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COMMENTS AND CHARACTERS

by

JOHN BUCHAN

(LORD TWEEDSMUIR)

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION BY

W. FORBES GRAY, F.R.S.E., F.S.A. SCOT.

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*

INTRODUCTION

ONE of the least known episodes of John Buchan's * career is his editorial connection for almost *two* years with the *Scottish Review,* a weekly penny journal of which the publishing firm of Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons were proprietors. Buchan makes no mention of the incident in his reminiscences, recently published under the title of *Memory Hold-the-Door.* Yet the affairs of the *Scottish Review* were his special concern from the middle of February 1907 till the paper ceased publication at the close of the following year. As Buchan was engaged at the London office and only occasionally at Parkside Works, Edinburgh, the duties of acting editor were discharged by me. I planned each issue, selected the articles for publication, corrected the proof-sheets, and saw the paper to press. But I worked constantly under Buchan's supervision. He controlled the policy, and contributed several columns each week, including editorials, a survey of political

* Writing of Lord Morley's fourth series of *Miscellanies,* Buchan remarks : " It is pleasant to see that he puts plain ' John Morley ' on the title-page." In his literary enterprises Buchan himself was **not** averse (as the late H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford, reminds us) to " throwing off the sepulchral integuments of an English peerage." He shall therefore be referred to in this Introduction, **not** as Lord Tweedsmuir, but as plain " John Buchan," the name by which I knew him.

The name was adopted probably in ignorance of the fact that it **had** been borne by another periodical of a different character **in the 'eightiet of last century.**

happenings at home and abroad, numerous literary articles, and a London Letter. Buchan, in short, was responsible for most of the features which gave the *Scottish Review,* brief though its career was, a unique position among journals of its class.

In the following pages I propose to furnish an account of Buchan's association with the *Scottish Review,* and, subordinately, to narrate the short but not undistinguished career of a periodical which enlisted some of the foremost writers of the day, and came to be regarded as a fine type of literary journalism. My qualification for this task is grounded in the fact that I was Buchan's representative in all that concerned the paper during his editorship.

I

The inception of the *Scottish Review* was after this manner. In the earlier half of the year 1905 Messrs. Nelson became proprietors of the *Christian Leader,* which had been founded in 1882 in Glasgow by William Howie Wylie, a Baptist minister and journalist. Wylie edited the paper with considerable ability till his death, but like most religious periodicals it never had a large circulation and was at no time a rloirrislrmg concern

While the new proprietors resolved to retain and even develop the ecclesiastical character of the paper, their ultimate aim was much wider. They wished to establish a national organ, a weekly review touching the life of Scotland at all points, and comparable in character and contents with the sixpenny English weeklies, but published at a penny. Laudable though the aim was, the difficulties attendant upon the launching of a periodical

whose appeal was not sufficiently broad-based to be construed as popular were not easily surmounted, and, like all other papers of its kind, the *Scottish Review* felt the weight of opposing circumstance.

The first issue of the paper under the new auspices was published on July 13, 1905. The periodical was called the *Scottish Review and Christian Leader.* While the latter title was relegated to a secondary place and eventually dropped altogether, the affairs of the Scottish Churches remained an integral part of the paper, for the simple reason that the major portion of the circulation was traced to church-going people.

The " churchiness " (if the expression may be allowed) of the first number was overwhelming. But if ever it could be justified it was when a large and influential section of Scottish churchmen was endeavouring to recover from the direful effects of the House of Lords' judgment in the historic Church Case, and the Government were contemplating a measure of restitution in favour of the despoiled United Free Church. At this critical juncture the *Scottish Review* heralded its appearance by issuing a twenty-page supplement, relating the history of the Church crisis and mtusely illustrated with portraits of the leading ecclesiastics concerned. In addition, there was printed in the body of the paper the first of a series of letters describing the state of feeling in the Highlands and other parts of the country most affected by the Lords' judgment. These were written by Mr. Alexander F. Whyte (now Sir Alexander), a son of the famous minister of Free St. George's Church, Edinburgh.

At the beginning of 1906 I was brought from London, where for eight years I had been engaged in editorial

work under Dr. Robertson Nicoll (afterwards Sir William). My instructions were to develop the paper along distinctively Scottish lines, and to pay special attention to the affairs of the United Free Church.

I tried to impart more unity and orderliness in regard *to* the contents of the paper. Next, I sought to make it a medium of moderate and enlightened opinion representative of all classes. Thirdly, I jettisoned features which seemed to me of little or no interest to Scottish readers. I also strove to raise the standard of the Church section by printing articles on pressing problems from the leading churchmen of the day, and furnishing an abundant supply of fresh, authenticated news. In the first number with which I had to do Principal Hutton wrote on Disestablishment, while Dr. George Matheson, the celebrated preacher and hymn writer, began a valued connection with the paper which lasted till his death. It was also my good fortune to secure at frequent intervals sermons by Dr. Alexander Whyte, Dr. Walter C. Smith, Dr. Marcus Dods, and many other shining lights of the Scottish pulpit.

In October 1906 the subordinate title, the *Christian Leader,* was discontinued. This did not imply, at least for the present, any weakening of the ecclesiastical policy of the paper, but it did mean that secular matters affecting Scotland were to be more prominently represented. That the importance of catering for churchgoers was still recognized was amply demonstrated in the issue of 27th December, which took the form of a Rainy Memorial Number. The great Scottish churchman died in Australia, and the melancholy news reached us barely twenty-four hours before the paper was due to go to press. But the printing staff worked all through

the night placing in type a long list of tributes from distinguished churchmen, both in England and Scotland, and next day we came out with a splendid number which sent up the circulation with a bound.

II

A fresh and inspiriting chapter in the history of the *Scottish Review* began with the arrival of John Buchan in February 1907. With Buchan as my chief, the whole situation changed rapidly for the better. He replanned the paper, introduced new features, and wrote for it largely, as the contents of this volume fully testify. He being in London and I in Edinburgh, constant communications passed between us. But once a month, and sometimes oftener, Buchan would come to Parkside for a few days, when we had talks regarding the policy and direction of the paper. It soon became clear that his idea was to make it a kind of Scottish *Spectator.* He remembered the English journal as it was in the palmy days of R. H. Hutton and Meredith Townsend, and was bent on setting up its counterpart in Scotland, albeit on a less imposing scale. It was Buchan's view that the paper was too parochial. He wanted a wider, saner, and more tolerant outlook, more articles on literary and social subjects, a good class of serial fiction, and a plentiful supply of book reviews by first-rate writers. Moreover, the Radical politics and ultra-nationalism which had dominated the paper in the past were to be less obtrusive. As indicative of the new spirit, I recall that Buchan's first editorial was entitled, " Liberalism on the Continent," while among the book reviews in the same

issue appeared a detailed criticism of Dean Inge's lectures on *Personal Idealism and Mysticism* from the pen of a well-known theologian.

Among the new features were " News of the World," " The Week in Literature " (covering literary articles and book reviews), while non-literary topics were comprehended under the generic title of " Men and Matters." Later on, columns devoted to academic, musical, and art affairs were introduced; also a page for women, and an occasional letter on books and authors, the last-mentioned written by Clement Shorter, editor of the *Sphere.* There were also frequent letters from special correspondents in India, South Africa, and other parts of the British dominions.

When Buchan had been in the saddle for some time, I ventured to suggest that the augustness of some of the contributors and the frequent abstruseness of their subjects might be more a disadvantage than anything else, inasmuch as readers of the *Scottish Review* were for the most part of average education and intelligence. Our clientele were the penny public, and interested mainly in things Scottish. While it was well to keep the paper high-toned and responsive to a fair standard of culture, there was, I felt, a real danger of losing contact with those people who were the mainstay of the circulation. If a paper is written above the intelligence of its readers, it follows as a matter of course that interest wanes.

Buchan, I soon realized, was not enamoured of popular journalism, nor was he in entire accord with Scottish sentiment, however much his writings seemed to prove the contrary. Residence in England and South Africa, together with an Oxford education, had influenced his

point of view, probably unconsciously, and interposed a barrier—not a very substantial one, perhaps, but still a barrier—between him and his countrymen. His attitude was more attuned to the English standpoint. Furthermore, his training on the *Spectator* tended to be a disqualification when he came to control a penny weekly paper which drew its circulation from Scottish people mostly of the middle class. Buchan brought to the *Scottish Review* refinement, culture, a profound knowledge of public affairs, and an exemplary journalistic technique, but these qualities, however praiseworthy, are not in themselves sufficient to achieve success where the penny public are concerned. I remember once showing him an article entitled " Bits of Lamb," which I had accepted. It was *in* the nature of a *pot-pourri* from Charles Lamb's essays with a running commentary. Buchan laughed heartily over the heading, and remarked : " This will never do ; it is suggestive of a butcher's shop." " No doubt," I replied, " and for that very reason will arrest the attention of readers who would never be attracted by so prosaic a title as " Selections from Charles Lamb." Neither of us relished sensational headlines, but for my part I did not regard " Bits of Lamb " as outraging decorum, and eventually I had my way. Articles are written to be read, and whatever conduces to that result should not be discarded without good reason.

Though still in his early thirties, Buchan displayed all the qualities of an accomplished literary journalist. The essential characteristics of his style were then as clearly discernible as they are in his latest writings. The business of the journalist, and indeed of every one who writes for print, is (as he says in one of his essays) " to get the full content of his mind across the barrier of personality

to the mind of his reader." Buchan's contributions, week by week, were a witness of his loyalty to his own dictum. The width and accuracy of knowledge in so young a man was amazing. Not less the fact that it was ready for instant use, for he had a retentive memory as well as a disciplined mind. And behind a skilful narrative, attractively presented, were sound judgment, logical consistency, a sense of proportion, and always an appeal to first principles.

His editorials were models of direct, lucid, and graceful exposition. I never knew a journalist, unless it was my old chief, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who had such an unerring sense of what is demanded of a writer for the Press. With Buchan, then and always, the art lay in presenting the full and exact import of a problem or situation as simply and concisely as possible. Periphrastic diction, the rhetorical flourish, flamboyant writing of any kind, he regarded with ill-concealed dislike. When I submitted a manuscript of which I was doubtful, he would pounce upon offences against good writing, and the blue pencil deleted unmercifully.

Buchan was insistent on the economy of language. Wordiness, he would say, not only obscures the meaning, but is often a cloak for poverty of idea. Nor was he less emphatic as to the necessity for precision in the use of words: the thought must be conveyed so that it can hardly be misunderstood by any intelligent person. Hence his unqualified condemnation of the "Apocalyptic style," which he has defined as "a tremendous solemnity in trivial things, a never-ceasing appeal to the most grave and ultimate sanctions, the swinging of the prophet's tattered mantle from inadequate shoulders." Buchan saw specimens of meretricious writing in early

numbers of the *Scottish Review,* and the discovery prompted him to write a scathing article against this literary offence.

Another point to which he attached much importance was vividness of characterization. In his view, it was not sufficient to say what you have to say in the way most natural to you. The expression, to be really effective, must be instinct with imagination and clothed in apposite and striking language. Perspicacity went a long way towards the ideal, but it should be accompanied by the graces of style. Repeatedly, when immature contributions were brought to his notice, his remark would be : " We must be careful not to allow the gospel of Dulness to be preached in the *Scottish Review,"* or words to that effect. But while unpractised writers were given short shrift, Buchan was quick to observe latent signs of promise. " That person is capable of good work/' he would say casually.

Viewed as a whole, British journalism had, in Buchan's estimation, reached a high level. He much preferred the " clean-cut, efficient prose " of the newspaper article to the " freakish, stuttering, self-conscious rigmarole of too many modern litterateurs." One thing, however, he did not quite realize, namely, that the intellectual repast can be digested only if served up in small portions. Buchan's handling of the newspaper paragraph was not one of his strong points. He was so full of matter, and wrote with such facility that he seemed to lose all consciousness of the necessity for frequent breaks in the narrative. I have known him pen an article of a thousand or twelve hundred words in which there were not more than three paragraphs. Short paragraphs, it is true, often suggest scrappiness, but to furnish the reader

with chunks of prose is a sure way to bring about a fit of mental indigestion.

Buchan was an astonishingly quick worker. Having discussed the planning of the week's paper, he would retire to his room and within an hour produce an editorial of from twelve to fifteen hundred words dealing, as was often the case, with some intricate problem. Such was his power of concentration, such the instant availability of his knowledge, such his command of effective diction, that he rarely made corrections of any importance in revising his proof. This, I should add, was all the more remarkable, since his handwriting, as he would jokingly admit, was execrable. I recollect several occasions when the printers and myself were fairly baffled by his calligraphy. Indeed it was sometimes difficult for him to decipher his own writing.

Nowhere was Buchan's editorial capacity displayed more conspicuously than in the intuitive perception of the real issues of any matter submitted to him. But I need not labour this point, for it is abundantly evident in the articles printed in tSis volume. He had his own standpoint, his own standards, and to the consideration of every subject he brought a richly stored mind, penetrating and practical discernment, a judicial temperament—all of which placed him on good terms with every one eager for the truth. Buchan reminds us in his reminiscences of his youth that at first he was not particularly drawn to politics, " being interested only to a small degree in theories, and not at all in parties." In the complacent old world before the South African War, he was of " a conservative cast of mind, very sensible of the past, approving renovation, but not innovation." This detachment, however, had disappeared before he

became connected with the *Scottish Review*. His training on the *Spectator,* and more especially his administrative work in South Africa under Lord Milner, had made him familiar with public questions at home and throughout the British Empire, and in the *Scottish Review* these were handled with a width of vision, a command of detail, a nimbleness of judgment, and a brilliancy of expression that were surprising in the case of one who was still on the threshold of a great career.

Probably no part of Buchan's equipment was so industriously cultivated as that of foreign affairs. He was in fact fonder of writing on matters affecting remote countries than was consistent with the aim of a penny paper catering principally for Scottish readers. Moreover, if it be true, as Sir Alfred Zimmern contends, that Democracy to-day is deficient in its knowledge of foreign affairs, it was truer a generation ago. Buchan, I fear, never sufficiently understood that in penning such articles he was enlarging on themes in which the majority of his readers had no interest because of their lack of knowledge. The truth is, his mind usually travelled on a higher plane than that of the subscribers to the paper. In his choice of subjects, and to some extent in his treatment of them, he was inclined to lose touch with the psychology of the crowd, with the limited horizon and normal experience of the average reader. Had his editorials approximated more to the popular standpoint, to what the man in the street was thinking, it would have been distinctly better for the fortunes of the *Scottish Review*. In reality, he appealed to the select few, highly appreciative, no doubt, but an academic class. After all, journals, like other ventures, are run as commercial propositions, and if they create but a limited interest, it

is the merest platitude to say that sales will decline, and with them the main prop of the whole concern—advertisements. " Fine writing for fine gentlemen " may be, in certain circumstances, commendable, but let no one suppose that a journal so conducted can be a financial success.

Though displaying now and then a certain austerity, Buchan's normal mood was distinctly magnetic. He was indeed a delightful person to work with. There was no suggestion of intellectual superiority, nor any attempt to impress by skill in dialectic, or to bear you down by the sheer weight of his knowledge of men and affairs. Many pleasant talks I had with him of a morning when he would come to my room to discuss the next issue of the paper. But the conversation often gravitated to things in general. As the author of a supremely able, though highly contentious, book on the " Great Marquess " of Montrose, it goes without saying that with Buchan Scottish history was a perennial theme. He was the visible embodiment of a passage in one of his essays. " We in the north are very conscious of our history ; it dwells with us almost like a living memory ; echoes of old controversies still influence insensibly our views on modern issues." The " echoes of old controversies " were very dear to Buchan, and sometimes he would expatiate on them to the detriment of the needs of the hour. His views concerning the strife in Scotland during the earlier half of the seventeenth century, likewise his provocative attitude to the Covenanters, I had from his own lips twenty years before they were put in print.

Another topic on which he was fond of dilating was Peeblesshire or, perhaps I ought to say, Tweedside generally, and when he learnt that I spent a portion of

every summer in the district, and was not wholly ignorant of its scenery, traditions, and ballad-lore, there was forged a bond of common interest. In particular, I remember Buchan gleefully telling me one Monday morning how on the previous day he had tramped, hour after hour and alone, along the undulating tops of the Peeblesshire hills, as his friend, Professor Veitch, had done so often before him. And Tweedside—its landscape, history, and literature—was his subject when he chanced one summer afternoon to enter a compartment of the Peebles train in which I was seated. We travelled together as far as Eddleston, where a dogcart (for the motor car had not yet come to its own) awaited to convey him to a lonely habitation high up on the Meldons.

One thing that deeply impressed me was the essential justness of Buchan's mind, a phrase which he applies to Lord Ardwall. And he could be generous as well as just. Buchan was appreciative of good work and, a much rarer attribute, praised it openly. Perhaps I may be allowed to recall an instance which affected me personally. Lord Young, who just missed being one of the greatest of Scots judges, died the day before the *Scottish Review* went to press. Buchan was in London, and as there was no time in which to obtain an article from a legal authority, I tried to supply what otherwise would have been a serious omission. It so happened that I had some knowledge of Lord Young's quixotic personality and of his dialectic contests with counsel, and managed to produce a three-column article in which I incorporated a few anecdotes concerning his Lordship, On the day after publication Buchan wrote congratulating me on the way in which I had filled the gap. I was naturally proud of the commendation, coming as it did from one

who was not only a barrister, but well acquainted with Lord Young's career. It was Buchan's way : he was not content to think well of an article, but said so to the writer if he were within reach.

Ill

But to resume our sketch of the history of the *Scottish Review.* It was in accordance with the fitness of things that so accomplished a master of fiction as Buchan should see to it that that branch of writing was well represented. Accordingly, before his connection with the paper was many weeks old, readers were informed that the serial rights of a new novel entitled *Pearl oj Pearl Island,* by John Oxenham, " one of the most popular of living writers," had been purchased. Whether this " delightful holiday romance " fulfilled expectations by reacting beneficially on the circulation, I take leave to doubt, but Buchan, at any rate, never wavered in the belief that fiction would win subscribers.

Besides the serial story, he introduced short, brightly-written sketches, the best of which came from personal friends. The services of Neil Munro and D. S. Meldrum of *Blackwood* (to mention only two) were enlisted. The latter, I remember, sent rather an intriguing story despite its unimaginative title of " The Plate." Another well-known Scottish writer, who chose to appear under the pseudonym of " Gilbert Steele," entertained readers with what was announced by Buchan as " one of the most moving and faithful transcripts of village life which has appeared for long." It was followed by Rita Richmond's " The Coming of Tommy," and Miss Rosaline Masson's

" Cross Patches and Cross Purposes." Another valued story-writer of those far-off days was Miss Lydia Miller Mackay, who admirably maintained the literary tradition of her family, she being a grand-daughter of Hugh Miller, editor of the Non-intrusion *Witness* newspaper, in whose columns were published the geological articles afterwards collected as *The Old Red Sandstone.* Buchan had been attracted by Miss Mackay's work in *Blackwood,* and before long the authoress of *The Return of the Emigrant* was writing short sketches for the *Scottish Review.* One bore the title of " Between Scylla and Charybdis," another, which appeared in the Christmas number for 1908, was called " The Man in the Wood." And, to round off this story of the fictional side of the *Scottish Review,* the Hon. Sylvia Brett, a daughter of the second Lord Esher, sent us idyllic sketches which found much favour, notably " The Cynic and the Angel" and " The Pixie Wood."

That the *Scottish Review* in Buchan's time provided a first-class weekly review with a distinct tone was no idle boast. Mainly through his influence there was brought together a galaxy of literary talent unsurpassed by any other penny journal. If imposing names are a means of promoting circulation, then the *Scottish Review* should have been one of the most prosperous of periodicals. It may be that the relevance of many of the articles was too frequently open to question, but judged from a purely literary standpoint they could not have been bettered. Not only was Buchan a host in himself, but he procured writers of the first rank in politics, literature, and art.

On inspection of the file, I find that in 1907 Lord Haldane wrote on the Imperial Conference and its

results ; Professor Seton-Watson occasionally on European politics; Andrew Lang on the " Anagrams of Mary Queen of Scots" ; Professor Saintsbury on Faguet's *Literary History of France*; Neil Munro on " The Scots in Sweden " ; Principal Fairbairn of Oxford on Edward Caird, Master of Balliol; and Sir J. Arthur Thomson on Sir George Stokes. When David Masson died, his colleague and oldest friend, Professor Campbell Fraser, then in his eighty-eighth year, wrote for us a fine tribute which ended with a hitherto unpublished sonnet given to him by Masson so far back as 1841. It was entitled " Our Universe," and, according to Campbell Fraser, expressed " the effect of new cosmological conceptions upon his (Masson's) thought/'

Buchan's attitude to the ecclesiastical section of the *Scottish Review* was perplexing. Though the son of a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and a Presbyterian office-bearer to the end of his life, he was not impervious to Anglican influence. As in the case of Sir Thomas Raleigh, author of that exhilarating book, *Annals of the Church in Scotland,* he was a Scottish Free Churchman by birth and upbringing, but having lived much in England and spent student days in Oxford, had taken on a veneer of Anglicanism. That may partly explain an attitude which, so far as I could judge, was never cordial. But I think it was also coloured by the belief, paradoxical though it may seem, that much of Scottish churchmanship a generation ago had little root in true religion. He noted in the country of his birth, as he remarks somewhere, " a kind of restless interest in church affairs which is no more a spiritual thing than an interest in party politics."

But however we may explain his position in this

matter, Buchan was convinced that the amount of space allocated to the churches was excessive. And from a strictly journalistic point of view, he was right. Unfortunately the antecedents of the paper made a more proportionate allowance extremely difficult in view of the fact, already stressed, that the bulk of the readers were church-going folk. This circumstance, however, did not deter Buchan from experimenting in the hope of getting rid of the undue prominence of the church department of the paper. He introduced what was called a Sunday Supplement, which was printed apart from the rest of the journal. But there were numerous complaints about the inconvenience of this arrangement, and after a few weeks the old order was reverted to.

If the dual policy of the *Scottish Review* in catering for the Church and the world was, journalistically considered, indefensible, there was at the same time no reason to be ashamed of the pages devoted to the churches. Buchan himself was satisfied that they reached a high standard. Scottish ecclesiastical affairs were handled by those most competent to deal with them. At the start of the movement for the union of the two great Presbyterian communions in Scotland, Dr. William Mair of Earlston, an ex-Moderator and author of *Digest of Church Laws,* and Dr. Taylor Innes, author of *Law of Creeds in Scotland,* expounded their respective positions in the *Scottish Review.* Articles on various aspects of Church life and work were contributed from time to time by Principal Herkless of St. Andrews, Professors Orr, Clow, Mackintosh, and Welch, and other theologians of note. Furthermore, sketches of distinguished preachers were constantly appearing, and, week by week, there were full notes on happenings in the Church courts.

IV

It is impossible here, nor perhaps is it necessary, to furnish a detailed account of Buchan's editorship of the *Scottish Review*; but some idea of its developments, together with a brief allusion to the principal contributors, may exhibit the measure of its literary influence. Not the least gratifying feature was that the journal had a considerable following in England, and from the communications received, we had now and then pleasant surprises. For example, Sir William Watson, the poet, sent for publication a letter thanking one of our contributors for " the very courteous and genial spirit in which he has conducted his researches into my early literary career." Three weeks later, W. Hale White, author of the *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford,* wrote, in his inimitable way, on Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* of the tour which she made in Scotland in the company of her famous brother.

Another English writer whose contributions frequently appeared was Miss Betham-Edwards, the novelist and poet. Her books on France are well known, and one of the most acceptable of her articles was entitled " Fifty Years in Paris." In November 1907 Miss Betham-Edwards addressed a " Letter to the Editor," in which she disclosed an interesting piece of literary history. " My connection with the *Review* (she wrote) recalls some facts which ought to have found a place in my *Reminiscences,* but somehow, at the time of writing them, were forgotten. If to Dickens I owe encouragement as a writer of verse, 'The Golden Bee' having been accepted by him for *Household Words* in 1855, it is

to the Brown of Browns, the beloved author of *Rob and His Friends,* that I am indebted for the first personal Godspeed accorded to me as a novelist. It was from the old Edinburgh publishing house of Edmonston and Douglas that the MS. of my second essay in fiction *Now or Never* appeared, after having been read by Dr. John Brown. It appeared that the author of *Rab and His Friends* was suffering from a cold at the time, and began the perusal of the little country girl's MS. with his feet in a bath of hot mustard and water. The story took his fancy, and forgetting circumstances he read on and on, suddenly aroused to the fact that the mustard and water had grown quite cold. Was ever a prettier compliment paid to a young author ? I feel that I ought to make known in the pages of the *Scottish Review* my early indebtedness to Dr. John Brown."

A symposium on the future of the Scots tongue created much interest, though it is permissible to doubt if it had more than academic value. The idea emanated from Buchan, who summed up in an editorial reprinted in this volume. The contributors were all notable men in their way, and qualified to make *ex cathedra* pronouncements—Neil Munro, Dr. William Wallace, editor of the *Glasgow Herald,* J. Logie Robertson (" Hugh Haliburton "), and Professor Skeat of Cambridge. The first three took the line that was expected of them, but Professor Skeat, being a Sassenach and not accustomed to mince matters where philology is concerned, cooled the ardour of the ultra-nationalists. Neil Munro, looking facts in the face, declared that so far as literature is concerned " the lease of Scots was run out practically two hundred years ago, and only the advent of Burns and Scott helped it to a renewal." Its days as a medium

for contemporary literature were ended, and it was unlikely that any great reputation could be made hereafter by a poet who confined himself to the old vernacular. For Professor Skeat, on the other hand, the Scots tongue was " a misleading misnomer/' In his opinion, those unacquainted with Sir James A. H. Murray's *Dialects of the Southern Counties of Scotland* had no claim to be heard, while those who had read that work would understand how foolish it was to talk about " the Scots language."

Lord Kelvin's death brought the *Scottish Review* a tribute from his successor in Glasgow University—Professor Andrew Gray; while Buchan, drawing on his own knowledge as a student at Gilmorehill, wrote an article on the great natural philosopher, which finds a place in this volume. In the same number Mr. Hilaire Belloc wrote on " The Sites of Cities."

With the object of strengthening the hold of the *Scottish Review* in the west of Scotland, I arranged, with Buchan's warm approval, for a series of articles to which we gave the collective title of " The Sinews of St. Mungo." Written by a leading authority on Scottish social questions, the articles contained vivid pictures of the chief industries of Glasgow and the conditions of life among the workers. Signed " Peter and Pilgrim," the series attracted much attention, and temporarily at least sent up the circulation.

Later on, Buchan's energies were concentrated on another series entitled, " Representative Scotsmen of the Day." The idea was his own, and he led off with a sketch of Lord Rosebery, which was done *con amore,* as were also those of Mr. R. B. Haldane and Mr. A. J. Balfour (as they were then). It was unfortunate that Buchan

fought shy of Andrew Lang, who also figured in the list, probably because his friendship with that versatile man of letters was of too intimate a character. Anyhow, had he written on Lang the article would have been revealing in many ways, for, as I knew, Buchan shared Lang's views on most historical and literary subjects. Andrew Lang sent articles for the paper once or twice, and when our review of *The King over the Water* appeared, he wrote from St. Andrews to point out that while his (Lang's) style, as the reviewer had said, might be " recognizable on almost every page," the book was really written by Miss A. Shield, his part being " mainly that of supervision and condensation " with occasional correction. Buchan, I should add, did not sign his articles on " Representative Scotsmen of the Day," but those familiar with his style and his connections had no difficulty in identifying the authorship.

The death of the Dowager Lady Tweedmouth in April 1908 occasioned the publication of a tribute by an Aberdeenshire minister sent to us by her daughter, the Countess of Aberdeen, who was then resident at the Vice-Regal Lodge, Dublin. In the following number we were privileged to print hitherto unpublished verses of R. L. Stevenson. They were written when the author was a law student at Edinburgh University, and referred to a Scottish religious body called the " Morisonians." The circumstances are interesting. Stevenson was glancing over the *Scotsman* while waiting in the rooms of a friend with whom he had an appointment when his eye alighted on a paragraph about the " Morisonians." He did not seem to know, or at least he professed not to know, that the name was one sometimes applied to the Evangelical Union Church. " I thought they must

be first or second cousins to the Muggletonians," he remarked to his friend. The latter then explained that the doctrine of the "Morisonians" regarding the authority and integrity of Scripture was as orthodox as that of his (Stevenson's) father. "Well," replied R.L.S., "you must just take my roughshod treatment as poetic licence, and I make you a present of the doggerel." Stevenson's verses were scribbled, almost illegibly, in the notebook which he always carried in the left pocket of his velveteen coat. Buchan, I remember, was immensely pleased at receiving the Stevenson verses, and added a footnote that they were not to be reproduced without acknowledgment.

R.L.S. was again prominent in the *Scottish Review* some months later when Lord Guthrie, who was then the tenant of Swanston Cottage, Stevenson's early home at the foot of the Pentland Hills, forwarded for publication a delightful account of two of his guests—Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, and Miss Alison Cunningham, who was Stevenson's nurse, and went by the familiar name of "Cummy." Along with the contribution Lord Guthrie sent us a photograph (duly reproduced) showing "Cummy" seated at the front door of the cottage and the Duchess of Sutherland standing beside her. "Interesting and unique as the picture is, I have (wrote Lord Guthrie) one regret about it, and that is that the photographer did not expose the plate two minutes earlier, when 'Cummy' was laughingly, but in vain, protesting that she ought to stand, and that Her Grace must be seated!"

When the tercentenary of Milton's birth came round (December 1908) Buchan favoured a special number containing authoritative articles dealing with various

aspects of the poet's life and work. In spite of the fact that Milton is not a subject that lends itself to popular treatment, the issue was a success. Mr. J. Logie Robertson wrote on Milton's literary influence; Dr. John Brown of Bedford, author of the standard *Life of Bunyan,* expounded the poet as a religious force ; Professor Mackinnon, fresh from the study of the Puritan struggle with the Stuarts, as set forth in his *History of Modern Liberty,* discussed Milton as a factor in the politics of his time; while Miss Flora Masson, whose father wrote the magistral *Life of Milton* in six volumes, was enlightening in her description of the Presbyterian divine, Dr. Thomas Young, the poet's tutor.

Though the *Scottish Review* was nearing the end of its course, the Christmas number for 1908, on the testimony of numerous readers, showed no decline in literary quality. Miss Katherine Tynan, the Irish novelist, contributed a short story, " Molly's Christmas Foundling," and from the prolific and accomplished pen of the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould came a sketch with the title of " The Alcoved Passage." Other features were an article by David Fraser, the noted newspaper correspondent and traveller, entitled, " A Tourist's Lot in Athens," and a survey of Scottish painting by Professor Baldwin Brown. In the following number, Mr. Robert S. Rait (afterwards Principal of Glasgow University) reviewed at considerable length and with fine critical power Buchan's *Some Eighteenth Century Byways, and Other Essays,* which had just been published.

The last number of the *Scottish Review* was published on the last day of the year 1908. A brief italicized paragraph notified the public of its exit. Instead of the usual leading article, Buchan contributed " A Retrospect of

1908," a masterly summary of affairs both at home and abroad which covered nearly three pages. The " Week in Literature " opened with an informative article on the six most notable books of the year, and there was a lengthy review of Mr. H. G. Wells's *The War in the Air.* Certainly the author had more vision than his critic. In the light of the terrific happenings of the present hour, Mr. Wells's picture of a shattered world cannot be said to be overdrawn. Yet the note on which the critique ends is one of regret for the " extravagant fancy " displayed. But it is easy to be wise after the event. The final issue of the paper also included an appraisement of Dr. Denney's *Jesus and the Gospel* from the pen of Professor H. R. Mackintosh, who had been a contributor from the beginning, while Dr. Smellie's two-volume edition of *Men of the Covenant* had equal prominence given it.

The *Scottish Review* went down with flying colours. From Paternoster Row, on the last day of the year, Buchan wrote to me what may be regarded as the swan-song. " The last number of the *S.R.* fills me with melancholy. 'Better is the beginning of a thing than the end thereof,' as the Bible says. It has been a gallant and worthy little paper, of which none of us have any cause to be ashamed." Buchan's quotation from Scripture is textually very much astray, being, in fact, precisely the opposite of what is conveyed in Ecclesiastes, chap, vii., verse 8; but the likelihood is that he deliberately transposed the passage to make it appropriate to the circumstances.

