects of experience as they appear to us, or more important than they really are, the other expressing things apparently out of all relation to actual life. The first of these forms is seen expressing objects realistically, that is imitating their utilitarian character and implying their artistic; the other form is exemplified in the expression of objects from which the utilitarianism has been eliminated till only the essential artistic features remain.

* * *

The second form is concerned solely with the quintessence of ideality. It is the expression of a mind that is dissatisfied with actual things and has formed a conception of higher and better, which it seeks to express in a new form of composition having the elements of music. This composition has the peculiarity that if it is based on real objects, it affirms that each object has but one note or two of importance to the artist, and the rest of it does not matter. The note may be an ellipse, a circle, an angle, a straight line, to be used as a motive in a composition of shape and balance harmony. A composition of the kind calls forth all the special powers of creation, selection, omission, adaptation and elevation of subject.

* * *

Perhaps the greatest crime of the nineteenth century has been that of a class of "leader," artistic, literary, dramatic, that has aimed solely to foster minds possessing the normal vision of reality, and under the guise of truthfulness has misled even intelligent persons with unrealisable expectations. The realistic school of painting is one of the worst offenders in this respect. Though professing contempt for the public, it has yet expressed objects—many of them coarse and repulsive, softened by dexterous handling—which it knew the public would accept, as coming within the public's every-day experience. It has, indeed, sought to murder idealism with sleight of hand tricks.

* * *

The realistic artist is still everywhere aiming rather to express than leave out the utility or inartistic essentials inseparable from things in the actual. The London picture galleries, for instance, are in the possession of the painter with the normal vision of reality. Let anyone with the abnormal vision of reality go to the Goupil, Carfax, Chenil, or Suffolk Street galleries and he will find painter after painter standing still, their work absolutely stagnant. They are all doing the same thing—offering a point of view which the public unhesitatingly accepts, and employing a technique to which the public may or may not object. The strange fact is they are in the same inartistic world as the public, whereas, as artists, they ought to be in a world of their own. Nothing, therefore, but a few examples of the idealisation of the actual remain to satisfy the visitor. The studies by William Shackleton, with their wonderful feeling of mystery and infinity, at Suffolk Street and the Goupil; Robert Bevan's studies at Suffolk Street and The Carfax; a very simple and big landscape by C. J. Holmes at Suffolk Street; the three figures by Wyndham Lewis—one of the exhibitors of the Camden Town Group at The Carfax who is not tiresome; Spencer F. Gore's colour studies at The Stafford Galleries; and at the same place a Gauguin—the well-known Tahitian girl prone on a couch, and a Cézanne—a thickly painted "Still Life." He might take many of the other pictures as a text for a lecture on the limitations of the real, concluding with Augustus John. The latter's amazing portrait group, at Suffolk Street, of two men with cast-iron legs and heads painted like

miniatures, is a mournful, depressing sight; while his small landscapes at the Chenil Gallery and elsewhere point to but one conclusion. Mr. John ought to stop turning out such things and study colour and painting. He is easily first among draughtsmen, and easily last among painters.

* * *

We have received the following from the Berlin Correspondent of THE NEW AGE, Miss Adah King:—

The theatrical season in Berlin is noticeable for the revival of classical plays, both of the Greek period and of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The anniversary of the death of Heinrich von Kleist brought a surfeit of Kleist dramas. Professor Reinhardt's production of "Penthesilea" was very simple and effective, the conventional trammel of the stage being dispensed with. The play was condensed into four acts, the action taking place at different parts of a plain in front of Troy. The scenes were cleverly suggested by the revolving stage used in conjunction with a white backcloth lit by coloured limes, and just one tall cypress that varied its position as the stage revolved. The same producer's Circus performance of "Oresteia" compared unfavourably with last year's performance of "Œdipus Rex." Some people believe the Professor's thoughts and interests have changed their centre from Berlin to London, where he appears to be overwhelmed with gigantic schemes; others, that the public is losing interest in Greek Choruses and Circus crowds. Another interesting experiment has been the reproduction of "Jurandot," Vollmoeller's re-adaptation of the Italian Gozzi's Chinese fairy drama which Schiller failed to make palatable. On this occasion, the play, garnished with Busoni's music and Herr Stern's sumptuous but burlesque Chinese stage trimming, was nearly digestible.

The latest Reinhardt enterprise is the morality "Everyman" in a modernised dress, by Hofmannsthal. It has found its way into the Circus. Why Professor Reinhardt should produce it there is not clear. Except in the banquet scene where Death appears invisible to all the revellers except Everyman, seldom more than two or three characters appear at a time. The quaint three-tiered stage is the only thing requiring room, and this might easily have been adapted to the theatre, thus permitting the play itself to gain in artistic atmosphere. The Circus has its drawbacks. One is a very stably appeal to the olfactories. Apart from this the production is one of the best Reinhardt has done. His attempt to get unity extended even to the gestures of the players, who were made to reproduce those angular Gothic movements made familiar to us by early Primitive paintings. Occasionally, however, the Primitive painting forgot itself and became the conventionalised German actor.

With regard to the modern drama there has been a new Sudermann, "Der Bettler von Syrakus," technically clever, and a new Schnitzler, "Das Weite Land," a three-cornered ménage awakening disgust. Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play" has arrived accompanied by the "Scarlet Pimpernel." Both have been very courteously received with solid German kicks.

* * *

The Paris dramatic correspondent of THE NEW AGE sends the following:—

Classical revivals are *the* thing here. Sarah Bernhardt has outlined a long programme of matinées classiques. She opened her regular season with the production of Hugo's "Lucrece Borgia," a purely academic affair. The stage setting was quite conventional—Meissonnier in treatment. But it had the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrece Borgia—the artistic pulse of the drama for taking its temperature—really belongs to any period. But if set in the 15th century Florentine period it lends itself to possibilities of gorgeous setting in colour, line, and movement. The central motive of the character is crime—the disposing of discarded lovers. Consequently there would be no difficulty in choosing a colour and combination of colours to express the predominating and subordinate emotions. We might take greenish-yellow as the crime colour-motive, to play the leading part all through, with a company of contrasting reds, cadmiums, cool blues, greens, and notes of black to support it. There would be a corresponding development of line, registering, so to speak, the temperature of the play. The line would harmonise with the colour movement, starting in the first act with a note of repose—straight lines and cool refreshing tones, becoming more broken up in the second act, full of violence in the third, and so on. The line and colour drama would be also caught up and repeated in the costumes, drop curtains, accessories, and even in the acting, so far as possible. The great thing to be obtained is unity and continuity. As for the acting, Bernhardt has an astounding genius—for concealing her age.

The Importance of Hegel to Modern Thought.*

By John Middleton Murry.

DR. MACTAGGART is a Hegelian in a very particular sense; and "Hegelian" is a word of many meanings. It can be used for such thinkers as Michelet and Rosenkranz, Hegel's immediate followers, who, accepting the metaphysical conclusions of the master without questioning, made no use of them as a starting point for individual speculation, but contented themselves with a puerile endeavour to make Hegel dialectically consistent in unimportant detail. It can be used with a much more inspiring meaning for philosophers who adopt what we may call a Hegelian attitude, for men who make use of the living truth of Hegel's doctrines in their individual efforts in speculative inquiry, such as Bradley, Green, and J. A. Smith in England, and Croce in Italy—while among these latter is an individual philosopher who combines both aspects of Hegelianism—an almost complete acceptance of the teaching, together with the constant endeavour to build upon the foundation. This is Dr. MacTaggart. He is doubly a Hegelian; but it is only because he is Hegelian in the latter sense that his work is of such an abiding interest to students of philosophy. The true Hegelianism is needed to make the false Hegelianism true.

It would be beyond the scope of this article to enter into a detailed criticism of these works. The "Studies in Hegelian Cosmology" is rich with suggestion as well as with stimulus to criticism. Nothing is more interesting than the subtle speculation by which the writer reaches what to me is an untenable conclusion—the conception of the Absolute as a "society of souls," neither individual nor aggregate. The interest of the argument is in no way diminished by my conviction that the conception is intrinsically impossible. He seems, on the other hand, unquestionably right in his contention that the Absolute is not a person, in spite of Hegel's definite statement: "der Begriff ist nicht nur Seele, sondern freier subjectiver Begriff, der für sich ist und daher die *Personlichkeit hat*." The dialectic process and the definite trend of Hegel's thought in the "Philosophy of Religion" are final on this point. But this is not the place for minute criticism of the argument. It is enough to say that the three books are infinitely valuable in the suggestions which they afford—particularly the "Studies in Dialectic" and the "Studies in Cosmology." The writing is transparently clear in the latter work; while the all too brief discussion of ethics in the fourth chapter is, perhaps, the most valuable and original contribution to this branch of philosophy since Bradley's "Ethical Studies" of a generation ago.

I should wish rather to state as briefly as I can what I consider to be the permanently valuable legacy of Hegel to speculation as a whole—the essence of that attitude, in brief, which makes the epithet Hegelian in its second sense so valuable.

The times are now ripe for Hegel to come to his own. In recent years the flood of philosophic romanticism that has been penned since Schelling and Jacobi by the positivism of the scientists has welled back in waves of pragmatism and intuitionism, in James and Bergson; and this romantic renaissance is a condition—if only a condition—for the appreciation of Hegel. All movement from the static to the dynamic is an advance to the Hegelian point of view. Hegel's object was to find a form of mental activity which should be as mobile as movement itself, in touch with the "pulse of reality," and mentally reproducing the rhythm of development without giving it a false rigidity. But, as opposed to our modern intuitionists, the renunciation of thought and the denial of its validity was for him always a vain idea. The conception of reaching by the means of thought a conclusion which deprives the process of all

meaning was for him, as, surely, for all consistent thinkers, the most obvious *pis aller*. He sought for movement and change in thought itself, in the forms of a great dialectic; and whether we are able with Dr. MacTaggart to accept this thought process as constituting the essential of reality, we cannot fail to pay homage to the attempt. It begins where Bergson ends.

Hegel has many lessons for much of the slipshod modern speculation. Perhaps his greatest is this vindication of the validity of the reason as an unquestionable axiom; but Hegel vindicates it without reserve. For him there is nothing beyond the reach of thought, no unknowable, no thing in itself, no *élan vital*, that we cannot grasp by thinking. He is no mere master of an "unearthly ballet of bloodless categories," for bloodless is the last term to be applied to Hegel's thought. Speculation without experience, and that experience of the most comprehensive kind, was for him vain. The philosopher must know everything, he must seek his experience by the purifying medium of every science. Consciousness apart from its concrete manifestations is for him a chimera of the brain.

But the philosopher must not merely be comprehensive in his attitude towards the present, so that he does not isolate his problem; he must turn his eyes to the past. The only true method of philosophy is historical. All speculation worthy of the name must stand by the past, and only make advance when it has assimilated the treasures of the past. Bergson is to be read in the light of Kant, and Hegel in the light of both. By such studies alone can we see the Eternal Idea working itself out in time; and we come to see the infinite meaning in facts before made unintelligible by their isolation. Philosophy is to be what it was to the scholastics in that it will comprise all knowledge as its matter; it will abolish scholasticism because it draws on the life blood of a manifold experience, and because it stands above religious dogma, for it is true development and inner meaning of that dogma. Henceforward the thinker will isolate his problem neither from the present nor the past, and thus will vindicate at once a classicism and modernity.