The causes which led to the untimely end of the paper have been indicated in some measure in the preceding pages. While the publishers in their valediction ex-

pressed satisfaction " with the loyal and appreciative support " they had received, there is no need to point out that had that support been remunerative the journal would not have been discontinued. It is true that the periodical improved immensely under Buchan ; but its appeal was to a limited class, and neither circulation nor the revenue from advertisements was ever satisfactory. Moreover, the difficulties of the paper were increased by an attempt to obtain the support of two sections of the public whose standpoints were essentially different. Had the *Scottish Review* been directed to fewer objectives, and these cultivated with more earnestness, the result, it seems to me, would have been much more favourable. But, however the matter is regarded, the paper was a marvellous pennyworth.

The large number of letters received from all quarters on the demise of the *Scottish Review* left no doubt whatever that the journal had worthily fulfilled a purpose, though it was circumscribed. Dr. William Wallace, editor of the *Glasgow Herald,* writing "as a tolerably experienced Scottish journalist/' lamented its loss. In Mr. J. Logie Robertson's opinion, " the *Scottish Review* brought its own recommendation in every admirable quality a journal could have. I honestly do not think any paper gave better value in all respects. . . . The last number showed no falling off: the *Review* was going strong when it stopped. It deserved a better fate." Sir Richard Lodge, the distinguished occupant of the Chair of History in Edinburgh University, commended the all-round excellence of the paper ; while Principal Clow of Glasgow characterized it as " one of the most ably edited of its kind, and both in the work of the editor and his contributors, and in that of the pressmen, it

stood in the first rank." That the passing of the *Review* would make " a large blank in the literary life of Scotland " was the opinion of Dr. A. B. D. Alexander, author of a *Short History of Philosophy, Christianity, and Ethics,* and other works. These commendations are typical of a large number that came from readers. Taken cumulatively, they afford eloquent testimony that at least those who supported the *Scottish Review* were not stinted in their admiration.

V

In reprinting a selection of Buchan's contributions to the *Scottish Review,* I have deemed it advisable to place the exact date at the end of each article, so that the reader may be fully informed of the circumstances in which it was written. Some articles deal with matters that have since taken their place on the statute book, and are therefore live issues no longer. But their inclusion may be justified on the ground that they exhibit Buchan as a full-fledged publicist more than thirty years ago. How far and in what directions he fulfilled the role of prophet, the reader must judge. This, however, may be said with complete assurance, that he usually presents not only an acute and vivid conspectus of the political and social problems of the time, but, what is more important, offers sound and practical remedies, some of which are now a part of our legislative achievement. In the process of selection the widest diversity of subject has been aimed at. All the articles display not only the vigour of Buchan's intellect at an early stage, but the amplitude and precision of his knowledge of public affairs, the brilliance

of his exposition, and the unfailing perspicuity as well as charm of his style. Like most journalistic efforts, the articles have not escaped the touch of the ephemeral, but they are models of editorial writing. Allied topics have been grouped under sectional headings in order that the reader may turn at once to those which interest most. Finally, easy reference is facilitated by a full index.

W.F.G.

I

DOMESTIC POLITICS

LORD HALDANE'S "NEW MODEL"

WE make no apology for returning to the subject of Lord Haldane's * Army Scheme. The present Government has no more vital problem to deal with, for the whole of our voluntary system is on trial. The people of Britain, without distinction of party, are determined to have an army adequate to their needs. They wish to preserve the old voluntary system; but if that is proved wanting they will relinquish it. Lord Haldane, therefore, alone stands between us and compulsory service. If he fails, the school of which Lord Roberts and Lord Milner are the most distinguished representatives will, from sheer necessity, have to be listened to. The present Secretary for War is, intellectually, the most distinguished man who has applied his mind to the problem of the army. He is an exact thinker, and he is also a practical and progressive statesman. His desire is to give the country an efficient army at the lowest possible cost, and at the same time to maintain the Liberal principle of voluntary service. Are the means which he has chosen adequate to his purpose ?

We wish to look at the principles of the scheme by which it stands or falls, for details can be amended,

* Haldane did not receive his peerage till some years after this article was written, but it has been thought desirable to refer to him as if that dignity had already been bestowed.

but principles are vital. As things are at present, we possess a regular army enlisted for foreign service, too large, as most people think, for a mere striking force, and badly equipped with reserves on mobilization. Then we have the Militia, a force some 80,000 strong, which can be used on embodiment to release regular regiments for foreign service, and also to send to the front in units. Last come the Yeomanry and the Volunteers, which are at once a national training school and a reservoir from which, as was seen in the South African War, the field force can be supplemented. The difficulty is that all these forces are detached, and have no organic connection within one scheme of defence. Hence arises wastage of material and undue cost. Lord Haldane flings the whole into the crucible, and takes out two instead of three lines of organization.

The First Line will consist of 160,000 officers and men, and form the striking force—the spear-head at the end of the shaft. To save expense, for army service corps, transport, and medical corps work—that is, work of a semi-civilian character—75,000 men will be enlisted on a non-regular basis and given a short training in the " training battalions " of the Second Line. To this provision we can see no objection, provided such semi-civilians are forthcoming, which we doubt. But as to the First Line in general we have one criticism: it is either too large or too small. On the old Cardwellian basis, without any elastic reserve behind it, it is far too small; on the new basis which Lord Haldane contemplates—that is, as a striking force with unlimited powers of recuperation—it seems to us unreasonably large and costly.

Where are the recruits and the power of expansion

to come from? At present the Militia is the chief recruiting-ground, and it has also important relieving functions. Under Lord Haldane's scheme the Militia disappears. Much of it goes into the First Line, and for the rest its place is taken by the new "training battalions" of the Territorial Army. This Territorial Army will number 300,000 men, and be organized in 14 divisions and 14 cavalry brigades. In it will be included the remnants of the Militia, and the existing Yeomanry and Volunteer forces. For every two-battalion regiment there will be a "nucleus" or "training" battalion, which will receive a six months' preliminary training. On the outbreak of war these battalions will supply drafts for the First Line.

Now undoubtedly this might be a most useful type of reservoir; but the question remains, Where are the men to come from? There will be small inducement to enlist in battalions which are not units with any substantive character of their own, but merely storehouses for the First Line to draw upon. The old Militia had its faults, but its regiments were regiments, and not shapeless reserves.

Last come the Yeomanry and Volunteers. The first will form the cavalry of the Territorial Army, and are expected to provide 14 brigades. Their status remains much as it was, save for one important change—their pay is cut down from 5s. 6d. a day to is. 6d. As for the Volunteers, there is a very complete reorganization. They will be required to enlist for four years, and only allowed to withdraw by giving three months' notice and paying a fine of £5. The County Associations, according to Lord Haldane, have wide powers to remit or reduce the penalty; but will not the threat of it

incline men to fight shy of volunteering ? Again, each volunteer will be compelled to go into camp every year for a period of not less than eight days and not more than fifteen. Finally, on the outbreak of war, they will be mobilized along with the rest of the Second Line for a six months' period of training.

Now, it is obvious that a great many men who are willing to serve their country will not be able to fulfil these conditions; that, in point of fact, many men who are at present volunteers will be unable to accept them. The hard conditions of resignation and the compulsory camp will scare away some, and the six months' mobilization on war—in many ways an excellent provision, but, at the same time, certain to cause wide industrial confusion—will deter others who have a living to get. Lord Haldane seems to contemplate defections, for the figure of the non-regular army is put at 300,000, whereas it stands at present at 371,000. That is to say, instead of many slightly-trained men, he wants a smaller number highly trained. In other words, he has abandoned the principle, in which we understood he believed, of making the conditions of voluntary service so elastic that the State could take from every citizen such service as he could give.

Lord Haldane's scheme is highly ingenious and scientific. It has been approved of by his military advisers, and in a host of minor points it introduces valuable reforms. Even in the greater matters we see its merits, and we believe that it would give us a more efficient, and possibly a cheaper, army if the nation responded to it. But this is precisely the difficulty. The single question is, Are not the terms too hard for the country to accept ? Will the Regular Army, in the

absence of the Militia, find sufficient recruits? Will the "training battalions" attract the ex-militiaman and the semi-civilian, who is to be transformed after a short training into an efficient transport and supply official? Will the Yeomanry provide 14 brigades at is. 6d. a day? Above all, will the Volunteers respond to Lord Haldane's appeal? Does the country—not the House of Commons or the War office, but the country—accept the scheme? Everything is staked on a ready, popular response, and unless this is forthcoming the proposals must be abandoned. We trust, therefore, that no attempt will be made to hurry on Lord Haldane's changes until the country has had ample time to understand and digest their meaning. For, remember, it is not a reform which is designed, but a complete and far-reaching revolution. —*March* 7, 1907.

THE PROBLEM OF DEFENCE

THE new Army Scheme has passed its second reading, and is in a fair way to become law. It is an experiment, not a certainty, as Lord Haldane himself would be the first to acknowledge. We do not believe that certainty, or anything approaching it, is attainable in any scheme of national defence; and we are quite certain that, if it were, it would be nothing to desire. There can be no full insurance policy for a nation, since the premiums are too high. For there is always the old crux of policy—if we pay too much for defence, we weaken the national power of resistance, and therefore put weapons into our hands which we have not the strength to use.

Somehow there is always a point beyond which expenditure on defence becomes a bad defensive policy. In a great war it is the nation that fights, not the army and navy; and if the nation behind the guns and fleets shall have been bled white by the effort to provide these armaments, there is no real power of resistance. This, then, is a question which we must ask of any army scheme—Does it provide an adequate expenditure on armaments which is at the same time well within the general powers of the people ? This is the economic question. The second is strategic—Does it recognize the special conditions under which the nation must

prepare for war ? No foreign model is applicable. Every nation must think out its own defence problem for itself.

What are the British conditions ? We have a vast scattered Empire, with certain land frontiers on which at any moment danger may arise. There is the Egyptian frontier, for example, the Canadian frontier, and the Indian frontier. The first is the least difficult, for almost any attack involves ships, and is therefore at the mercy of our fleet. The second is usually left out of account, because of our friendliness with the United States ; but we agree with Lord Roberts that strategically we have no business to take this into reckoning. At the same time, with the present strong and independent spirit at work in Canada, we may hope that she herself may work out the problem of her frontier as her contribution to Imperial defence. The Indian frontier remains our danger, and its defence is the prime business of our regular army.

But apart from defence, there is the internal policing of a great Empire, and the garrisoning of strategical points. The first necessity for such a task is an invincible fleet, which can hold the seas against any combination of Powers. The second is a highly-trained expeditionary force of regulars, which can at any time be transferred rapidly to the point of danger. Lord Haldane's scheme gives us an expeditionary force, existing in the flesh and not merely on paper, of over 160,000 men. This, let us remember, is merely the First Line, and there is behind it the reservoir of the country's manhood. Is it sufficient ? Granted, as we have already postulated, that any defence scheme is not a full insurance, we think, with an unbeaten fleet and

a thorough strategical co-ordination of the local Colonial forces, that it is a reasonable provision.

Our problem is not the defence of the United Kingdom but of the Empire, and therefore it has no resemblance to that of Continental nations. Their conscript armies are not required to fight in the ends of the earth, and in the second place they are faced with a permanent likelihood of invasion. When your frontier is an imaginary line, obviously defence is not the same thing as when you are surrounded by the sea. The plain deductions are that our expeditionary force could not be raised on a conscript basis even if we tried, and that our force for home defence need not be on the same scale as Continental armies.

Lord Haldane leaves home defence wholly to the patriotism of the people. Lord Roberts and his school would make such service compulsory. They do not seek for a moment to introduce conscription in the Continental sense, for they would not take a man away from his work for a year. They would merely make volunteering on its present basis compulsory for every able-bodied male in the country, and insist that the six months' training—which, according to Lord Haldane's scheme, would begin on the outbreak of war—should take place as a matter of course in peace time.

Now these proposals are not extreme. They seem to us essentially moderate, reasonable, and, let us add, practicable. The only question which they raise is the one which we asked at the beginning of this article—Do they not demand more from the nation than is actually necessary ? The cost is put at not less than £35,000,000, but the total cost to the nation from the stoppage of industry would be at least as much again.

Now we already spend a good deal on defence. Our annual outlay on our army and navy combined exceeds by some £20,000,000 that of either France or Germany. Is it necessary to spend another vast sum in equipping every man for home defence, so that we shall have a standing home army of several millions ? We think that it is not, for a variety of reasons.

One is economic, for so large an increase of cost must weaken the credit and therefore the general resisting power of the nation. Another is strategic, for such a force would be far too large if the fleet were victorious, and too small and disorganized if the fleet were defeated. If invasion is a certainty, we need a Continental conscript army to defend us; if it is improbable, a voluntary force will suffice. The blemish on the voluntary system is that " the selfish, the indolent, and the unpatriotic escape all the burden and enjoy all the benefits of the efforts of others."

It should not be impossible to give volunteers special privileges—for example, as to old age pensions, and eligibility for certain public offices—which would mark the nation's gratitude towards them. And we hope to see the day when drill and rifle-shooting will be made compulsory in all schools, and the foundation prepared by compulsory national training for voluntary national service. We all subscribe to Lord Haldane's ideal of a " nation in arms." But for the system of national insurance by compulsory service we still think the premium too high.—*July* 4, 1907.

DEMOCRACY AND DEVOLUTION

IT is an old truism that the chief weakness of democracy is on its executive side. No body of men can do a thing so well as one man, and administration by debate generally ends in anarchy. When Congress, during the War of Independence, tried *to* direct the campaign, American prospects looked black indeed; and it was only when Congress was discredited, and Washington was left to his own devices, that the day of good fortune dawned.

Democracy would be the most incompetent of all human institutions were it not for one trait which it possesses. It clears the way for the competent man, and when it once trusts it trusts whole-heartedly. The Greek democracy ended in the tyrant, the Roman in Caesar, and the French in Napoleon. When the people once pins its faith to a leader, it will follow him blindly to the end. Would Napoleon, as a general of Louis the Fourteenth, have ever had so free a hand as he had when charged with the armies of the Republic ? No doubt it is a vice of democracy that it always tends to put one man in a too absolute power ; but the tendency if wisely guided is also a merit, for on it alone is based any hope of administrative competence.

Obviously the whole people cannot command an army or rule a province. They must delegate this task to individuals; and since they are incapable of

reviewing the day-to-day work of these individuals, they must trust them. The principle of delegation has been accepted everywhere in connection with legislative work. The little Swiss canton of Appenzell is an exception, for there the whole population—about ten thousand—is forced by law to attend personally the annual Parliaments. But elsewhere the sovereign people elect so many men to form a Parliament, and for a term of years this Parliament has absolute discretion. So, too, with executive officers. A viceroy or a general is appointed, and subject to certain special exceptions his work is not controlled by those who appoint him.

Now the special claim of democracy is that it trusts more fully than any other type of government. The reason is twofold. In the first place, it is impossible for a democracy to make any attempt to do the work of its delegates. A circle of great families, what we call an aristocracy, may supervise administrative work, but obviously the whole people cannot. The alternative to trusting implicitly is chaos. In the second place, the whole people, not being moved by considerations of personal jealousy, is capable of disinterested admiration for, and therefore of faith in, some great personality. The true theory of democratic government would therefore seem to be that the people's delegates should be carefully chosen, and when their work is over should be liable to a rigorous account; but that during their actual task they should be trusted implicitly.

This is an axiom of democracy, and those who believe in popular government should be jealous to enforce it. For this reason we congratulate Mr. G. N. Barnes on his courageous action in connection with the Amal-

gamated Society of Engineers. Mr. Barnes is the secretary of this powerful union, and did his best to settle a dispute with the employers in the north of England by arbitration. A section of the society, which had participated in electing him to his post, refused to be bound by any agreement which he made, and went on strike. Mr. Barnes accordingly resigned as a protest against a course of action which, whatever it may be, is essentially undemocratic. "If trade union officials," he said, "were to be flouted without reason, the effectiveness of trade unionism would be weakened, and collective bargaining undermined."

There is not a doubt of it. The trade union is a microcosm of the State. If the members forget the meaning of delegation, refuse to be bound by the acts of their officials, and attempt to conduct negotiations on their own account, trade unions will not be powerful organizations.

But we notice that many condemn the conduct of the Amalgamated Engineers who applaud in national policy precisely the same spirit. What else is the meaning of the preposterous cry that we sometimes hear about "democratizing" foreign policy, and making ambassadors and governors directly answerable to the House of Commons? What else is the meaning of the petty unintelligent suspicion with which some politicians view the acts of "the man on the spot," whether he be soldier or sailor or administrator?

We are all for criticism and oversight, but let us remember that if democracy is to be an effective governing force its first business is to learn to delegate fully and confidently. In the long run it has supreme control. It appoints its servants, as it elects those

who appoint them. It requires an exact account of all stewardships, and it has summary and terrible ways of showing its displeasure. But unless it is to come to open shame in the sight of a cynical world, let it keep its hands off its delegates while they are still at work.

Another violation of the principle is so long established that we have forgotten how ridiculous it is. We mean the law which requires a member of Parliament on accepting an office of profit under the Crown to seek afresh the suffrages of his constituents. In the eighteenth century it was a sound provision to prevent the House being filled with " placemen," and the great patronage of the Crown being used for party purposes. A member who took a " place " had to resign his seat, and his constituents had to say whether or not they still wished him to represent them.

But the days of Georgian " places " have long since gone, and there is no practical advantage in this anachronism.* If the electors send a man to Parliament, they send him there for every purpose which a member can fulfil. It is immaterial, so far as the delegation is concerned, whether he remains a private member or enters the Cabinet. When a man becomes the head of a great executive department, he should have other things to think about than how to retain his seat. Democracy delegates its powers to its representatives for the life of a Parliament and for all purposes.—*April* 16, 1908.

*** In June 1915, on a Coalition Government taking office, a Special Act was passed, rendering unnecessary the re-election of members of the House of Commons on acceptance of office. Another Act was passed in July 1916 making further temporary provision for a similar purpose. The necessity for re-election was finally abolished in 1919.**

TORY DEMOCRACY

TORY Democracy is coming to the front again, but we wonder what the leaders of the old movement —the late Duke of Rutland, for example, and Disraeli —would have said to its new form. In its central idea it is as old as Bolingbroke, whose " Patriot King " first promulgated the conception of a monarchy depending upon popular support as against an aristocracy. When the Whig domination became intolerable, Chatham first and then Pitt revived the same doctrine. Both were Tories—regarding change as a thing undesirable in itself, and the main lines of the Constitution as fixed beyond questioning; but both recognized that Britain was a democracy, and that any political faith must obtain the assent of the masses.

In Disraeli's hands the creed was extended. He had a genuine sympathy with the people, largely because he had such a genuine dislike of the " Venetian oligarchy" of the Whigs. Moreover, he saw that the extreme individualism of the Manchester School could not be maintained, since it benefited not the nation at large but only the manufacturing capitalists. He was prepared to admit the value of Communist methods, and at the same time he was altogether opposed to relinquishing any of our traditional institutions which had any life in them.

The next exponent was Lord Randolph Churchill, who, with practically the same creed, leaned in his

methods to the democratic side of the balance, and cultivated the arts of the popular orator more than is usually thought becoming in a Tory statesman. Joseph Chamberlain followed. He found his Toryism in the Empire rather than in the Constitution, and he was more democratic than his predecessors in so far as he was prepared to change anything and everything to compass certain Imperial ends.

But now we have a new variety. Tory Democracy, we are told, is the creed of the future, the alternative to Liberalism, the protection against Socialism. It is more Radical than Liberalism, and more balanced; as Radical as Socialism, and more sane. So say its supporters, and it is worth examining their claims. Let us begin by admitting the value of the creed as preached by Disraeli and Lord Randolph Churchill. Conservatism is a principle we should be sorry to see disappear from our public life. At its best it is a recognition that the State is an organism, the slow creation of Time; that changes to be organic must be gradual and well considered; that, in short, it is not good to change boats till you have the new one quite ready.

There will always be many earnest reformers to run their heads against this creed; and they too will be right in a sense, but the Tory will not be wrong in resisting them. For Toryism is only a danger when it is used to defend the indefensible privileges of a class, or to oppose all reform. If it is democratic, and looks to the national interests, it will perform a useful public service, and cautious patriots will be attracted to it, just as sanguine and eager patriots will be attracted to Liberalism.

But in the new Tory Democracy we find few traces of the old. Several London papers are against Socialism, but they think that Socialists must be countered not by a flat negative, but by an alternative policy of social reform. In this we wholly agree with them. It is ridiculous to scare people away from pressing social reforms by the bogey of Socialism.

The Conservative member for a division of Liverpool gives us an enormous list of the reforms he favours; we counted over thirty, and then lost our way. But here are a few—nationalization of the railways; payment of members ; adult franchise, male and female ; abolition of casual labour; compulsory arbitration in strikes ; town planning on the German system ; crime to be treated as a disease; limitation of aliens in the mercantile marine ; national insurance against accident or sickness; taxation of site values; powers to the State or city to purchase any site at its price in the rate book ; peasant proprietorship ; feeding and clothing of poor school children ; free education at secondary schools and universities ; the abolition of hooliganism ; and compulsory drill.

Those who advocate such reforms may be very valuable recruits to the Socialist ranks, but this policy is not a " counterblast," nor are they in any sense of the word Tory democrats. They advocate undiluted Collectivism, and misname it. Many of the proposed reforms have our hearty agreement. But in the mass they embody a policy of crude social adventure to which we are utterly opposed. Every Liberal, as well as every Conservative, believes that a certain amount of individualism is necessary **for** the well-being of the nation.

Every Liberal and every Conservative, again, believes that vital social and constitutional changes must come step by step and not *en bloc,* lest the constitutional machine breaks down altogether. Not so the young bloods of the Tariff Reformers. They will maintain that they differ from the Socialists by proposing to get their money from indirect taxation instead of from the direct taxation of the rich, and no doubt this is a real difference. But unanimity as to ends is the true test of political agreement, and those who " will " the same ends will soon " will " the same means. There is a great deal of foolish alarmist talk about Socialism, but it is difficult to be too alarmist about the fact that a large section of the party which claims to be the guardians of the Constitution is for electioneering purposes prepared to outbid the extremists on their own ground.—*October* 24, 1907.

THE PROSPECTS OF FREE TRADE

THE International Free Trade Congress which met in London is a very interesting reminder of the position of the Free Trade doctrine to-day in the world, and it gives us some data on which to forecast its future prospects. The bulk of the delegates came from highly protected countries. Everywhere you will find economists who repudiate Protection on scientific grounds, but everywhere save in Britain these economists are overborne by a hostile public opinion. In America the Democrats ask for tariff revision, but only a very few have ever dreamed of Free Trade. That the States of the Union enjoyed Free Trade with each other is beside the question.

The most convinced Tariff Reformer in Britain to-day would welcome Imperial Free Trade if he could secure a tariff against the foreigner. In Germany the Free Traders are few and far between. Even the Social Democratic party is not prepared to abolish Protection. In France, apart from a few Anglophil publicists, no one suggests the abolition or even the lowering of the tariff. Outside Britain we may say that Free Trade is the creed of a small set of academic economists. The international side of the Congress is therefore of small importance. We have not converted the world to our creed, and we probably never shall. What is of importance is the attitude of Britain, the prospects of Free Trade in our own country, the intention of our own statesmen.

What are the prospects of Free Trade enduring as **a** national policy in this land ? There was too much talk at the Congress about the value of the creed internationally as a safeguard of peace. Many wars, it was argued, were fought because of commercial jealousy, and if all goods were free to enter all ports this danger would be removed. We question whether there is much in this. No doubt in a Saturnian era Free Trade would be a world policy, but the cause of universal peace would not be Free Trade but the frame of mind which originated Free Trade.

Certainly Free Trade was adopted by Britain not on international but on national grounds. We abolished tariffs not because we wanted to benefit other peoples but because it was good business for ourselves. It is important to emphasize this, as Free Traders are accused sometimes of being deficient in nationalism, of subscribing to a thin cosmopolitanism. On the contrary, the Free Trader defends his views because he is convinced that Free Trade is the best national policy, and that any tariff system would play into the hands of our commercial rivals.

The foundations of our prosperity are industrial, and situated as we are, it is essential for the success of industry that food and raw material should be cheap and that no artificial barriers should interfere with the operation of those laws of supply and demand which give both the material foundation and the intellectual stimulus to industry. The Free Trader does not deny that under certain conditions a tariff may be good policy; what he maintains is that under *our* conditions it would be a blunder. He is really by **fat** the truest nationalist, since he declines to imitate

foreign practice when the case against his own is unproved.

We have no fear that Free Trade will be defeated in argument. But policies are not based solely on reason, and we do fear lest Free Trade, unbeaten in theory, may suffer temporary defeat through the tactics of party. We have never denied that the Protectionist propaganda was making great progress. The middle classes are far too highly taxed, and one side of their propaganda advocates a more equitable basis of taxation.

Mere Protection would only benefit a few large interests; Imperial Preference only attracts a few idealists; but the humblest taxpayer wants a broader and more equitable way of raising revenue. If Mr. Lloyd-George, with his fifteen millions of new revenue to raise, attempts a further levy on the professional and middle classes, he will drive them in a body into the arms of Tariff Reform. The working man, again, is beginning to argue in this way : " Trade is bad and work is scarce under Free Trade ; it could not be worse under Protection: therefore let us give Protection a trial." This is the frame of mind which produces revolutions, and it is useless to shut our eyes to the danger.

Finally, the weakening of the House of Commons as a legislative machine is playing into the hands of the Protectionists. Eloquent eulogies of Free Trade will be of no avail if an extravagant social policy makes broad the path of the Protectionist adventurer. The matter is so vital, that, urgent as many social reforms are, we would prefer to see them left alone for the present rather than that hasty experiments should give a chance to a policy which is the negation of social progress.—*August* 13,1908.

BRITAIN AND COLONIAL PREFERENCE

THERE are two ways of dealing with false doctrine. It may be exterminated by main force, which includes such methods as persecution, ridicule, and ostracism. Or it may be fairly and courteously treated, given every opportunity of success, and allowed to be its own executioner. The policy of Tariff Reform has been four years before the country. It had many able advocates, and most of the wealth and almost the whole Press of the country on its side. Its supporters, too, enlisted for its aid the very real Imperial sentiment of the nation, and, with a mass of contradictory arguments, claimed that their cause was the cause of the Empire.

Now, herein lay the danger, and those who believed in the importance of Free Trade for Britain were compelled to walk warily. The Colonies, they were told, were clamouring for a tariff union, and had already made many unrequited sacrifices in favour of the Mother Country. It was a case of the Sibylline Books, and every day we refused their offer we lessened our chances of that union which all look forward to.

Free Traders replied by repeating the ancient sane doctrine of British policy. Empire rested upon local autonomy, and if the Colonies had freedom to regulate their local affairs, the same freedom could not be denied to Britain. Even assuming that the Colonies would

benefit, it would be a poor Imperial policy which would endow the extremities at the expense of the heart. The strength of the Empire is the aggregate strength of the whole, and any policy which seriously diminished British prosperity would be poorly atoned for by a slight increase in Colonial well-being.

This was the Free Trade position, and the only answer was a denial that any scheme of Preference would injure British interests. We were given many ingenious arguments as to the incidence of taxation, and many still more curious schemes of Preference which purported to put money in one pocket without lessening the hoard in the other. Simple-minded people were rather puzzled when they remembered that at present we import 5 J millions of wholly or partly manufactured articles from the Colonies, 32½ millions of raw material, and 27! millions of food.

Surely a preference to be of any use to the Colonies must deal with food and raw material. But with our population of 44 millions, our enormous debt, and our old and intricate social structure, it seemed essential that the cost of both raw material and food should not be raised ; and since the Colonies are by no means our chief supply-ground, it was hard to see how, under Preference, the cost would not go up. However, the question was soon put, for the time being at any rate, beyond the reach of argument. The last election was fought mainly on this issue, and the country by a great majority decided in favour of Free Trade.

So far so good; but the situation on the Imperial side still remained delicate. Britain's position was inexpugnable, but it was a selfish one. We had refused, so our opponents said, the appeal of the Colonies. We

had turned our back upon an ideal in which the younger nations passionately believed, and for which they had shown themselves willing to make sacrifices. Our conduct was logical and prudent, but was it generous, or, in the last resort, wise ?

This doubt, we are happy to think, has been answered by the Imperial Conference. The Colonial delegates have shown a temper which may well put our noisier Imperialists to shame. They are all believers in Protection, as it is natural for the statesmen of young nations to be. The Premiers of Canada and Newfoundland are content with the resolution of the Conference of 1902, which advocated a preference from the Colonies to Britain without demanding anything in exchange. General Botha, having no mandate from the Transvaal, very naturally takes the same position.

But the Premiers of the Australian Commonwealth, New Zealand, and Cape Colony have come armed with the offiqial resolutions of their Governments, which advocate a preference from Britain on Colonial products, and a system of intercolonial preferential arrangements. They have stated their views with admirable frankness, but they have made it very clear that, in their opinion, Britain stands to lose nothing and to gain everything by accepting their proposals. Mr. Deakin, especially, has based his arguments on the broadest and sanest grounds. The whole trend of modern political thought, he says, is away from the old individualism of the Victorian era. The future lies with the State which does not fear corporate enterprise, and is willing to use its aggregate power and intelligence to further the prosperity of its citizens.

What applies to a State applies to an Empire, and

if Imperial policy is to have any meaning it must be something in which all the parts have an organic share. But he also admits that the individuality of the parts must be maintained, and that unless the union springs out of the goodwill and sincerity of each it will be no true unity. Apply this doctrine to the present question, and our case is unanswerable. We live under a fiscal system which suits us; a different fiscal system suits our Colonies; but there can be no surrender on either side until uniform conditions make a uniform system practicable. Free Trade, which was in danger of proving a source of strife, becomes, if we follow out Mr. Deakin's principle, a sign of union, for it is the proof that our Empire is liberal enough and strong enough to give the right of free development to its members.

There is a good deal of economic heresy bound up with Preference as a policy for Britain, but the question is primarily a political one. Against certain forms of preference there is no economic objection. It is argued in some quarters that Britain by accepting a preference from the Colonies commits herself to a false doctrine, even though she gives nothing in return. But the contention has no weight. We cannot give a preference without abandoning a system which we believe to be the best for us; the Colonies can, because it is part of the system which they believe to be the best for them. Granted certain conditions, protective tariffs may be a perfectly sound policy. So, too, with the proposal to give Colonial preference on articles like tea, wine, and tobacco, which are already taxed in Britain. There is no economic objection to this, but there is a very real political one, since it involves an Imperial

policy which, for the present, we have no machinery to work.

Some day, we do not doubt, it may be possible, without doing violence to our economic well-being, to adapt our existing tariffs to further inter-Imperial trade. But the organization must first be allowed to grow. For the present we can show our goodwill by attempting to improve Imperial communications. If we make clear the channels for trade, we are doing far more for it than by complicating dispatch at one end and delivery at the other.—*May* 9, 1907.

THE POSITION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

THE action of the House of Lords in the matter of the Government's Land Bills has once again precipitated a crisis in the long struggle between a reforming House of Commons and the hereditary Chamber. The most moderate Liberal finds himself compelled to admit that as a constitutional force the House of Lords, as at present constituted, has ceased to exist. It has fallen obviously and undeniably within the organization of a party.

Since 1832 the House of Lords has been, in constitutional theory, a revising Chamber. There is supposed to exist in its members an independent, judicial power which they bring to bear upon the legislative projects sent up from the other House. But the advent of a Liberal Government to power after a prolonged period of Unionist rule has disclosed the House of Lords in a new and unconstitutional position. To-day the state of subservience which the attitude towards Unionist legislation presaged has become open and patent to all.

It is unfortunately a matter about which there can be no doubt. The alliance of the attenuated Opposition in the House of Commons and the House of Lords is written only too clearly on the wreckage of Liberal measures. It is even more clearly seen in the case of

the one contentious Bill which the Peers have allowed to pass. The Trades Disputes Bill had behind it a great mass of working-class opinion—a mass so great that even Mr. Balfour with his acknowledged contempt for democracy was obliged, for party purposes, to take it into account. In the House of Commons Mr. Balfour anathematized the measure, but indicated clearly that it must be allowed to pass. What did the House of Lords do? Lord Lansdowne declared that the Bill contained provisions conferring "excessive privileges on one class and on one class alone . . . privileges fraught with danger to the community, and likely to embitter the industrial life of the country," and, in the next breath, that he would not vote against it. His lead was followed, and the Bill became law. The interests of the State—as conceived by the Lords—were made subservient to the interests of a party in the State.

When we turn to the attitude adopted towards the Land Bills we find in addition to subservience to party interests the bias of interested parties. The independent reviser is merged in the landlord. It is safe to say that no Liberal measure dealing with land will be discussed by the hereditary Chamber either on its merits or in the light of the majorities by which it has passed through the House of Commons.

The Evicted Tenants (Ireland) Bill and the Scottish Landholders Bill are cases in point. The former was a much needed social reform, which has been delayed for four years. It was essential that it should become law as speedily as possible. This was all admitted by Lord Lansdowne in his Second Reading speech. Yet, under his guidance, the House of Lords did all that

was in its power to stultify, in the interests of the land lord, the Government's object. The Bill returned to the Commons was a Bill which had as its primary object not the settlement of an agrarian difficulty, causing trouble out of all proportion to its importance, but a Bill designed to secure to the landlord an inflated value for the land with which (it was agreed) he must part.

This attitude was accentuated in the case of the Scottish Bill. The Bill passed the House of Commons by overwhelming majorities; it has been before the country for more than a year ; it has been discussed to the limits of tediousness ; and so far as opinion in the country can be tested by the votes of the Scottish members (a test which when applied in a new Parliament is practically final) it has a great body of opinion behind it. Indeed, the Peers seem to have recognized this. For instead of rejecting the Bill—as they were clearly entitled to do—or of amending it, they postponed discussion of the measure *sine die.* The outcome of all which unheard-of procedure is to be that Scotland is to have two Bills instead of one. By this procedure the House of Lords has placed itself outside any known constitutional usage.

It is not disputed that it is the right of a revising Chamber to revise. That is its function. The House of Commons is peculiarly a chamber which needs a sound complemental critic. To delay, correct, and, upon weighty consideration, to reject measures sent to it must be the function of such a Chamber however constituted. To flout the carefully weighed opinion of a Government backed by an unexampled majority in the House of Commons, and by an increasing ardour of progressive opinion in the country, by substituting for

their Bill another is a procedure which can only be described in Lord Ripon's words as "unprecedented and intolerable."

Looked at from a narrow and selfish standpoint the attitude of the House of Lords is quite understandable. It is a house of landlords fighting for what it regards as its own. But the question is a broader one than the landlord's or the tenant's interest, or the loss of one or a score of Bills. In its broadest aspect it is a question whether the country is to be governed democratically or by a close oligarchy. If the House of Lords is to have leave to dictate the contents of the Government's Bills then democratic government is dead. There remains but to bury the corpse of the House of Commons. —*August* 22, 1907.

THE REFORM OF THE UPPER CHAMBER

WE sincerely trust that the grave blunder in policy of which the House of Lords was guilty on the question of the Licensing Bill will not cause Liberals to neglect the proposals for the reform of the Upper Chamber which the Select Committee have just issued. This Committee, it will be remembered, was elected about a year ago, with Lord Rosebery as chairman, and it contained representatives of most of the types of thought collected in the Upper House. The Government took no part in the work, being at that time pledged not to reform but to a limitation of the veto.

To a certain type of politician any reform of the House of Lords is not only idle but maleficent. He wants its efficiency not increased but diminished. He wants the veto abolished, and the Lower House made omnipotent; that is to say, he does not want any serious revising Chamber, good or bad. Those who take this view may well regard the question of Lords reform as nonsensical, and as valuable practically as a change in the organization of the Herald's College.

But we are convinced that the great body of the people of this country want a second Chamber, an efficient second Chamber, and a second Chamber formed primarily on traditional lines. We are a conservative nation when it is a question of our institutions. What

is wrong with the House of Lords at present is that it is too large. There is no guarantee of competence in its membership, it is apt to get out of touch with popular feeling, and it is predominantly of one party character.

The Select Committee set themselves to remedy these defects, and if they have not wholly succeeded they have got some distance on the road to success. The Report is a most interesting document, and we should say from the style that it had been mainly written by the chairman. A phrase like, " Permanent Peerages do not by any means imply permanent politics/' suggests Lord Rosebery's hand.

The first thing is to limit the number of the House, and to secure some guarantee of capacity from its members. About 170 new Peers have been created during the last sixty years, and the membership is now 592—far too large for a revising body. The Report proposes to distinguish between the status of a hereditary Peer, and the status of a member of the Upper House. The whole of the hereditary Peerage shall elect 200 of their number as their representatives on the Legislature. These representatives shall be known as Lords of Parliament—a good old-fashioned Scots phrase which we are glad to see revived.

This arrangement would not interfere with the prerogative of the Crown in the creation of hereditary Peers, but it would dissociate legislative rights from the possession of a peerage. It would abolish the present mode of election for Irish and Scottish Peers, and all Lords of Parliament would be elected by the same process. Electors would have 200 votes, and would be allowed to distribute them in any proportion they please. The same method would be followed with the Spiritual Lords.

The two Archbishops, like the Royal Princes, would have *ex officio* seats, but the Bishops would elect eight of their number as their representatives. An elected Peer, temporal or spiritual, would hold his seat only for one Parliament.

In addition to elected members a certain number of Peers are to be entitled to receive a writ of summons as of right. These official Lords are very numerous and varied. The Report also suggests that the representatives in London of the great self-governing Colonies should have an *ex officio* seat if they desire it. Finally, the King will create four life Peers annually—apart from the Law Lords—three of whom must have certain qualifications. The fourth may be any citizen in the land. The total number of such life Peers, at any one time, shall never be more than forty.

Under the scheme there would be 200 elected representative Peers, 130 qualified hereditary Peers, an ultimate total of 40 new life Peers, and 10 Spiritual Peers. Add to these the 3 Peers of Royal Blood, and say 4 High Commissioners of Colonies, and we get a total of 387, about two-thirds of the present number.

We are not very certain about some of the details. The cumulative method of voting seems to lend itself to party management in an extravagant degree. We should like to have seen provision made for the inclusion of Spiritual Peers representing other Churches than the Church of England, though we admit that this matter bristles with difficulties. Lastly, we should have been glad to see Lord St. Aldwyn's scheme incorporated, which provides that at the beginning of a new Parliament not more than eighty persons should be summoned to the House who have had either experience in ParUa-

ment or on local bodies. Such members would not become life Peers, and they would sit only for one Parliament. This plan would democratize the House of Lords as nothing else would.

On the whole, the Report is of great value, and the main principle which it lays down might well be the basis of a scheme of real reform, Such a scheme would greatly improve the efficiency of the Upper Chamber, and would bring to its deliberations the very best talent in the country. The only criticism is that it would not remove its present predominantly Conservative character. It would lessen it, no doubt, say the critics, but the Conservatives would still be in a majority of about two to one. In any case, it seems absurd to imagine that, if reform and not abolition is to be the policy, any reform can give the democratic party an assured majority.

A revising Chamber is always more conservative than a Lower House. Even if the hereditary element were altogether abolished, and the House of Lords were a House of Intellectuals only, the majority would still vote Conservative. We do not ask them to become wild progressives, we only want to make sure that they will use their power of criticism and revision in a really conscientious way. Also we prefer to retain the hereditary element, for this reason. Those great landowners and rich men must be represented somehow in the Constitution, and it is safer to keep their representatives to the Upper Chamber rather than turn them loose with their great power of influence and wealth to dictate many of the elections to the popular Chamber.—*December* 10,1908.

MR. CHURCHILL'S SECOND CHAMBER

THERE is a great deal of talk at present about democracy and democrats, and some people are inclined to construe the thing as a kind of policy. But democracy is not a policy, but a fact. Its simple meaning is that in Britain the will of the whole people ultimately rules, and rules directly. This is admitted by Conservative and Liberal alike, and the only questions at issue are as to the machinery by which this popular will is to make itself felt and the ideals for which it is to strive.

The will of the people is not the casual impulse of a numerical majority any more than the spirit of a class is to be interpreted as the caprice of the bulk of its members. Like any other human force, it needs safeguards and checks, not only to make its working consistent and harmonious, but to ensure patience, maturer consideration, an appeal from the judgment of pique to the judgment of reflection. It is a grave insult to democracy to argue that only the first impulse of a people is the popular will. A democratic country, therefore, needs a Second Chamber for democratic reasons, and also for democratic reasons it is important that such a Chamber should be strong and efficient. It is no democratic ideal that the people should have unlimited opportunity for making blunders because the machinery they work through has no checking apparatus. Bad

popular government is no whit more democratic than good popular government.

Some of the attacks on the House of Lords have forgotten this. Most people admit that a capable revising Chamber is necessary, and many of them add that it must be always subordinate to the Commons. But the two things are incompatible. If the Lords are to have no revising power they are so much dead weight in politics, and we had better *get* rid of an Upper House altogether. The sound Liberal and democratic policy is to make the Lords stronger because more efficient, and more independent because at the service of no House of Commons, Liberal or Conservative.

Mr. Winston Churchill, in the *Nation,* propounds a scheme which has the merit of recognizing this. Let us admit that the House of Lords at present is as bad as it could be. It is reactionary, incapable, unrepresentative ; the tool of any Conservative majority; the irrational opponent of every progressive measure. Mr. Churchill does not talk about ending but about mending it, for he has much of the balanced judgment of classic Liberalism, and realizes that a party which claims to represent the people must not lightly destroy any national institution. The end he desires is that the majority in the House of Lords in each Parliament shall be in general agreement with the majority in the House of Commons. His proposal is that Privy Councillors as well as Peers should be capable of sitting in the Upper House, and that that House should be constituted partly by nomination and partly by the fulfilment of certain qualifications. All existing rights of summons and election will be swept away, and Peers who do not sit under the new system will be able to stand for the

House of Commons. As for the constitution of the new Chamber, any Peer or Privy Councillor who has held ministerial office would receive a writ of summons as of right.

For the rest, the Government of the day should have the power on accession to office to advise the Crown to summon not less than 150 or more than 250 Peers and Privy Councillors to serve for the full term of Parliament, choosing them naturally from those who were favourable to their policy. In this way any Government, Liberal or Conservative, could command a majority in the Second Chamber. Clearly such a House of Lords would be no drag on the legislative programme of a Ministry, since it would be largely the creation of that Ministry. Would it also be an efficient revising body ? Mr. Churchill says " Yes," for though a Government might begin with a majority in the Lords, that majority would not necessarily remain loyal and unbroken if unexpected and revolutionary legislation were proposed. He would also *give* a Government the power of dissolving either House separately.

The scheme seems, on the whole, the best yet suggested. It leaves the centre of gravity in the House of Commons, because the Ministers who have the majority in the Lower House have in their hands the creation of the Upper House—a power, be it remembered, which is even now in existence, since a strong Prime Minister might insist on sufficient new creations to change the character of the Lords. At the same time it provides a competent revising body, for a House so constituted will represent a high level of intellect and judgment.

On one or two points we would amend Mr. Churchill's proposal. We would debar a Government from dis-

solving the Second Chamber during the term of a Parliament, in order to give that body a certain judicial independence. We would increase the section which sits as of right by adding to it those Peers and Privy Councillors who had filled high diplomatic and administrative posts, as well as the official heads of the different Churches. The reason will be found in Mr. Churchill's own words. We want the House to be " a national and not a party institution/' and we desire as large as possible an element which should not come and go with Cabinets. We would be inclined also to limit strictly the number of members a new Government could summon. Ministers should be able to provide themselves with a working majority, but not an excessive majority, and it must be remembered that many of the members summoned as of right would already be on the Government side.

We believe that some such scheme would be acceptable both to the House of Commons and to the country. It would represent a serious attempt at reform, and would not savour of any narrow party spirit. At the same time it is not a business which can be casually settled, for any constitutional reform in Britain is a difficult matter, since the motive power is apt to run low. It involves legislation which is more or less complex, and consequently there are protracted debates ; while, since no sectional interests or antipathies are concerned, these debates may be exceedingly dull. It needs, to be successful, a Government with a great majority in the first flush of enthusiasm.

The mere curtailment of the veto without reform is the kind of unconscientious legislation distrusted by a country which is profoundly unrevolutionary. Besides,

it will lead to nothing. The House of Commons may pass their resolution, but they can do no more, except with the consent of the Lords, or with the help of a great outburst of national feeling. The reform of the Upper House is a question on which the Lords themselves are most open to reason, and in the event of their refusal no better case could be found for a national appeal.—*March* 14, 1907.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

THERE is a general land question as well as the many special ones which concern tenure and taxation, and this general question raises one of the great issues of democratic policy. How is the good of the land to be reconciled with the good of the people ? Ultimately, of course, they are one, for the land exists for the nation ; but in this fallible world there must be regulations for the use of every good thing if its virtue is not to disappear. The most extreme follower of Henry George would admit that the free use of land by all and sundry would only result in a free fight.

The difficulty about the British problem is that while feudalism is a dead thing it has left many relics, so that our present status is apt to combine the disadvantages of two opposite systems. In the Middle Ages, if the lord had vast rights he had also stringent duties, and the position of landowner was no sinecure. These duties, too, were not a matter of individual conscience, but generally of law, and always of rigid social convention. But now that most of the rights have gone, all the duties tend to disappear, save, of course, such as are inspired by the good feeling of this or that owner. Land is too often regarded like personal property—something towards which the owner has no obligation save to get the maximum profit out of it for himself. At the same time

the country has become thickly peopled, and this land-owning individualism tends to clash with the good of the community.

Clearly, in such a country as Britain the use of land cannot be altogether at the discretion of the landlord. What was the *duty* of the lord under the feudal system is now defined otherwise, and appears as the *right* of the public. In a closely-settled land the respective privileges of the two parties must be the subject of a delicate compromise. The first right of the people is to live ; the second is to live happily; and if the claims of the landowner conflict with either, then his claims must yield. These are truisms of democratic policy, and the most rigid of Conservatives admit the first. But it is too often forgotten that if the whim of a landlord cannot be allowed to oppose the first, no more can it be allowed to defeat the second.

At the same time let it be remembered that there are rights on the other side, not only of the landowner but of the land itself. If the people have an interest in the amenities of their native soil, it is the business of those who represent them to see that these amenities are preserved for them. Hence any land policy in this general sense must be a matter of compromise. It is not merely a question of reconciling conflicting rights, but of preserving popular rights against some of their advocates.

Small things are an index to great, and the dispute about the trout fishing in the Tweed is a good instance of the kind of difficulty which must be faced. The contention of the landlords is a reasonable one ; and the popular demand is a reasonable one. The attempts to form popular angling associations show that the ordinary

man takes a perfectly fair view of the matter. He wishes "free-fishing in preserved waters." The freedom he seeks is to catch fish, not to toil all day for nothing, casting his flies over depopulated streams. A bare liberty is of no use to anybody; it must be a liberty with some profit in it: and this demands regulations and occasional self-denial.

Democracy is far wiser on such matters than its enemies wish to make out. If the landlords are sensible and do not ride the high horse of legal rights—rights, let them remember, of which they can so easily be deprived—they may readily secure popular sympathy in their efforts to improve the fishing. The public will submit to a self-denying ordinance, if it is made clear to them that they will ultimately benefit. Such a course is in every way the path of wisdom, for, without popular support, the business of restocking and preservation will be next to impossible.

This particular instance gives us a key to the whole question. It is not democratic, or Liberal, or anything but foolish to seek to destroy the beauty and charm of the country, or even to interfere with private rights which are not anti-social. The point is that the rights both of landowners and the public can only be preserved by a compromise. If the public demand unrestricted access at all seasons to land, they will presently (this being a thickly peopled country) destroy the wild creatures of hill and river, and mar the beauty which it is their right to enjoy. A wood in which all and sundry pull up saplings and cut firewood will not long be a thing of charm.

Again, if the landlord forgets his social obligations and forbids any access to the land, he is preparing the

way for the utter loss even of his reasonable rights. Let us repeat again, it is a thickly peopled country, and every owner holds his territory on sufferance. Democracy, if it is foolishly thwarted, will assert itself by being foolish in turn and going too far. One form of tyranny will be met by another, and a far more potent one. Landowners, if they are wise, will remember that for all their power the people are easily satisfied, and will preserve their rights by not forgetting the claims of the community.

There is no reason why even in deer-forests popular rights of access at fitting seasons should not be admitted. It is not the forest which is most jealously watched which necessarily yields the best sport. The people have no desire to spoil the pleasure of any owner, but they have a right to their own pleasure from their own country; and if this is unwarrantably denied to them, they will use their power to secure it.

" Live and let live " must be the motto of all classes if the countryside is to be preserved for the use and pleasure of the nation. We have hitherto argued the case both for the landlords and for the public ; but there is one consideration which we would recommend to those of the former who have the welfare of these islands at heart. We are a democratic people in other respects than our franchise. It is the working classes who meet, in their persons, the burden of our defence. Our regular army comes almost entirely from the poorer stratum of society.

If the burden of defence lies on the Worker, then let us see to it that we give him some living interest in the land he is to defend. What patriotism can we look for from a man whose sole right to the beauties of his

native land is to view them from the hard limits of a highroad ? It would be a strange anomaly if the class which ultimately controls the decisions of the legislature, which is the backbone of our industrial system, and which gives us the personnel of our army and navy, were to be warned off nine-tenths of the soil of the country by an arbitrary minority. Such an intolerable paradox would soon be rectified, and in violent rectifications there is often injustice.—*March* 21, 1907.

OLD AGE PENSIONS

A GREAT many of our would-be social reformers are falling into the error which is known in philosophy as abstract idealism. They push a reasonable and fruitful conception so far that it leaves the solid earth altogether and becomes a mirage in the air. They are so enamoured of their own particular remedy that they insist that it is a panacea, and out of a perverted logic they unduly simplify the problems of life. There is hardly a political question which is capable of a simple answer, scarcely an evil which admits of a single cure.

Take unemployment, for instance. Some people would have us believe that the complexity of social ills can be got rid of by a single executive Act on the part of the.State. Register all unemployed, they say, and provide work or maintenance for all names on the register. It sounds simplicity itself, but simplicity in a complex matter is only another word for confusion. There is no royal road to the cure of any of our great social ills. The true way is to recognize that the roots of the evil are manifold, and demand many different remedies.

So with this matter of Old Age Pensions. The problem of the aged poor is an urgent one, and it has been discussed for many years without finding any solution. It will always be hopeless, so it seems to us, if inquirers start with the idea that they can find any one key to it.

A wholly contributory scheme, a wholly non-contributory scheme, compulsory insurance, bonuses for State service, the endowment of working women—these and a score of other devices are proclaimed by their advocates as representing each the final solution. But in a question of such complexity it is vain to hope for any single remedy. The moral of Stevenson's fable, "The Touchstone," applies here : " How if the truth be that all are a little true ! " There is no simple cure for the complex ills of the body politic, but cumulatively a number of different simple cures may work the desired effect.

The *Times* has published a very important letter on the subject of Old Age Pensions. It is a moderate and reasonable letter, and is signed by names that one cannot lightly disregard—names such as Mr. H. S. Foxwell, the economist, Sir William Anson, and Mr. Henry Hobhouse. But its great merit is that it recognizes, in the first place, that some kind of solution of the question of the aged poor must be attempted, and in the second place, that such a solution cannot be this plan or that, but a combinatiion of several plans. This is in reality a great advance, for we have hitherto been told that nothing would satisfy the country but one stereotyped method. The extreme individualists will not hear of non-contributory pensions; the Labour party will have nothing to do with any contributory scheme; Sir William Anson and his friends see that both schemes should be combined, since they meet different sides of the problem. This is a still greater advance; but before we can get it accepted we must make perfectly clear the grounds on which any pension scheme should be based.

It is not that the mere fact of age, as the Labour

party argue, confers a right to State support. If this were so, or if Old Age Pensions were on the same footing as Civil Service pensions, a form of deferred pay, then no discriminatory scheme would be defensible. If, again, the mass of workers were unable during their working years to make any contribution to a pension fund, then there would be no case for a contributory scheme. But more than three million workers annually make such contributions through trade unions and benefit societies.

Nor do we think discrimination administratively impossible, as Mr. Charles Booth has argued. It is no doubt costly, but it has succeeded elsewhere. Our principle in forming a pension fund should be, that for the aged poor, who are at present unable to provide for themselves, State relief other than Poor Law relief is necessary; and in the second place, that the younger generations of workers should be encouraged by State aid, and, if necessary, by State compulsion, to make some effort to provide for their old age. This is the argument of the *Times* letter, and we think it a sound one. It involves, therefore, at least two pension schemes —a non-contributory one and a contributory.

First, for the non-contributory. For the aged poor who have no other means of livelihood there exists at present the Poor Law, but its support is meagre, and it carries with it certain civil disabilities. For such there should be non-contributory pensions, but the system should be discriminatory. We have no money to waste, and some maximum of means should be fixed, so that the money may go to those who really need it. There is no particular virtue in making such pensions the same in all cases. They might reasonably vary with the means

of the applicant, so that all recipients would have roughly the same sum to live on.

Secondly, following the example of Germany, Belgium, and France, we should assist those still in their working days to make provision for their old age. There are many ways of doing this. The State may add to the contributions paid to friendly societies ; or it may establish through the Post Office a system of State insurance, adding bonuses to the premiums paid ; or it may make a registration fee payable on the birth of a child the nucleus of a fund; or it may compel employers and employed to contribute out of wages to a fund on which the State pays a high rate of interest; or it may combine several of these methods. We would add to these the suggestion that bonuses might be paid for service in any form of public service, such as the membership of local boards and councils.

The merit of these two schemes, the contributory and the non-contributory, is that they are complementary. The first meets the immediate social distress. The second lays the foundation of a system of pensions which shall not be too costly, which shall not impair the independence of the working-classes, and which, while recognizing the duty of the State to the workers, insists also upon the worker's duty to himself and to the State.—*March* 26, 1908.

THE SUFFRAGE

'T'HE announcement that the Government intend to " introduce a comprehensive measure of suffrage reform came as a surprise to both friends and opponents. Somehow people had ceased to think about this particular reform, except so far as it concerned women. Once the suffrage was the rallying-point of Liberalism. The old Whig and the old Radical alike aimed at making the people supreme in the legislature. Nowadays it has become the fashion among the advanced party to talk of such reforms as formal and mechanical, as contrasted with what they are pleased to call organic changes—positive measures of social amelioration.

One reason for this altered attitude is that this particular battle has been substantially won. We have not yet got manhood suffrage, but undoubtedly the masses and not the classes are the repository of political power. Manhood suffrage would make very little difference, for those who would be enfranchised by it would mostly not take the trouble to vote. Another reason is that* the old idea that an extended franchise would mean a long lease of power for the progressive party has been exploded. Six years after the Reform Act of 1867, and in the first election under the Ballot Act, Disraeli went into office with a large majority. Gladstone's last Franchise Act marked the beginning of a very powerful Conservative reaction. Consequently,

Liberals who half a century ago would have thought mainly of franchise reform, are now inclined to talk of it as only machinery after all, and to aim at social rather than political changes.

Nevertheless, a large and democratic measure of electoral reform is badly needed ; and curiously enough it is needed not as a liberating but as a balancing and restraining policy. Manhood suffrage, justifiable and desirable as it is, would be the least important part of it. Female suffrage we propose to leave out of account for the moment. The case for it is unanswerable, but it is a scheme which involves considerations quite different from those of ordinary electoral reform, and it should be considered as a policy in itself.

What are the objects to be aimed at in a new electoral measure, to which female suffrage may be attached ? The first is the abolition of the indefensible system of double voting, and the establishment of the principle " One man, one vote." The second is to ensure that one vote shall have one value, and that the electoral districts shall be demarcated anew on a fair democratic basis. There is no justification in common sense or policy for giving Ireland forty votes too many, and England forty votes too few. Then come a number of details—longer polling hours, a better system of registration, some change in the dates of elections, some provision to protect against disfranchisement the man who may often be changing his address. There are at least a score of other small inconveniences which the experience of the last twenty years has revealed, and which might be removed in the new Act.

But there is one object of first-class importance which should stand out before all others. This is the

introduction of some system of proportional representation, and this, as we have said, though a truly democratic measure, is one to restrain and balance rather than to liberate. Our present system did well enough as long as the electorate was roughly divided between Liberals and Conservatives. The French Revolution gave the distinction a real meaning, and for the greater part of the nineteenth century people were classified according as they deemed liberty or order the greater need. The Conservatives saw the dangers rather than the merits of change, and the value rather than the drawbacks of the existing regime, while the Liberals' point of view was the opposite.

But the last generation has seen a complete upheaval. To-day liberty in the old sense is the last thing that advanced Liberals want, and advanced Conservatives are the advocates of revolutionary change. Now we do not believe that the virtue has gone out of our party system. We think that the mass of the people are still arrayed in two great camps according to their temperament and the emphasis they put upon the two ideals of order and liberty. But it is impossible not to admit that sections have grown up utterly opposed to both party ideals, and it is only right that these sections should be adequately represented in a democratic legislature.

As things stand, two events will happen constantly, A Liberal or a Conservative majority in a one-member constituency will be nullified by the presence of a Labour candidate, who will not be elected, but will succeed in letting in the candidate who does not represent the real feeling of the majority of voters. Again, it may happen that an important body of opinion may be absolutely

unrepresented, because in each constituency it happens to be in the minority. At this moment we have Liberals of the Left, Liberals of the Centre, and Liberals of the Right; several different types of Labour ; Conservative Free Traders, and Conservative Tariff Reformers. We believe that in Parliament these bodies will roughly sort themselves into two parties, but it is only fair that they should be separately represented.

We have no intention of discussing the various schemes of proportional representation. There are a dozen or so before the country, and some are too intricate for human working. But we have not the slightest doubt that a simple and effective proportional scheme could be framed, which would abolish single-member constituencies and allow of the transferable vote. This great reform would do much to ensure the stability of the Constitution and to safeguard the interests of democracy.—*May* 28, 1908.

VOTES FOR WOMEN

THERE is now a good deal of data for judging of the strength of this movement. We have seen that women by themselves can manage very successfully monster demonstrations ; indeed, we should vote for a measure to confine the right of demonstrating to women, since they do it so much more picturesquely than men. Then we have seen the suffragist leaders resort to " militant methods," and make great fools of themselves. The sober man and woman at home do not think very clearly, and they are much swayed by little incidents.

The leaders in their tactics forget the " mulishness " of the average Briton. He is not very easy to convince, for he is not a reasonable being; he is easier to coax and wheedle ; but he simply declines to be driven. If the suffragists tell him that they will outrage all his institutions and make his life unbearable till he gives in, he may get a little angry, but he will not be an inch nearer yielding. That is the mistake of one side of the movement, the " militant" side. The other side, which numbers many distinguished women, seeks to convert rather than frighten.

Mr. Bert rand Russell's article in the *Contemporary Review* is a good example of the strong logical case which can be made out for the suffrage. We are not sure that the arguments can be described as " un-

answerable," but we can readily admit that they are very rarely answered. The mistake which this section of the suffragists make is in thinking that when they have met their opponents' objections they have made converts. No converts will be made by reason in this controversy. The most powerful opponents of the movement, like the *Times* and the *Spectator,* rely in the last resort on the platitude that a woman should not have the vote because she is not a man. The Government, they argue, must remain with those who can support their views by physical force.

You may reply that physical force is now no longer the determining factor in most questions, or, for that matter, you may maintain that women are physically as efficient defenders of their country as most men. But you will not be listened to except by those predisposed to agree with you. The opponents of the movement, like Herbert Spencer, base their opposition in the last resort upon a prejudice, and a prejudice is not removable by any logical process. The best course for those who war against it is to sit down and wait patiently for its natural removal.

The cause of Woman's Suffrage, so far as we can judge, is in a bad way. Its foolish advocates intensify the prejudice which its wise advocates are unable by the most excellent arguments to overcome. We are convinced that by far the bulk of the electorate is adamant on the subject. Within a small circle of cultivated people you might find a majority in its favour; but the middle class is rooted in its aversion, and the average working man is merely ribald.

The Prime Minister has squashed the chances of female suffrage. Before he spoke the cause had many

platonic adherents among politicians. But after he had hinted that within the life of this Parliament it might become practical politics, these adherents began to fall off like snow-wreaths in thaw. There is no ground for suggestions of cowardice or opportunism. There are many wise men, who, like Herbert Spencer, are in favour of female suffrage as the last stage in woman's emancipation, but are opposed to it as an immediate measure. It is no use to say that it is demanded by elementary justice; abstract justice, save during a few months of the French Revolution, has never been a motive power in politics.

The plain fact is that for the present the great majority of men, and almost certainly the great majority of women, are opposed to female suffrage—possibly on mere grounds of prejudice; and that, while this is the case, however a man may welcome the prospect, he cannot consent to try to force it on an unwilling nation. The difficulty is accentuated by the fact that there are many schemes of female franchise afoot. Mrs. Pankhurst and her friends ask only for the dropping of the sex disqualification, and the granting of votes to women on the same property basis as to men. This would add a very conservative section to the electorate, and a Liberal statesman may be forgiven if he looks askance at it. Besides, it would not meet the social need, if such exists, for it is the enfranchisement of working girls and working men's wives that the social reformer desires.

There are hints of a " democratic " scheme, which can only mean adult suffrage for both sexes. This will involve a permanent female majority in the Government of the country, and very few people are inclined

to regard this with equanimity. We pass no opinion on its merits ; all we say is that people will not hear of it at present. The present alternative is, therefore, between enfranchising a small class without thereby securing any great social reform, and enfranchising all and so changing the basis of government. It looks as if the supporters of woman's suffrage will either have to invent a new way of granting it, or to wait till the majority of men and women change their whole attitude to politics.—*July* 9, 1908.

THE OUTLOOK FOR LIBERALISM

H H E Opposition papers are making very certain that the days of Liberalism are numbered. They are convinced that no efforts can save it from a speedy downfall, because in some occult way the country has turned against it. Their line ot argument is something like this. The electorate returned a great Liberal majority in 1906 because it disliked Chinese labour, had grown tired of the late Ministry, and was altogether opposed to dearer food, which was the only interpretation it put upon Tariff Reform.

Now things have changed. The ordinary man realizes that he was very much misled about Chinese labour, and sees a Liberal Government willing to sanction imported contract labour from Madagascar on practically the same terms. He was tired of Mr. Balfour, but he is just as tired now of Mr. Asquith, and there was nothing in the late Government which so annoyed him as the Socialistic leanings of the present one. Finally, he is beginning to understand the meaning of Tariff Reform, and to see that cheap bread can be too dearly purchased. Such is the cheerful forecast of the Opposition Press. The country is sick of experiments and adventures, it says.

We need not say that we wholly disagree with this forecast. The point to remember is that Liberalism from its very nature must be perpetually rousing antagonism.

If it were accepted by a smiling and unanimous country, it would be a very poor kind of Liberalism. In our opinion the faith is in far greater danger from those who do too little than from those who do too much. An aggressive policy may be bad tactics and still true to Liberalism, but a stagnant policy has nothing Liberal except the name. For this reason we are not surprised to see the Government shedding many of the supporters who voted for it two years ago. It would be much more surprising if it did not.

Liberalism, which proposes a new way, must always be antipathetic to those who, from interest or conviction, defend the old. Remember that we live in a fundamentally conservative country, and that every change has to be made at the point of the bayonet. It is a good thing, for it means that reforms when they come are likely to last; but it means also that they will be hotly contested. In certain great executive offices—Foreign Affairs, the Colonies, the Army, the Navy—there is no substantial difference between the policy of the two parties. These offices demand continuity, and on the whole continuity is achieved.

But, after raising certain questions above party, it is right to contest everything else on good party lines. A Liberal policy is not necessarily to be commended because it approaches to a Conservative one. Now and then it may be wise to take a leaf from your opponents' book, but the first business should be to regard such a step with suspicion. If Liberalism does not rouse antagonism among its opponents, there would be good reason to suspect its vitality.