And perhaps the chief message of Hegel is a warning against false isolation. We must see life whole. As in history we must not isolate the manners and men of a century, so in the essentially metaphysical problem of knowledge we must indulge in no false abstraction. Hegel will not acknowledge any absolute opposition (as in Kant) of thought and sensation. Experience defies such rigid analysis; and the whole of his teaching may be construed as a protest against the analytic rigidity of his predecessors. The mystic is nearer the truth than the formalist. In Hegel the disintegrating atomism of the English empiricists meets with its final answer. They make their own problems and charge reality with illusion; they make a distinction into a difference and fall into the pit they have dug. In logical terms, the true universal is concrete; and it is the inheritance of this conception from Hegelian idealism which has raised English speculation from the depths to which empiricism had brought it. Kant criticised the instrument of thought (in much the same spirit as H. G. Wells), and ended with a reality of "Ding an Sich," which was beyond our reach. Bergson's importance lies in his attempt to vindicate intuition as a valid means of reaching the unknowable. Change is a thing in itself. We cannot reach it by thought indeed, but we have our intuition. Hegel is greater than these, inasmuch as he insists that the problem is non-existent. We have vitiated knowledge at the fountain-head—and we have the thing in itself unknowable, or the *élan vital* equally unknowable, but apprehensible by means of an intuition the very existence of which cannot go unchallenged. It is this refusal to accept the conception of the universal as identity in difference, as concrete, that brings us to the position of scepticism or mysticism in which we cannot rest. Bergson, like Kant, has made a false abstraction. Thought is not, unless violently isolated, essentially static or mathematical. It is movement itself, infinitely flexible, pregnant of the content of full-blooded experi-

* "Studies in Hegelian Dialectic"; "A Commentary on Hegel's Logic"; "Studies in Hegelian Cosmology." By Dr. MacTaggart. (All published at the Cambridge University Press.)

ence, and has no need to avow its weakness and seek for alien and unwelcome aid from a miraculous vision.

It is as though Kant, Bergson, and Hegel formed one of the Hegelian triads, wherein Hegel is the synthesis containing the real meaning of the thesis and antithesis. By all means let us have a Bergson cult if it will help to Hegel, to that conception of reason itself as a living and developing form of mental activity to which we must always return from the barren wastes of scepticism and the meaningless ecstasy of mysticism.

The Earth-bound.

By Beatrice Hastings.

ABOVE the rack of wind and foam,
The Spirit bewails his deserted home.

He stands where river and ocean meet.
'Twas thence They followed the Spell,
Waving a slight, unkind farewell
To the home where they did always dwell;
Then the sand arose, and the driving sleet
Covered the guiding tracks of their feet :
They might go on to whatever bourne—
But never that way return.

They sail past reach after reach of the river,
The Spirit-Father following ever.
"Whom have ye sitting in the prow?
Whom call ye Mother? O hapless ones,
Hear ye not how harsh her tones?
Your Mother lies at home and moans
To know yon Witch with listless brow—
Your slave—become your gaoler now.
She breaks you a flower. 'Twill fade and pale.
She lendeth a glimpse of a leafy vale,
As ye sweat on your never-ceasing oar,
But never bids she: 'Rest! No more!
There is no end to her outward way,
It leadeth but round and round,
And wherever ye may be found
When she tireth of her play,
There will she leave you bound,
With no home, no end of the way."

"I hear a voice," says the Youngest Son.
"I hear a sweet, familiar tone."
" 'Twas mine," says Nature. "Whom dost
 thou see
To speak except thy brothers and me?
I praised thee for thy service done."

The Father a bloom in his hand did take,
Then to the Youngest Son he spake :
"Look on this flower, Son of mine!
Hast thou forgot thine own design
That thou to Nature dost resign
The plan thyself didst make?
Hast thou forgot how thou didst bind
In subtler time the procreate Wind
And even that most subtle worm
Thine ancient wisdom madst conform
To the determinate limit of thy Mind?"

"I see a Spirit by yonder tree,"
Says the Youngest Brother musingly.
"Hist!" cries Nature, laughing loud,
"Thou mayst be torn by my worshipping crowd.
Nothing is, save me and thee.
Thou saw'st a statue in a shroud."

"I see the Spirit yet. He stands.
He cometh hither with outstretched hands.
Brothers! he wears our Father's bands,
He beckons us to our Father's lands,
Crying: 'Children, leave these siren strands!
Children, make the Homeward choice!'"

"Nay!" say the Brothers, "we hear a voice,
But no vision doth our eyes rejoice—
We cannot follow naught but a Voice!"

They pass by reach after reach of the river.

Present-Day Criticism.

LET you not believe it's a great poem you'll be making, Michael Scribleroon, the way you'll be forgiving your own faults an' you singing "Glory to God, no man is perfect!" Glory of a pig, what dull fellows those Irish do be when they affect to write plays! The interminable talk of them, the dirty detail of them, the delicate love of them for spooks and dead bodies and the mists. We keen, indeed, we keen to know how much corruption these bad works with a little good in them have spread abroad. The little good in them, in many of them, in all that are still prized by anyone outside a nursing home, is that they actually play. Without this little good, technique, craftsmanship of the cheap and nasty but saleable kind, we should never have heard of all the grand ideas and po'try and men rising from the dead that have allowed the Irish drama (Lord save us!) to compete with the English pavement school for the adjective "higher": higher meaning that which blanches the lips of Hampstead and sets Brixton laughing. We had no sooner decided that "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Ghosts" were not worth a change of censorship than over came a legion of ghosts in mists, and superstitious red-faced peasants to destroy us, helpless as we are within sound of the brogue and the banshee. But there's nothing like staging a thing to get rid of it. When we hear an Irishman blarneying now we say, "Ah, Whist Finn did it better than that"; and the Banshee might come at us in Connemara itself, we should only reply: "You should hear Cathleen ni Houlihan doing voices off!" Still, however, we are not quite free. Still, a small, unsensible, superstitious, paying audience can be got together to whom the "great fools of Ireland" are not a weary curse or a joke, and scenes of plain knelling, whisky and coffin-nails eke out a stage living. And every one of that audience talks so often everywhere that many infuriated people still consider the "higher drama" to mean an eternal wake, and them only just quit of the notion that it meant prostitutes and free maternity! And Michael Scribleroon, seeing that the things "play," rips off the decorative tags, ties them on to Kent or Somerset yokels, and by careful imitation of the craftsmanship may, if we do not look out, land us with That as the higher drama, all dazed as we are with looking for the real thing. The higher drama, when it arrives, will take one only form—that of romantic comedy. We have no stage for tragedy at present, and shall not have one until a series of exquisite works of comedy has smiled away all the mock tragedies we have endured so long and still endure. It is quaint to hear Messrs. Shaw, Barker, and others of the censored school lamenting how they will have to go to the workhouse if the "higher drama" is not soon freed of the censor. They are plainly not aware that their attempt on the higher drama has been countered by the peasant school, which was never unpractical enough to get itself censored. Personally, we think it a mistake to censor anything. We saw "Waste," for instance, and "Monna Vanna," and "Mrs. Warren." The most farcical scene we ever shook over was that in "Waste" where Mr. Barker bundled up Miss McCarthy and carried her into the wings to be seduced. It was preposterous, and we were very nearly withered by a stout lady neighbour who caught us smiling. As for "Monna Vanna," no ordinary English public could resist tittering at the idea of the bare female under the cloak. It is fundamentally a ribald idea, and after the first conventional crawly feeling, the house would probably become uncontrollable. This sort of higher drama was doomed from within. The censorship merely prolonged its wake. It had never half the stage life of the Irish stuff to which a sentimental miss might safely take her rich aunt.

Sex will never be taken seriously except by the infatuated and the Puritan. Intelligent people who succumb take it as a bad joke against themselves, and the mob take it as the rippingest joke against others. So there is found small support for the agitation to produce dismal sex plays alongside "Dear Old Charley." (By the way, is it true that the so-to-speak officially advertised Charles is to be revived? It may be: with government as we have it anyone, except, of course, the poor, may do anything.) Nobody will bother to change a Censor merely because he confines naughtiness where it belongs, amid frilly underclothes and champagne, and forbids it in workhouse drawers and Jaeger boots. People who are really working for the higher drama will not bother, because they know that the higher dramatists will never be more than ephemerally concerned with sex. The production of "King Œdipus," if it is rightly presented, will prove to the public how slightly the great dramatists treated sex as sex. People who go to wallow in incest will be dreadfully disappointed at the patriotisms which govern the play. We should say that the "Œdipus" ought not to draw. But it is a good move to allow this play to be presented. It has been a trump card for our censored school long enough.

We find it not worth while condemning the school of "Waste," etc., but the school of "Riders to the Sea" still lumbers up the way of good drama. Instead of abortions and street women we have to clear away corpses. Our Michael Scribleroon will, no doubt, drag in Shakespeare's corpses, but we shall not be confounded; we shall suppress the same laugh which always agitates us during the final scene of "Hamlet." The canon of taste as to bodies and other merely painful sights on the stage was accepted long before Shakespeare's wayward and contemptuous concession to the gods of his day; and he was no greater for belittling the canon. Already, do we not suppress him wherever his tragedies tend to become farcical or disgusting before the eyes of a modern audience? Homicides and suicides have lost their mystery and half their terror for us. Mad, poor souls! we say, and despise criminal judges or suspect them also of "criminality," secret disease of the brain. We can only endure the representation of mental disease when the playwright improves the occasion. To bring home to the public that an educated judge (some of ours are scarcely half-educated) is really battenning upon the mentally diseased, we are willing to endure a shock to decency, but when weaklings are exhibited "for art's sake," freaks for a mob of "advanced" ghouls to gaze at, something now warns us that the limit of what one may do with misery has been passed. The day is in sight for the scientific restoration of the ancient dramatic canon, which included a prohibition to mimic infirmity of any sort. And then, for at least a period—nothing lasts!—we shall see the Higher Drama—more elevated and more stimulating to the hearts of men than any drama we have hitherto possessed. We want a drama that shall remind us of still living innocence and joy, that shall send us searching for the spirit of joyous action, music and colour. This spirit lives; and if we should die without finding it, we need not die without the noble adventure of the quest.

A FABIAN FABLE.

THERE was a famine in the land, and certain Socialists came and stood beneath the windows of them that kept the granaries, weeping and wringing their hands, and crying, "O, ye who sit in warm rooms, sated with wines and bake-meats, take compassion on the poor, for they hunger. Give, or they perish."

But those who had the keys reviled them, calling to the guards of the granaries, "Away with these murderers and thieves, un-Christian oppressors of the poor." And the guards, sallying out, drove away the Socialists. And the poor perished.

C. E. B.

The Englishman Abroad.

Translated from the German of Karl Hillebrand by Victor B. Neuburg.

[Dr. Oscar Levy, to whom we have applied for an introductory note to this translation, writes as follows:—

Karl H. Hillebrand was one of the few Germans who have excelled in the difficult art of the Essay. He was born in 1829 in Giessen, the son of Joseph Hillebrand, who, though originally a Catholic priest, had changed his calling and religion, and afterwards became professor of philosophy in Heidelberg and Giessen. It is from him that Karl Hillebrand inherited his liberal views, which, however, he relinquished more and more as the years drew on for an aristocratic outlook on life.

Already in his youth he had felt—a rare thing for a German of that time—a great admiration for Heinrich Heine, and when, for having participated in the Badenian revolution of 1849, he had to leave Germany, he went to Paris and there became secretary to that ill-fated poet. He always retained his great admiration for Heine, and certainly learnt much from him, not only as regards lucidity, but also in the great art of being "ein Kulturvermittler"; that is to say, an interpreter of the ideas of one People to another. The nations which Hillebrand thus made known to each other were the Italians, the Germans, the French and the English. Especially between the French and the Germans, those hereditary antagonists of a century and more, he, like Heinrich Heine, tried to mediate, telling the Germans what they could learn from the French and expounding to the French what the Germans could teach them. The book, however, which he wrote with this object, "France and the French in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century" (English translation published by Trübner and Co., London, 1881) pleased neither the Germans nor the French (with the exception of Hillebrand's friend, H. Taine). This fate was only to be expected for an "honest broker" who would not stoop down to national flattery. Still less were the Germans pleased with his "Twelve Letters of An Æsthetic Heretic," which was published in 1874, and was a protest from an artistic quarter against modern democracy and mediocrity. But the book was highly appreciated by F. Nietzsche, who had just then won some reputation in Germany—not without Karl Hillebrand's help. In two very strongly-worded articles in the "Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung," Hillebrand had spoken in favour of the then unknown young Bâle professor, and Nietzsche had never forgotten this service. In his "Ecce Homo" Karl Hillebrand is therefore called "the last humane German." In Hillebrand's collected works, however, his article on Nietzsche has been considerably weakened by the editress, Mrs. Jessie Hillebrand, the wife of the author—a fact of which Nietzsche rightly complains in his "Ecce Homo."

Karl Hillebrand's wife, the above-mentioned Jessie Hillebrand, was an Englishwoman for whom he had long cherished a sincere affection, and whom he finally married. The union was a perfectly happy one, and brought Hillebrand into contact with English circles. Just as he had once mastered French and was able to contribute to such a severe review as the "Revue des deux Mondes," he now soon acquired a literary facility for the English tongue, which enabled him to give a series of lectures at the Royal Institution in London on the "History of German Thought from the Seven Years' War to Goethe's Death" (Longmans and Co., 1880). Besides these English lectures, there are to be found in Hillebrand's collected works essays on Milton, Lawrence Sterne, Fielding, John Morley, J. S. Mill and Dickens (the two latter in his "Letters from England")—essays excellent of their kind, and written by a man who has lifted himself entirely above national as well as liberal prejudices; by a man who was, in short, what Nietzsche has called "a good European." Like most of these good Europeans—Stendhal, Nietzsche, Gobineau (even Goethe for a time)—he practically chose Italy for his home in preference to his own or any other country. In Florence he and his wife formed the centre of a famous literary and artistic circle.

He has likewise done great literary service to the country of his adoption. He died in Florence on October 18, 1884, and was cremated a week later in Rome. His friend, the famous historian Pasquale Villari, who manfully has stood at his side in many a literary battle, himself brought the urn containing his ashes back to Florence. The Florentine City Council had a plate fixed to his house; on it the dead author is described as "bene merito del popolo italiano."

CAPTAIN R. F. BURTON says somewhere that he cannot understand how a rich man can live in America, or a poor one in Europe. I have often sought to vary his

dictum by asking myself how a man of leisure can live in England, or a business-man on the Continent.

The more I come to know of England the more does it appear to me the chosen home of the Strenuous Life. By no class—even the most aristocratic—is work looked down upon as it is in so many Continental countries. Credit, moral even more than commercial, which is the foundation of all society, has nowhere a firmer or broader basis than it has in England, and nowhere does it lead to so few disappointments. An atmosphere of fairness penetrates the whole of life, and though much may be asked of an individual, his reward is adequate to his work, whether it take the form of payment or of distinction. Thus the necessary effort seems invariably worth enduring. An assured fair-dealing takes away all pettiness from business, and in the same way the investigation of the views of others softens down the angles and edges of political life; publicity provides expansion for all classes of society, and this serves in every way to render the struggle for existence less disgusting than it is elsewhere; indeed, it even lends it a kind of dignity, which is almost always lacking on the Continent. One breathes more freely; even the most personal interests assume a large importance; how much more, then, the public interests, which, amidst all ambitious striving, have always taken the first place in the country's political life! No wonder if quiet, enterprising foreigners, who have to make their way, settle absolutely in England, where so many trading colonies from Germany, Italy and Greece bear testimony to the favourable state of affairs; a state of affairs in which honest industry has a good chance of success. On the other hand, for the wealthy classes of the Continent to settle in the bullion-begirt island, in order to enjoy in idleness their acquired or inherited riches, is absolutely unheard of. If these conditions of life are astonishing to the foreigner, they are not less keenly felt by the native Britisher.

If it is necessary to the latter to make a living, and if he find the competition at home too vigorous, so that there is but small chance of success, he emigrates, preferably to the English Colonies, or to that part of America that is English-speaking; for these countries are, so to speak, cheaper editions of Old England. He very seldom makes his home on the Continent of Europe.

To give himself something to live for, on the other hand, when he has means; or when, owing to considerations of health, he has to renounce work, and the requisite ambition is lacking in him, so that he can take no part in public life, he either comes over to us, or, as he cannot be happy without occupation in his sunless Fatherland, he creates for himself at home an artificial activity, and manufactures a serious occupation, a kind of business, out of matters that, among other nations, are always regarded as by-products of life and recreations.

Thus, for instance, philanthropy is for hundreds of well-to-do Englishmen a definite, systematic occupation; whilst others make religious propaganda or teetotalism their object in life. Others again devote themselves to scientific knowledge, which is to lead to useful inventions and discoveries.

Pleasure itself is in England an organised systematic business. Hunting and sailing, horse- and boat-racing, cricket and football, lawn-tennis and archery, are all pursued with a zeal, a conscientiousness, a systematic regularity that are worthy of more important affairs.

If, now, the Englishman comes into an environment that does not permit of these standard exercises of his spiritual, moral and physical powers, he feels like a fish out of water; this is the explanation of the peculiar way in which he arranges his life in a foreign country, and it presents to the wondering foreigner perpetual matter for amazement, if not, indeed, for satire and irritation.

"One cannot judge the British nation by the specimens one meets on the Continent." How often have we heard that! Usually a whole array of reasons is mustered together in support of this fact; such as the following, for example: "The Englishman must in-

demnify himself for the restraint that he is compelled to lay himself under at home by 'letting himself go' absolutely when he is abroad"; "the English tourist is very often no gentleman"; "it lies in the nature of the Briton to harbour mistrust against people whom he does not know, and all foreigners appear to him suspicious before they have been introduced to him"; or, perhaps, "the difference in behaviour between him and the dweller on the Continent offends us more when we isolate him than when we see him move in the environment of his home circle, where all have the same manners." In all these considerations there lies something of the truth; yet the true explanation of the last and most important difference between the Englishman at home and the Englishman on the Continent must be sought elsewhere. It consists chiefly in the psychological fact that the average Englishman is absolutely himself only when he is at work, and that he finds leisure a heavy burden; for such is his nature, that he is neither contemplative nor gay, but active and serious. He bears the frightful visitation of idleness well through his determined efforts and through a gradually acquired mastery of the endurance of boredom—especially if the period of inactivity does not extend over more than a Sunday; if it does last longer, the uncultivated man seeks to mitigate its terrors by drink, and the man of education by a trip to the Continent. The English word "spleen," formerly so popular, which has actually become inseparable from the aforesaid description of an Englishman, had no other foundation; and precisely from this cause there originates an appearance that surprises us nowadays in the case of so many travelling Englishmen; I mean that assumed interest in things that lie so far apart from the English spirit.

Of the three categories of Continental Englishmen, then, tourists, business people, and people of private means who have settled abroad, the first class is, of course, the most numerous, and the opinion of foreigners concerning Englishmen is chiefly determined by the impression they receive of this class. After the tourists, there is first the class of settlers whose object is business, and who, although relatively few in number, are the chief contributors to the formation of this opinion because they come more closely into touch with us than the others; for the third, the most important and interesting of the three classes, is accustomed to hold itself aloof in a kind of voluntary ghetto, the grating of which the Continental passes by without paying it much attention, for he has been accustomed for untold ages to regard its inhabitants as a distinct race, with wonderful rites and customs—a race to be left alone with its eccentricities. So we learn to know the Englishman chiefly in railway-travelling, in hotels and galleries, or in business. Is it, then, so much to be wondered at that our idea of the Englishman is somewhat superficial? Even the few among us who are able to distinguish the Britisher from the American, the still fewer who can tell a gentleman from a non-gentleman, feel that a much greater distance separates them from this nation than is the case with all other European travellers. All those antiquated traditions of the egoistical Englishman, who takes half the railway compartment for himself, who selects all the tit-bits out of the dish for his own private consumption, accord no more with actual fact—indeed, belong no less to the past than that surly, splenetic Briton who only opened his mouth to say, "Goddam!" There is nothing the Englishman of our day fails less in than in an exaggerated politeness; he seems indeed almost chatty compared with a fashionable Continental fellow-traveller who wishes to give himself a specially English air by ignoring his fellow-man as much as possible. But the politeness no less than the conversation of the Englishman is so radically different from our own that we seldom feel at our ease when subjected to it. All that he does and says seems to be the result of toil. If he questions us concerning the resources, characteristics, condition of our country, or if he "does" museums, ruins and monuments, he always has the appearance of making a business of it, and not a pleasure. Where the foreigner takes things easily, and

lets them gradually form a cumulative impression, the Englishman goes to work solidly and conscientiously, as though sight-seeing were a task that must be accomplished; and if he does occasionally take things somewhat more easily, it is almost always only the historical aspect of places, and the notable events which occurred in them that interest him; for history is, in the last resort, a record of action, and it is only action that interests him. In the same way, he does not wait until daily intercourse, personal knowledge, closer acquaintanceship may gradually inform him concerning the actual present public and private life of a nation, nor does he employ that psychological insight that performs such great services for him at home; but he applies himself directly to curious researches and to collections of statistical data, whereby he naturally remains as ignorant as he was at first. Nor can he be content with the quiet enjoyment that a pleasant district affords; he must absolutely begin to struggle with Nature, and so he seeks to go her forbidden ways, to climb her highest peaks, and finally he overcomes her by putting forth all his strength. Very different is he from his Scottish brother; for he has never had a well-defined taste for speculative thought and meditation, for dreams and fantasies, for passive or receptive idleness. Enjoyment without occupation seems to him to be non-existent. If he finds absolutely no opportunity for employment he gives himself up to be "bored"—that is, to endure *ennui*—a talent which he has brought to a perfection that is astonishing, perhaps owing to the turbid Sundays, the lectures, the oratorio concerts, the dinner-parties and other native forms of torture, which inflictions he has been inured to bear for many generations.