At the same time we would like to see Liberalism a little clearer in its general attitude. Lord Wemyss,

whose vigour and versatility continue to amaze his countrymen, has written a letter to the *Times,* in which he quotes from a definition of Liberalism given by Sir William Harcourt in the early 'seventies. Here are some sentences from it: " The difference between a free Government and a Government which is not free is principally this—that a Government which is not free interferes with everything it can, and a free Government interferes with nothing except what it must. A despotic Government tries to make everybody do what it wishes. A Liberal Government tries, as far as the safety of society will permit, to allow everybody to do what he wishes. It has been the tradition of the Liberal party to maintain the doctrine of individual liberty. It is because they have done so that England is the country where people can do more what they please than in any other country in the world."

Lord Wemyss asks Mr. Asquith why his party has departed so far from this definition, and the question is pertinent. The definition, on one interpretation, refers to a type of Liberahsm which was out of date long before the 'seventies. It is the old Manchester doctrine of individualism which opposed the Factory Acts, and defined liberty as freedom from external restraints. A truer Liberalism seeks what Burke called a " manly, moral, and regulated liberty," and no mere barren freedom. But if we look closely at Sir William Harcourt's words we find this view contained in them. It is the duty, he says, of a Liberal Government to allow people to do what they wish *as far as the safety of society permits.*

Nowadays we interpret the safety of society generously, **and who** can object ? The ideal of Liberalism is

still freedom from State interference and full liberty of individual development, but this liberty is conditioned by the requirements of society as a whole. A man should not be allowed to ill-treat his children, sweat his work-people, or give the drunkard an impetus on his downward way. Such acts are anti-social, and therefore to be repressed.

To those who attack the Government on the ground that it seeks to curtail personal freedom, we would suggest that the real enemy is not Mr. Asquith, but the stalwarts of the Tariff Reform League. Under their highly bureaucratic ideal we should all be disciplined and dragooned into automata by a paternal State. In Germany we see society organized by the drill sergeant, and it is to the merits of the German system that Tariff Reformers are always pointing. These merits may be real or not, but the point is that they are the very opposite of that individual liberty which Sir William Harcourt desired. If we are to choose between the two parties on this ground, Liberalism must clearly win.—*April* 23, **1908.**

THE SPEAKER AND HIS DUTIES

THERE are few things more instructive than to examine the history of one of our great offices of State. In them you find the stages of national development represented in a concrete and intelligible form. The Lord Chancellor's office carries the student back to the old dominion of Church over State, as well as to a personal monarchy which had a conscience in need of keeping. But the Speakership is in many ways the most interesting of all. It contains in a nutshell the history of the British democracy. The office has existed for five hundred and thirty years, and from the first Speaker, Sir Thomas Hungerford, down to the present day, there has been no gap in the historic continuity. There have been interregnums in the monarchy, but these one hundred and eighteen Speakers have followed each other with the steady regularity of the seasons.

The name at first sight seems a misnomer. The Speaker is one of the few members of the House of Commons who do not speak. But it carries us back to the days when the Speaker was not only the chairman of the Commons but their champion—the man who laid their views before the Throne and the country. It is as well that this duty has lapsed. Nowadays it would be a difficult business for any man to say what were the views of the House of Commons apart from the records of votes. Since the popular House has become all

important, the leader and prolocutor of it must be one of the chief Ministers, and the connection between the Commons and the Throne must be in the hands of the head of the Executive Government.

And yet the importance of the Speaker has in no way declined. If anything his duties are more grave to-day than ever in the past. He is the chairman of the most powerful assembly in the world. In 1378 Sir James Pickering was Speaker, and he laid before the Throne the famous claim of the Commons for liberty of speech. The request was granted, and still the same claim is made in the same words when a new Speaker is appointed.

The most heroic and critical stage of the office came two centuries and a half later, when Charles I. invaded the House and attempted to arrest the five members. Every one knows the story—how he ousted the Speaker from his chair, and demanded of him, "Are any of these persons in the House ? Do you see any of them ? Where are they ? " Speaker Lenthall fell on his knee, and replied, " May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as this House is pleased to direct me ; and I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me."

The merit of these words is not their heroism or their nobility—Lenthall was neither heroic nor noble—but their absolute fidelity to fact. In Professor Royce's *Lectures on Loyalty,* the Speaker's words are taken as a perfect example of loyalty of spirit finding adequate expression in a loyal act. No doubt there was loyalty, but another man equally loyal might have bungled the

matter by taking up an indefensible position. Lenthall knew the constitutional fact. He knew that he was both servant and champion of the Commons; he had to vindicate their rights, and he had also to get the mandate for this vindication from them. He had no mouth to speak save as they directed.

This doctrine is still true. But the most important duty of the Speaker to-day must be defined in terms which would have sounded strange to Lenthall. The Speaker is not only the servant, but the ruler of the House. He defends it as often as not against itself. He speaks for its general mind as against its temporary aberrations. His rule is constitutional, and depends on consent, but a long line of great Speakers and a series of wise rulings have given him an almost unlimited sway.

For two hundred years at least there has hardly been one inferior Speaker, and the office has acquired the sacrosanctity which follows upon unbroken competence. His authority has one primary duty—the defence of free speech. Of old this right had to be defended against the Lords and the Throne. Nowadays there is no danger of such interference ; the only interference comes from the Commons themselves. A former Speaker was once appealed to by a member who was speaking amid great interruption, and replied, " Sir, I can call upon you to speak, but the House must decide whether it will hear you or not."

Such a ruling would now be emphatically repudiated. The Speaker's function is not only to call upon a man who, he believes, is entitled to give his opinion to his fellow-members, but to do all he can by every fair and proper means to make sure that that man shall have a

fair and impartial hearing. For freedom of speech in the House of Parliament, provided that it does not become license, which is wholly different, is what has made our Parliament the greatest Parliament in the world. The Speaker is therefore not only the champion of the House ; he is the champion of minorities, of the weak and the unpopular. He is the umpire whose business it is to see fair play, and free speech and adequate discussion are the fair play of debate.

It is notorious that the House of Commons is becoming a very congested machine. The operation of the guillotine—a regrettable necessity we admit—allows of very little free speech in the debates. Free speech is burked not by the cries of a hostile majority, but by the time-saving machinery which the leaders of a majority are compelled to use. It is high time that the question of the reform of procedure were taken seriously in hand, for it is perfectly clear that the liberties claimed by the Speaker for the popular House are being curtailed, not of *malice prepense,* but by the compulsion of practical needs. Unless the process can be arrested, we shall stultify democratic government by surrendering its oldest and most fundamental privilege.—*October* 1, 1908.

POLITICS IN TRANSITION

AAR. C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P., contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* a study of the present political situation. The paper is well worthy of attention, for it shows a true insight into complex facts, and is free from the emotional indecisiveness which is apt to mar Mr. Masterman's work. He reviews the history of the Liberal party since the General Election of 1906 and finds no loss of prestige. At the same time he thinks that the average voter does not regard the Government with any enthusiasm. " No one desires its destruction, but no one would greatly regret its departure." It is a Government of transition. The pendulum is swinging, not to the Conservative Right, but to the creation of a new Left. " The natural discontent with every Government in power will be harvested by those who demand, not a return to the old sobrieties, but an even more impulsive advance."

The new democracy of labour is just beginning to feel its power. Its official policy is crude, its leaders are second-rate, but what does that matter? As Mr. Masterman truly says, "*it* does not stand for an intellectual system ; it makes manifest an emotional upheaval." Its appeal is to the eternal discontent of the " have-nots; " its power lies in the fact that the ranks of the discontented have now substantial political influence. The poor have great patience, but it is not

limitless, and it needs some supernatural encouragement to maintain it. " Society," said Napoleon, a very acute observer, " cannot exist without inequality of material wealth, and this inequality cannot exist without religion/' If religion is losing its hold on the industrial classes, then patience will become impossible for them.

To-day we have a competent Government, a docile House of Commons, and an acquiescent country. Yes, says Mr. Masterman, but it will not always be so. If the Government does not fulfil its promises and show a large and far-reaching programme of social reform there will be no such acquiescence, for there is very little to bind the new industrial democracy to the traditional Liberal party. At this moment the Liberal party retains " the vast proportion of the middle classes and the small tradesmen, including the bulk of the Nonconformists/' and it draws from this class its permanent fighting staff. What do such Liberals want ? A long list, prominent on which are the abolition of sectarian religious teaching in state-aided schools, temperance legislation, (including local veto), the continuance of Free Trade, and retrenchment in the Army and Navy.

Not one working man in a thousand cares a farthing for these ideals. The average workman is content that his children should receive any instruction the teacher likes to give them; he does not see why he should not be allowed to drink where and when he pleases; he knows nothing about economics, and does not grasp what Free Trade means, being equally willing to shout against a dear loaf and against foreign competition. Nor does he understand or care about the burden of armaments, being, in Mr. Masterman's words, " on the whole bellicose, with intervals of repentance." What he does want is a

social policy, the betterment of his own condition and of that of the poor below him, some provision to meet the peril of unemployment, better houses, fairer conditions of work, and some security for his old age.

We believe this analysis of Mr. Masterman's to be in the main true. The question on which the future of Liberalism depends is, Can the two sets of ideals be combined ? The Liberal *bourgeoisie,* to do them justice, are favourable to the working-class demand for social reform, provided that the reform be well considered and practicable ; but we are far from certain that the industrial classes have, or can ever have; much sympathy with the middle-class Liberal ideals of progress. The new democracy has wants rather than views. It will lend a ready ear to any party which will show it a short and easy way of satisfying its wants ; but till it is educated by the responsibility of power it will be a little impatient of wiser counsels.

The Liberal party has a great chance and a great duty. It has become a true Central party in a sense in which Conservatism never was central. Its old opponents, the traditional upholders of the Constitution, are now wooing the industrial classes with promises of wild adventure. Apart from a very few Conservative Free Traders, the Liberal party has become the refuge of moderate men. Its business is to meet frankly the wants of industrial democracy, and to guide their demands along the paths of lasting and organic reform. But to do this it must be prepared to oppose both Socialism and Jingoism, both violence and reaction. If it is the duty of good citizens to stand out against a popular agitation for an unjust war, it is no less their duty to oppose a popular cry for impossible social experiments.—*January* 9, 1908.

MODERN LIFE AND UNREST

ISRAELI once told Lord Rowton that of the many changes he had seen in his day, one far excelled the others in importance. This he called the unsettlement of the middle classes. In the old days, he said, the shopkeeper lived above his shop with his apprentices, had family worship of an evening, went soberly to church, and found his relaxation in simple pleasures. Now he tended to go after work to a music-hall or a theatre, and to rush off on week-ends to the seaside. He had discovered a craving for those pleasures which are rather stimulants than refreshments.

Of the many speeches on politics delivered during the last fortnight, we should give the palm for suggestiveness to the modest paper on Roman home life read by Mr. Warde Fowler before the Classical Association at Cambridge. He pointed no moral, but the moral was there, staring from every sentence. His subject was the decay of the Roman State as shown in the decay of the Roman home. In the early days of the city the household was the true unit of society. The Lares and Penates gave to the ordinary details of life a religious sanction, " pure religion breathing household laws " of an equal purity. Then came wealth and luxury, and with these overcrowding, a slum population, and a general loosening of moral discipline. The home as the centre of the citizen's life lost its importance. The richer classes were

always abroad in the quest for pleasure. Family ties ceased to have power, family duties were forgotten in the individualism which is the correlative and accompaniment of Communism. The lower classes, instead of having each his separate hearth, were herded together in *insulae*—vast lodging-houses, not unlike our modern flats, where the inhabitants had a dining-room and servants in common. They began to live in the streets, and while they, no doubt, picked up the smartness of the pavement, it was at the expense of all the more valuable qualities of citizenship.

Under the Empire the Roman populace became " restless, pleasure-loving, too reckless and revolutionary, useless for prompt political or military action/' Much of this was due to the loss of family tradition. " While the masses were homeless in the sense of being without a home, the wealthy were building themselves palatial residences on the hills of Rome too magnificent to be worthy of the name of home." Meanwhile, from the country there was a huge yearly influx of men and women who increased the size of this homeless proletariat.

The lack of independence, born of the lack of any centre of private interest and any true dignity, soon brought about its natural results. The huge floating population was dangerous, and had to be kept in good humour. " Bread and the circus," doles and a free entry to the games, were the bribes used for the purpose. It was not long before the old free society of Rome decayed at the heart, and the Imperial city became the prize of the first barbarians who possessed the barbaric virtues.

It is easy to make too much of the parallel, but is there not a resemblance between the Roman decadence

and certain features of modern life as lived in London and New York and other great cities? We see the immigration into the big towns and the decline of rural population. We see the rich living in restaurants and rushing idly from one pleasure resort to another. We see large classes of the poor without any habitation which can have the privacy and sanctity of the home. We see a mania for vicarious athleticism, which is not so very unlike the old Roman craze for the circus. Cheap newspapers attempt to throw down the barriers between public and private life, and in the sacred name of democracy to compel every one to live in the shop window.

Disraeli's diagnosis is correct; not only the middle classes, but all classes have become restless and unsettled. Finally, there is one point in the resemblance most significant of all. The old sturdy independence is being sapped. The people are demanding doles—free education, the free feeding of school children, uncontributed pensions for old age. There is an unwillingness to undertake not only public burdens, but private burdens like the duty of maintaining a family independent of assistance.

We have no wish to press the resemblance too far. No doubt many of these demands proceed not from idleness and frivolity, but from a reasoned belief that it is the duty of the State to undertake such burdens. Many, but not all. It is hard to deny that in the general restlessness abroad there is involved some weakening of the national fibre. We should trace it to the fact that the old conception of the home and the family is being forgotten.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about

Socialism as an attack upon the family, religion, the marriage tie, and the moral law in general. Socialism *need* involve none of these things, and many earnest apostles of the creed are as much impressed as any of us with the importance of one individualist institution, the home. Socialism, we repeat, *need* make no such attack, but in practice it will often be found that it *does.*

It is significant that in Mr. H. G. Wells's various Utopias, his highly distinguished citizens are generally living in some kind of communism, and that while the macrocosm of society is painted in charming colours, we hear little of its microcosm, the private home. Whenever the conception of society organized as a whole is pushed too far—as we think it is in most Socialist creeds—there is a tendency to forget that there must be a smaller unit, the family, and that without this unit, and the duties and affections which pertain to it, the citizen of the future will be a very ineffective being. He will attempt in vain to move the world, for he will have no fulcrum. In Emerson's lines the man of genius

" To his native centre fast
Will into future fuse the past,
And the world's flowing fates in his own mould recast."

Yes: but there will be no recasting, unless he is fast to his centre, just as the wider patriotism, which Imperialists advocate, is a feeble thing unless a man has the narrower patriotism of his country. So society, however scientifically organized, will be a fiasco unless it rests upon the smaller organism which makes the directer appeal to men's hearts.—*October* 31,1907.

LORD GOSCHEN

THE death of Lord Goschen removes one of the few remaining landmarks of the Victorian era. He was essentially a Victorian statesman, a politician of a school not now in vogue; a thinker very little in sympathy with many modern tendencies. We should hesitate to call him a great man, but he was certainly a most conspicuous one. A "great intellectual" is perhaps the best description of him.

Lord Goschen belonged to the old school of Liberalism, and his intellectual kinsmen were the Greys and •Russells and Peels rather than the Liberals of to-day. He sat in Gladstone's Cabinet, and he had no love for Disraeli; but it is not too much to say that Gladstone was, temperamentally, far more in sympathy with Disraeli than with his efficient and irreproachable lieutenant. Lord Goschen was essentially the prophet of the middle-class state. He believed in political economy, and he did not believe in the people, who, as a rule, master that science with difficulty.

Though he would have repudiated their practical conclusions, his mind worked always on the same lines as Mill and Bentham and the early Victorian intellectuals. They all loved things to be tangible and clear: they worshipped common sense, they deprecated enthusiasm. They had none of Burke's belief in the dumb instincts of the people, for they set small store by anything which

could not be expressed in a neat, scientific terminology.

Lord Goschen embarked upon politics with an admirable equipment. At Oxford he had had a brilliant career, both in the schools and at the Union ; and he had learned something of practical life as a partner in his father's banking firm. Soon after leaving Oxford he became a director of the Bank of England, and was probably the youngest man who ever sat in the Bank Parlour. He entered the House of Commons at the age of thirty-two as one of the members for the City—then a Liberal stronghold—and a year later he was a Cabinet Minister. These were the days when an Oxford reputation and some knowledge of business were still a rare conjunction ; and, moreover, it was one after Gladstone's heart.

The career thus fortunately begun was prosperously continued. He was President of the Board of Trade in Gladstone's 1868 Cabinet, and he succeeded Mr. Childers as First Lord of the Admiralty in 1871. In 1880 he went to Constantinople as Ambassador Extraordinary, and soon after began to fall out of sympathy with his party on the Egyptian question. When the Home Rule crisis came he was already in tacit opposition ; and of all the Unionist leaders, he probably did the most to turn the country against his former chief.

For the first time in his life he became an orator, and the name of Goschen carried a new meaning to the man in the street. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer on Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation ; and in 1895 he went back to his old post at the Admiralty, where he remained till his retirement in 1900. But on the opening of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign in 1903 he returned once more to the fray, and his speeches were

amongst the ablest delivered in defence of Free Trade. A famous *Punch* cartoon once showed Lord Lyndhurst as Nestor, warning the chiefs of the Government against the weakness of the British fleet. Lord Goschen's return had something Nestorian in it. Speaking as one who all his life had studied finance and politics, and as one who was as good an Imperialist as any Tariff Reformer, his words carried unique weight in that day of weighty warnings. It was fated to be his last public appearance, and it was a fitting close to a patriotic career. Forty years devoted solely to his country's service is no bad record for any man, least of all for one whose voice and eyesight made Parliamentary life a constant difficulty.

Lord Goschen was not fitted to lead a nation, or even a party. He was a good lieutenant, loyal and competent and indefatigable; but he had little magnetism, and his figure had no glamour about it to capture that strange thing, the popular fancy. But he was one of the most able departmental heads that could be imagined. Curiously enough, the sedentary banker was better at the Admiralty than at the Exchequer. He had much of Palmerston's robust national pride, and he had also a saving common sense which made him *get* full value for his money. We have had many good First Lords, but few have better combined a sleepless vigilance with an absence of any sort of nervous extravagance.

In his own subject, finance, he was less successful. His conversion of the greater part of the National Debt in 1888 was a fine achievement, and the hand of the practical City man is seen in the famous Section 10 of the Act in which brokers and bankers were given a commission on the stock they brought in to convert. But his Budgets suffered from being too complicated

and ingenious. As a young man he had written a brilliant book on a most intricate question —*The Theory of Foreign Exchanges*—and this was always the type of subject in which he was most at home. His attitude was less that of the City man than of the Oxford don who had a genius for figures and statistics.

Lord Goschen enjoyed himself greatly at the Exchequer, but he exhausted his energies on petty details and frittered away his surpluses on minor changes. Financial reform, in Britain at any rate, should be on broad lines, and the Chancellor must keep one eye on his accounts and another on the life of the nation. Figures must be to him not counters but symbols, and he must never forget, in the delight of arithmetical puzzles, the things symbolized. The expert is too apt to be a disappointment as an administrator, even in his own department. Lord Goschen, who knew all about finance, was always rather an accountant than a finance minister; Sir William Harcourt, who knew little, was an excellent Chancellor ; and Lord Randolph Churchill, who knew nothing whatever, would probably, if he had continued, have been the best of all.

As a party politician, Lord Goschen had an extraordinary career. He began by being a wise young man with little party fervour, a Liberal in name, but always jibing at Gladstone's leadership, and marvellously discreet about reforms. In these days he had a good deal of what Americans call " mugwumpism " and other people a " cross-bench mind." It is a trait of the intellectual to see all sides of a question, and to have no great enthusiasm for any.

But first the Egyptian question and then Home Rule disturbed his philosophic balance, and by 1886 he was

a highly successful demagogue. At the great Opera House meeting his speech, hoarse, earnest, and eloquent with the eloquence of a deeply stirred unrhetorical nature, was far the most moving, even though Plunket and Salisbury and Hartington were among the speakers. During the whole controversy he continued to be an impassioned, almost a fierce, combatant, and people must have rubbed their eyes who remembered the mild young man of the 'sixties.

The truth is that there were two sides to his nature. He loved logic, but he had also a real and somewhat fiery patriotism which, when roused—as by Egypt, or later by Home Rule—made of him a very zealous and effective partisan. There is no better fighter than the moderate man when he is once constrained to make a clean sweep of his moderation. And it must be remembered, too, that Home Rule was essentially an intellectual's question. It involved the formal violation of a cherished constitutional doctrine, and to an orderly mind disruption is always repugnant. Home Rule had the same effect on others as on Lord Goschen, as witness the case of Professor Dicey, an intellectual, a Liberal, and a passionate anti-separationist.

Lord Goschen could boast of complete political consistency. It is true that he began as a Liberal and ended as a member of the Carlton Club ; but he might well claim that the Liberal party had left him, not he the party. From first to last he was a Liberal of the 'sixties, a Free Trader, an Individualist, an " Imperialist of the Manchester school." His type may not be the most sympathetic, but it is a very valuable one.

There is need of enthusiasts and visionaries in public life, and of men who play boldly for great stakes ; but

we must also most assuredly have the cool, quiet, logical observers, who keep on reminding us of our neglected common sense and ask for definitions and proofs. It may be irritating, when a gross abuse is to be remedied, to be reminded of ways and means, and cautioned lest, by our remedy, we make the evil greater. But if we have not such a " force of social persistence " at hand, we shall waste our efforts on the air. Lord Goschen was the very type of the best average in our politics. We can do without the rocket, but we cannot do without the more humble street lamp. Men forget about it because it is a quiet thing, and does not startle the world ; but it is always there, and it outlasts the meteor. So Lord Randolph Churchill " forgot Goschen," just as Thiers forgot MacMahon, and suffered the same fate.

In private life Lord Goschen was one of the kindest and most sympathetic of men. He had an ancestral love of letters, and the *Life* of his grandfather and certain speeches, notably the rectorial address at Edinburgh, show how catholic were his tastes and how genuine his literary interest. In late years he suffered much from his infirmities ; but when he chose there were few better talkers, and many friends will miss the kindly, peering face and the eager hoarseness of the voice. He was very loyal to those who served him, and to be his private secretary was at one time the surest portal to a public career. By this way entered Lord Milner and Sir Clinton Dawkins. Three years ago he was made Chancellor of Oxford University, a well-deserved honour from his *alma mater* to a very distinguished son, and he performed the duties with great delight and success.—*February* 14,1907.

THE LAST OF THE ELDER STATESMEN

IF we look down the list of prominent public men to-day, we find few or none who have the same qualities as the Duke of Devonshire, whose death is announced. He was a great aristocrat in the full sense of the word. No term is more grossly misused, being applied as often as not to the vulgar rich who are the opposite of all that is properly meant by it.

Though the greatest social figure of his day in virtue of his rank and possessions, the Duke of Devonshire had nothing in common with the idle votaries of amusement. He was a very typical Englishman, a lover of country life and outdoor sports, a steward of the Jockey Club, and a keen patron of the turf. But first and foremost in his life came the sense of duty. He had none of the ordinary impulses to ambition. His position was far too great for any efforts of his own to add to it. Temperamentally he was slow, and perhaps a little indolent. His mind was not of the eager, wakeful type which must always be testing itself in conflict. Without some kind of spur, he would probably have been no more than a wise and respected country gentleman who administered his estates on enlightened principles.

But a spur was found in his sense of public duty. It is easy to sneer at the domination of the great Whig families like the Cavendishes and Russells. No doubt

they formed, in Disraeli's words, a " Venetian oligarchy," which was closed to all outside their family circle. No doubt, under the guise of Liberalism, they were tenacious Conservatives at heart. But they made up for these limitations by great virtues. They were devoted to the service of the State. Whether they liked it or not, their duty was clear and imperative. They slaved in the public service as if they had been Government clerks on their promotion, instead of the wealthiest families in England. Their political creed, too, if inelastic and out-of-date, contained certain imperishable truths. They understood the meaning of popular liberties. They believed wholeheartedly in individual freedom. Their conception of the State might be narrow, but they had a generous conception of the rights and duties of the citizen.

Nowadays, all parties ride a-tilt at Whig doctrines. The Socialist denies the right of the individual, the Tariff Reformer laughs at freedom of commerce, and even moderate Liberals and Conservatives want the State to hold the citizen in a fairly strict tutelage. No party has a monopoly of wisdom, and there is truth on both sides. It is all a question of where to put the emphasis at any one time; but we shall be surprised if the day is not near when we shall have to rehabilitate some of the despised Whig dogmas.

With a sound Whig temperament and a strong sense of his duty to the Commonwealth, the late Duke entered public life very young, and laboured at it for fifty years. He held in his time practically every post in the Government except the Premiership, and it was only his austere conscientiousness which prevented him holding this also. In 1880 he was sent for by Queen Victoria and asked to

form an administration, but declined on the ground that Mr. Gladstone was the only possible Prime Minister. In 1886, after the Home Rule split, Lord Salisbury offered to serve under him; and a little later, after Lord Randolph Churchill's retirement, the offer was renewed. The Duke, however, thought that he would not be an acceptable Conservative leader, and refused. It is generally believed, too, that after the fall of the Rosebery government in 1895 he was again pressed by Lord Salisbury to take the highest office under the Crown. Few men have refused the Premiership, and we believe that no other has ever refused it thrice.

It was no false modesty that made the Duke decline. He was perfectly conscious of his ability to govern the nation. The reason was simply his devotion to the causes for which his party stood. In 1880 he thought that Mr. Gladstone would be better able to further these causes, and in 1886 he thought Lord Salisbury likely to be a more effective guardian of the Union.

As an administrator the Duke ranked very high. Sir Louis Mallet, who had the best means of judging, thought him the most capable head of a department that he had ever known. As a speaker he was, like so many great statesmen, no orator. His mind worked massively, but slowly, and he had none of the graces of rhetoric. He was apt, too, to be dogmatic, and to adopt the attitude of the disputatious working man—" I'm not arguing with you, I'm telling you." But, after all, this is not a bad plan, if the speaker carries sufficient weight with his audience. About that weight there can be no question. He was the most formidable advocate or opponent which a measure could have, just because he

was so transparently sincere and earnest, and had so obviously laboured to reach the truth.

The Duke was a very loyal colleague. From 1880 to 1885 it is known that he dissented from much of Mr. Gladstone's policy, particularly in foreign affairs. Yet he gave no hint of such dissent, and was the main defender of his chief in the famous debate after the fall of Khartoum. Such loyalty gave all the more force to the breach with his party when it did come. Had his been a capricious, cross-bench mind, he would never have wrecked Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. The people knew that he had broken with his colleagues only under the strain of overmastering conviction, and they listened to him accordingly. So with his breach with the Conservative cabinet over Free Trade. Nothing so damaged Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's propaganda in the eyes of thinking men as the fact that the Duke thought it his duty to sever his connection with his friends rather than subscribe to it. Minds like his do not decide easily or quickly, but their resolution once taken endures like granite.

The nearest parallel to the Duke is the Lord Althorp who assisted Lord Grey to carry the first Reform Bill, and, his work being done, went back to a country life. He was the man who, according to Bagehot, gave up hunting after his wife's death, because he did not feel he had any business to be as happy as hunting made him. He was a bad speaker, and had no great intellectual weight, but his character was so priceless an asset to his party that it outweighed all the rhetoric and brilliance of his opponents.

The Duke of Devonshire will not live in history as a great political genius, and he will certainly not be

remembered as an orator. But in the elevation of his patriotism, his keen sense of duty, and his entire lack of self-interest, he will seem to future generations as the last of the great line of elder statesmen. Nowadays, our politicians are far more nimble-witted. They can play on any string that pleases the public, they are acute dialecticians, and they profess to be free from the bondage of old-fashioned dogmas. In all this there is no doubt some gain. But wits are a poor substitute in the long run for character, and the country could spare a score of brilliant adventurers for one tithe of the sagacity and public spirit of the great man who has so recently passed from our midst.—*April* 2, 1908.

II

THE EMPIRE

THE NEW DOCTRINE OF EMPIRE

SIR WILFRID LAURIER said of the Imperial Conference that it could not be a failure, for the mere fact of its having assembled meant success. The results of a fortnight's discussion have, on the whole, justified his optimism. The new doctrine of Empire, which has been long implicit in the minds of thinking people in this country and the Colonies, has been at last explicitly and authoritatively stated.

Much credit is due to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who in his opening address and in subsequent speeches made it clear that the Conference was one between Governments which ranked equally as autonomous states. This in itself is a great thing, for it marks a complete departure from the view common fifty years ago, which conceived of the Empire as made up of Britain plus a string of poor dependants. It recognizes the fact that the Mother Country is *prima inter pares,* and that the Empire is an alliance into which all the members enter on equal terms. But it is more than a mere alliance—it is a family partnership and a working partnership. There is the bond of blood and a common ideal between the members, and, since they work for a common purpose, there must be some machinery for joint deliberation and joint action.

The Imperial Conference has made this clear, and its findings have been accepted by all parties in the State.

It is well to talk of the ties of kinship and tradition, but it is well also to remember that

> " The glories of our blood and State
> Are shadows, not substantial things,"

unless there is the strong purpose of common action. There is no fear lest we shall move too fast. The Colonies, jealous for their independence, will see to it that nothing is whittled away from their autonomy. But they recognize to the full that in a practical world, union, if it is to have any meaning, must be a practical thing, and they seek to change alliance from a dogma into a fact.

First of all, the Conferences have been made periodic and regular, and the name has been changed from " Colonial" to " Imperial." It is the Empire sitting in conclave, and not a few distant Colonies summoned to be advised on their own affairs. In the second place, some continuity is provided for by the creation of a Secretariat, which will be the bureau of Imperial intelligence. It will prepare full information on all matters of Imperial interest, it will work out all problems in detail which may be relegated to it by the Conferences, and it will always be at the disposal of any member of the alliance to give information or advice. It will have no independent executive functions, of course, remaining purely a bureau of intelligence.

There is no reason why the Secretariat should be under the Prime Minister rather than under the Colonial Secretary. The British Government is for the present the Imperial Government, the central Government of the whole Empire. The Colonial Office is that Government acting in a certain capacity, and a Secretariat under the

Colonial Office is a Secretariat directly under the Imperial Government. But the value of such a staff depends wholly on the way it is organized. What is wanted is men who know the over-seas Empire from personal experience, not industrious gentlemen who have seen it only through the medium of official papers. Atmosphere, local modes of thought, all the subtleties of distinct national developments count for as much in the true estimation of a problem as the obvious facts, and no home-keeping official can realize this.

Next to the Secretariat we should rank the scheme of an Imperial General Staff. In a matter of this sort it was, of course, impossible for the delegates to commit their Colonies without the consent of the Colonial Parliaments, but the way in which the proposal was welcomed augurs well for its ultimate acceptance. Imperial Defence is a single problem which concerns every part of the Empire in the same degree. We have left the days behind us when the whole burden was assumed to fall on the Mother Country. The Colonies have grown to maturity, and one of the first attributes of a grown nation, as of a grown man, is that it should be capable of defending itself. But our Colonies are not yet world-powers, and are not yet capable on their own account of guarding their shores against aggression. Nor is there any reason why they should, when they are not isolated units, but part of a great family alliance. At the same time their national spirit demands that they should take their share in defence, and their patriotism that this defence should be not only of their own land but of the whole Empire. The South African War showed how generously the Colonies recognized this duty.

But something more remains. Imperial Defence is **not**

adequate, unless there is some homogeneity in organization, so that in a great struggle the contingents from the Colonies may be fitted into one scheme of Imperial strategy. Each State possesses, like ourselves, a territorial force, whose duty is to defend its own shores, and to provide volunteer recruits for the Regular Army. To make this force effective, arms and ammunition should be standardized throughout the Empire, and there should be a certain uniformity of training. That is the first point. The second is that some means should be provided by which the staff officers in the Colonies should keep in touch with the British General Staff. The General Staff is the brain of the army, and since the problem of defence is one and indivisible, it follows that the thinking department of the Imperial Forces should have a certain unity.