On the other hand, there is something undemonstrative in the English bearing, which appears remarkable in a foreign environment, because exaggeration in expression, in gesticulation, and in other forms of social intercourse has become the rule on the Continent. The Frenchman, for example, would express himself as being "desolated," where the Englishman contents himself with being "sorry." The Italian raves like a madman in order to express his annoyance at cold soup or tough meat, whereas the Englishman simply lets it remain on his plate. Two young seventeen-year-old Germans cannot meet without raising their hats and bowing low to each other; the Englishman acknowledges even a Cabinet Minister with a mere hand-shake. If two Continentals have not seen one another for a long time they kiss each other when they meet on both cheeks. The Englishman welcomes home his brother who has been absent for years in India as though he had parted from him the day before.

But English manners have something negative about them, and this strikes Continentals as being peculiarly unpleasant, partly because it seems to administer to them a kind of silent rebuke, but partly, also, because they are accustomed to expect something positive from their fellow-creatures. The average Englishman always seems to be more anxious about what he ought *not* to do than about what he *should* do, and how he should do it in order to be pleasant to his neighbours.

Pre-occupation about saying something unseemly, or drawing too much attention to oneself through speaking too loudly, or gesticulating too vigorously, seems to be the chief worry of the well-bred Englishman—and still more of the well-bred Englishwoman—on the Continent. And this anxiety at once robs their manners of all ease and simplicity. The reserve and apparent coldness of English manners is, however, by no means to be attributed—as it often is attributed on the Continent—to contemptuous arrogance; but it is due mainly to shyness, and it is composed of self-distrust even more than of distrust for others. The anxiety of the Englishman lest he may lose his "aplomb" immediately he has ceased to feel his native ground beneath his feet causes him to don an armour of frigidity that does not seem to us exactly winsome; for we are accustomed to find good manners rather in the more positive virtues of saying and doing the right thing than in the negative virtue of avoiding what appears unpleasant.

I remember how heartily tired it finally made me and my friends when we spent four weeks one summer in the noisy and smoke-filled rooms of a German-Swiss boarding-house full of Continental tourists, who brayed, laughed and gassed all through the long table d'hôte, sang their native songs at the piano in the drawing-room, and in the garden—their beer-glasses next to them on the table, their cigars between their lips—played chess or cards; on the second day they were already asking us where we came from, where we were going to, and so on.

What a relief we found it when we emigrated to an hotel of French Switzerland! This was devoted entirely to the British, and a blessed silence reigned throughout all the rooms and grounds, a silence only broken when a guest whispered to his neighbour at the dinner-table, in a scarcely audible voice, the grand *arcanum*—"What a glorious day!" For an Englishman's tongue seems as though it were clipped when he is amongst his countrymen if they have not yet been introduced to him. He is animated enough, though, immediately he finds himself alone with foreigners whom he can pump!

After a time, however, we felt uncomfortable even here, and we were moved, as Heine was by the Governor of Heligoland, to consider our fellow-guests from behind, that we might discover if the machinery were really wound up.

Matters were not much livelier in the drawing-room and grounds; for, excepting those times during which the drawing-room was entirely devoted to the English Church service (without any consideration, of course, for the non-Protestant guests), all the places were wont to be occupied by young (or old) ladies, who held in their hands a Tauchnitz novel, a prayer-book, or a Bradshaw, and were visibly surprised should anyone venture to address them without having been introduced. As for the men, one might as a rule doubt their existence so hastily did they conceal themselves in the obscure corners with their short pipes after concluding a satisfactory meal; and even if present they formed so insignificant a minority that at length we reached the conclusion that Great Britain produces their like only exceptionally, and, indeed, for the sole purpose of attending on and paying for their woman-kind.

But if we attempted to follow their example and to flee into the open air we invariably found, behind the first bush, a worthy matron or oldish, sentimental damsel who thrust a tract or a little religious picture into our hands, in the unctuous assurance that if we received them in the right spirit all our material cares would vanish and our souls would become partakers in eternal bliss. And not only we, who understood English more or less, received the grace of this silent propaganda, but the poor peasant lads and village girls were lain in wait for on their way from their Sunday dance and had to receive these sacred gifts of colour-printing in helpless astonishment. The thought of the utter futility of their labours never seemed to strike the zealous ladies who were seeking to capture converts; much less did they perceive the absurdity of the thing. *Non erat hic locus* had for them never been written! And thus I come to another point which gives the Continental critic many opportunities of attacking English tourists. I mean a certain lack of tact.

There are many different kinds of tact, and certainly it would occur to no one to accuse the English of failing in that kind that may be called the tact of the heart, or in the no less important tact of the understanding; it is only the tact of the eye, artistic tact, in which he seems to us to be so thoroughly lacking. The choice and blending of colours in English ladies' costumes is only one example of the absence of a sense of what is not fitting. They seem to be blind to the absurdity of the combination of a tall hat and an alpenstock, or a gold necklace and a travelling costume. It goes without saying, of course, that such breaches of good taste are not manifested by all English people; and they certainly offend their own countrymen as much as, if not more than, they offend us. Much may be attributed to the great English virtue of not heeding laughter and of estimating but lightly a "*qu'en dira-t-on?*" But one

can carry such virtue too far, and a certain concession to one's environment is desirable, even though it be at the cost of some personal convenience; and a little compliance with the prevailing code of manners, even though it be a trifle wearisome, does no harm, especially when one remembers how little divergence from this code the Englishman allows himself in his own country. Better suffer a little from the dazzling illuminations than enter a ball-room with blue spectacles on one's nose! Better risk a slight cold than remain covered in a public hall when the national etiquette demands a bare head!

Also, it should not be forgotten that if one thus places oneself outside circumstances and environment as regards material things, one runs the risk of losing sight of the dictum, *ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentur dici*. Yet I remember reading a sermon that emanated from one of the most cultured minds in England—from no less a person than the late Dean of Westminster—which was delivered before the University of Oxford. In this sermon Heine's "Knights of the Holy Ghost" was mentioned with enthusiasm without the least idea that the witty poet was simply jesting in his delightful little allegory. In life, as in art, the "when" and the "wherefore" have their significance, and, rightly or wrongly, it seems to us Continentals as if this truth were not always obvious to Englishmen; at least, not to those on the Continent.

In addition to tourists we come in contact with other Englishmen who do not invariably raise our opinion of the typical Briton; I mean those who sojourn amongst us in order to find work and livelihood. Certainly the English merchant, even when he is on the Continent, retains remarkable characteristics in essentials—the characteristics that distinguish him at home. It is only a virulent prejudice he has brought with him, and to which he hangs on with true British bull-doggedness, that makes him more suspicious than he need be; and the conviction that everybody around him is concerned in a conspiracy to cheat him frequently causes him to appear in a light that seems to us in the highest degree damaging. The conduct of the Englishman on the Continent bears witness also to a total lack of the power of discrimination. He might well come abroad provided with a little of that insight into human nature that serves him so admirably in his native land. Unfortunately, he seems to take especial pains to leave it at home, to find each and everything delightful so long as he only looks at it, and evil and suspicious as soon as he enters into business relations with it. It seldom occurs to him that human nature is much the same all the world over, and that one gets further with confidence than with suspicion, even among peoples that hold truth less dear than do the English.

Other working Englishmen among us injure our conventions less than our prejudices. English clergymen, artists, literary men, schoolmasters, doctors are strongly represented on the Continent, and are, perhaps, not invariably to be classed with the élite of their professions; but they pursue their avocations and speak of them in a way that is certainly not permissible to members of those same professions among ourselves.

Whether it be due to hypocrisy or to propriety, the higher callings among us have come to be invested with a kind of halo, and although we admit that "the priest gains his living by the altar," we endeavour to retain the fiction that the lawyer champions the cause of widows and orphans and that the doctor tends the sick out of pure love of humanity. According to French law, the lawyer can claim no fee; what he receives from his client passes for a free gift. In the same way, the ecclesiastical and teaching professions are regarded as higher callings—never as the mere careers that they are in actual fact. Still more deeply in us is rooted the theory that literature and the fine arts ought never to be degraded to the rank of mere means of gaining a livelihood.

Imagine our feelings then, in face of those English colleagues on the Continent who seem, without exception, to have taken for their motto Doctor Johnson's dictum that "only a blockhead writes without pay";

or those Anglo-American artists who make shops of their studios, allowing them to stand open to any chance-comer! It is, let me repeat, not so much the action itself to which we take exception—many among ourselves are to be found wanting, as a matter of fact, on the same score!—as the indecent frankness, the cynicism even, with which these gentlemen from England admit and even extol their attitude in regard to this matter. There are among ourselves, possibly, some authors who are willing to write books to order; but there are none who would openly admit the fact. Our doctors reckon, without doubt, on receiving payment for their advice; but it is repugnant to them to receive their money directly, and it is only comparatively recently that they have adopted the custom of sending in their accounts. That would have seemed to them to be acting like shopkeepers; it degraded their high calling to some extent. Certainly the comparatively very trifling emoluments that our doctors and lawyers receive, compared with those of their English colleagues, are due to the exaggerated, antiquated, and—I quite agree—hypocritical view which they maintain, or strive to maintain, towards the public, whom they wish to convince of the unselfish and idealistic nature of their calling.

As for the writers, we have another grievance to bring forward specially against them: we find that they often write about us with insufficient knowledge. There are English newspaper correspondents who, after twenty or thirty years' sojourn among us, know as little about our life and customs as they did in the first few weeks after their arrival. In matters which touch upon barren and complicated party-quarrels merely, this does not matter very much; for, after all, it is not important for the English reader to know all the fine shades of difference between Centre Gauche and Opportunistes, Radicaux and Intransigeants, and so on, or Progressives and Democrats, National Liberals and Independent Conservatives, or between Sinistra Radicale, Sinistra Storica, Centro Sinistro, Trasformisti, etc., all of which have no other basis than personal interests and sympathies; but we become justifiably annoyed when we see our customs and habits of thought so utterly misunderstood and misrepresented as is the case in the majority of English newspaper articles and books concerning Continental life and literature. A prominent English author has no scruple in stating that there is no French poetry simply because, after living for ten years in France, his British ear has not yet learned to appreciate the cadence and music of French verse. German and Italian prose is wasted upon English authors, because it is just as difficult for them to appreciate a well-turned German sentence as it would be to assimilate a passage from Thucydides or Cicero if they had never studied Greek or Latin. They have never even given themselves the trouble to learn German and Italian thoroughly, or they would know that in both these languages long sentences and inversions are just as natural as short, analytical sentences are in English. It is approximately just the same with their knowledge of our political and social life. English correspondents of years' standing see no deeper than the surface, and have no idea, apparently, of approaching the spirit and trend of our society and of our State. The true significance of our nobility, for instance, and its relationship to the other classes of citizens entirely escape them. The aristocracy is always placed either too high or too low by them. If they do not see in an Italian Marchese a kind of adventurer he is synonymous with an English nobleman. In the same way, it seems impossible to make them understand that the French "de," little as it may signify politically, is socially the exact equivalent of the English "Sir" and "Lady," and that it must not be dropped in conversation when a "monsieur" or "madame" precedes it.

In the same way, I read in a detailed work upon "Germany Past and Present" that a title-less Howard or Percy is not recognised as an equal by a German baron; while the Germans are always justly complaining about the fact that every Englishman, even when he

has no appendage to his name, may be presented at Court, while the German who is a commoner is excluded from it. I will not here speak of the fallacy, already exposed a hundred times, that the children of a morganatic marriage are illegitimate. Why not put the morganatic marriage down to actual concubinage? Another impenetrable mystery to the English observer seems to be the Italian criminal law, with its *ammonizione* and its *domicilio coatto*, with its varying codes and modes of justice in the different provinces—and yet, without this knowledge, an understanding of the true working of Italy is impossible.

I could adduce many other instances of the same kind in order to show the complete lack of understanding as regards proportion and perspective that goes to the judging of our social, civic, and spiritual life, did I not remember in time that we ourselves are not entirely free from these failings in our judgments regarding England, and that there is a class of Englishman on the Continent which is a most honourable exception in respect to this characteristic. Nowhere could be found a class of men better versed in Continental matters than the members of the English Diplomatic Service. The close attention and lively interest which England's representatives in Berlin and Madrid manifest in all the vital working of the popular mind in Germany and Madrid is well known; and there is no embassy or legation anywhere on the Continent where a like spirit of sympathetic insight and intelligent understanding of foreign countries is not to be found.

In mentioning the Diplomatic Service, however, I have made a transition to what I may call English "society" on the Continent, and that composed of people of a kind very different from those I have just been mentioning—the specimens we chiefly come in contact with; I mean the domiciled colonists, who are drawn chiefly from well-to-do people of the "gentle-folk" caste. Thackeray compares them with the Trojans, who transplant themselves, with their *lares et penates*, and found a new home for themselves wherever they settle. "We have numerous Anglo-Trojan doctors and apothecaries, who provide us with the beloved pills and potions of Pergamum. We can betake ourselves to Madame Guerre or the excellent Madame Colombier and buy ourselves the genuine Trojan sandwiches, Trojan pale ale and sherry, and the dear, dear 'muffins' of home. We live for many years without ever speaking any other language than our own Trojan, excepting with our household servants, to whom we impart the true Trojan art of toasting bread for breakfast, making Trojan bread-sauce for fowls and partridges, and preparing Trojan salt beef. We have our temples in which we honour God with Trojan rites. . . . There must be many Englishmen in Paris who never exchange a word with a native of higher rank than that of a waiter or shop-assistant." Things have altered slightly since Thackeray's time, but not very much, and more superficially than fundamentally; as a matter of fact, the English colonies on the Continent have remained as distinct from the life and activity around them as they were thirty years ago. Their inhabitants live in as thoroughly English a fashion as if they were still at home; and were it not for the climate one might well ask why, in general, they found it worth while to leave England; for they make no use of the relative social freedom that they might enjoy in our country, and life on the Continent gradually becomes as expensive as it is in their own island. Perhaps they find it easier to reconcile their conscience with inactivity than they do at home. At all events, they come trailing a thick cloud of English atmosphere with them which they know how to keep from dissolving. They busy themselves with æsthetic dilettante-ism as they do in England, acquiring their artistic and literary views from Messrs. Ruskin and Matthew Arnold as though they were still under their jurisdiction. They have their English club, where one looks in vain for a native German newspaper; their church, or rather their churches—for two dozen English people are never collected together without immediately forming a dozen separate communities; their lawn-

tennis, their dinner-parties; their Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with Compulsory Crusades against Vivisection and the Drivers of Carts Drawn by Dogs—and this is perhaps the only point at which they come into contact with the natives. For if they hire a German or Italian musician for an afternoon or evening their attitude is as that of a Roman towards his *graculus*. They like no other foreigners; they segregate themselves as though they had not altered their environment at all—as though they were surrounded by Egyptian fellahin or Indian natives with whom no social contact is possible; by this mode of life they often irritate the said natives more than is necessary, because these latter mistake for disdain what is really only an incapacity for becoming free from home customs. Other nations as well have their conventions, their own individual customs that they believe to be the only right ones for themselves; some of these nations—the French, for instance—have customs that are even more deeply rooted than the English; but they know how to abandon them on occasion if circumstances or merely the law of harmony with environment demands it; especially are they sound on the point that fashions and customs are mere though necessary conventions—"crées, non certes par la nature, mais lentement édifiées par la civilisation," as an excellent French author describes them. To the English alone are national customs laws of Nature, to be obeyed in all climes, to remain alike in all social conditions. And not alone do they themselves keep these laws with the utmost strictness, but they seem to look down upon peoples who have other customs and to regard them as barbarians.

English settlers on the Continent offer as an excuse for their exclusiveness the difficulty that they experience in finding entry into Continental society; but that idea is due to a vast misunderstanding of actual fact. Nothing would be easier for them than to enter into the higher circles. With the exception of the very highest Viennese society, our upper and upper middle classes open their doors only too readily to the first and most obvious foreign adventurer, without overmuch inquiry as to his antecedents. Provided that he is rich, and hires a good house and a good cook, the whole of society immediately throngs his rooms. Paris and Rome swarm with Americans who, yesterday unknown, are to-day upon a "du"-standing with the first families. As for the middle classes, where they exist, they are very accessible to foreigners. In Italy and Spain the middle classes do not exist; there, certainly, a lawyer, a magistrate, a doctor, or a professor is admitted into "society," though only as a kind of client; but their wives remain rigidly excluded, on the simple ground that they are not, as a matter of fact, ladies. The German middle class is notoriously only too eager to meet foreigners; and in France the middle class does not avoid foreigners if only they comport themselves in a natural way. But in both countries the foreigner must know how to enter into the conditions and traditions of this class, whose mode of life is in Germany poor and simple, and in France very steady and frugal. Above all, he must learn how to enter a little into their interests and their ways of looking at things, and, of course, in a friendly, sympathetic way; though I will by no manner of means affirm that the Englishman should admire in an unqualified way everything we do: our politics, our literature, our art. On the contrary, there is already too much uncritical admiration expressed by certain English tourists; but it would be an excellent thing if the English who live among us could learn to understand our modes of life and thought somewhat better. As things are, they regard themselves as being far removed from us, spiritually even more than physically. This aloofness is certainly justified in great measure by a consideration of—I might almost say, through a great defect in—our social organisation; for among us there is lacking that sharp line of demarcation that, in England, divides the gentleman from the non-gentleman; this line of demarcation forms one of the mainstays of English society, and at the same time is its greatest merit; that is the

reason why it is so difficult for the Englishman on the Continent to know with whom he may and with whom he may not foregather. In an Italian café he falls in with a man who is dressed like an artisan and talks like a *becero**—which falls as unpleasantly on an Italian as the dropping of the aspirate on an English ear—and he is later informed that this man is the direct descendant of a family that even in the thirteenth century had played an important part in the history of its fatherland. On the impériale of a Paris omnibus the Englishman enters into conversation with his neighbour, whom he takes for an author or public official, until his fellow-traveller naïvely confesses to being a barber. As for German professors, and the wives of Privy Councillors, it is quite impossible to distinguish them from bakers and seamstresses, so long as one has not had a talk with them on the subjects of metaphysics or art. How then is the Englishman to escape deception? At home he possesses that wonderful institution of "gentleman," which not only makes life easy, while making a distinction from the beginning between those who do and those who do not belong to Society; but has also an important signification; for of all the results of civilisation, this distinction is the greatest and most valuable. For the higher virtues, justice and courage, modesty and a sense of honour, honour in action and consideration for others, are a product of civilisation; where they appear in external behaviour, and have been handed down until they are, as it were, a kind of second nature, there one may experience the comforting feeling that one treads the same ground; that all men may understand each other by a wink; that all men breathe the same air.† But as yet, neither European nor American civilisation has succeeded in bringing this about, or at any rate it applies only to isolated individuals here and there. What is more natural than that the Englishman, being justly proud of his acquisition, should cling more closely to his well-recognised fellow-countrymen rather than go in search of a *rara avis* among foreigners? As a matter of fact, England has long possessed an hereditary ruling class, the "gentry"; and whoever belonged to that class was a gentleman. Generally speaking, as this ruling, or rather leading, class grew, the "gentleman" class also grew, and it certainly now includes in it many who do not belong to the gentry. I said intentionally the ruling class, and not the ruling men; for there may exist a certain number of public officials and Members of Parliament, clergymen and officers, who are not gentlemen; these have obtained their share in the government of the country by their personal qualities, by chance, etc., and not because they belong to the ruling class.

Now, this great Freemasonry, inside which the English gentleman recognises his fellow-gentleman as such at the first glance, even before he has opened his mouth, has no existence on the Continent, because we have never possessed an hereditary and propertied ruling class; and heredity and wealth, or at any rate comfortable circumstances, are necessary factors in the production of that costly plant, the gentleman. While things are as they are, we need not wonder if English settlers on the Continent are somewhat exclusive; and it is just as natural that we should remain apart from them; but both of us would surely be the gainers if we were each to take a few steps and find a common

* Tramp.—(TR.)

† I need scarcely say that I use the word "gentleman" in its original and social, not in its derived, sense. One often hears it said: "He is only a common workman, but a true gentleman," and by this it is tacitly understood that he is a gentleman as regards his feelings, disposition, etc. But really it seems to me that feeling, intelligence, knowledge, politeness even, have nothing to do with the idea of gentleman as I picture him. I am, however, open to any correction on the part of an English gentleman. I have come in contact with rude, ignorant, awkward, shy or coarse men, who were yet gentlemen; and whom one recognised as such at the first glance. In my opinion the history of the word gives here, as everywhere, the true explanation, and I have dared above to follow that explanation—though I am open to any objection.—K. H.

ground between us. Some worthy attempts have been made to this end, and international marriages—so long as they are not merely the outcome of an exchange of titles and gold, as is usually the case with marriages between American women and Continental noblemen—are calculated to further this movement; the result has always been gratifying, and there is no real reason why we should not mutually learn from each other how to render social life together easier and less monotonous than it is.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NIETZSCHEAN SOCIALISM.

Sir,—As the true Nietzschean policy in politics is not forthcoming from the author of "Tory Democracy," perhaps space may be granted me to adumbrate it. I trust I shall not be misunderstood when I say the true Nietzschean policy. I do not thereby mean to imply that Mr. Kennedy's policy was Nietzschean. And yet, again, perhaps it is. There may, of course, I admit, be many policies for the realisation of a single theory; and Mr. Kennedy may be able, to his own satisfaction, to reconcile his Nietzschean outlook with his Tory Democracy. Or he may consider them as subjects to be discussed on different planes.