It is proposed to achieve this by arranging that British staff officers should be lent to the Colonies and Colonial staff officers to the British staff; and that whenever a Colony wished to elaborate a scheme of defence it should be able to call the thinking staff of the whole Empire to its aid. There is no question of War Office dictation to any Government, for the function of a staff is consultative not executive. Such a scheme must have a modest beginning, but it has in it a capacity for infinite growth. Taken along with the Conferences and the permanent Secretariat, it seems to us to provide the foundation of a common Imperial policy—an Empire of States, which, while free to follow their national interests, are yet parts of a greater organism and rest upon a wider ideal.—*May* 2,1907.

IMPERIAL FACT AND SENTIMENT

EMPIRE Day is celebrated unofficially in most parts of the Empire and officially in a few. The growth of the movement is a good instance of what can be done by one man really in earnest. In four years Lord Meath has seen his favourite festival grow from modest beginnings to a very general celebration. It is right to " praise famous men," and to recall to memory the way that our fathers walked in before us. Provided the movement is spontaneous and voluntary, such commemorations are all to the good.

Some people are very angry with the Prime Minister for refusing to direct that a flag should be flown on all schools and public buildings on Empire Day, but he has shown more wisdom than his critics. There will always be people who dislike any form of ritual. A good Imperialist may dislike flag-flying intensely, and as things stand the dislike may do no harm. But as soon as an observance is made the badge of fealty, then the anti-ritualists are apt to be suspect. The man who refuses to fly a flag may dislike, not the Empire, but the act of flag-waving; but if the thing is made official, the dislike will be misinterpreted as doubtful loyalty. Therefore it is well to have as little ritual as possible compulsory, or even officially sanctioned.

A very good exercise for Imperialists on Empire Day would be a little study of the changes in Imperial theory

during the last half century. It was not so very long ago that Disraeli was describing the Colonies as a burden to Britain, which alone prevented her from so increasing in power as to be a menace to the world. " The Colonies," wrote the *Times* in 1869, " are no longer dependencies of England; England has become a dependency of the Colonies. They are secure, while we are threatened; they are free, while we are bound."

After all, when you think of it, there was some reason in this complaint. The old school of political philosophers had treated the Colonies as a source of aggrandisement to the Mother Country, tied-houses for the purchase of her goods, taxed for her benefit, conducting their affairs under her supervision. Up till the time of Adam Smith almost every publicist who considered the question took this view. Two things killed it—Free Trade, which abolished any hope of colonial preference, and the rise of the Colonies themselves to the stature of independence. But it took a long time to get the notion out of men's minds. People still asked, " What do we make out of these colonies ? " and could not understand the answer that the advantage of our system was that we made nothing. We had set them up for themselves, and, subject to a general right of protection, they lived their life in their own way. We gain alliances, we gain a field for the energy of our sons, and we gain the satisfaction which comes from all creative work. But we gain nothing more ; for if we could point to colonial subsidies, we know that we should also have to point to endless trouble and ill will.

It is almost impossible to make this point of view clear to foreigners. Lord Grey, speaking out of his experience as Foreign Minister, was wont to lament that

our most intelligent foreign critics were apt to miss this point. They cannot believe that we have done all the work and taken all the trouble unless we can point to a substantial pecuniary gain on the profit side of our account. They still believe in the " nation of shop-keepers " theory. And we are bound to say that some of our own people are guilty of the same fallacy. They want to turn the Empire into a profitable undertaking on commercial lines, and they beg us to exploit these nations we have created, since such exploitation would be for the advantage of both. But that is not a new discovery, but a very old policy. It was tried for more than a hundred years, and it was given up because it was bad business.

In the true doctrine of Empire the chief emphasis is rightly laid on the sentiment of Empire, as the existing bond of union—a sentiment " not mere effervescence and shouting," but an impulse to work together in the solution of common problems. Such an alliance implies perfect frankness on both sides, for are we not all free peoples ? We are too apt sometimes, out of a false humility, to talk as if the new countries had all the energy and initiative, and as if Britain had become a mere backwater. The young nations are striving to develop their material resources, while our problem is how to devise a higher type of national life. We have much to learn from them, and they have much to learn from us.

It is important to remember that this obligation to learn is, as lawyers say, bilateral; and we can only learn if both sides are prepared for frank criticism. There can be no true friendship among the units of the Empire unless there is to be honest dealing. There is much to

criticize in every nation, but the Mother Country cannot allow herself to be the target of innumerable criticisms, and be forbidden to criticize in return. We believe in the sentiment of Empire, but such a sentiment will degenerate into mawkishness unless the right of plain speaking is admitted. Tariff Reformers are fond of sneering at those who would base the Empire on sentiment, but they are the people who hold up their hands in horror if any British statesman dares to say a word in criticism of a colonial policy. They decline to base Empire on sentiment, but they are willing to base it on sentimentality.—*May* 28, 1908.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

A VERY interesting point has been raised—not for the first time—in the Canadian House of Commons. Several members criticized with some severity the recent policy of the Imperial Government so far as it affected Canada. The sum of their demands was that Canada should be given powei to make treaties on her own account, instead of being dependent upon the British Ministry. One member from the far North-West went further, and demanded a Canadian navy and the abolition of the present system of appeal to the British Privy Council.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier had no difficulty in showing the impossibility of these demands. But that the demands should be made is significant of a feeling which is widely spread in Canada. The Colony is becoming a nation, and wants national attributes. Australia wants a fleet of her own which shall undertake the task of protecting her shores. Canada wants the same. Neither, in her present stage of development, has either the money or the experience to create a navy.

Canada wants power to make treaties with foreign states as if she were a sovereign unit. We heard the same cry after the award of the Alaska Commission, when she considered, with justice, that she had been aggrieved. Now the demand is less the result of a grievance than of a dawning sense of competence. The mission

of Mr. Lemieux to Tokio showed that Canada, though she had no corps of trained diplomatists, could handle a difficult diplomatic situation both firmly and adroitly. No wonder she is proud of herself, and willing to believe that she could manage her external relations as well as the British Foreign Office. The demand is, of course, impossible, but it is a healthy sign that Canada should make it. It is a proof of an advance in national stature.

The objections against giving any State within the Empire the treaty-making power in the full sense of the word are obvious and insuperable. A treaty can only be made by a sovereign State which can bring forward as a sanction all the might of its armed forces. The breach of a treaty made with Britain involves war with the British Empire. The breach of a Canadian treaty would only involve a quarrel with Canada, and Canada has no navy and only a militia for an army. Unless a State has armed forces on the scale of a Great Power it cannot treat on the level of a Great Power.

At present Canada, treating through Britain with, shall we say, Japan, treats as one Great Power with another. But, treating on her own account, she would carry the prestige only of a fourth-class Power. It may be said, Why should not Canada make her own treaties, and have them countersigned by Britain ? The answer is that since Britain will have to do the enforcing of them it is necessary that she should have complete control in the making of them. And no one has pointed this out so clearly as the Canadian Premier himself.

Can nothing, then, be done to meet this new and wholesome aspiration of the Canadian people ? Much. We can make her our partner in the administration of all foreign policies which concern her. At present she

makes her commercial treaties, which do not involve the greater international questions, without consulting us. We never make a treaty affecting Canadian interests without consulting her and securing her consent. There is no chance, therefore, that the Canadian point of view will not be fully given effect to. Any further advance should be in the direction not of creating a Canadian Foreign Office, but of bringing Canada into closer relation with our Imperial Foreign Department. In that great Imperial Executive to which we all look forward, we shall be able to use the diplomatic abilities of men like Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Lemieux not in Canadian matters only, but in the foreign policy of the whole Empire.—*March* 5, 1908.

THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY

IT is a little difficult for the ordinary newspaper reader to realize all that has been recently happening at Quebec. The Pageant alone has been very remarkable. There is no finer stage for the drama of history than the city and the heights above it, and the history is of a kind to lend itself to dramatic presentation. The early voyages of Jacques Cartier and Champlain, the long Indian wars, the efforts of the Catholic Church, the strife with Britain culminating in the duel of Wolfe and Montcalm, and our occupation of Canada—they are all episodes in the highest degree romantic.

After conquest came the harder work of settlement and development. Then followed the long expeditions to the North and North-West, the Hudson Bay Company, the wars against savage natives and great distances, the union of the States in one Dominion, the great railroad, and, finally, the creation of a nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The three hundred years of Canada's life have been singularly full of great enterprises and swift developments.

All this was shown vividly to the eye in the various scenes of the Pageant. Carrier's little ship came up the river; the white new-comer met the Indian chiefs ; the first cathedral was dedicated; Wolfe's army ascended the heights, and marched in review with Montcalm's on the very spot where the two leaders died. Altogether,

history seemed to become a very near and living thing. The spectators could see the present representative of Wolfe's family and the Marquis de Montcalm walking side by side in the streets. And there are living in Quebec links with the past which break down all our ideas of time. Lord Roberts went to see a sister in the Ursuline Convent who had known a nun who remembered as a little girl seeing Montcalm's burial. Here we have only two lives between our own day and that great event which made Canada British.

The Quebec Tercentenary is the greatest British Pageant except the Diamond Jubilee. The Jubilee showed the lively interest which the different daughter-nations took in the Mother Country; the Quebec Tercentenary shows the lively interest they take in each other. There were messages of goodwill and representatives from all the Colonies. One of the most interesting of these delegates was Sir Henry de Villiers, the Chief Justice of Cape Colony. He came charged with congratulations from the four autonomous divisions of South Africa, but he came also with the approaching Federation Conference, over which he will preside, in view.

Canada has solved the problem which South Africa has to face. She has achieved union without sacrificing local patriotism. She has welded two strong and very different races into one nation. The Quebec celebrations are the official seal on what has long been recognized as a fact. The French and British peoples in Canada have now a common history to look back upon. Wolfe is also a French hero, as Montcalm and Champlain and Cartier are also British heroes. The sacred places of the two peoples have joined in one dedication. Sir

Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister of the Dominion, stands as in himself a type of French-Canadian competence in Imperial administration. The true Franco-British Exhibition is at present being held in Canada, In Canada we can see the best of the two peoples, and France and Britain can unite in applauding the work of men who may be French or may be British, but are first and foremost Canadians.

The best security for peace and friendship will always be the pride which comes from co-operation in a great task. At this moment Canada is a pledge of peace between Britain and France. We have both helped to make the people, and now it is not British or French, but Canadian. We trust that the lesson of Quebec will not be forgotten in South Africa, but will be present to inspire the work of the Federal Congress. If union is to come about, the holy places of each race or state must be preserved, but instead of being held in severalty they must be held in common.—*July* 30,1908.

THE FEDERATION OF SOUTH AFRICA

WE heard a great deal recently, both in the Press and in the House of Commons, of the coming federation of South Africa. Before the war the notable thing about the sub-continent was its local particularism. After the abortive attempt at federation by Lord Carnarvon in the 'seventies, the tendency of South Africa was to exaggerate differences rather than strive after unity. To adopt the ordinary metaphor of writers on federation, the centrifugal forces far surpassed the centripetal.

The war did something for unity by bringing the whole sub-continent under the British flag. But the arrival of peace found a great many local jealousies existing. Natal and Cape Colony were competing hotly against each other for the Transvaal trade, and the Transvaal, exasperated by high railway rates and customs dues, was inclined to favour the Portuguese Delagoa Bay and tell the Coast Colonies to mind their own business. A working arrangement by means of railway and customs conferences was arrived at, but in 1904 the omens looked very unpropitious for federation.

It is all very different to-day, and we should be inclined to assign the cause to the period of acute depression which the whole of South Africa has gone through. Adversity is a very good cure for small jealousies. Bad

trade convinced all the Colonies of the extremely bad economics of the present arrangement. The soundest motive for a federation is an economic want, and this South Africa has realized. Except in the case of Natal there are no natural divisions south of the Zambesi, no impassable mountains or unfordable rivers. The different States are only distinct on the map. The land question, the native question, the labour question, are the same in them all. Under the hammer of hard times the truth has been driven home, and we find the Customs and Railway Conference passing unanimously a resolution in favour of unity.

The details of federation are always difficult, and we must expect to see South Africa passing through a phase of disputation and divided counsels. The first thing is to get a trial scheme drafted, and to provide this there must be an assembly of delegates appointed for this very purpose. The conference suggests a Convention of thirty members—twelve to be appointed by Cape Colony, eight by the Transvaal, and five each by the Orange River Colony and Natal. We presume that the delegates will be elected by the different State Legislatures. These delegates will vote by the head, and not according to State, an arrangement which has roused much indignation in Natal and among the Progressive newspapers of the Transvaal. The old cry of a " betrayal of State rights " has been raised, which is so familiar in America, and which was the chief obstacle in the way of Alexander Hamilton when he was devising the Union.

For ourselves we do not see much force in the complaint. No doubt it gives a great deal of power to the bigger States, but as South Africa stands at present these States have the power in any case. The great merit

is that it allows cross voting, and does not bind all delegates of a State to the support of a point on which they may not be unanimous. The Convention will have at its disposal the mass of material which was contained in Lord Selborne's report, and which has been collected by some of the chief South African officials.

No one who remembers the kind of discussion which marked the creation of the Australian Commonwealth will underestimate the difficulties before the Convention. Happily there are many precedents to learn from, and if there is a strong popular impulse towards union all obstacles will disappear. When the Convention has passed this scheme, it will be submitted to the State Legislatures for approval, and with their assent will become law.

There are three comments which we wish to make. One is that it is most important in appointing the delegates to appoint representatives of all parties, and not merely of that party which happens to be in power. South African union is a scheme for all time, and not for this or that Ministry. To ensure its efficacy it should be supported by the whole people. In Cape Colony, in the Orange River Colony, and in the Transvaal Dutch Ministries are in power; but we are sure that Mr. Merriman and General Botha would be the first to admit that some of the best deliberative talent on such a question is to be found among their political opponents. Men like Dr. Jameson in the Cape, Sir John Fraser in the Orange River Colony, and Sir Percy Fitzpatrick in the Transvaal would be of the greatest assistance to any Convention.

In the second place, we think that the Australian precedent should be followed, and a special *ad hoc*

General Election held in each Colony in order to give the electors a chance of voting specifically on this issue. Such a procedure ensures that union receives the direct assent of the people, and not merely of the Governments.

Finally, when the scheme of union is submitted by the Convention to the State Parliaments, the latter should not be compelled to accept or reject, but should have power of amendment. These suggestions are deductions from the experience of Australia and Canada in the same work, and in such a matter precedents, especially if they are Colonial precedents, have the highest value.

By far the most difficult question in federation is that of the natives. The native problem in South Africa is one and indivisible, but the existing practice of the States differs widely. It will be impossible, and, as we think, undesirable, to attempt to reach uniformity at once. The other States will never accept the Cape franchise for natives, and it would be a retrograde movement for the Cape to relinquish its present system. The most that can be hoped is the creation of some Federal machinery for dealing with the problem of those natives who are living in tribal reserves—the Zulus in Natal, the Swazis in the Transvaal, the Basutos, and the various tribes of Eastern Cape Colony. If the natives are to be kept apart for the present from the ordinary political and social life of the State, then it is only wise to see that they have efficient protectors who stand outside local politics. The part which the High Commissioner at present plays towards the Basutos should be the part played towards all tribal natives **by the Federal Government.—*May* 21,1908.**

UNREST IN INDIA

T3ETWEEN India to-day and India as it was during the Indian Mutiny there is a great gulf fixed. Then we had few white troops in the country; now we have many. Then there was a native royal family, to whom the rebels could rally ; now there is none. But the chief difference is that in the Mutiny the unrest was mainly religious, while now it is frankly political, being largely organized by men who, in the eyes of strict Hindus, are outcasts.

The origin of modern unrest in India is not hard to diagnose. We have established a system of education under which Indian boys are taught the old Whig doctrines of Macaulay and Mill—admirable doctrines, but scarcely suitable to an autocracy. The Bengali is not a strong man, but he has an ingenious and receptive brain, and has absorbed this kind of Western learning far faster than the average Englishman. Armed with doctrines about self-government and the equality of man, he began to ask himself why he had not an equal share with the British in the government of his own country—why, indeed, the British were there at all.

Now, India is a unique combination of an autocratic government with popular institutions. The law of sedition is easy, there is a free Press, and a right of free meeting. The consequence is that the dissatisfied Bengali can give voice to his grievances at large in the

Press, can address mass meetings of his fellow-countrymen, and comport himself generally in a way which few democratic and self-governing countries would permit for a moment. Something happens—a province is subdivided, or there is a plague or famine—and the secular complaint of the people against all governments is heard. The chance of the agitator has come. He overflows into provinces which despise him in normal times, and we have as a result such disturbances as we have seen at Lahore, Amritsar, and Rawalpindi There is a plague in the Punjab, and therefore the land tax begins to bear hardly on the cultivator. He is dissatisfied, and some clever Babu lawyers show him how the blame is wholly with the Government. There are meetings and demonstrations, and the next we hear of the honest man is that he is armed with a bludgeon and assaulting the police.

It is all very unfortunate, but we do not see how it can be helped. With the best will in the world to endow India with popular institutions, such a course at this moment would be merely criminal. Under our rule the peace is kept among a vast heterogeneous collection of races and religions. If our authority were withdrawn, these races would be at each other's throats to-morrow, and the warrior peoples of the north-west would reduce peaceful and progressive Bengal to that servitude which was for centuries its heritage. The more thoughtful section of native opinion has long recognized this, and has accepted the dictum that India, so far as the imagination of man can reach, will never be autonomous.

The only question is what progressive institutions can be safely established. We have already done much, and though the result of a free Press and a free educa-

tional system has been unrest, we need not regret it. The action of the WSst upon the East is bound at first to produce a ferment, and our duty is not to withdraw the privileges we have given, but to take precautions against their abuse.

As trustees for the population of India, our first duty is to preserve order. The safety of the commonwealth is at all times the highest law; and if the men on the spot entrusted with this task think it well to prosecute newspapers, to deport agitators, and to suppress public meetings in certain districts, then it is folly to interfere with them. After all, it is because speech is free, and every man may claim a fair trial, and the Press is uncensored, that at a crisis it is necessary to take these steps. If we give freedom, we are bound to guard against its abuse, or we shall fail in our duty to those whom we govern.—*May* 16, 1907.

THE PROBLEM OF INDIA

THE unrest in India is for the moment by far our foremost Imperial problem. It is not the outrages of a few ill-balanced youths which matter, but the fact that for various reasons we are face to face with a dissatisfaction among our Indian fellow-subjects which is of an entirely different kind to anything we have seen before. We have had in the past religious discontent, and every now and again we have had periods of economic discontent.

But this unrest is political. It is a demand, on behalf of a race which politically is unfranchised, to have, not a share only, but the dominant share in the government of India. It is a difficult situation for the Viceroy, and difficult for the India Office. No policy is so open to criticism, or so repugnant to average human nature, as one of moderation. It appears to be illogical, and the illogical is always the unpopular. A Bismarckian policy of repression is easy to defend, and its human appeal is obvious. It is so simple to say : " These people are well and justly governed, and any unrest is simply lawlessness and original sin, and must be sternly repressed." It is tolerably simple also to say, as some doctrinaires do, that it is our business to get out of India altogether, and that the sooner we hand over the government to the people .the better. Both extremes have an obvious appeal, and have the merit of logic.

But to say that it is our duty to remain in India, and to remain the ruling power there, that it is also our duty to assist and cultivate every legitimate Indian aspiration, and to train the native slowly to take part in the work of government—such a policy seems to have little to commend it. And yet, to any thinking man, it is the only policy. In statecraft the truth is rarely at the extremes. The despised middle way is really the most logical and the most courageous. This is the line of conduct which Lord Morley and Lord Minto have persisted in consistently. The Indian reformers, with their British hired applauders, dislike it; the " strong man " condemns it as pusillanimous ; but it is the only policy which has in it the seeds of hope.

Both Lord Curzon and Lord Cromer—admitted experts—have warmly praised Lord Morley's action. Lord Curzon would incline to a little more firmness, but he is with the Secretary for India on the main points. Leaving out of account the resignation of Sir Bampfylde Fuller, the first Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal, which was a mistake, it is difficult to find any matter for criticism in Indian policy for the past two years. Lord Curzon seems to think that any attempts at reforming and liberalizing the basis of our administration and enlisting native co-operation should be given up for the moment, on the ground that the season is inopportune. When sedition is rampant, he argues, the only course is firm government; sympathetic government must be left to a later date, for any expression of sympathy at present will be construed as concessions wrung through fear.

This is, of course, what at first sight seems the reasonable view to take, but we question whether it is not based on a false psychology. Which is the more dignified

course to take ? To admit the value of certain reforms, but to give up the scheme on account of the misbehavioui of certain members of the class to be benefited ? Or to declare that Britain is not to be turned from the path she has set herself because various individuals have shown themselves criminal ? We confess that the second course seems to us the more dignified and the stronger. The first involves the admission that sedition is really serious, serious enough to deflect British policy. The second punishes sedition with a firm hand, but denies that the misdeeds of a few rebels can turn Britain from a policy which she believes to be just and wise. We should say that the moral effect of the second is far greater than that of the first, and we are glad that Lord Morley has chosen it, not because it is more consistent with British Liberalism, but because it is more likely to do good to India.

Lord Cromer's speech in the Lords was a final defence, if any was needed, of the necessity of severe measures against actual sedition. Lord Cromer, like Lord Morley, has had to revise the opinions of a lifetime. In Egypt he was a strong believer in the liberty of the Press, even of the most scurrilous native organs. But before he left Cairo he had changed his mind. He came to the conclusion that the ignorant and the feeble must be protected against themselves, and that it was unfair to allow an immature population to be the prey of a gutter Press which incited to crime. This is the justification of Lord Morley's Indian Press Act. The schoolboys and youth of a town, the ignorant ryots, the half-educated Bengali, must be protected against their own kind. If a government is to punish crime, it is only just to remove the chief incitement to it. The ideal

of British India, in Lord Morley's view, is a partner-ship, and he is prepared to make every effort to raise the native side to an efficient share, in the business. But for such wild non-historical dreams as an autonomous and united India he has the contempt of a historian and a statesman.—*July* 9, 1908.

LORD CROMER AND EGYPT

LORD CROMER'S annual Report is awaited by all who care for Imperial matters with an expectation which is given to no other Blue-book. For one thing, it is written in a style which does not lack human interest, and in every sentence there is the impress of a great individuality. But its chief importance is that it tells of an experiment on the merits of which men of all parties are agreed.

During his quarter of a century of service Lord Cromer has suffered from both sides of British politics. But patience and courage have been justified. He has won his way to a position where his judgment is accepted without question, and Britain in Egypt, to Liberal and Conservative alike, is a matter for self-congratulation. The facts are too tremendous for dispute. *Egypt* since the Pharaohs has been in the house of bondage, penniless, ill-governed, the prey of any strong adventurer. In twenty years one Englishman has done what twenty centuries have failed to do. He has made the Nile valley one of the most prosperous countries in the world, and one to whose future prosperity there seem at present no limits. He has made an efficient army out of men who not long ago were the byword of the East, and he has put a certain backbone into *thefellahin,* who have for ages been the playthings of despots. He has done all this, too, in a short time, at the minimum

of expense, with very little assistance from the Home Government, and with a great deal of opposition from every European Power.

To Liberals of late years Lord Cromer has been a special figure of admiration, for he represents an Imperialism which has no taint of the Jingo. It would be hard to imagine anything less like the " prancing proconsul " than the patient and unrhetorical ruler of Egypt. Like most of his family, he began his career as a Whig, and he has never forgotten his Liberalism in an environment which is supposed to be peculiarly hostile to democratic ideals.

The Nationalist movement in Egypt has been a good deal before the public. In his Report Lord Cromer provides us with an analysis of the movement by the greatest living expert. The predominant element in it is Pan-Islamism—that is, the policy of regenerating Islam on Islamic lines, and of uniting the scattered peoples who profess the creed. On this Lord Cromer remarks that it involves, in the first place, the revival of the power of the Sultan, the Moslem Defender of the Faith, and therefore for Egypt of the Turkish suzerainty ; while it also means a return to prehistoric political ideals, since to regenerate Islam on Islamic lines would be " to revivify and stereotype in the twentieth century the principles laid down more than a thousand years ago for the guidance of a primitive society."

Another element is the desire of Egyptians who have prospered under British protection, and who have acquired something of Western culture, to manage their own affairs for themselves. They are developing, quite rightly and properly, a certain national pride, and, like all beginners in politics, they are apt to forget the past.

The evil days of Turkish misrule seem a far cry to them, and they are naturally galled when they see work, which they believe they could do well, done by alien officials.

Finally, there is a small section of genuine Islamic reformers, who may be described as Liberal churchmen, and who seek to revive a faith in which they still believe by broadening its basis in accordance with modern ideas, and by purifying its character. The last element, though the best, is the least prominent in the present controversy. The Nationalist agitation is partly Pan-Islamist, partly ambitious young Egypt, who have forgotten the tyranny under which their fathers groaned. Britain has done admirable work, they say, and we are greatly obliged to her, but now let us bid good-bye. Their General Assembly has asked boldly for self-government. They want a Ministry responsible to a popular Parliament, and they ask for such a Ministry complete control over financial administration.

Lord Cromer replies by a categorical refusal; and if we reflect for a moment, we must admit that his answer is right. Apart altogether from the diplomatic difficulties, and the fact that other European Powers would certainly veto any such scheme, there is a fundamental objection on the merits. This objection can be expressed in one sentence of the Report: " Egyptian Nationalism is a plant of exotic rather than of indigenous growth/' All Liberals must sympathize with the demand of a people for the right to govern itself. Moreover, as we have always held, self-government is a great antiseptic, healing as no other specific can the wounds and blemishes of a nation.

But self-government is not a panacea. To be effective it requires certain prepared conditions, such as a self-

reliant people and a measure of political education. It is neither Liberal nor democratic to affirm at all times the right of self-government; it is merely doctrinaire. Are the conditions we suggest present in Egypt ? Since the time of the Pharaohs the Egyptian has been despised and downtrodden. Can such a man rise to the full stature of freedom in a day ? Again, he asks for something which demands self-reliance ; but self-reliance is precisely what he has not got.

As Lord Cromer says, Egyptian Nationalists show "a paradoxical desire to secure all the advantages of the British occupation, which they fully recognize, without that occupation itself." They are desperately afraid of Egyptian judges or Egyptian irrigation officials taking the place of British, for they do not yet believe in their own countrymen. Their Nationalism is still exotic, not indigenous ; a sentiment of a few rather than a deep-seated racial desire. If the request were granted, the result, Lord Cromer says, would be chaos, moral and economic. Corruption and bribery would run riot in the administration. Now Lord Cromer has never been unfriendly to Egyptian aspirations. He has striven to recruit the Civil Service from young Egyptians; he has encouraged the free expression of opinion in the General Assembly; he has sought in every way to put manhood into an apparently effete people. When Lord Cromer, then, shakes his head, resolutely if regretfully, the world may well acquiesce in his verdict.

On one point only we should criticize the Report. It provides what is called a "counter-programme" in the shape of the abolition of the Mixed Tribunals and the Capitulations, and the creation of a Local International Legislative Council which would legislate for

the whole resident European population. Now every measure of Egyptian reform affects foreigners, and at present has to pass under the consideration of fifteen different Powers. On these terms progress is slow and intricate, and such a new Council would enormously facilitate the task of government. There are difficulties in the way, but we sincerely trust that the Powers will see the wisdom of Lord Cromer's proposals. At the same time, we cannot call this a " counter-programme " to Egyptian Nationalism. Its success would bring Egypt no nearer self-government, and the Nationalist may complain with some show of reason that he is being laughed at.—*April* n, 1907.

THE MAKER OF MODERN EGYPT

RECENTLY we wrote of Lord Cromer's annual report, and his views on the future of Egypt. It is only fitting that we should try to estimate the achievement of one whose retirement Lord Grey, the least rhetorical of men, described as the greatest loss which the administration of the Empire could have suffered. In a sense the task is impossible. The regeneration of Egypt, like all great works, cannot be understood by the spectator who is close to it. Some distance of time is needful before its magnitude can be realized. But if we cannot judge the result, we can see something of its methods.

Lord Cromer is by common consent our greatest living proconsul. Such an opinion is no mere speculation; there are irrefutable facts to buttress it, for he has performed a task which the world thought impossible, and in his success he has outraged no single one of the best traditions of British rule. Indeed, until we go back to the days of Clive and Warren Hastings, we do not know where to find his equal in capacity, and, unlike these mighty names, his career has no stain upon it. He showed the creative mind of Durham, and **a far** greater practical power. He had **a** harder task than Wellesley, or Dalhousie, or even than Canning, and he was not less successful.

And Lord Cromer had in addition what no one of those giants possessed—a sense of what the average **man feels and** thinks, **and** consequently the gift **of making**

his policy completely intelligible to all. He has been the most democratic administrator in history, because his genius has taken the form of colossal common sense. His powers of mind and character were not extraordinary; it is fairer, we think, to say that he had ordinary qualities in an extraordinary degree. No man in our time has so represented all that is worthiest and most potent in the national temperament, and to realize what he has been is to understand our national ideal.

Three qualities in his career stand out above others—his courage, his patience, and his sense of duty. The first will be readily granted, and it is difficult to over-praise it. When he took up his post in Egypt in 1883, no such utter confusion had ever faced a reformer. The country was hopelessly bankrupt. The army and the public service seemed demoralized beyond hope of recovery. The southern frontier was on the verge of invasion. Every European Power had a finger in the pie, and while none save ourselves were willing to make any effort after improvement, all were ready to play dog in the manger.

Sir Evelyn Baring, as he then was, had no special authority save what he could make by the weight of his own personality. He merely held the British Agency—an ordinary consular office. The country needed irrigation, all kinds of public works, courts of justice, police, an army; but the country was bankrupt, and her debt was almost fabulous. The bringing of order out of such chaos seemed to need nothing short of the miraculous intervention of heaven. To undertake the task of regeneration at all required no small courage, but to go on with it under every possible disaster, making way by inches, defeated and checked only to try again.

required a courage and an optimism which are given to few. Moreover, Lord Cromer did it all silently. He never complained, or wrote to the papers, or made rhetorical threats of resignation. He only shut his teeth and went doggedly onward, believing that " somehow the right is the right, and the smooth shall bloom from the rough." Such clear-eyed and unflinching optimism has in the long run the resistless power of the forces of Nature.

Closely allied to his courage was his patience. Again and again he had the chance of dazzling the world, and again and again he chose the longer and safer road. He was the most convinced opponent of short cuts. Early in his career he grasped two facts—that the first step in Egyptian reform must be to restore the economic balance, and that Egypt depended for her safety on the conquest of the Sudan. There is always some centre of gravity in every confused problem, he argued, and it is the business of the reformer to concentrate on that. Putting aside, therefore, all temptation to showy improvements, he laboured for long and thankless years to lay the economic foundations of prosperity.

Take, again, the case of the Sudan. He saw its importance, but he saw also that for the present its reconquest was beyond Egypt's power. He therefore abandoned the country, waiting till he collected his forces for a new attempt. Omdurman was the seal on the success of his policy, but how many men could thus patiently and far-sightedly relinquish one thing to gain a greater ? When Caesar abandoned his work at Rome and went into Gaul for six years to create an army, he showed the same genius of patience ; but it is a quality

found only in the greatest. Too often an administrator is not content to wait upon Time, forgetting that " the counsels to which Time is not called Time will not ratify." But Lord Cromer had the true organic conception of the State, and he had the true self-confidence. Having planted the seed, he waited patiently on the harvest, and in the darkest days he comforted himself and his colleagues with the reflection that Time was fighting on their side.

Lord Cromer was also singularly self-forgetful. He governed Egypt as a trust for the people of the land, and the present Nationalist cry of " Egypt for the Egyptians " is only a summary of his policy. In one of Mr. Kipling's poems an Indian soldier, who had fought in the Sudan campaign, discusses the ways of the English, and finds the secret of their power in the fact that they think not of themselves but of their work. Lord Cromer never thought of his own interests, or even of those of the country which had sent him out. First and last his duty was to Egypt.

These three qualities, taken in conjunction with complete mental balance and a unique power of diagnosing a situation, seem to us to make Lord Cromer the greatest administrator of our day, and one of the two or three greatest in our history. Others may excel him in special qualities. In pure intellect he is probably not equal to Lord Milner ; he has not Lord Curzon's imagination or golden gift of eloquence ; or, if we look to the past, he has not Dalhousie's fiery spell, or Durham's power of raising a problem to the domain of philosophy. But in the essential gifts of the administrator he has no competitor. With his retirement the greatest career of our day comes to a worthy close.—*April* 18,1907.

THE COLOUR PROBLEM IN THE COLONIES

THE difficulty which has arisen about the registration of British Indians in the Transvaal is very serious, for it raises an Imperial question of the first magnitude, on which the British people have hitherto made no real attempt to arrive at a conclusion. It is a case of one part of His Majesty's subjects deliberately excluding another. The trouble is that there is a great deal of right on both sides.

Let us try to understand the matter. Indians coming to South Africa tend to oust white men from the small trades and crafts, because, since they live on a lower scale than is consistent with white civilization, they can accept lower wages and charge lower prices. As the number of possible immigrants from India is incalculable, the sparse white population of South Africa naturally wishes to protect itself against an influx which would make the life of the poorer white man impossible. The colonies argue that there is no alternative between the crowding out of the white man and the exclusion, or at any rate the jealous restriction, of coloured immigration. They wish to develop on British lines, and to make sure that the future population of their country, which is a white man's country by nature, shall be white men.

There is no reply to this argument. Restriction of Asiatic immigration is clearly necessary. But what about those Indians already resident in the country ? They have acquired interests there under the protection

of the law. Is it fair to curtail those interests or to sanction them only on degrading terms such as thumb-mark registration ? The Transvaal Government replies that such registration of existing residents is a necessary part of the policy of restricted immigration. The Transvaal is an inland state with an immense land frontier. Indians can enter unchecked at a hundred points. Unless every Indian resident is registered, it will always be open to any unlicensed new-comer to say that he was resident before the Act was passed. This is obviously a sound point, and, let us remember, the policy is one on which the most anti-Dutch Progressives are at one with General Botha. When Lord Milner pled for fuller rights for our Indian fellow subjects, he met with no response whatever in the Transvaal.

The two other parties to the controversy are the Home Government and the Indians themselves. The Transvaal has been granted self-government, and, remember, that liberty, if it means anything, is liberty to act foolishly as well as to act wisely. Assuming that the Transvaal is utterly in the wrong, would Lord Elgin have been justified in refusing assent to the Registration Act ? It is a difficult point on which it is impossible to dogmatize. We should be very far from saying that in no case should the Imperial Government interfere with the action of an autonomous state.

Certain matters were deliberately reserved in the Transvaal Constitution for the consideration of the Imperial Government, and the treatment of the coloured races was one of them. We can imagine Australia passing an anti-Japanese Act which would lead us into war with our ally, and to veto such an Act would be the first duty of His Majesty's Government. But is this such a case ?

We hardly think so, for, in the first place, it is a policy on which all South Africa is agreed ; in the second place, it was sanctioned in principle during the period of Crown Colony Government; and, in the third place, it has a great deal of reason on its side.

Last comes the case of the Indians, which is at least as strong as the other two. India may well ask why, if she shares willingly in the burdens of the Empire, her sons should be treated as pariahs in any part. When Indian troops were sent to Malta and Cyprus in 1878, they were told it was a recognition of their title to share in all the privileges of membership of the Empire. In 1882 and 1885 in the Sudan and Egyptian campaigns Indian troops fought side by side with British. And it was the loyalty of the Indian army which enabled us to draft 10,000 troops to South Africa from India in the Boer War.

We confess that we cannot read without shame the account of how veterans with Tirah and Chitral medals on their breasts appear in the Johannesburg police courts to answer to the charge of refusing to register in the manner usually confined to criminals. India is full of sedition and disaffection. What answer are the well disposed to make to the agitators when they point out that the chief result of belonging to the British Empire is that the scum of Europe are allowed to do as they please, while Indians of the best class are treated as outcasts ?

The Indian population of the Transvaal is very moderate. It willingly recognizes the right of the Colony to limit or even prohibit immigration. All it asks is that those who have acquired rights under the law should be allowed to enjoy them without degrading conditions. It points out, too, that this was the very

point which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain made against President Kruger, who did not contemplate any regulations so drastic. If the old Boer Government chastised them with small cords, their champions, the Imperial Government, are likely to chastise them with scorpions.

In such a conflict, not only of interests but of national ideals, it is difficult to find a solution. In our view the freedom of the Transvaal must be respected. We think that there should be insistence on the degrading part of the registration being abolished, and we are glad to see that this is also the view of the Transvaal Government. But however the particular difficulty may be settled, it is incumbent upon us to try to arrive at some settled policy on the whole question of the movement of coloured subjects of His Majesty from one part of the Empire to another.

It is emphatically a matter for the Imperial Conference. If Imperial solidarity is anything more than a phrase of rhetoric, the benefits of the Imperial connection must be extended in some form or other to all citizens of the Empire. There are parts where unrestricted Indian immigration might be welcomed, such as the Sudan and Uganda. There are other parts where immigration under conditions is desirable for some special object. There are other parts where the door might be closed with some reason. The important thing is to have a policy, and to say to the people of India, " We are not unmindful of your interests. You may go to this place and that, but not to this place and that, and the following are our reasons." If the matter is left to the hasty decision of half a dozen governments, we shall give our Indian subjects the most serious provocation to disloyalty.—*January* 9, 1908.

MR. KIPLING ON EMIGRATION

MR. RUDYARD KILLING has been making a triumphal progress through Canada, feted by every club and cheered at every railway station. He has delivered a number of speeches, of which the one at Vancouver on the Asiatic question was the most unwise, the one at Toronto on Imperial unity the most eloquent, and the one at Ottawa on emigration the most suggestive.

The day is gone when a speech on politics carried little weight except from a professional politician. It is to Mr. Kipling's advantage that he does not sit in the House of Commons. For, being a very clear-sighted and courageous observer, he has no mist of party platitude to struggle through. Often the greatest political questions are those which we never hear debated in any public assembly. Mr. Kipling has seen men and cities with understanding eye, and what he has to say on any public question is worth listening to.

At Ottawa he told his audience that the only cure for the Japanese difficulty on the Pacific coast was immigration. The country must have men, and if they wanted to keep the yellow man out they must bring the white man in. Britain, Mr. Kipling said, had five millions of people to spare. Canada had a good many millions of acres, unsettled, and in no part of the land was there

enough labour for the enterprises on hand. If it was Britain's interest to give and Canada's to take, surely a " deal " was the only common-sense course. What are the hindrances ? Two, Mr. Kipling says—the Labour Party in Britain and the Labour Party in Canada. The former objects because emigration on a proper scale would remove their great grievance of the unemployed ; the latter because they want to preserve their monopoly and keep wages high.

We agree with Mr. Kipling that emigration on scientific lines is one of the most urgent social and Imperial needs. A great deal of the misery in this country is caused by overcrowding. There is in certain industries not enough work to go round, and no juggling with the cards will create it. We may make the conditions of land tenure better, we may regulate hours of labour and give a minimum wage, but all these reforms, excellent in their way, do not get to the root of the matter. If fifty acres of English or Scottish land will not give a decent living to a farmer with £200 capital, then nothing that the State can do will alter it. The condition of work and wages in a factory may be admirable, but if that factory only employs five hundred men out of seven hundred applicants, the most perfect factory laws do not mend matters for the two hundred left outside.

The truth is that we are an over-populated country, and the difficulty is not wholly solved by the coercion of obstructive monopolists. This is one reason for emigration. In a young country new industries want hands, and new acres, masters. We are referring not to the wastrels of society, but to the thoroughly capable citizen who has health and energy, but who finds himself crowded out here.

But there is another reason of even greater force. These new countries give a man a horizon and an ideal which he may not be able to find at home. He has his chance, and the look-out ahead for him is not a lifetime spent in working at small wages, for others. The penniless farm-labourer may be in a few years a landowner, the carpenter a contractor, the mason a builder. It does not always happen, of course, but there is the hope of it. The emigrant has romance in his life, for he knows there is the chance of the unforeseen, and this chance puts enterprise and ambition into men who before were heavy-eyed and fibreless bond slaves.

Emigration, to give good results, should be done carefully and scientifically, and it should be done by the State. There is no more urgent public question before the British people, if the Empire is to be anything but a name. We have something to give which the new countries need—it should not be beyond the power of the State to bring the two sides in the bargain together.

But at the same time we readily admit a danger in any emigration policy. You may attempt to justify a stagnant social policy at home by urging the importance of sending people abroad. Mr. Kipling is hardly fair to the Labour Party—at least, to the more responsible members of it. We do not believe that they would oppose such an emigration policy as we have sketched. But they very rightly declare that emigration shall not be allowed to shelve domestic reform. If people are being crowded into the town not because small farming is impossible, but because landlords are unwise, if they are being sweated by tyrannical masters, or poisoned in insanitary factories, it is no use to cry emigration as a cure for these evils. When reform is practicable,

emigration is beside the point. It is as the residuary remedy for social disorders that we advocate it, and it is a remedy which must be increasingly used if both the Mother Country and the outlying Empire are to remain in social and economic health.—*October* 24, 1907.

III

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

LESSONS FROM GERMANY

"We need not imitate the German system in every respect," Lord Milner once said, "but, at any rate, the vast industrial and commercial development of Germany under that system does absolutely dispose of all *a priori* demonstrations of the crippling effect of protective duties upon an otherwise thriving community/' It is just this which we take leave to doubt.

We should be the last to regard Britain as a model of all the virtues, and Germany as only an " awful warning." They manage many things better in Germany than we do here. They have a rational scheme of old age pensions, which we are too supine and timid to imitate. They are far ahead of us in ordinary education, especially on the technical side. The traveller in Germany, whether in city or country, is not confronted with the hordes of tramps and homeless poor which disfigure these islands. Let us readily grant the merits of our neighbours across the water. It would be well if we could learn from them a few of their homely and sterling virtues.

But all this does not alter the fact that, from the British point of view, many things in Germany are done badly. Take the whole public finance of the country. The direct taxes are left to the States, while the indirect taxation is mainly Imperial. The States also make annually certain grants-in-aid to the Imperial Ex-

chequer, which are known as " matricular " contributions. We find both the State and Imperial budgets showing a deficit, and resort is had to that most vicious of financial expedients—short loans to meet recurring expenditure.

The direct revenues show themselves hopelessly inelastic, and it is impossible to get the States to increase their contributions. There may be many reasons for this, but one is self-evident. Most imported articles are heavily taxed, and the result is that, in the first place, there is no room for an increase in the tariff in emergencies, and, in the second place, that the direct taxes cannot be raised without exceeding the taxable capacity of the citizen. Would any State resort to short loans to meet a deficit on its current expenditure if any other way were open ? Short loans are a necessity, because an increase of taxation, direct or indirect, yields little. All elasticity has gone out of the revenue system. We know that the German community has every moral and intellectual endowment for success. Yet its State finance is thoroughly bad. We must assume, then, in spite of Lord Milner, that Protection has " crippled an otherwise thriving community/'

Let us look, now, at the private life of the German citizen. The Board of Trade has published the results of a most exhaustive inquiry into the cost of living in German towns. Thirty-three representative towns, containing an aggregate population of nine millions, have been investigated. It is, of course, very difficult to arrive at a precise statistical comparison with this country. Each nation has its own racial tastes, which may be expensive in one department and thrifty in another. The Board of Trade investigators have made

all allowances, and the table they present is as near accuracy as possible. It is a very instructive table.

Take, first of all, the item of rent. The net (that is, excluding rates) rentals of German working-class dwellings to British are as 123 to 100. Take food and fuel. On the basis of the ordinary British standard of consumption, the expenditure of the German workman as compared with the British is as 118 to 100. Taking rent, food, and fuel together, German cost is to British as 119 to 100, or nearly one-fifth greater. Take now the revenue side of the working-class budget. Here the investigators took only three trades—building, engineering, and printing. The weekly wages of the German workman are to those of the same type of workman in this country as 83 to 100, while his working hours per week are as 111 to 100. Consequently the wage per hour of the German workman is to that of the British as 75 to 100—in other words, only three-quarters.

The inquiry was, of course, limited to certain special trades, and on the expenditure side only to the chief items. The only answer which Tariff Reformers can make to the figures is that wages in Germany are advancing and prices are falling. No doubt they are, for Germany has been lately exceedingly prosperous, and prosperity always filters down. But the Free Trade contention is that Protection means, on the whole, a low scale of livelihood for the workman, and the Board of Trade Report is valuable evidence in its support.—*July 2,* 1908.

THE KAISER AND EDWARD VII.

HPHE recent crisis in the Reichstag bristles with constitutional morals of the first importance. Germany has received a shock, which may be followed by an awakening. It was remarkable that all the speakers in the debate, not excepting Prince Biilow, condemned the system of " personal " rule, which only a year ago Prince Biilow declared to be one of the pillars of the Constitution. This recantation is something, and yet after all it is little, for the foundation of personal rule is not the licence granted to the Kaiser but the whole system under which the Imperial Executive is appointed. Even if the Emperor were the most docile and tactful of men, Germany would still be under personal rule, since in the last resort the people cannot control the Executive. Let us explain what we mean.

Germany is a free country, and its regime is constitutional. That is to say, a popularly elected Parliament passes laws and votes money. The Kaiser cannot build a ship without the consent of the Reichstag, or alter a word in a clause of a law, or increase a tax by one mark. Germany has, therefore, a parliamentary Government, which would be also a liberal Government if the franchise were more equitable. But the Government lacks one thing to make the country really autonomous—it cannot control directly the chief oflBcers of

State. Let us suppose that in Britain the Prime Minister were not the leader of the dominant party in the Legislature, but some outside official appointed by the King. Supposing Lord Curzon had been appointed Prime Minister, and retained his office independent of the varying majorities in the House of Commons. Would we not consider this state of things a scandal in a free country ?

And yet this is very much what happens in Germany. The Imperial Chancellor is appointed by the Emperor with no regard to the feeling of the country. He retains his office whatever happens in the Reichstag, provided he keeps the confidence of his Imperial master. Obviously it is his interest to keep on good terms with the Reichstag in order to have his policy given effect to. Obviously, too, if the Reichstag obstinately refused to pass any measures while he was in office, they could secure his dimissal. But short of such a crisis he remains in office by the will of the Kaiser and not by the will of the people. In a word, there is no admission of the principle of Ministerial responsibility, which is the foundation of free government.

The result is, of course, that there is no Ministerial buffer between the people and their monarch. A blunder of Prince Bulow's is a blunder of the Kaiser, because he is the Emperor's man and not the people's man. The Imperial Chancellor may talk as much as he pleases about getting rid of " personal" rule, but he cannot so long as his own constitutional status remains unchanged. His deeds are the deeds of the Kaiser, just as in Britain the deeds of a Ministry, though nominally done in the King's name, are really the deeds of Parliament. No doubt there are merits in the system, but there is one

great demerit. If the Kaiser is at fault, the Chancellor cannot take the blame on his shoulders, for he is the Kaiser's right hand and mouthpiece.

Another important moral concerns the true attitude of the head of a constitutional monarchy. The British theory, both in law and in popular belief, is that the King can do no wrong. He may, and indeed does, exercise a great influence on politics. Readers of the *Letters of Queen Victoria* will realize how great a part she played in public affairs, overruling often the opinion of her Ministers. But her acts were those of her Ministry ; they took the responsibility and received the praise or the blame, and if any Ministers were not willing to accept this situation, their only course was resignation. Queen Victoria, with her keen sense of unwritten constitutional laws, kept always in the background, and it is not too much to say that during her lifetime only those in the inner circle of politics knew how great her influence was.

Edward VII. has played no less a part. His work in foreign policy has been brilliantly successful, and it is to him that we mainly owe the good understanding which we have to-day with some of our traditional rivals. We do not believe that the Kaiser plays in reality a greater part in German policy than King Edward in British, but he plays it *personally.* Every new departure is taken not only in his name, but with his open and active advocacy. The result is that he stands before Europe almost as an autocratic ruler, and in speaking of Germany we speak not of the Reichstag, nor even of Prince Bulow, but of the Kaiser. He takes everything upon himself, and has no Ministerial curtain behind which he can act. Hence, when things go well,

he gets all the praise. He has a reputation for ability in the world to-day beyond any other public man except President Roosevelt.* We do not say that this reputation is undeserved, but there is a chance that it may be, since the work of many Ministries appears as if it were wholly his own.

But mark what happens. If he gets all the praise for success, he also gets all the blame for a blunder. In Germany, with its stringent law of *lese-majeste,* the criticism of the monarch recently has evinced a bitterness and an" outspoken rudeness which has been unknown in this country since the days of George the Fourth and Queen Caroline. To those who believe in the merits of constitutional monarchy, this is a very dangerous state of affairs. A blunder in this " personal " type of government will bring the monarchy into dire discredit.

The lesson is not without its application to our own country. A habit has grown up of praising the King directly for certain successes of our Foreign Office. We are not concerned as to whose is the real credit; the point is that by constitutional theory it must be given to the Ministry and not to the monarch. And the reason is precisely what we have just seen happening in Germany. If the King is given credit for successes, he will also be blamed for failures. It is of the essence of our system that the King should be above criticism; and, moreover, his great power for good will be stultified and hampered unless it is exercised behind **the veil of** Ministerial responsibility.—*November* 19, 1908.

*** The elder Theodore Roosevelt, who died in 1919.**

ENTENTE OR ALLIANCE

THE British people have a natural inclination to the French, more than to any other nation in the European family. We have fought them with varying success for nearly a thousand years. The Frenchman has always been our symbolical enemy, just as the English were to the Scots five hundred years ago. He was the incarnation of all that was foreign and un-British. We told ourselves that we disliked him and all his ways, and yet, at the back of our heads, we knew that he stood nearer to us than any other neighbour. You cannot fight a people for so long without learning something about them, and having a kind of tenderness for them in the bottom of your heart.

The trouble was that for years the European situation made our interests seem at variance. Having been thoroughly scared by Napoleon I., we tended to make a bogey of Napoleon III. Occasional bickerings over outlandish corners of the globe did not help matters, and the recrudescence of French nationalism over the Dreyfus affair widened the breach. And then one fine day the statesmen of both countries looked at each other and asked what all the trouble was about.

France and Britain were made by nature to be friends. The one was a military, the other a naval Power. The colonial interests of both, now that the Egyptian business is settled, need not clash; and in Europe the

formidable commercial rival which Britain had begun to fear, was also the Power at whose feet in 1870 France had lain prostrate. Thanks to the diplomacy of King Edward, the two great Liberal Powers of Europe came to look with friendly eyes upon each other. Only one difficulty was in the way. Britain looked darkly on Russia, her great Asiatic competitor, and France was Russia's ally. But the Japanese War put an end to Russia's immediate rivalry, and the Anglo-Russian agreement of last autumn settled all outstanding questions between the Powers.

Our friendship with France stands, therefore, broad based on mutual interest. And there is something more than mere expediency in it. Each nation has a kindly feeling for its secular antagonist. Each has laughed so much at the other that it regards it as an old acquaintance. The reception of President Failures was certainly not the kind of welcome which Britain gives to the ordinary allied ruler. It was more like the greeting we give to a blood relation.

France has been deeply impressed by the reception, and quite naturally the French Press has a suggestion to make. It is that instead of an *entente* there should be an offensive and defensive alliance. The French Press is quite aware of all that this involves. They know that it means the jealous hostility of Germany. They realize the meaning of that long eastern frontier of theirs, with the hundreds of thousands of the Kaiser's soldiers kept ever ready behind it. Britain has an omnipotent navy, but what good would that navy be to France with German armies hastening over the Vosges ? We could blockade certain ports and destroy some shipping, but our little expeditionary force could

not prevent those terrible German columns from striking at the heart of France.

If there is to be an alliance, then, Britain must raise her army to a more effective plane. Our expeditionary force must approach the Continental standard. The *Temps* says that a new Triple Alliance would be formed —of Britain, France, and Russia. Each would make sacrifices; for if Britain would have to improve her land forces, France and Russia would have to increase their navies. The combination would be irresistible in Europe, and those good citizens in France and England who dream of German invasion might for the future sleep in peace.

We welcome the proposal as a token of friendliness, but it is obviously impossible. No doubt Britain has her European interests, but fortunately she is not a Continental Power. To merge herself politically with a Continental ally would be to sacrifice the advantages of her island position. It would mean the creation of an army out of all proportion to our insular or Imperial requirements—an army calculated on the probability of a European land war.

Again, even with such an army we doubt if it would be possible to be an effective ally of France in the case of a German invasion. It is one thing to have an army and to command the sea, and it is quite another to land that army at a point of strategical advantage. If we landed at a French port, the Germans might already be half-way to Paris. If we attempted to force a landing in German territory, we should be taking all the well-known risks of the invader with none of the advantages.

Further, such an alliance would compel France and

Russia to raise their navies to a standard far above the present, and this would mean not only an unnecessary and severe burden to the French and Russian taxpayer, but a menace to our own naval supremacy in the event of a dissolution of the alliance. Finally, we should strongly object to an alliance of this sort with Russia, even were there no other drawbacks.

The agitation which has been raised against the King's official visit to the Tsar seems to us as short-sighted as it is pharisaical. We need an understanding with Russia, and it is well that this understanding should be surrounded with the usual international courtesies. But it is quite another thing to ally ourselves offensively and defensively with a Power which certainly lags behind the civilization of Europe. It would be the worst of national misfortunes if Britain were to find herself compelled by an alliance to defend the Russian Government against the legitimate dissatisfaction of the Russian people. For these reasons we hold that the *entente* is the right form our friendship with France should take. It binds us to give France every support against the aggression of a neighbour, but it does not compel us to make that support take a form inconsistent with our own vital interests.—*June* 4, 1908.

RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA

THE new agreement between Russia and Great Britain is not an alliance in the ordinary sense of the word, but an understanding on certain important questions of foreign policy. We are not committed to any approval of Russia's scheme of government, still less to any general support of her conduct of home affairs.

Some of the nominal supporters of the Government are very sore about the Convention for a variety of reasons which are hard to reconcile with each other. The most important is that Britain, as a Liberal Power, should have no dealings with the stronghold of reaction. We are discouraging, they say, the Russian Liberals in their conflict with the bureaucracy ; we are strengthening the credit of the Tsar's Government in Europe; we are prejudicing our case if at any future time *it* should be necessary for Western civilization to interfere in Russian matters.

The answer to this is a simple denial. A close offensive and defensive alliance with Russia would, no doubt, be a dangerous policy for a Liberal Power. But an understanding on some points in foreign affairs commits neither party to anything beyond the terms of the agreement. That Russia is our neighbour in Asia is a fact which nothing can explain away. Our choice is not between having dealings and having no dealings with Russia, but

between coming to a friendly arrangement about frontiers and going on in a perpetual state of distrust and uneasiness. Nervousness in a State means large military preparations, which we do not suppose these Liberal critics of a Liberal Government wish to see. Militarism, we should have thought, was their pet aversion, but by their clamour against a friendly arrangement they seem to advocate a sterner means of arbitration.

Frankly we can see no logic in their plea on this score. They have a sentimental objection to Russia, and to gratify this they are prepared to neglect all serious and practical considerations. A second reason which these critics give is that the agreement treats Persia like a chattel, neglects her national character, and, in effect, divides her land between the signatories. To this it can be replied that to arrange a sphere of influence is not the same thing as to annex. Persia cannot isolate herself from the rest of the world and would not if she could. Her two powerful neighbours, from the mere fact of being her neighbours, must have relations with her, and the Convention is a means of making these relations harmonious.

The third reason of the critics is of a different kind and worthy of more attention. It is that Russia gets the better of the bargain. Now, this is a weighty objection if it is true, and it is worth while examining it carefully. But it is most inconsistent with the other objections; for if an alliance with Russia is morally wrong, then the fact that we gain little by our ill-doing does not add to our guilt.

The clauses relating to Persia draw a line across the country from Kasr-i-Shirin on the Turkish frontier to the point in the east where the Persian, Russian, and

Afghan frontiers meet. All north of that line is the Russian sphere of influence, and all south the British. Each Power undertakes not to seek or support any application for political or commercial concessions in the sphere of the other, or to oppose the activity of the other in the other's sphere. Special clauses safeguard the Customs and the other Persian funds already pledged as securities for loans, and provision is made for friendly consultation in the event of financial difficulties which may require the establishment of a Russian or British control over the revenues.

On looking at the map the first thing that occurs to one is that Russia has made a very good bargain. Her sphere contains all the richest parts of the country and all the more populous cities. The sandy flats of South Persia are a poor compensation for the gardens of Yezd and Ispahan. It is true that Russia has long had a special ascendency in Northern Persia, and the Convention recognizes a fact rather than creates a right. But if we look a little closer we see that we have not done so badly after all.

What is the nature of our main interest in Persia? Not certainly commercial, but strategical. We have no desire, as Russia has, to continue our railways and roads into the country—the nature of our frontier forbids it. What we want is to keep our frontiers secure, to prevent Russian influence reaching down through Seistan and Persian Baluchistan, and so turning the flank of our Indian defence. For a long time Seistan has been the chief anxiety of Indian statesmen. It is no longer so. Under the Convention Russia contracts to make no attempts to push her influence in that direction.

If we look, again, at the western end of our sphere

of influence we find Bender Abbas on the Persian Gulf. So far as the Persian shore is concerned, then, the Gulf is in the British sphere. No other Power, said Lord Lansdowne, will be allowed to establish a naval base or a fortified port there, and the present Foreign Secretary has accepted the creed. India is therefore relieved of one of her chief anxieties. Her north-western defence cannot be turned by Russia either by sea from a base on the Persian Gulf, or by land by a military railway through Seistan. This is no small advantage, and moreover it is precisely the advantage we set out to seek. In Persia, at any rate, we cannot feel that Britain has made a bad bargain.

The clauses dealing with Afghanistan are excellent. Russia undertakes to negotiate with the Amir only through the medium of Britain, and we agree to preserve the political *status quo,* to refrain from interfering in the internal affairs of the country, and to use every effort to keep the Afghans at peace with their northern neighbours. Afghanistan is to be a second Tibet, shut to all the world but ourselves. The Tibetan clauses do not seem to us so satisfactory, but we readily grant that Sir Edward Grey, with the deplorable treaty of 1904 and the Anglo-Chinese Convention of 1906 behind him, had no power to order matters differently. We recognize the suzerainty of China over the country, and we close it politically and commercially against ourselves and everybody else.

Our exiguous rights under the 1904 treaty of course remain, but we repeat the whole of the self-denying ordinance under which we forbid our resident at Gyangste to go to Lhasa though invited by the Lhasa authorities, and undertake to restore the Chumbi valley to **the**

Tibetans if the instalment of the indemnity is duly paid. It is a pity that this absurd undertaking was not revised in a friendly spirit, for the Chumbi valley is geographically and historically part of our Indian dominions. It is the route to Gyangtse, and if the road is to be kept open for trade it is essential that we should control it at its most important point. If we lose it, then the sole result of the Tibetan expedition is gone, for an agent at Gyangtse is useless without the trade route. It is quite arguable that we should never have gone near Tibet at all, but it is not arguable that, having gone, we should sacrifice the hardly won fruits.—*October* 3, 1907.

THE FUTURE IN THE FAR EAST

WE do not hear so much of the Far Eastern question to-day, at least so far as concerns Britain. The whole matter is assumed to be in charge of Japan, who, as our ally, may be trusted to look after our interests. But, though Russia has for the moment ceased from troubling, our interests there are not less important, and the whole question of the future is not less difficult.

In China we are by far the greatest commercial power, America and Germany following at some distance. Moreover, in the Malay Peninsula, in Burma, in India, and in Australasia we own great territories which must be seriously affected by any development in the China Seas. There is a singular solidarity in the East, so that, as in a pool of water, a splash anywhere makes ripples which extend to the remotest corners. Just at present there is complete formal tranquillity. Britain and Japan are allies, and both have a working agreement with France, who in turn has an alliance with Russia. Such a general *entente* assures us that so far as Europe is concerned international relations will be maintained with the minimum of friction.

But what of the Far East itself—of China, of that new Japan which is growing so rapidly behind the mask of silence which its rulers have worn since the war? That is the real question on which the future depends. A book has been published called *The Unveiled East,* which throws some light on the future. Its author,

Mr. F. A. M'Kenzie, was a war correspondent in the Russo-Japanese war, and since then he has lived and travelled extensively in the Far East. His main thesis is very simple—namely, that the growth of Japan must be at the expense of British power. His account of the present condition of the islands must startle those who had regarded them as idyllic paradises. Many of the most beautiful tracts are turning into a second Black Country.

Japan is making every effort to become wealthy. The Government is subsidizing new industries, railways, and shipping lines ; members of the Imperial family and of the old nobility are engaging in trade, and an immense tariff wall has been built against foreign goods. Even the Japanese Christians are beginning to clamour for the departure of foreign missionaries, that they may run their churches themselves. There are no factory laws, so children from eight years upwards labour at the works. Of the great industrial purpose of Japan there can be no doubt, but she does not confine herself to internal development. Her population is growing beyond her limits, and she must have more room. So she sends emigrants to the United States, to Canada, to Hawaii, and elsewhere, and these emigrants never lose their nationality, but can always be recalled by the Mikado in time of need.

Japan went into Korea originally as adviser and protector of the Korean Emperor ; now, according to Mr. M'Kenzie, she has virtually annexed the land, filled all the best posts with her people, and excluded other foreign trade to the best of her ability. She is pursuing the same rigorously protective policy in Manchuria, and her pre-war boast that she fought for " the open market

in the Far East " has been completely forgotten. British traders find themselves handicapped and mulcted as they never were in Russian days.

But China is her chief hunting-ground. She wishes to be the Power to exploit that vast country, and she is doing her best by means of anti-European crusades and a thousand ingenious trade devices to capture the Chinese market. Of course she is our ally and makes constant public profession of friendship ; but, according to Mr. M'Kenzie, her aim is to oust all other Powers from the Far East. This would not matter so much if Japanese methods, according to the same authority, were not as bad as those which they replace. Korea, he says, is corruptly as well as inefficiently governed, and the old suspicion of the Japanese merchant in the China seas is rapidly being converted into a very real suspicion of the Japanese nation.

This is a very serious indictment. Some of it must be true, and it is far from improbable that Japan in her race for wealth should regard Britain as her chief antagonist. But there is another side to the question. If Japan has awakened, China is also stirring in her sleep. An army of 60,000 men has been created, trained on the most scientific principles, and there are hundreds of industrial schemes afoot, many of these perfectly reasonable and practicable. And the cause of all this activity is Japan—not so much admiration as fear. Japan may desire to exploit China, but China has no wish to be exploited by her too zealous neighbour. She wishes to do her own exploiting, and who can blame her?

The whole problem is still in the realm of conjecture. Japan has not yet clearly shown her hand; and China

has not given final evidence of any power of self-reform. But it seems likely that the future of the Far East will be worked out by the Far East herself on her own lines. No European Power, as once seemed likely, is going to establish a great colony in the China Seas. East is still East, and West is West, and the two are as far as ever from meeting. On the whole, perhaps it is well.

We would far rather see a China developing her own civilization than an Anglified, Germanized, or Americanized China. And we would rather see a Chinese China too than a Japanese China. Our alliance with the Mikado should not blind us to the probability—inherent in all alliances—that Japanese and British interests may soon conflict, and that it may be necessary to stand firmly on certain principles. Equal rights in Manchuria and Korea is certainly one of these. For the rest, while safeguarding the interests of our " nationals " in China, we should show ourselves friendly to all real self-development. China needs a friend, and will be able to make a good return for any friendliness.—*July 11*, 1907.

CHINA AND HER PROSPECTS

THE oldest of the world's empires has been in a transition stage for half a century, ever since the allied forces of France and Britain first disturbed the seclusion of the Imperial City. China, though the pioneer in some of our chief modern inventions, deliberately preferred to remain old-fashioned. She had been great for so long that she had no desire to struggle for supremacy like some *parvenu* Power.