The sentimentalism of the major portion of the last century gave birth to and fostered the idea of an enlightened democracy. That idea is exploded, or, rather, to keep up the metaphor, is dying. Conservative tinkering, Liberal blind and muddled gropings after popular measures, Radical-Labour-cum-Temperance social reform on doubtful Socialistic lines are the so-called policies in practical politics to-day. And where will they lead us, if they are allowed to go their way unarrested? To chaos or to plutocratic oligarchy. I put chaos first, since it seems to me personally the more probable of the two. Demos Labour, uncouth and uneducated, justly discontented, but uncertain of its grievance, uncertain of the remedy, without the tradition of the man born aristocrat to help it, with no real though much blatantly professed confidence in dealing with big affairs, yet means to act. Demos is uncultured—I mean it has not learnt to dissemble its feelings—it is angry and shows it; whereas its rival, the capitalists—I must speak of them collectively—has been, collectively again if not individually, the recipient of a good education: that is, has learnt to be a hypocrite when occasion demands. Consequently, in discussion, Demos Labour, face to face with its rival for the crown, is at a disadvantage; yet if a day of reckoning shall come, Demos will have, in action, the advantage of numbers—and ferocity. For the capitalists, not realising the better way, intend to fight. If that day come, Demos will win, and there shall be chaos—unless the Germans take advantage of the crisis, step in, and organise us properly. If the capitalists conquer by putting off the day of reckoning, increasing their power daily and engineering legislation so that that day will never come, we shall have for government a plutocratic oligarchy. At present we are still ruled by an oligarchy of aristocratic birth and county family, which feels at home and can act the part, even though it may be rather incompetent. The plutocrat has begun to oust them, whilst allying himself with them, and is seeking to entrench himself ready behind their privileges and traditions. The "birth" oligarchy, kind to its underlings and treating them as human beings as long as they "knew and kept their place," will be supplanted by this "money" oligarchy, without manners, without traditions, without anything that will command real respect, relying upon its wealth to maintain its power and to extort obedience, looking upon men as machines. The "business government" and the "servile state" would be their ideal.

This alternative of devil and deep sea can, however, cries the enthusiastic Socialist, be avoided. And forthwith he proceeds to tell us of a democratic socialist state. But, alas, that gospel only irritates the more both Demos and capitalist. For it adds fuel to the discontent of the one, without increasing his intelligence, and alarms the other by its possible consequences. It is a pity that this particular type of Socialism is the one that has the nearest approach to a fighting force in practical politics. I do not deny that it is advisable to try to teach the democracy to understand what is being done for their good, but it is hopeless to think that they will ever be capable enough to do it for themselves—to say nothing of the great obstacle in their way which would first have to be overcome: I mean, of course, the powers that be and will be. Such teaching could do no harm, but would be rather a help, leading the people, Machiavelli-wise, to believe that they are governing. The only method which can ensure success is to turn opponents into promoters. The only hope is to show "birth" and "money" that they can retain their power—this, too, is slightly Machiavellian, for some of them would go under—

by introducing *themselves* the state which they at present believe would be their destruction. They, with an occasional addition of an "aristocrat" from the democratic ranks, would inevitably form the "aristoi," the masters, the oligarchy, the bureaucracy of any Socialistic State. They would be educated by the change far more than the Demos, and take much higher rank as moral beings. Their motive of action, at present one of money or place, would automatically become service for the democracy; for what they fear to lose is, consciously or unconsciously, their power. If they could be brought to see that they could retain their power over the slaves—the sheep democracy—they would become Socialists. HANNAH ASHTON.

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HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL.

Sir,—Mr. Allhusen, in his article on Kendall, quotes a sonnet in which are the lines:—

"But certain syllables
Herein are borrowed from unfooted dells. . ."

If he had continued the quotation he would have come to a phrase, "Tormented and awry with passion," which seems to have been borrowed from Walter Pater's "Appreciations"—not quite the same source as the unfooted dells aforementioned. Or am I wrong in attributing the plagiarism to Kendall? Walter Pater had a notorious habit of putting down phrases on old envelopes or slips of paper, and is it possible that he had come upon the Australian's work? The essay on "Æsthetic Poetry," in which the phrase occurs, was published in the first edition of "Appreciations" (1889), but was written, I believe, many years earlier, and may have appeared in some review.

I think Mr. Allhusen is wrong in attributing any of Kendall's faults to Swinburne. Michael, Kendall's preceptor, wrote before Swinburne's day, and no one displayed more that strained alliteration and lack of subtlety in rhythm which has since been called Swinburnian.

VANCE PALMER.

* * *

"RUNES."

Sir,—Can it be the intention of THE NEW AGE to provide its diligent readers with verses that are as difficult to comprehend as Picasso's picture proved to be? I know that to acknowledge a non-comprehension of any work of art is to lay oneself open to the charge of philistinism, or even brutishness; and, as a rule, the sole reply to timid inquiries with regard to the meaning of certain words, lines, or bars is a contemptuous hurling of opprobrious epithets at the rash questioner. Still, even in the face of this possibility, I beg humbly to ask whether I have arrived at a correct solution of the lines entitled "Runes," written by Mrs. Beatrice Hastings in your issue of Dec. 14.

Now I am aware that the word "runes" in itself conveys something mysterious, but after carefully and painfully studying the whole I have come to the conclusion that it is a poem in praise of the motor car, or "Runes of the Motor Car." For only consider how "He flings his women on the sand, The passers-by them disesteem" graphically describes the sudden side-slip of the car; and then, after some rather obscure praise of a "She," who hears him "roaring from the mire"! (where he has presumably been thrown), it goes on, "And the Thing cried: 'Let me follow, follow!' Worming upon its side." This quite clearly refers to the overturned cyclist straining to read the dust-covered number of the assaulting motor. The "Always-fleeing Roof of horror," evades my utmost concentration; certainly a roof "always-fleeing" awakens sensations far from comfortable, and one is hardly surprised at anyone rising on wings of terror at such a phenomenon. The next lines, however, seem clearer; something is evidently wrong with the machinery, and this "makest our Wheel on its axle Feebler gyrate." One allows for poetic licence in apostrophising this trouble as "Mocker! Mist-engulfed." "Cold! Life-repelling! Matter!" are not out of the way. We should say a motor car might fairly be called thus in moments of excitement. The following also, "Would that the Worm in impact resistless might shatter," quite fits in with the feeling of the overturned, expostulating cyclist, although it seems lacking in politeness to term him "worm" so frequently.

Then comes what I take to be a fancy picture of a policeman with a stop-watch, "A Bachanal I encountered," because it goes on with, "Hither thou ringed one, thou fettered! cried I. Taunting his eye hawked upon me." One knows their little ways; they stand hawk-eyed at corners to catch the pace-breakers, although personally I have never found one laughing bubbling laughter, but, of course, experiences differ; nor am I quite able to understand why the motorist should desire a mere policeman to be his "friend, the father and the son to me." It seems so many relationships merely to prevent his taking your name and address. But then come the last lines, and all motorists

must, I am sure, rejoice in the glory and joyousness of them:—

"Aum! the single figure sung!
(He has evidently dropped the ecstatic "She.")

Aum! The Driver and the Car.
Aum! The Breather and the Heat.
Aum! The omnific Meteor.
Aum! The Planet generate."

(Here I am rather puzzled again. Is "Planet" a new Car, or the name of a new Maker?) I am fain to adopt the capital letters in sincere admiration of these Runes. If I am altogether at sea in thus understanding the lines perhaps the gifted authoress will set me right, without, however, too fierce and virulent a scorn of my feeble intellect, or should I say, "My Intellect, Which Feebler gyrates"?

ARTHUR HOOD.

* * *

THE LYRICAL NOTE IN G MAJOR.

Sir,—Out of Mr. Huntly Carter's irrelevant answer to my wife's letter, and to what he foolishly imagines to be a really serious desire for explanation, I take the idea of Debussy making the major scale look like a dissipated cuckoo, and I thank him very heartily for the suggestion. However, he need not call the poor old scale "wretched," for if it takes the shape of a "dissipated cuckoo" it will always find the bulk of the Mus.Docs. thoughtfully holding out their empty nests and inviting it to rest and lay its eggs within.

FRANZ LIEBICH.

* * *

AUGUSTE HERBIN.

Sir,—Perhaps you will permit me a few words on M. Herbin's picture.

From Mr. Carter's commentary I gather that the drawing may be looked on as a study in intellectual and emotional statics, so to speak, closely resembling the pure geometrical method of which I wrote a few weeks ago. Let us accept it as such, and as such criticise it.

If this view is right then the forms "which do not represent real objects though their characteristics may come within our ordinary experience" are entirely out of place—unless they are:

- (1) The inevitable result of a chain of happenings (which, from the Laws of Chance, is clearly well-nigh impossible); or
- (2) Of value *as real objects* in furthering, by suggestion, the required emotion.

Unless they do this they are undesirable excrescences.

If a degenerate artist of the old school painted, say, a landscape (photographically), and permitted one of the trees to be a portrait profile of Mr. Chamberlain, then his picture is spoiled for anyone who "spots" the portrait—the joke or pun keeps distracting the onlooker's mind. If the artist discovered the portrait himself and let it stand he was a fool.

No doubt "ordinary" artists of the better sort expend much time and trouble in making—partly with their intellect, partly by their subconscious artistic feeling—nice "patterns" or "nice-shaped blacks" around which to build a picture. But the essence of the whole thing is that it shall all be working in the same direction, and an "exciting" pattern in a peaceful picture would be out of place.

So much for the subject from this point of view, but my private impression, pace Mr. Carter, is that this picture is an actual still life, drawn under a distorted perspective and with deliberate conventionalisations. Against this there is no law, especially if the artist has achieved what he wished, which he alone knows. But if he claims for it what Mr. Carter apparently does then the whole thing seems very like a "spoof."

M. B. OXON.

* * *

PICASSO.

Sir,—In the correspondence in your columns on the subject of Picasso, I notice that Mr. Evans appeals for guidance to Mr. Sickert. It will therefore interest your readers to know that in the January number of the "English Review" (the first to appear at a shilling), Mr. Sickert will have something (incidentally) to say about Picasso in an article entitled, "The Old Ladies of Etching-Needle Street."

"THE ENGLISH REVIEW."

[Not an advt., of course.—ED. N. A.]

* * *

Sir,—I have looked long and lovingly on the picture by Picasso published by THE NEW AGE, and for one bright, brief, ecstatic moment I thought that I had discovered the wine-glass, but, alas, on looking closer I found that I was holding the page upside down. I believe that there are some pictures that look equally well both ways, but this of course I know is not meant for one of them.

During one period of my chequered career I worked for three sessions at the Slade—the same school, I believe, that Mr. Chesterton studied at—so that now I naturally feel competent to decide on any subject connected with art.