The kingdom of Kublai Khan had no need to assert herself. She sought no increase of territory, having already within her borders a quarter of the population of the globe. Her arts and crafts more than sufficed for her needs. She had a code of moral philosophy certainly as elevated as anything that the West could teach her. Having no need to " hustle," was it to be wondered at that she should regard " hustling " with profound dislike ? The West, when it first presented itself to her amazed eyes, seemed to be made up of nations which did not know how to live happily or justly. China did not want our civilization, moral or material; she was quite contented with her own.

But the advent of Europe in the Far East was like the advent of doubt in a man's soul: the impression could be neglected, but not effaced. Every year saw more and more Westerners on her coast. Her commerce

was exploited by Europe ; she quarrelled with the strangers, and had to pay heavy indemnities ; and, finally, she had to face their settlement under treaty rights which took them out of her authority. All this was humiliating for an old and proud people, and at first the right and natural attitude of a Chinese patriot towards the foreigner was one of fierce antagonism to the " foreign devils."

Slowly, however, the thinking Chinese began to see that the West had something to teach them. These men, who led such a hustled unhappy life, knew how to govern justly and efficiently. They might break every maxim of the moral law at times, but the gross result of their efforts was on the side of righteousness. In any case the past was gone. The old days of seclusion could never be restored with the steamships of Europe and America on every sea. Some Chinese thinkers accepted the inevitable. They looked more closely into Western civilization, and saw there principles in no way inconsistent with the teaching of Confucius. They looked at their own political and social systems, and saw in the one little but red-tape combined with corruption, and in the other ranks and castes based upon arbitrary and valueless distinctions. Is it to be wondered at that they longed for something more reasonable and efficient ? The work of Sir Robert Hart in the Chinese Customs taught them that Western methods of administration were not only speedier but more lucrative to the Exchequer.

Gradually there grew up in many classes a desire for Western knowledge, and this was followed by travel and study abroad to secure it. We need not recapitulate the history of the Chinese reform movement. It suffered

many set-backs. The *coup d'etat* of 1898 drove the chief reformers abroad, and shut up the Emperor as a prisoner in his own palace. But 1900 saw the flight in turn of the Empress-Dowager, and after that reform was officially tolerated. Now we have seen the last touch put to the work of official recognition. The great Viceroys have for the past five years been hammering an army into shape with the consent both of the Court and of the people. An education edict has turned many of the village temples into schools. The fount of reaction, the Empress-Dowager, showed herself a magnificent opportunist, and towards the close of her life became a moderate reformer. The valedictory addresses of both the Empress-Dowager and the Emperor urged progress upon their successors, and proposed a constitution when the nation was ripe for it.

It may be taken, then, that the next few years will see a great change in China. For one thing, she is setting her defences in order, and the Chinese, properly drilled and equipped, make by universal consent the finest soldiers in the world. The wheel of national education has been set moving, and cannot be stopped. We do not believe that China will show anything of the precocity and speed of Japan in adopting Western civilization. She is too old, too large, too little homogeneous. She has no feudal class who can take their place as the accepted leaders of the nation.

Moreover, at heart China cherishes an intense conservatism. Whatever China accepts from the West she will insist on translating into her own forms of thought. Her progress will therefore be slow, but we do not think that this is a disadvantage. Change which is slow, and .which is tacked on to a traditional culture, is more likely

to be lasting. For after all China has something to teach the world. She is in no haste to adopt Western learning unless she can colour it with those moral doctrines which have played so large a part in her ancestral education. If she can, in Emerson's words, " fuse the past into the future," with her vast territory and population and wealth, she may yet play a leading part in Asiatic politics.

The man of destiny is the Viceroy of Pe-chih-li, Yuan Shih-kai. He is a Chinese, not a Manchu, and therefore peculiarly acceptable to by far the larger part of the Middle Kingdom. He is the foremost Chinese soldier and military reformer—a Von Roon as well as a Moltke. During the Russo-Japanese struggle, the presence of his army on the Manchurian border did much to limit the area of war. Since then he has created Chinese cavalry and Chinese artillery; he has revolutionized the ordnance department; and the annual manoeuvres seem, from the reports of European soldiers, to show an army advancing rapidly to a high point of efficiency. But he is more than a soldier. His statesmanship has made itself felt in all departments, and his ambition is said to be to perfect a national system of education, and to organize Chinese industry so that it can compete in the markets of the world. With the land prepared for change, and a reforming Government, we may look to see a new China emerge in our lifetime.—*November* 26, 1908.

THE BALKANS AND GERMAN POLICY

ABOUT every quarter of a century there comes a stirring of the European waters. No one can estimate the cause accurately ; all that we can see is the result in a general restlessness which takes shape in a variety of crises. The present condition of the Continent looks as if one of these periodic stirrings had arrived. Within the past four weeks certain events have raised acute questions with every one of the Great Powers. Happily for this country there is only one matter in which she is actively concerned, and that is extra-European.

The situation in Persia shows no signs of betterment. The Shah, having paid no attention to the Joint-Note from Great Britain and Russia, has now capped his exploits by taking part in a demonstration of the Reactionaries, and promising a rescript abolishing the Constitution. This is a serious defiance of two Great Powers, and will be speedily resented. We do not share the view of some critics who object greatly to the Persian clauses of the Anglo-Russian agreement, and see in Russia the foe of Persian constitutionalism. The Persian Liberals are a very mixed multitude, and in their quarrel with the Shah they have no monopoly of justice. At the same time we cannot allow Persia to slip back into that despotism, tempered by anarchy, which was her former

state. The Persian question, at any rate, is one which can be isolated from the other problems which are perplexing the Foreign Offices of the world.

The Balkan situation is no better, but happily it is no worse, and time is on the side of those who seek a pacific settlement. Turkey has so far succeeded in preventing any mutiny in her army or serious reaction against the new regime. With admirable self-restraint she has refrained under great provocation from any act of war. Bulgaria has also behaved discreetly. The danger posts still are Servia and Austria—the first because there seems no power in Belgrade capable of preventing a sudden national outburst; and the latter because, having set the mischief moving, she seems to have no clear policy as to the future.

Austria still refuses to enter a conference where the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina shall be reviewed. Obviously it would be impossible for Turkey to enter a conference which had not the power of such a review. Russia, also, who is the traditional protector of the Slav race in Servia, Montenegro, and Bosnia, could never accept Austria's suggestion. The result is for the present a deadlock.

Austria has adopted a new and ingenious defence of the annexation which deserves to be quoted. She had profound sympathies with the Liberal movement in Turkey, she says, and desired to grant a Constitution to those Balkan States which she administered. Now Turkey could not give a Parliament to Bosnia, because she had no say in the country ; and Austria could not, because the country was not an actual part of her realm. Consequently, before the unspeakable blessings of a Constitution could be given to Bosnia and Herzegovina,

it was necessary to " aggregate " them to Austria—that is, to annex them. This is a little too ingenious, but it shows at any rate that Austria is seeking for grounds of defence, and is less inclined to her former defiance.

But the Balkan question must wait upon the much more serious situation which has just arisen in Western Europe. The Kaiser's interview has brought a hornets[1] nest about his ears. What he really meant it is difficult to say, but we do not believe that he had any far-sighted plan of embroiling Britain with France and Russia. The fact that another interview of the same type, which has been suppressed, was ready for publication in an American magazine, seems to show that the act was one of unconsidered advertisement, a bid for popularity by a short cut.

The German people have taken deep offence, the Reichstag has assembled in an ugly temper, and Prince Bulow, after offering his resignation, looked round for something wherewith to distract German attention. He found this something in the miserable squabble about the arrest of the German deserters at Casablanca. It is impossible not to believe that this was the motive of the strange demand made to the French Government. Of these deserters it now appears that only one, or two at the most, were Germans ; the others were Russian and Austrian, and these countries have seen no cause to interfere. Moreover, the consular agent bore apparently no mark of his office, and when he declared his position the French soldiers at once desisted. In spite of these facts, France accepted the German suggestion of arbitration, though the question of international law to be arbitrated on seems to us capable of only one answer by any military power.

Now France is peremptorily summoned to apologize in advance before the court meets. To such a demand no self-respecting Power could submit, and France politely but resolutely declines to do anything of the kind. In this decision we believe that she will be supported, not only by Britain, but by all sober-minded Germans. To judge from the criticism in the German Press, the Chauvinism of the Imperial Chancellor has met with very little response. The case is really too thin.

But one result it has had, which is most unfavourable to Germany. It has caused her policy to be suspected in every European capital. M. Isvolsky is said to be losing ground in Russia because of his assumed German sympathies. M. Delcasse, who was the scapegoat of the Moroccan trouble with Germany, has become the popular hero in France. Clear-thinking people in Germany must be asking themselves what is gained by stirring up such antagonism.

German foreign policy has always been credited with Bismarckian foresight and subtlety. Prince Billow's performances incline one to ask whether all this is not a mistake, whether after all the Wilhelmstrasse is not as blundering as the rest of us. We cannot believe that Germany will persist in her demand. When she drops it, we fancy that the whole incident may exercise a salutary influence upon Austria. Baron von Aehrenthal may begin to realize that there are powerful elements in Europe which will not tolerate a policy of bluster.—*November* 12, 1908.

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION AND ITS DEFECTS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S message to Congress is a good peg on which to hang a few comments on the present situation in the United States. The President has now reduced his policy to a simple fighting-cry, as is right on the approach of an election. That cry is war to the knife against the conscienceless and unpatriotic rich man. The style of the message is bellicose in the extreme. There is no attempt to conciliate the hated thing, and the description of one type of multi-millionaire, " whose daughter is a foreign princess and whose son is half-witted," has too much truth not to be hotly resented. We are well aware that President Roosevelt's manner is open to criticism, but we think that the defects are counterbalanced by the merits.

America is not a country where the still small voice gets much of an audience. It has an exuberant tradition of political oratory, and a thing is not believed, indeed is scarcely noticed, unless it is considerably overstated. Besides it is a vast country with eighty millions of people, and the President is only one man. In an open-air meeting a speaker must shout if he is to be heard, and he must make what he has to say very simple and elementary if it is to have any effect.

American politics, from the Presidential point of view, are very like an open-air meeting. The President who would influence them must put his views crudely and

simply, and he must repeat them again and again at the top of his voice. It is perfectly true that there is much to be said on both sides of the present question. But the President and most thinking men in the States have convinced themselves that the balance of right is on one side, and they are wise to proclaim this and neglect all other considerations. You will never reform an abuse if you are academically sensitive to all that is to be said in favour of it.

President Roosevelt's policy has been accepted by both parties. The Democrats declare that the Republicans have stolen their clothes. The Republicans, a little unwillingly, find themselves advocating a policy which is disliked by their richest supporters, and which five years ago would have been hooted from any Republican platform. It is a great triumph for the single-hearted man who knows what he wants. An iron rule of etiquette will not permit him to stand again, and the only question before the American people is as to who is the best exponent of his policy.

On the Democratic side Mr. Bryan will almost certainly be the candidate at the coming election. Unfortunately he has complicated his case by some very confused economic reasoning, and very many citizens who hate the Trusts are deeply suspicious of Mr. Bryan's reasons for attacking them, and apprehensive of what he might advocate in their place. If reform is to come about in America, which is one of the most conservative countries in the world, it will probably be through those who represent the more conservative tradition.

The possible Republican nominees are numerous, but Mr. Taft stands out clearly as the most likely. For one

thing he has long been Mr. Roosevelt's most trusted lieutenant. He represents not only the Roosevelt policy, but the Roosevelt temperament. For another thing he is the kind of statesman whom the ordinary man trusts. He has never been a keen party man, and he has shown himself remarkably efficient in a dozen varied activities. He has been the " emergency man " of American politics, and whenever a difficult situation arose—in the Philippines, in Cuba, in Japan—it was Mr. Taft who arranged matters successfully without any fuss. He is not a great platform personality, but he is looked upon as a mighty man of action—a kind of American Lloyd-George, without the British statesman's trait of losing on a popular platform the reputation for wisdom which he had gained among practical men round the council board.

Whoever is elected, the campaign against the Trusts will be carried on. But so far as we can see there is no hope of success in such a campaign unless an attack is first made upon the Constitution. The great problems of America to-day are how to limit the power of wealth, so that it does not endanger national prosperity; how to meet the reasonable demands of labour, and at the same time control its caprices ; and, lastly, how to deal as a nation with foreign countries without the danger of having a foreign policy upset by the freaks of this or that individual State.

But all these questions resolve themselves into one —how to amend the Constitution. A Constitution created in 1787 ties the hands of any reforming statesman. A law which infringes its principles—principles, remember, laid down for an America as different as Holland is from the America of to-day—will be con-

demned by the courts as illegal. Every one remembers what happened in the case of the national income-tax. The same thing happens almost daily with regard to laws to restrict the hours of labour in certain industries, and to make compulsory certain improvements.

The famous fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution reads : "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." Lately a New York labour law, which provided for certain sanitary precautions and a limitation of hours of labour in the baking industry, was declared void by the Supreme Court because it conflicted with this fourteenth Amendment. We agree with Mr. Justice Holmes that the effect of the Amendment is to " enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics"*

So long as the Constitution stands in its present form, we do not see either how the Trusts are to be adequately controlled, or labour questions to be properly dealt with, or foreign affairs to be efficiently administered. It is the Constitution which gives to the States those rights against the Nation which enables the Trusts to defeat the Federal Government by a number of ingenious legal devices. It is the Constitution which allows California to come very near embroiling the nation in a quarrel with Japan.

We should like to see American reformers of all parties concentrate in a frontal attack upon the Constitution. The demand should be a simple one—some machinery for making it easier to carry amendments. It is a policy which ought to unite all serious citizens, for its only opponents would be those interests to which the present antiquated machinery gives the chance of doing wrong without penalty.—*May* 7, 1908.

THE "HANDY MAN" OF AMERICAN POLITICS

THERE is always a feeling of relief when the American Presidential Election is over. The American people are commonly accused of not taking their politics sufficiently seriously. Their cleverest men, it is said, fight shy of civic duties, and leave the conduct of government to a small and unconsidered class. This may once have been true, but the fashion is certainly changing, for quite a number of recent recruits to the public service have been remarkable for their ability and their disinterestedness. But this apathy, even if it exists, is flung off on the occasion of the election of the Chief Magistrate. For several days business is suspended altogether. The whole people think of nothing but the candidates and their chances. The great business man who affects to despise politics is as excited as any party agent, for he knows that the markets of the world are waiting upon the result.

The recent election has been less electric than some in the past, for though Mr. Bryan had a sporting chance, the probabilities were against him from the first. Further, Mr. Bryan has shed much of the fervour of his youth, and no longer wants to upset the currency and cast off the non-American possessions of his country. But any contest from a dog-fight upwards will create partisanship, and the burly personalities of both candidates made excellent figure-heads for their respective parties.

The new President has for some years been the " handy man " of American politics. A distinguished lawyer at thirty, Mr. Taft has been ever since at the call of the State as Cabinet Minister, administrator, or peripatetic diplomatist. Such a career argues an adaptability, a mental *elan,* and a power of dealing with men which bode well for the success of his presidency. He succeeds to the Roosevelt tradition, and definitely offers himself as the Elisha who is to wear Elijah's mantle. Mr. Roosevelt has taken part in his election in a way which may not be unconstitutional but is certainly unprecedented, and the justification is that he has been fighting, not for a party, but for a creed. This is in itself a great achievement; but Mr. Roosevelt has done more, for he has so stamped his creed upon the minds of his countrymen that the other party found it necessary to accept it also.

For the first time in their history the Republicans and the Democrats stood for a radical policy of social reform. Both had declared war against the great financial interests which were tyrannizing over the poor and corrupting the morals of all classes. Anti-Rockefeller was the true description of both creeds. In these circumstances the contest had to be determined, not by the ends in view—for these were identical—but by the methods proposed to reach them, and by the personality of the man who was to apply these methods. The Republicans stood for sane and constitutional methods, for reform which should not be revolution, for political surgery which should not weaken overmuch the body politic. America, having just emerged from a financial crisis, had no desire to be plunged into another, and naturally preferred the policy which was the less revolutionary of the two.

Moreover, Mr. Bryan's past was a heavy handicap. People remembered him as the demagogue who had forced his nomination on his party by a speech full of wild rhetoric and economic heresies. His creed in these days was not so much that of the Democrats as of himself—Bryanism rather than democracy. Since then he has purged himself of his heresies, but he cannot undo the impression he once created. He no longer speaks about " free silver," but every one remembers that he once did. Assuming that both parties had the same general policy, Mr. Bryan was the worst candidate to set up against Mr. Taft. His power lies in oratory, but America at this moment has no need of an orator. They want a sober business man, with a hard head, a stiff back, and a genial disposition ; and we are bound to say that in Mr. Taft they seem to have found precisely what they needed.

Far more significant than the new President's election was the return of Mr. Hughes by a large majority as Governor of New York. This post carries with it as ample opportunities for practical reform as the Presidency itself. Mr. Hughes is the most fearless and upright man in American public life. He has fought Tammany and the Trusts, the saloon and the gambling hell, with a success which formerly would have been pronounced incredible. He had against him not only the Democrats but a large section of Republicans, and there were stories of blocks of Democratic votes for the Presidency being traded in return for Republican support against Mr. Hughes. That in spite of all these machinations he has been triumphantly elected speaks well for the growth of the sense of political honour.—*November* 12, 1908.

MOROCCO AND THE BELGIAN CONGO

" VENTS abroad recently have far surpassed in interest events at home. In at least three countries we have seen occurrences which have profoundly changed their status. We have seen Turkey change in a day or two from an Oriental to an Occidental State, and the Macedonian question and the whole complex diplomatic structure which the Powers of Europe have erected in connection with it swept out of existence. Few political changes are really overwhelming, and in a little we may look to see revivals of certain familiar features in the Turkish Empire, but for the moment it looks one of the most radical revolutions in history. It seems to be law that when one remarkable event happens others follow in quick succession. Old problems which have long been simmering suddenly reach their crises.

Two of the long-standing European questions have been the state of Morocco and the attitude of Belgium towards the Congo State. Within a few days of each other these come to a head. Belgium annexes the Congo, and Morocco at last finds a monarch.

The Moroccan affair is a good example of how in our modern world of special correspondents and telegraphs everybody may go wildly wrong. One day we were **told that** Abdul Aziz was marching on Marakesh, that

the Hafidian army was melting away, and that the career of the Pretender was over. Next day we learned that Sultan Abdul was a fugitive in French territory, and that Mulai Hafid had been welcomed as Sultan by every city in Morocco. The papers, of course, talked about the result as "inevitable." It may have been inevitable, but it was certainly unforeseen. Even the French Press, which should have been better informed, erred as wildly as the rest.

The result is probably good, on the whole, for the cause of European peace. It is not very important what monarch Morocco has, provided she has one who is accepted by the whole country. For months Mulai Hafid has been the *de jure* ruler according to Moorish law, for his claims were recognized by the Ulema at Fez. By superior resource and quickness he has now made himself also the *de facto* ruler. His power originally came from his advocacy of a nationalist and anti-European policy, and his chief following at first was among the wild tribes in the south. But as his campaign advanced he became more moderate in his propaganda. He declared his adherence to the Algeciras Agreement, and his willingness to recognize all foreign rights. Especially he made use of Abdul Aziz's former Minister of War, El Menebhi, the most respected of Moroccan statesmen, who has made it his business both to reassure the Powers as to Hafidian policy, and to check any attempt at a *jehad* on the part of the wilder tribesmen.

So far the Moroccan revolution has been well managed. It is of the first importance that the country should have a strong ruler, and Mulai Hafid is clearly more of a man than his predecessor. France has played a very wise part in the troubles of the past year. She declined to

interfere between the rival Sultans, declaring that her business was not to make kings, but to work with the king whom Morocco chose. She is now free to recognize Mulai Hafid, and whatever his creed it is something to deal with a man who knows his own mind.

The other event—the voting of the Treaty of Annexation by the Belgian Chamber—has been long expected, in spite of the vigorous opposition of the Socialist party. The recent publication of Sir Harry Johnston's life of George Grenfell, the Congo missionary, casts an interesting light on what are the real sources of misgovernment in King Leopold's territory. At first Grenfell was a strong supporter of the King, and was one of his boundary commissioners. The disillusionment which came later was therefore specially bitter to him. The evils which he diagnosed as at the root of the whole mischief were, first, that the right of the natives to the use of land was not recognized; second, that taxes were farmed out to commissioners, and were exacted from the natives in the shape of labour ; third, that there was no real central supervision of district officers ; and fourth, that vast tracts were put into the hands of private concessionaires, and so removed from any public control.

How far does the new treaty remedy these evils ? At any rate it provides the machinery. It puts the ultimate control of the whole Congo State—including King Leopold's so-called " private " domain—into the hands of the Belgian Parliament. The acts of the administration will therefore be subject to public discussion, and the accounts will be audited and published. This is much, and we have every confidence in the honest intentions of the Belgian nation.

At the same time, since the Congo State is an international creation, any change in its status must be ratified by those who were parties to the Berlin Act, and the Powers have a right to ask for certain definite pledges. The demands of Britain have been already indicated. We ask for the abolition of the system of forced labour in lieu of taxation, a recognition of the right of the natives to their land, and the abolition of those commercial concessions which made the free trade for all nations promised by the Berlin Act a farce. Before we can finally accept the decision of the Belgian Parliament, we must receive some assurance on these points.—*September* 3, 1908.

IV

SOCIALISM AND INDUSTRY

THE TRUE DANGER OF SOCIALISM

LORD HALDANE once remarked that Socialism filled him with apprehension, but not of the kind which most people seemed to feel. What he really feared was that " the nervous, cautious, timid temperament of our nation might take fright, and that, in the alarm, there would be returned [to Parliament] a good many people who might be considered safe, and who might be relied upon to do as little as possible."

The danger, of course, of all extreme doctrines is that they provoke sooner or later an extreme reaction. The swing of the pendulum too far to one side is followed, as surely as night follows day, by an undue inclination to the other. The extreme discipline of Puritanism was succeeded by the licence of the Restoration. The unwise coercion and ill-balanced fervour of the Scottish Kirk in the seventeenth century were followed by the long lack-lustre rule of the Moderates. Rousseau was the spiritual father of Metternich, though neither would have acknowledged the link. Jingoism produces little Englandism and vice versa; the excesses of Manchester individualism gave birth to Collectivism. The list of parallels is endless, but in spite of them the law of reaction in human affairs is constantly forgotten.

Lord Haldane did well to point out the danger which is involved in the present Socialist propaganda. The national temperament is the first fact in politics which

must be estimated for, and our national temperament is very clearly defined. It is in love with decent progress, and its direction to its leaders might be put in the words of Lord Morley—" Be reformers, but be slow reformers/'

For remember how the average man, who ultimately rules the country, looks at things. He has, as a rule, no special political creed. He has never troubled himself to think out the type of commonwealth which he prefers. His convictions are mainly negative, for during the past quarter of a century we should be puzzled to name any views which could be fairly attributed to the people of Britain, except, "We will not have Irish Home Rule," and, " We will not have Protection in any form," He has a number of little reforms which he should like to see effected, and he vaguely wants to live under better conditions. But he does not intend to upset present conditions by any violent measures, for he is desperately afraid of losing what he has. He wants to see his way quite clearly before he changes, and he wants to change by degrees. He likes to feel that he is progressing, but woe betide the man who hurries him too fast. As a rule no positive measure will rouse him to a keen interest in politics, but if he is once frightened he will go in his might to the polls to defend the *status quo.*

This vast conservative majority—we use the word in no party sense, for it often votes Liberal—is a very dangerous sleeping dog to arouse. If a reformer can carry it with him, it is invaluable, for it will give eternal security to his reforms. But we do not believe that all the tongues of men and angels will secure its assent to a policy of adventure.

This is a fact which cannot be blinked, and it is the

business of Liberals to take it into account. There is a vast amount which wants setting right in the body politic. We who dissent from the general Socialist ideal are very ready to join in many of their aims. We desire to see a reform of our land system, a reform of our whole system of taxation, a different and more scientific spirit in education, a co-operative spirit in all industries, and stringent rights of supervision vested in the State. Above all, we desire a policy of genuine social reform which shall work an organic change in the plague-spots of our cities.

We want, as much as any Socialist can want, the needs and interests of the State made supreme, as against any class or individual prerogatives and monopolies. We say in effect to all that the business of any Government is to cherish the well-being of the commonwealth—of the whole nation, and not of this or that part. We seek this end by putting the forces of the State into action, so that while they will ameliorate the condition of each worker, they will not deprive him of his independence. We recognize that society is a complex thing, which cannot be unduly simplified without disaster. On the contrary, we conceive of it as an organism which allows of wide differences in function and structure among the parts. We do not believe that the proper way to help the barefoot is to give everybody one boot apiece and forbid any one to have two.

There is nothing sound and fruitful in Socialism which is not in Liberalism ; but the one is a practicable and reasonable policy, and the other is a doctrinaire's dream. But now comes the danger. If the dream scares the average voter, he may be inclined to jib at the policy.

" You are both adventurers! " he may cry. " Give me somebody who is safe." And in this panic-stricken search for safety he may confide his interests to representatives who scout those very needs which in his soberer moments he gladly admits.

This is a great and undeniable danger. The success of Socialism is the surest way to endow reaction in this country for a generation. If its votaries once get the average man thoroughly scared, they will stave off indefinitely every feasible reform. In such a crisis what is the duty of Liberalism ? Not certainly " to play for safety," by emasculating its social programme. Still less to curry favour with the enemy by doing lip-service to Socialist dogmas which are utterly at variance with Liberal tradition. The courageous and consistent course is always the wisest.

We must not abate one jot of our demands for reform. We must oppose to ill-considered and violent measures a policy of radical but rational change. We offer to all who are awake to the needs of the nation an alternative policy—the only alternative. Let us be very certain that our schemes are based on thought and experience, and not on tactical necessities; and then, having this certainty, let us show ourselves as full of faith and energy as any Socialist propagandist. If we fail, we fail honourably, and for such failures there comes always a day of recompense.—*November* 7, 1907.

SOCIALISM, NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL

THE International Socialist Congress which has just concluded its sittings at Stuttgart has not been less doctrinaire and rhapsodical than such gatherings are wont to be. The resolutions carried have been as unpractical as those which in the past we have seen at Amsterdam and Zurich. But in the debates themselves there was a difference. A new spirit was at work, which, though still unable to influence resolutions, yet very really changed the tone of the discussions. We might call it Nationalist Socialism.

The old disciple of Marx regarded frontiers as a device of capitalism, and patriotism as the last word in surrender, He thought of the world as a pure abstraction, in which economic forces were the only power. By eliminating all other human interests he managed to construct a very simple creed. Such simplicity gave it a certain strength as an instrument of conviction, but made it futile as an instrument of practice. Socialism was *taught,* and made converts, like Theosophy and Christian Science, but it *did* nothing.

The newer school shows signs of a different spirit. They are very chary about absolute Marxian dogmas. Their creed is rather what the French call *etatisme*—that is, the enlarging of the State's prerogative—than the mere blank abolition of capitalism. Those who take

this view must be nationalists of a kind, for if you set much store by State power, you must have a State to make powerful, in the regrettable absence of a federation of mankind. Hence we have the radical distinction between nationalists and internationalists among modern Socialists.

The internationalist detests nationality and patriotism, and anything which differentiates one section of mankind from another. He would secure the immediate abolition of war by making every soldier and sailor desert. He has a creed which does not permit him to be an opportunist. All or nothing is his motto, and so far he has had to be content with the latter. The nationalist may hold the same economic doctrine, but he holds it with a difference. He wants to abolish capitalism, but he also wants nations to continue. His internationalism is confined to a praiseworthy desire for peace and goodwill among the nations. He is content to take reforms piecemeal, and to work with any party that can assist his aims.

This attitude is familiar enough to us in Britain as that of Fabianism ; but the Fabians are not an active people, and these national Socialists are very practical politicians. They are the men who have had some experience of affairs, and as a rule have seats in Parliament. Such are Bebel and Bernstein in Germany, Jaures in France, Vandervelde and Troelstra in Holland. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is another of the same type. A good specimen of the internationalists is M. Herve of Paris, who preached the old doctrine of the duty of soldiers to revolt. Another is Mr. Harry Quelch, whose scurrility secured him the " martyrdom " of expulsion from Wiirtemberg.

We differ *in toto* from the economic doctrine which is the basis of Socialism as a creed, though we believe that Socialism may be an excellent method. We do not believe that capitalism can or should be abolished, though we believe that its evil results can and should be checked. We do not desire to see the State a gigantic industrial monopolist, though we think that many things might reasonably be State monopolies.

However, we readily admit that absolute Socialism is an intelligible creed held by many men who are well entitled to be heard. If it is combined with nationalism, then it may be left to take its chance with other political creeds. The Socialist who wishes to see his country great and secure, and believes that Socialism is the best way to achieve this end, is a good citizen in intention, though he may be mistaken in method. As soon as he descends from the plateaux of transcendental economics and begins to ask himself what practical steps he must take to realize his ideal, then his ideal stands a chance of alteration. Confronted with the world of positive facts, it is bound to change.

A striking instance of this phenomenon occurred at Stuttgart. The old-fashioned Socialist condemned all colonial policy as " capitalist exploitation." The Congress, so far from condemning, attempted a resolution in defence ; and though this was defeated by the non-colonial States, it was resolved that " the natural riches of the world belong to the whole of humanity." We may differ about the truth of the statement, but it is surely the most far-reaching defence ever made for the exploitation of new lands and savage peoples.—*September* 5, 1907.

SURRENDER OF THE LABOUR PARTY

IT is easy to make too much of the socialistic resolution passed at the Conference of the Labour Party at Hull. For one thing, the method of voting makes any vote look more formidable than it is. 514,000 to 469,000 looks a great deal, but all that it means is that a few hundred delegates voted one way and a slightly smaller number the other. It is as absurd to imagine that a majority of the working-men of Britain are in favour of Socialism, as to argue that in a snap vote in the House of Commons the feeling of the nation is clearly and finally indicated.

The vote would only be a danger signal if the Socialist delegates were leaders of accepted ability. As a matter of fact, labour has so far thrown up nobody of political genius; it has thrown up scarcely anybody of even second-class political talent. Nobody quite knows what he wants. They lay down in magniloquent words the first principles of doctrinaire Socialism, but most of them would be very puzzled to explain what exactly they mean. It is easy enough to sing "The Red Flag," but, so far, Socialist apologetics have been singularly feeble. When a sagacious trade unionist like Mr. Shackleton tries to recall them to common sense, it is like the voice of a grown man speaking in an assembly of crude boys.

We have no fear of Socialist propaganda in this country. Mr. Hyndman and his friends may sing paeans in the *Times* about their success, but we know very well that the rich and prosperous trade unions are not going to risk their funds in any scheme for the " socialization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange." We know the deep conservatism of the British character, which is nowhere so apparent as in the working man. We know his distrust of officials, of State interference, of any kind of bureaucratic government. We forget when we see Socialism accepted in Germany as the popular creed that Germany is less than a century freed from feudalism. There has been no chance on the Continent for the British doctrine of individualism and liberty to take root. Bureaucracy is the presupposition of all Continental policies, and the only question is whether the ultimate authority shall be the people or the Throne.

The chief objection to Socialism is that it is too idealist. It forgets to take into account the psychology of average human nature, or the natural laws of life in this imperfect world. In a higher sphere, no doubt, it might work very well, but we have first of all to get rid of our earthly infirmities. The Socialist world must be some fourth-dimension region, where the ordinary rules of political economy have no meaning. This is Socialism at its highest—a beautiful dream, but a dream nevertheless. There are a dozen other types of the creed, due to the ordinary desire of the " Have Nots " to share in the property of the " Haves." We know no pocket definition of Socialism as an ideal, for the thing is like a jelly-fish, and you can pull bits from it without, according to its advocates, touching the springs of its life.

The average Socialist when pressed in argument will give up position after position. This would mean logical defeat to the ordinary controversialist, but the Socialist is always declaring that the real point is still untouched, because it is beyond and above mundane logic. The curious thing about it all is that it is the Socialist who is the real individualist. He fixes his gaze upon certain hard cases, and is quite incapable of considering society as an organic whole. He sees a large number of men poor and unemployed, so he wants the State to find work and capital for them, not realizing that if an article is supplied and paid for which society does not want there is a direct lessening of the social wealth, and, as a consequence, an extension of unemployment.