To me, sir, art is nothing else but the expression of emotion, and if it is otherwise, I have read my Laocoön in vain. I am catholic in my tastes, and I esteem the music of the tiles as but a little lower in tone than the music of the spheres, both being but parts of one grand sweet song; and the lyrics of Harry Lauder touch the same chords in me as the love songs of Hafiz. I merely mention this to show you that I am above vulgar prejudice, and that I am naturally able to appreciate the good and beautiful wherever I may find them; but this picture by Picasso, to use a term borrowed from nature, not from art, is for me, sir, a little bit too much the monkey. Accordingly I have felt moved to embody my emotions in the following sonnet, which I have entitled:—

ON LAST LOOKING INTO PICASSO'S PICTURE OF
A MANDOLINE, A WINE-GLASS, AND A
TABLE IN A STORM.

A table, wine-glass, and a mandoline:
What thoughts, oh poet, do these conjure up?
Of winning kisses, and of crushing cups;
Sweet sounds, fair ladies, blushful Hippocrene:
Wine, woman, song? Glass always rhymes with lass;
A mandoline befits a lover's fable;
Good wine, good cheer, subtend a good man's table:
While round about the cut decanters pass.
But what of this? Ye holy gods! A smash
Of fallen houses, and bent iron railings;
A bird's-eye nightmare of some builder's failings,
Flattened together with immortal crash.
Or if in milder mood, I muse and think
Of drunken spiders crawling, mixed with ink.

I have also composed an ode on the same subject commencing:—

Awake!—Victorian Cook—awake!
but I fear that I have already trespassed too long upon your
space and patience.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

* * *

Sir,—“No case—abuse Wake Cook,” seems to be the principle of my opponents, who fatuously prove the truth of my contentions while attacking them; and in accusing me of ignorance demonstrate their own.

Mr. E. H. Visiak brings in a useful idea from Professor Bradley as to the conception of a poem. The elements may at first be chaotic, without form, and void; and this “embryotic cosmos in chaos is the soul of the poem”; yes, but no one is a poet until he can bring creation from this chaos, and give the elements form. My protest against the latest lunacy is that the chaotic elements are given instead of the work of art: an abortion, which the claquers declare to be better than a marvellously organised baby. But I think a little deeper analysis would have shown Professor Bradley that the conception of a work of art comes first as what I call “mental feeling,” which gradually crystallises into thought: clothes itself in words, or in form and colour. The inspiration, the “uprush from the subliminal,” can never be rightly described as “chaos”; it is more in the form of an organised nucleus; and in many cases poets are but media of ready-made poems which rush into consciousness, as that poetic marvel, “Kubla Khan,” came to Coleridge.

As for Mr. J. Middleton Murry, I forgive him for his abuse because he repeated some of my dicta, which need repetition to penetrate “Modernity” skulls. I plead guilty to dogmatism, as it is the shortest form of statement, which saves time and space. But I am only dogmatic when dealing with pretentious smatterers; or in cases where what I say is demonstrably true, or which has the support of all those who know. As for the expression of the Idea, the archetypal Idea of Plato, I said that Nature is the only authentic expression of it. Music may be an expression of it in sounds, but the claim is not so demonstrably true as in the other case. That it is highly organised, and translates or transmutes a science of numbers into beauty, is strong evidence in favour of the high claim for music. Mr. Murry's contention that if Nature be the authentic expression of the idea then art is a *pis aller*, or a makeshift, shows just that deplorable lack of any conception of the purpose of art on which I am always insisting. Apart from art's educative purpose, and its still deeper significance, Nature, through the artist, strives to express a higher order of beauty than she has done in her outer works, just as she inspired the Greek sculptors to gather together her scattered beauties into one harmonious whole. But this idealisation of her own works is always an effort at a more perfect expression of the Idea, not its negation, which is shown in the latest lunacy. Then, again, I believe that in finer forms of matter, which we should ignorantly call “spirit,” Nature has expressed the Idea more perfectly still, and with a

beauty the splendour of which we have little conception. Still, to some of us come glimpses, haunting dreams of these ineffable splendours, of this sublimation of the mundane world. These dreams or visions form my inner world, and in my ideal work with the brush I am always trying to realise them; and however far the results fall short of my dreams, they enable me to do work unlike anything else which is being done by others; and this with no attempt at originality or eccentricity. To do this to perfection needs more than human skill and knowledge; but through generations of effort we shall approximate, and in this direction must we look for the future of art. But this will need the Higher Criticism for which I have been so long pleading.

I should like a word with Mr. Huntly Carter, but it is Christmas time, and I would rather shake hands than fight. I thank him for a picturesque description of critics which describes the claquers I am at war with: “Critics to-day are suspended like guinea-pigs, the wrong way up with their eyes out”! That exactly describes the blind topsy-turvydom which I denounce. As for your Supplement giving a specimen of “Proportionism,” I rather like it. M. Herbin, with practice, will rise to the dignity of a designer for parquetry floors, or will graduate in that more sublime art of our grandmothers, the patchwork quilt.

E. WAKE COOK.

* * *

“THE MAIDS' COMEDY.”

Sir,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that the delightful romance you recently published as a serial in THE NEW AGE has been appreciated in the land of its setting. The enclosed is a cutting from the “Cape Times” of November 7.

Port Elizabeth.

D. H.

A SOUTH AFRICAN FANTASIA.

“The Maids' Comedy: A Chivalric Romance in Thirteen Chapters.” (London: Stephen Swift.)

The author of this bewildering piece of literature has veiled himself or herself in anonymity, and everyone who reads it will be wondering who in the wide world has written it. For it is one of the maddest, merriest, most whimsical of fantasies that we remember to have read. Someone who had been living some years on the Karoo, who had been reading “Don Quixote,” and who had fallen in love, might have dreamed it, and then put it down on paper. But you feel that it is more than that. You have an uneasy suspicion all the time you read that the author is having a little half-malicious fun at the expense of someone else whom you vaguely know, and you go on reading until you reach the end, and then you rub your eyes and wonder whether you have read it at all. Imagine a half-crazy innkeeper in the solitudes of the Karoo, living alone with his little daughter and her companion. All three, one gathers, are Dutch, but the innkeeper has a deep attachment for Cervantes' masterpiece, and has read it night after night to his two little companions year after year until the whole household speaks and thinks of nothing but Don Quixote and his gallant deeds. They talk the chivalric language of the romance, interspersed here and there with racy phrases from the taal, but as the daughter approaches years of what might be called indiscretion, the father, now completely crazed, deploras one day that gallant knights no longer abound in the land. The daughter imprudently suggests that it is because there are no distressed maidens. The father grasps at the idea, and drives Dorothea forth as a Damsel in Distress to find some Courteous Knight to break a glorious lance in her deliverance. With Dorothea goes her companion, Dota Filjee, a kind of female Sancho Panza, and so the mad tale begins. Imagine two bewildered damsels, firmly convinced believers in the spirit of old romance, setting forth in search of armoured knights among the scrub of the Karoo. The consequences are deliriously amusing. The two damsels pass from adventure to adventure with astonishing grace. The gallant knights whom they meet include a young English farmer and an old Boer, and finally a troop of Professors of the British Association, out on a geological expedition. The professors, half suspecting that the unexpected meeting with distressed damsels who talk the language of chivalry is part of an elaborate practical joke arranged by their host, none the less agree to secure their deliverance from their tyrannous oppressor at the inn. Meanwhile the crazy innkeeper has armed himself in mediæval armour, purchased at odd times during past years from strolling players, and awaits the attack. He charges down the hill and puts the rescuing party to flight, taking two of the professors prisoners, and shutting them in the inn. All this may sound extravagant enough. But the extravagance of the story is balanced by its perfect grave humour, and there is some fine moralising in the same spirit of mocking fun. “To smile and shame Satan” is, the author assures us, one of his aims, or perhaps to show how it can be

done, and certainly the perfect innocence of his distressed damsels is their only, but their complete, safeguard against grave perils during their wanderings.

"The Maids' Comedy" is to be followed, we are told, by some marvellous fine stories from the same pen. The author hints that the chronicle which he has deciphered contains many pages more, "all scattered with jewels and gold stars; a winter's night of deciphering." We certainly hope that the success of this piece of joyous fun will lead him to try again.

* * *

CLERICAL CHAOS.

Sir,—Archbishops, bishops, deans, vicars, curates, laymen and local preachers had assembled together in order to discuss the tendencies of the age as relative to the Church. By the aid of a clerical collar and a clean shave I managed to penetrate the cathedral annexe. "Life," said an archbishop, opening the meeting, "is leaving us behind, the people can no longer be called our children, they are being decoyed from our care by the mad sensual music of civilisation. In every district, and from nearly every public platform, advanced views are being expounded. In Hampstead a vicar had actually substituted a lecture upon Bernard Shaw for his usual sermon. (Murmurs of "Shame!") Our ideals are being ridiculed, our creed is being reviled, unholy materialism is rampant. In the parks, even, Atheists and Socialists are causing serious riots by their blasphemy. He was pleased to hear, however, that the law had taken its course: one of the offenders had been imprisoned. (Murmurs of approval.) Our great scientists are informing the people that we have descended from monkeys; eminent philosophers are doing their utmost to prove that God is a dancer."

At this point a tremendous tumult arose, amid which the archbishop resumed his seat. Slowly the hubbub subsided; a bishop disentangled himself from the black crowd and addressed the assembly. "The archbishop," he commenced, "has summed up the position concisely. In my opinion the doctrine of Socialism, to which our archbishop referred among many more equally iniquitous teachings, is responsible for the greater part of the present social apathy to religion. Socialism takes unto itself all those bewildering infamies of which the archbishop has just spoken. Socialists are invariably agnostics and materialists, and these individuals are flooding the country with their flaming literature, converting thousands of men, women and children to Socialism yearly; there are even such abominations as Socialist Sunday Schools—(gasps of horror)—thus is the Church being robbed of her Divine Birthright. . . . We cannot underestimate the power that Socialist agitators are gaining over the people; our greatest writers are prostituting their brains in the cause of Socialism; clergymen have even been converted, have discarded their cloth, and have embraced its detestable ethics. If, therefore, we desire to save the Church we *must* destroy Socialism." (Loud applause.)

A young curate, pale-faced, and obviously undergoing some mental agitation, arose. "Our brother has said much that is true," he remarked, "but I disagree inasmuch as he lays the whole blame upon Socialism and upon Socialist agitators. A greater evil than Socialism is in our midst: an inordinate craving for amusement; the masses think of little else; life to-day is a continual orgy of amusement; the music-hall is pitting itself against religion, and is successfully seducing the public mind. If we wish the Church to continue in its potency, it is imperative that we spiritualise this demoralising element; we must invade the music-hall, and so get into touch with the masses who are being victimised by it. The masses must be brought to their senses; they must be made to realise what we are, and for what our Holy Church actually stands."

He paused. A late comer of melancholy appearance entered the annexe. "What is that I hear about the masses," he inquired, removing his silk wrap and adjusting his pince-nez. "We were discussing the tendencies of the age," explained the young curate. "We have come to the conclusion that we must impress the masses with the fact that we have a live interest in their social and spiritual welfare; we must denounce their lust for amusement; we must also oppose Socialism, atheistic propaganda, and blasphemous lecturing." The late-comer pursed his mouth and advanced to the centre of the hall; he stared coldly around him with the air of one who is about to utter the last word. "You are guilty of grave error," he said. "Do you not perceive that it is the masses alone who are the cause not only of the paralysis of the Church, but also of the decadence of the age? Do you not perceive that the mental limitations of the masses are entirely responsible for those social blemishes which you propose to obviate by pandering to the masses? You propose dragging our sacred ideals down into the filthy social pigsty, in order that they may likewise become contaminated. As an advocate for the suppression of

suggestive and immoral dances, and of Biblical representations, I am with you; as an opponent of Socialism and Democracy I am also with you; but it is to the aristocracy, not to the masses, that we must make our appeal through sacred symbols that are only appreciated by refined individuals; thus we shall be sure of sympathetic co-operation and adequate endowment for the furtherance of our work."

He left the centre of the hall and conversed with a bishop. "It is very dark in here," suddenly complained an archbishop; the old caretaker immediately switched on the electric light; thereupon a buzz of conversation arose: curates argued with vicars, laymen with curates, bishops with archbishops, local preachers with local preachers. I caught a few disconnected remarks here and there as the talking grew louder. "Wonderful grip of the ——" "Agree with the dean ——" "Do you go up to Canterbury?" "The 'Daily Mail' was ——" "Pigsty ——" "Difficult to decide ——" "St. Paul's ——" "Socialism ——" "Where are you spending Christmas?" "Christ ——".

ARTHUR F. THORN.

* * *

PAGANISM IN THE PULPIT.

Sir,—The Church of England is faced with a crisis indeed. Many of us have long wondered what her Christianity was really worth. Mammon-worship, of course, had long been solidly entrenched within her. But she did make some show of still really standing as a solid body for certain important aspects of the Christian ideal. But around her were all the surging tides of the more unpleasant forms of modernity—Nietzscheanism, pseudo-Darwinian survival-of-the-fittest individualism, brutalitarianism, and all the other horrors which from time to time crawl loathsomely over the columns of THE NEW AGE. With her corporate faith burning so very low and the seeds of decay so evidently within her, could she for long resist the insidious permeation of these portentous heresies? The readiness with which some of her priests fell back on the "Survival of the Fittest" as an argument against Socialism, utterly unconscious, as it seemed, how far this would take her, gave us furiously to think.

Now the Dean of St. Paul's has fired the train. He has stated an issue which the Church must decide or perish. He has long been known as one whose religion was chiefly constituted by the Platonic Logos doctrine; in consequence he has enjoyed an immense reputation for being "so spiritual." Whether that sort of thing is true or false, spirituality is another question; anyhow the spirit that inspires him seems very far from the Spirit of Christ. He may believe theoretically that the Logos became, uniquely and supremely, incarnation, or as Jesus of Nazareth; he certainly does not believe this practically. His religion seems of late years to have become more and more a pure Platonism in its un-Christianised form; his whole ideals are derived from Athens and not from Galilee. At last he has unburdened his soul in an explosion of frank Paganism, choosing, of all places, a meeting of the London Women's Diocesan Association for the purpose.

It was certainly an amazing utterance from a professedly Christian Dean. It contained (if the newspapers do him justice) not a single Christian idea from beginning to end—unless, indeed, a reference towards the close to the substitution of Internationalism for Imperialism as a hopeful sign may be regarded as such. Otherwise it consisted of a torrent of pessimism so extreme as to be simply atheistic. Civilisation may, of course, perish, because before now they have perished; but, in a universe which makes for righteousness, one can hardly believe that this can happen except through the errors or moral failures of peoples or their rulers. On Christian assumptions it would seem that the problem set to any age must admit of solution. But the Dean blocks every avenue of escape. Our people, he insists, are being ruined physically, mentally and morally by capitalistic industrialism; yet he has nothing but contempt and denunciation for the Labour-Socialist movement which alone is making for the abolition or restraint of these evils. He deplors the capitalistic waste of natural resources; yet once more the movement of which he will have none is the only force making for a social conservation and development of these resources. He allows that, apart from the Labour-Socialist resistance our working classes must compete on a Chinese level of living—a suggestion intolerable to self-respecting men; yet if Labour resists it will ruin our industry and merely bring on its own destruction. At every turn the Dean impales us on the horns of a dilemma. We are doomed anyway; and can only await our doom in despairing inaction. In the name of common honesty, what does the Dean mean by declaring his belief in "God the Father Almighty Maker of heaven and earth"?

His utter and pagan contempt for democracy in every shape or form is no less uncompromising and outspoken. He thinks himself justified in stating that the

ideal of the awakened proletariat--of which he knows nothing beyond impressions hastily formed from outside--is "living on the rates and taxes"; we who have been right in the heart of the movement know how monstrously unjust is such a slander. He can find nothing better to say of Democracy than that it is "the silliest of fetishes." He seems to identify it simply with "counting heads"--a mere detail of method and machinery. He knows nothing apparently of the burning religious enthusiasm for the profoundly Christian idea that "a man's a man for a' that" which inspires the Democratic movement. And if he does know it, he flatly rejects the idea along with all the other fundamentals of Christianity. He holds the truly Platonic belief in "superior persons"; Christianity affirms that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called."

But the worst point, from a Christian point of view, remains. The Dean is reported to have declared (with evident approval) that "the State of the future would take life mercifully, but more freely than they did now." It is not merely, as the Dean tried to make out, a "flabby" "horror of taking life under any circumstances" which causes some of us to be shocked by such statements. While we regard war in itself as a horrible thing to be abolished as soon as may be by Christians, we yet know that, as things are, it is sometimes a Christian duty to fight for one's country; still more fully do we recognise the necessity at times for physical-force revolutions so long as there are tyranny and oppression in the world. To kill people in honest, open fight in a cause of truth and justice is one thing. To take them coldly and deliberately, when you have them helplessly under your power, and calculatingly put them to death because you judge them "unfit," is a totally different; it is a horrible violation of the fundamental relations which, Christianity demands, should subsist between persons as such.

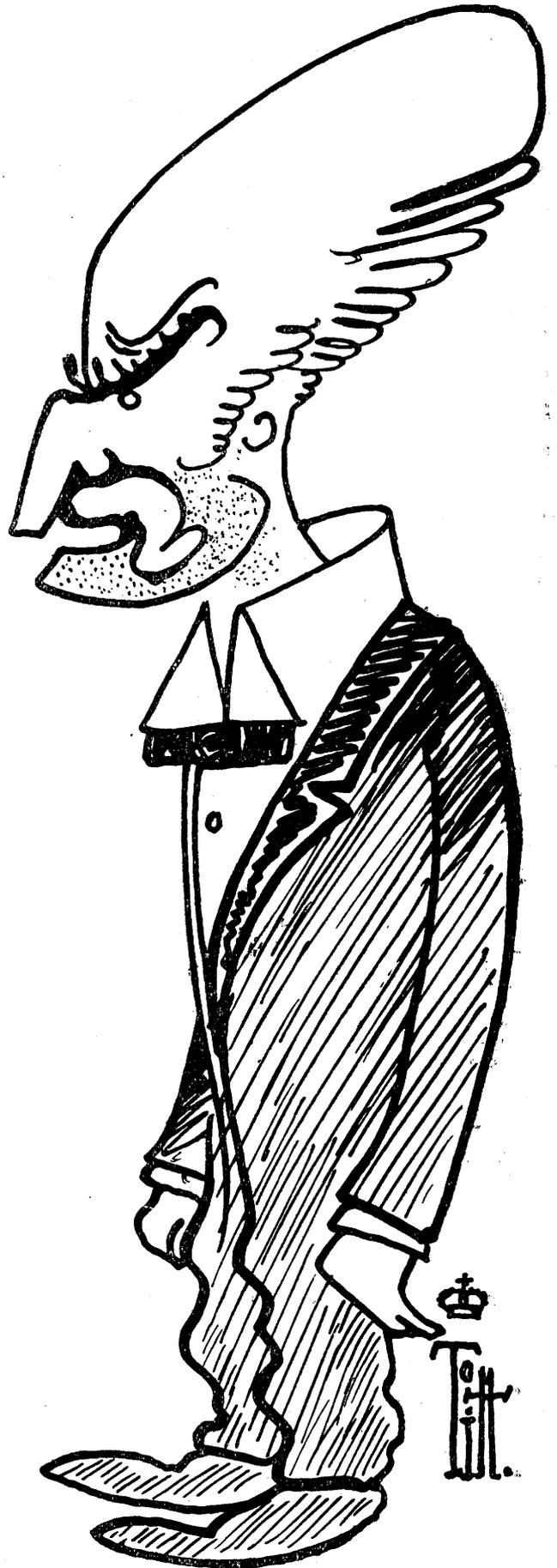
Will the Bishops, collectively and authoritatively, put out some vigorous repudiation of the teaching which emanates from the deanery of St. Paul's? One doubts it, for this is not the first instance of this kind of spiritual wickedness in high places. Some eighteen or more Bishops of the Anglican Communion have lent their countenance to the Research Defence Society, a body formed to support the horrible practice of vivisection. Nor have they stopped there. Some thoroughly Christian people may perhaps hesitate to condemn absolutely all vivisection, however safeguarded. But no true Christian can be other than appalled by some of the sentiments expressed by Bishop Kyle, late of Winchester, in a leaflet written for this society. Some of the Bishops, too, have allowed their names to be appended to a book by Professor Richet, issued by the society, which is frankly atheistic in tone and explicitly denies the Incarnation. So one cannot be too hopeful.

The Bishops seem singularly blind to the situation. Many of them are only too severe upon critical scholars who speculate too rashly on certain theological details, which, whatever their importance, at any rate can be questioned by individuals without prejudice to the substance of their faith. But the real issue is, can Christianity survive at all in these days? It is quite possible within the most immaculately orthodox acceptance of the letter of creeds and formulas for the Christian Faith to crumble down into an amalgam of all the most subversive modern heresies. Nietzscheanism and all its attendant brood have secured effective lodgment in the very heart of the fold. Is there enough life left in the Church to make a life-and-death stand against this last monster out of the deep? If the Faith is not utterly to perish out of England the Church must wake up to the situation and fight desperately for the very Ark of the Covenant. This is the return of the heathen which Mr. G. K. Chesterton makes his King Alfred foresee:

"When is great talk of trend and tide,
And wisdom and destiny;
Hail that undying heathen
That is sadder than the sea."

And yet the heathen hordes walk invisible to our official defenders of the Faith. What leader of the Church will arise with a ringing warcry, "Jesus or Nietzsche?" to arouse the faithful for this latest crusade? Would that we could have a real Church militant, fighting like one man, under the leadership of Bishops like St. Hugh of Lincoln and St. Thomas of Canterbury, against this new Paganism! Our Nietzscheans cannot find much satisfaction in a victory over a Church which they can simply walk through, as they walk through the present Church of England. A real stand-up fight to the death between the old Faith and the returning heathen would be much more exciting and enjoyable for both parties. On our side at least some of us are spoiling for the fight; where is the official Church? Can these dry bones live?

S. E. EGERTON SWANN.



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