Nationalize all the means of production, he says. Why ? Not that things may be produced more efficiently, for this in the absence of competition is manifestly impossible ; but that the inefficient may share equally with the efficient in the reward of labour. This, of course, can only mean a decline both in wealth and efficiency, and an indefinite extension of the disease which Socialism wishes to heal. The average Socialist is a humanitarian, who sees and feels for the distress around him, but has too slipshod a mind to think out any serious cure. He jumps at palliatives rather than remedies.

The Socialist wants to pension the aged poor, but to the true social reformer the real question should be how to prevent the disease—a point we are glad to see that Mr. Winston Churchill made at Birmingham when he pled for the State supervision of the industrial training and apprenticeship of the young. Twenty millions spent on such a scheme would be more economic than

ten spent on pensions, for the one is only a palliative and the other is a cure. The Socialist case, however, is logically so shaky, that it can only be taken seriously as an emotional appeal.

How is the working man going to receive this appeal ? We have no doubt about his ultimate answer. In Britain, at any rate, he has no love for State control; he much prefers his own voluntary industrial organization ; and he is very far from being inclined to maintain inefficients at his own expense. His reply will be the old reply of the Corn Law Rhymer :

" Who is the Socialist ? He who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.—
Bungler and idler and worse, he is willing
To plank down his penny and take up my shilling."

At the same time we greatly regret the position in which the matter stands to-day. To extreme Socialism, of course, the Liberal party can only make one answer, and that in Mr. Gladstone's words : " Do you mean to pay for it or not ? If you pay, it will be folly ; if you do not pay, it will be robbery." The misfortune is that the extravagances of the Graysons and Quelches will have two bad effects on the cause of social reform. They will drive a great many people into reaction against any reform—a reaction which will be zealously exploited by our political opponents. And even in the case of courageous reformers they will tend to a distrust of any method which can be labelled " Socialist."

Now, while we regard the Socialist ideal as moonshine, we think that the collectivist method may often be the best. It is solely a question of fact in each case. Certain services should be nationalized, certain municipalized,

certain retained in private hands. The State should supervise this industry in one way and that industry in another. It will be a vast pity if people are frightened away from what is often far the best way of doing a thing merely because it happens to be a collectivist way. —*January* 30, 1908.

SWEATED INDUSTRIES

THE debate on this subject in the House of Commons was in every way encouraging. It showed both parties prepared to meet a great evil by a practical remedy, and able and willing to rid themselves of *a priori* dogmas ; and it also afforded the cheering spectacle of the Imperial Parliament deliberately adopting a policy which has proved a success in a British colony. Our colonies are true " political laboratories," and we have as much to learn from them as to teach them.

What are the facts of an evil which Charles Kingsley and Thomas Hood protested against half a century ago ? In certain industries, which are too small in size or economically too unimportant to allow of trade unions among the employees, it is the custom to employ out-workers, mainly women, who work for a starvation wage. Employers in these trades are always cutting prices, and therefore they are always reducing wages. Tailoring and dressmaking are the worst offenders, and the price which the worker receives for making a shirt may be no more than three-farthings. There is no remedy at present open to the underpaid seamstress. If she stands out for higher wages, she loses her work altogether, for her employer can find plenty of poor creatures to take her place. Of late years the evil has increased owing to the alien influx into London. It is the Russian Jew who is often the worst sweater, and the most hopelessly

sweated are often his fellow countrymen and country-women.

Now, we are all against State interference in labour questions when the labourer can defend his own interests. Private organizations, like the great trade unions, are far more efficient watch-dogs than any Government board. But if the labourer is too weak to save himself, it is the business of the State to look after him. The old individualism, pushed too far, resulted in horrors of the pre-Factory Acts conditions. Valuable as individualism is, there comes a point when it is both impolitic and immoral.

The Bill which has been introduced proposes to schedule certain industries—namely, tailoring, dressmaking, and shirt-making—in which sweating is rife, and to give the Home Secretary power to add to the list. In these industries wages boards will be established, composed of representatives of the employers and the employed in equal numbers. All employees will be registered, and the board will fix a minimum wage for each class of work in each locality, both for time and for piecework. Severe penalties will be imposed for any infringement of the wage-scale, but the boards have power to allow old and feeble persons, who cannot do a full day's work, to accept less remuneration.

The scheme is that which has been found to work admirably in Victoria. It has greatly improved the position of the employees, and it is worth noting that the minimum wage has not become the maximum wage, as some feared. Nearly all the workers affected by the scheme are receiving wages in excess of the legal minimum. It is a scheme, too, which is favourable to the employer. It prevents the honest man who is prepared

to pay his workpeople a fair wage from being undersold by the sweater. As for the latter gentleman, it is not meant to protect his interests, it is designed to extinguish . them.

Sweated labour is not cheap ; it is very dear. In the alkali business the cost per ton produced is less in Britain, with an eight hours' day and high wages, than it is in any other country in the world ; and it is highest in Russia, where the wages are lowest and the hours longest. We do not wish to see wages boards made universal, but this is just the one case where they are entirely justifiable. No doubt some poor people will lose employment, but it is better that this should happen than that large numbers should be defrauded of a living wage. It is better that a hundred should cease to work for three shillings, if thereby thousands may work for five.—*February* 27, 1908.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND EMIGRATION

THE condition of Britain at present must compel the most frivolous to reflect upon the economic foundations of our society. We are face to face with something far more fundamental than the Tariff problem, something which can be found in every old country in the world, whether its fiscal policy be Free Trade or Protectionist. Supply will always outrun demand or demand outrun supply at stated intervals, and the result will be a temporary crisis. The American Civil War spoiled the cotton crop, and many Lancashire mills stood empty ; America, on the other hand, ceases to buy diamonds, and there is a slump in the South African diamond industry. But such crises are temporary and terminable, and you can put your finger at once on the reason.

A far graver evil is the unemployment which is chronic, which you cannot assign to any special cause, which always underlies our apparent years of prosperity. It has two chief features. The first is that there is a large margin of people who scarcely work at all—the casuals, the unemployable ; the second is that there is a permanent and increasing body of the respectable and industrious who spend a large part of time out of work from no fault of their own.

These two facts make up the problem, but obviously they require different treatment. The first demands semi-penal provisions. Society must be rid of an element

which is only an incubus. There is no need to recapitulate the kind of solutions which have been proposed. Labour colonies which will be indistinguishable from penal settlements, stringent vagrancy laws, and an amended Poor Law are among the much-canvassed remedies. But the second fact is far graver, since the disease is not of a part but of the whole of our economic system. You cannot really help the respectable and industrious unemployed by penal clauses, or by the tinkering expedients of private and public philanthropy. You must go to the root of the matter and reorganize the whole conditions of the labour and life of the people.

Here, too, we have many proposals. To begin with, there is the Pension system, which will provide for sickness and old age, not the least of the causes of honest unemployment. You may have a scheme of compulsory industrial education and apprenticeship, which will make certain that children do not grow up to swell the ranks of unskilled labour. You may establish labour exchanges throughout the country, so that a man whose work is not wanted in Birmingham may be sent to some other place where he is in demand. Finally, the State may open up new productive works on its own account, such as afforestation, the merit of which would be that they would provide remunerative and economic labour for men who might be temporarily squeezed out of the industrial machine.

These remedies go far deeper than ordinary specifics, but do they get to the very root of the whole business? What if supply has permanently outrun demand in these islands? We are an old people, and for a hundred years we have been the greatest industrial people in the world. Is it not possible that we have over-industrial-

ized our land, so that there is not, and can never be, sufficient work to go round? Industry leads to specialization and standardization and to elaborate machinery, and the human element is slowly lessened. Is it not possible that no permanent cure for unemployment can be found until the balance is restored?

There is only one remedy for the industrial jostling—emigration. We are quite aware that many earnest social reformers are prejudiced against this policy. It shocks some good patriots to think of men and women leaving their native shores—to which we can only reply that such patriots stand in need of a wider and more robust patriotism. The Labour leader thinks it a shelving of the problem of social reform, and he is right as against those who meet all pleas for the reform of remediable domestic ills by the parrot-cry of emigration. But how if there be no other cure? If a tree is dying in a small pot, no amount of watering and doctoring will keep it alive, unless you give it more room.

We are convinced, not that emigration is a cure for all our social evils, but that without it any other cures will be valueless, for it is the only policy which can redress the economic balance. The human stuff which is an embarrassing surplus here is eagerly desired elsewhere in the Empire. This is no Imperialist dream. The last half-dozen years have accumulated abundant evidence of its truth. Mr. Rider Haggard's commission, which investigated the work of the Salvation Army in the United States, showed that properly managed emigration might turn the city wastrel into a man. The history of the great western wheat-lands of Canada shows an emigrant rising from labourer to farmer, and from farmer to landlord and capitalist. There have

been a multitude of failures, but these are not due to the policy, but to its wrong application.

The point we wish to urge is that the Imperial Government, which is face to face with chronic labour difficulties in the Mother Country, should take up definitely an emigration policy, framed in consultation with the Colonial Governments. The *Spectator* contained a letter from the chairman of the Australian Immigration League, pointing out the immense disparity of women to men in Australia, and urging a policy of State-aided emigration for women. This policy has been pursued most successfully for some years as regards South Africa by a private society.

But what is needed is, that the whole question should be taken up by the State, and that an Emigration Department should be a sub-department of the Local Government Board or the Colonial Office. In many cases State aid would not be needed, only information or encouragement. In other cases there might be free or assisted passages to jobs in the colonies, or to allotments of State land. Emigration is a complex business, and to succeed requires to be run scientifically and cautiously. There would be difficulties with the Colonial Governments, but since it is to their interest that emigration should be on lines beneficial to themselves, instead of merely casual, they would undoubtedly cooperate. Emigration does not solve all social problems, but it provides a basis for a solution of the most fundamental.—*September* 24,1908.

PARTIES AND SOCIAL PROGRAMMES

THE game of programme-making is nearly as interesting as that of Cabinet-making. The Conservative Party has been merrily engaged in it recently. It is an " unauthorized " programme, one of suggestions rather than dogmas. On Tariff Reform it is surprisingly moderate. There must be a tariff, of course, but it must fulfil two conditions : no duty must be levied when the fuss and expense of the collection would outweigh the yield; and there must be no duty on food or raw material. If you interpret these conditions in their broadest sense you arrive at a fiscal cul-de-sac. On a broad interpretation a Free Trader could accept them, but unfortunately breadth in interpretation is what we are not likely to get.

The striking thing, however, about the scheme is the emphasis laid on social reform. It wants compulsory arbitration and a minimum wage. Clearly the new Tories are determined to earn the additional title of Democrats. We have no complaint to make of the fact. Rather it is matter for curious interest. The party which is, on the whole, the party of vested interests and ancient methods has awakened to the truth that the social question in these islands is at least as important as any other. We are glad of it, for these grave problems are not really settled by party victories, but by a national agreement.

It is with the Liberal attitude on this matter that we have naturally most concern. And here there is a difficulty which should be clearly stated and constantly remembered. The keynote of the old Liberalism was "individual rights;" the keynote of the new Liberalism, which has been influenced largely by Socialism, is "State duties." Both points of view are intelligible and rational, but you cannot mix them without losing the merits of both. People who think loosely will talk about the rights of the worker to this or that, when what is meant is the duty of the State to make something possible.

A very good instance is the question of the feeding of school children. The Socialist wishes this done not as a right of the citizen, but as a duty of the State. That is to say, in the Socialist State, run on the lines of a bureaucracy, no parent who could afford to feed his own children would be allowed to shirk this duty, because there would be no question of *right* in the matter. A benevolent bureaucracy is not going to waste money or lower the responsibilities of the citizen if it can help it.

But now appears the old Liberal with his talk of "rights." The school which insisted on rights would never have considered any policy so opposed to its instincts as the public feeding of children, and the school which advocates this policy has no business to talk of rights. Each on its own ground is logical and fairly safe, but they are desperately unsafe when they combine forces. By all means give educational authorities the power to feed children in necessitous cases, but do not make it a matter of right, or you will set a premium on the irresponsible parent.

The confusion is really very far-reaching, and is especially notable in all speculations as to the cure for unemployment. What does the "right to work" mean? It is obviously a contradiction in terms: the union of the language of modern Socialism with that of the old Radicals, who would have been exceedingly alarmed if any one had told them that their doctrine of "rights" could be applied to the provision by the State of work which was economically unnecessary, and therefore a waste of national resources.

The right which a man has is to be kept alive has been recognized in the Poor Law since the days of Elizabeth, but the demand that the State should find work for him is a demand that the State should impoverish other people on his behalf. Recently in London a Socialist leader of an unemployed deputation demanded the relief of the unemployed from the rates. The mayor of the borough mentioned that six thousand summons for non-payment of rates were already out in the district—mainly against the working classes. "What do I care for that?" said the orator; "I care only for the unemployed." That is the logical conclusion of this mixture of false premises, and it is one against which every Liberal Government must set its face like flint.

We are therefore utterly opposed to any attempt to make the State create labour for each man as a matter of right. What the State can do is to organize labour so that unemployment may be mitigated. Mr. Churchill's scheme of a great Government Intelligence Department shows a correct appreciation of the true problem. There will always be an ebb and flow in trade, and therefore periods of unsettlement and slack demand.

The Government policy on unemployment should contain not one remedy but many. There is no single specific, therefore let there be many palliatives. Let us begin at the right end and try to prevent the growth of casual labour by creating more skilled labour by means of compulsory apprenticeship and a better system of technical education. Let us ease off the strain of what may be a permanent excess of supply in any particular branch of industry by some enlightened system of State-directed emigration. When this excess is local or temporary, let there be efficient labour exchanges to deal with it.

Finally, in the case of casual and unskilled labour, let the Government foresee periods of unemployment afar off and provide against them. There is much Government work, both national and municipal, which is economic and desirable, but not urgent. If a stock of such tasks were kept ready, then it could be drawn upon in times of distress. The undertaking of such schemes would not impoverish the community, for *ex hypothesi* they are necessary and desirable, and the only question is the date when they shall be begun. Some such comprehensive policy with many facets would not indeed cure the evil of unemployment—that is incidental to modern industrial conditions—but it would greatly lessen its burden, without shifting it unfairly to innocent shoulders.—*October* 22, 1908.

THE FUTURE OF THE RAILWAYS

IT is undeniable that most people are uneasy in their minds on the subject of our railways. Shareholders are uneasy because their dividends are sinking; directors are uneasy because they do not see their way to more profitable management; the public are uneasy because they think that rates and fares should be lower, and the whole business better run. There is a widespread feeling that the old days of free competition and unregulated individualism are over so far as railways are concerned.

The matter is a very important one, for the railways are the arteries ot our internal commerce. Open ports might be of little use if railway charges were too high. Of what benefit is the absence of tariffs if the price of our imports to an inland consumer is extravagantly raised by the cost of transit ? And yet it is no good putting all the blame on the railways. If they were earning enormous profits there would be a short and easy way out of the difficulty. But they are not; their expenses have never been so high, or their receipts *so poor.* Different people have their different ways of dealing with the problem.

Sir John Brunner has declared his belief that all railways should be nationalized, and a body called the Railway Nationalization Society has been founded by some members of the Liberal party to the same end.

The general idea is that amalgamation of some kind is a necessity, but those who dread lest the result of amalgamation might be the erection of a gigantic private monopoly are anxious that the State should take over the work.

We do not believe for one moment that it would be possible to establish a Railway Trust in this country. The interests of the great lines are too varied, their methods too divergent, their finances too complicated to make union possible. What might easily come about, however, would be a series of working agreements between several groups of lines. Undoubtedly working expenses could be reduced in this way, and the present cut-throat competition lessened.

But what of the interests of the public, to which competition is believed to be essential ? We have seen how in the United States the acquirement by one authority of several railway systems means that prices are raised against the consumer, unless he happens to represent interests which the railway magnates choose to favour. The whole meaning of the " Special Acts," which are the railways' charters, in this country is that the powers of the railways are strictly limited, and cannot be exceeded without special recourse to the legislature. If an amalgamation lowered working costs, it would make the companies more prosperous, but the very fact that it abolished the old competition would enable them to disregard the wishes of the public.

We are in favour of an amalgamation, but we want to be sure that it will not have any of the undue powers of an American Trust. The State in granting leave to unite must make its own conditions. The Board of Trade should have power, after full inquiry, to dictate

to any amalgamation on one or two points which gravely affect the public interest. It should be able to say that this rate is too high, or that that portion of the joint system is underserved. The framing of the State powers would be a matter of care and labour, but it seems to us that it should not be impossible to strike a fair balance between public and private interests. The right of ultimate control would be the price paid to the State by the companies for permission to amalgamate. Such a control would be far more satisfactory than the present system, for it would be elastic, and while the companies would be curbed in certain new directions they would have far more freedom of movement in others.

It is in the direction of amalgamation accompanied by certain rights of public supervision that, as it seems to us, the new railway policy must move. We do not believe that the nationalization, which Sir John Brunner advocates, would really meet the difficulties of the present situation, while it would certainly create many new ones. In the first place, we do not believe that it would work either smoothly or economically. It is notorious that State-managed enterprises tend to show enormous costs of administration. It is useless to point to the Continental railways, for these are at bottom strategic, and State management is inevitable.

State railways might be compelled by the pressure of certain interests on the Government to lower freights below the economic point, and the consumer and the great manufacturer would profit. But this would only mean that the lines would be run at a loss, and the public would have to make good this loss in some other way. Or the opposite might happen, and the railways might

be used as means of raising fresh revenue—in which case rates would be high and the general commerce of the country would suffer.

It is impossible for the State to administer a railway monopoly economically, for, though the plain business test is the only true one, this is precisely what the State is least likely to use. It is always being plucked at by non-business considerations, and there is always the Exchequer to make losses good.

There is another weighty reason against nationalization. It would virtually put the control of the internal arteries of commerce into the hands of the railway employees. So large a body of voters could wring almost any terms they pleased out of a weak Government by their influence with the Parliamentary majority. The State which owns all its railways provides too grave a weapon against itself. The peril of nationalization is the same as the peril of great standing armies.—*June* 11, 1908.

V

LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM

SHAKESPEARE AND RALEIGH*

IT is a pleasant fortune which brings the names of Shakespeare and Raleigh together on the same title-page. The two sum up all the astonishing vigour and romance of the premier epoch in our history, and on the later Raleigh has fallen a corner of the mantle of his great namesake. The Professor of English Literature at Oxford is distinguished from the common herd of critics partly by a superior imaginative insight, but mainly by a certain large and manly common sense.

Shakespeare has so long been the hunting-ground of the flunkeys and entomologists of letters that it is good to find a man who treats the greatest of all poets with that mingled candour and reverence which is the only tribute we can pay to supreme genius. The result is a picture, a living, breathing picture, of the man in his works—the only sphere in which he is worth considering. It is the privilege of greatness, Hegel wrote, to lay upon posterity the burden of its interpretation; but so far as Shakespeare is concerned posterity has been so anxious to interpret the retired actor-manager that it has occasionally forgotten the poet. It is possible to differ with Professor Raleigh—for, thank Heaven! Shakespeare leaves room for variety in opinion—but no reader of his book can leave it without having gained

*** *Shakespeare,* by Walter Raleigh. "English Men of Letters." Macmillan and Co.**

a deeper insight into the subtlest and wisest heart that the world has seen.

Perhaps it is the collocation of names, perhaps the way Professor Raleigh interprets the mind of the poet, but the thought of the other Raleigh keeps forcing itself upon one throughout the reading of the book. If we except Bacon, he was the other greatest Elizabethan; and if his namesake be right, the adventurer was curiously akin to the poet. The central drama of Shakespeare's mind, he says, is the tragedy of the life of imagination.

> " He was a lover of clear decisive action, and of the deed done. He knew and condemned the sentiment which fondly nurses itself and is without issue. Yet, on the other hand, the gift of imagination with which he was so richly dowered, the wide, restless, curious searchings of the intelligence and the sympathies—these faculties, strong in him by nature, and strengthened every day by the exercise of his profession, bade fair at times to take sole possession, and to paralyze the will. Then he revolted against himself, and was almost inclined to bless that dark, unfeatured messenger called the angel of this life, ' whose care is lest men see too much at once.' If for the outlook of a god the seer must neglect the opportunities and duties of a man, may not the price paid be too high ? "

Hence one may detect in Shakespeare's plays a preference, a temperamental preference, for those who turn untroubled eyes to the instant need of things. He understands the divided mind—none better. The great portraits in his gallery, which take away our breath by their unearthly understanding, are of the half-hearted —the men like Hamlet and Richard the Second and Macbeth, who see all sides and all arguments, and are

the prey of their imaginations. But in his heart of hearts it would seem as if his real devotion were for the objective, forthright type of man—for Hotspur, and Faulconbridge, and King Harry, and Othello, even for such minor people as Barnardine in *Measure for Measure.*

Shakespeare's bias, if it be not irreverent to suspect him of bias, is against the idealist and the ascetic, as witness his subtle treatment of Isabella. His true hero, after all, is the " swallower of formulas," the narrow-visioned, iron-nerved man who, like the fellow " of a very stout countenance " whom Christian saw at the Interpreter's House, lays about him vigorously without a thought for the multitude of men in armour. The bias is shown, too, in his portraits of women, who are all of them of a curious directness and simplicity of soul.

It is an old preference, evident in all poets and prophets. Their highest praise is for the single-hearted men of deeds, who are untroubled by qualms and hesitations, who smite the enemies of Jehovah so that not a child is left alive in the city. The creature of divided counsels and a quick fancy they understand fully and portray unerringly, but they admire him the less, for he is like themselves.

Sir Walter Raleigh was of the same temperament, though of a different world. In another book* Professor Raleigh has written of the great adventurer :

> " He has the insolent imagination of Marlowe, and the profound melancholy of Donne. ' The mind of man,' he says in the *History of the World,* ' hath two parts, the one always frequented by the entrance of manifold vanities ; the other desolate and overgrown with grass, by which

* ***The English Voyagers of the Sixteenth Century*** **(p. no).**

> enter our charitable thoughts and divine contemplations. Both gates of his mind stood open ; worldly hopes and braggart ambitions crowd and jostle through one entrance, but the monitors of death and eternity meet them, and whisper them in the ear. He schemes elaborately, even while he believes that' the long day of mankind draweth fast towards an evening, and the world's tragedy and time are near at an end.' The irony of human affairs possesses his contemplation ; his thoughts are high and fanciful; he condescends to action, and fails, as all those fail whose work is done stooping. He is proud, sardonic, and aloof. His own boast is true—' There is none on the face of the earth that I would be fastened unto.' He takes part with others in no movement, and stakes little or nothing on the strength of human ties. The business of men on this earth seems trivial and insignificant against the vast desert of eternity ; and great deeds alone are worth doing, for they, when they perish, add pomp to the triumph of death and oblivion."

No one who has followed minutely the details of Sir Walter's life but will admit the truth of these eloquent words. Few men of more transcendent gifts have ever walked this planet. It is not a case of a mere admiration for the life of deeds ; it is an instinct as swift as fate for their doing. In his Irish wars he showed himself a great soldier; after Drake he was the greatest sailor; he voyaged strange seas to far lands, and included them in one vast imperial ambition ; he was an amateur of every art, from courtiership to poetry; he was a thinker beyond his generation, and a statesman beyond his century; and to sum up, he knew no more than Drake the meaning of fear.

And yet Raleigh failed, finally and irrevocably, in all his enterprises, leaving behind him only an example and

an ideal. There is tragedy in his death, but not pity, for we feel that he, not fate, had been his undoing. The reason for the catastrophe is that I have quoted. He did his work stooping. The instinct for action and the speculative habit of mind were joined in him in equal degree, and while he did great deeds, he stopped short always of completion. He saw too clearly " the excellent foppery of the world." Superlatively human as he was, there is throughout his career a touch of the inhumane.

To Shakespeare the tragedy of the life of the imagination was fought out in the closet, but in Raleigh the stage is the open world, and failure leads to the scaffold. With all his vitality he stops short at the crisis with a smile and a shrug ; he rejoices in living, but without happiness. Shakespeare found his solution in a broader humanity, which, while aware of the dark things of life, sees positive goodness on all hands to redeem them. He had compassion on the multitude, and after *Lear* and *Macbeth* returns to the homeliness and joy of the early comedies, seeing life as he saw it in youth, but from a different altitude. The two worlds had become one, and metaphysics revealed itself as not different in essence from common humanity. For Raleigh there was no such reconciliation. For him the fight must be fought to the end, and the only rest is that ultimate peace " which passes all understanding."

It may be said that such a view is refuted by the existence of the practical mystic, whom Lord Rosebery has called " the most formidable and terrible of all combinations." The greatest men of their hands in history have been the greatest dreamers. Mere swiftness of action will lead nowhere unless there is an over-

mastering ideal behind it. Caesar, conquering the earth that he might bind it into a nobler polity; Mahomet, cleansing the world of idols and preaching a spiritual creed; Charlemagne, holding the frontiers for Christ against the barbarism of North and East.; Cromwell, seeking " to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land " ; even Napoleon, with his belief in his star, and his perpetual consciousness that he was the instrument of some immortal power—these roadmakers of mankind have all lived the life of the imagination.

Yes ; but with a difference. To them there was no dualism, no world of thought and world of deeds ; there was only one world, which their own spirit created. Such men had no instinct for speculation ; they accepted their dreams as they accepted a fact, and fused fact and dream into one irresistible purpose. A Cromwell, for all his weight of intellect, is as simple at heart as the troopers who ride behind him.

The practical mystic cannot stand outside himself and see the world as a comedy of errors, and his own soul as of a piece with other blunders. He has no Olympian humour; and being without it, he is great and happy, just as common men in the same case are happy and trivial. It is a kindly fate which has it so, for the tragedy of the other life is so dark that only the genius of a Shakespeare can pass through it to a brighter country.—*May* 16, 1907,

THE DEFINITION OF A NOVEL

"IT is surprising/' says a character in one of Mr. Anthony Hope's stories, " what interesting subjects these old fellows get hold of! " The speaker was a young peer who had strayed into the House of Lords, and found a discussion proceeding on a Betting Bill or some similar measure. Like the House of Lords the Law Courts sometimes descend from the droughty heights, and recently they have been considering the immense question of what constitutes a novel.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, it appears, issued some time ago a book called *Me and Myn* with a certain publisher; whereupon another publisher wrote to the papers to say that this was not Mr. Crockett's annual long novel (of that he had secured the rights), but only a volume of short stories. Publisher No. I accordingly brought an action for libel against Publisher No. 2, alleging that the description of *Me and Myn* as not a novel but a collection of short stories was injurious to the prospects of that work, and had in fact damaged its sale. Obviously the controversy assumed that somebody somewhere knows what a novel is, that there is a Platonic " idea " of a novel by which to test all claims to the title. If such a definition exists, the courts did not unearth it.

We are afraid that very little fresh light was really thrown on the subject. One of the counsel in the case quoted Dr. Johnson, who described it as " a tale of

love." The judge, greatly daring, made size as well as subject the criterion, and laid down that every novel " must have 150,000 words, and something about love in it." The legal profession apparently likes its fiction to be of a sentimental type. AH we *get* out of the discussion in the courts is that a novel is one story, and not a collection of short stories ; that (by general consent) it must have something to do with love; and that it should contain at least 150,000 words.

It is worth while looking at these conditions to see if we cannot get to some better understanding. The first we think correct, but it is very certain that it is not strictly the view of the publishing trade. Booksellers distinguish a collection of short stories from a novel only where there is no continuous thread of narrative or a single character as the centre of interest. For example, Mr. Kipling and Mr. Jacobs are writers of short stories; but most people would call books like *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* or Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's *Captain Kettle* novels, because there is a single hero. Still we think the first view right. A novel is not a series of episodes, even though one character appears in all, but a representation of life in all its complexity, with a variety of characters and a complexity of detail.

The second condition is a difficult one. Undoubtedly most of the books which are called novels in common parlance conform to it. But is love-making inherently necessary for fiction ? Stevenson wrote two stories, *Kidnapped* and *The Ebb Tide,* in which, if we remember rightly, no woman appears. It is true that he called the first a romance, but the second is assuredly a novel. In the great novels of Victor Hugo there is singularly

little love, and what there is is generally irrelevant to the plot. Mr. Frank Norris's *The Octopus* and *The Pit* are admirable novels, but love is only an incident—their business is the epic of wheat. We can imagine good novels written about the making of a railway, the building of a steamer, or the passage of a Bill through Parliament, where no woman need ever appear.

The only justification for this clause of the definition is that a novel should be an excerpt from real life—not a mere phase or"aspect,'but a solid and catholic "present a-tion of the whole truth thfough the medium of art. Since love plays'lrtarge part in real life, it will therefore presumably play a large part in most novels. But it need not appear in every one, for after all it is not more important than religion or honour or sufficient food to eat, and we do not ask for these topics in all works of fiction.

The third condition is too hardly stated, but it has something to be said for it. When the word " novel" first came into English literature from the Italian, it meant a short story as opposed to a long romance, and this conception continued for long. Steele, for example, in his *Tender Husband* wrote : " Our amours can't furnish out a Romance ; they'll make a very pretty Novel." It was Richardson and Fielding who first made the novel connote great length, and Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray continued the tradition. We should not like to lay down a minimum of 150,000 words, but we agree that a novel should be of a fair length. If, unlike romance, it deals with real life, and, unlike the short story, does not deal only with an episode or an aspect, then it must run to a good many words. The important thing is the method of treatment, but this method demands a certain

area ; or, as philosophers say, the qualitative is inseparable from the quantitative.

We would revise the definition of a novel, therefore, and make it read thus : " A novel is a continuous narrative, dealing with some section of real life in its completeness, and therefore of a length adequate to this aim." We commend this definition to the Law Courts. —*April* 2, 1908.

GEORGE MEREDITH

> " I suppose I should regard myself as growing old—I am seventy-four. But I do not feel to be growing old either in heart or mind. I still look on life with a young man's eye. I have always hoped I should not grow old as some do—with a palsied intellect, living backwards, regarding other people as anachronisms because they themselves have lived on into other times, and left their sympathies behind them with the years."

COME time ago we read the words quoted above in an account of an interview with Mr. Meredith. He has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, and the words are as true as ever. He has always kept " the young generations in hail," and their knocking at the door has never frightened him as it frightened Ibsen's hero. He is so young in heart, and such a living contemporary influence, that he loses credit for his age. Another man of eighty would be dwelling in the past with his forgotten coevals, and at the most drawing some melancholy moral for the present. But Mr. Meredith is still in the thick of things, and eagerly appreciative of all current literature. Yet he was publishing poetry when Wordsworth was still writing, and his novels appeared at the same time as some of Thackeray and George Eliot.

It is a great achievement merely to have lived so long in such a way. Add to it that he is one of the two or three foremost names of nineteenth-century literature,

and probably at this moment the greatest living writer in the world. It is the kind of life one could have wished for Sir Walter Scott—a long life of great work, and a mellow evening showing no decline of power. And, indeed, when we come to think of it, there is much in common between the two men. Scott had none of the subtlety and the metaphysics of the later writer, but Mr. Meredith has much of Sir Walter's optimism, his courage, his unshaken faith that "somehow the right is the right," his confidence in man's destiny, his kindliness towards human nature.

The moment is not opportune to attempt a critical estimate of Mr. Meredith's work. It is a vast field on which the wits of critics will be exercised for many generations. But it is worth noting one or two characteristics of the inspiration which he has given to his countrymen. In the first place, he is most conspicuously and finally on the side of the angels. He believes in the rule of law, the triumph of justice, and the divinity in man. At the same time his is no feeble and sentimental orthodoxy. It is as stern a creed as the Calvinism of Knox. Not since Milton has there been such a glorifying of " the army of unalterable law " as in that wonderful sonnet, " Lucifer in Starlight."

There is no room in Mr. Meredith's world for laggards and weaklings. As Mr. George Trevelyan has pointed out, when we find in Mr. Meredith's writings an unknown " She " apostrophized, we may take this as meaning Mother Earth. This abstraction properly understood contains the gist of his philosophy. It is the world which God made, and which His laws govern. Of this world man is a part, a little part, but yet the key of the whole. He carries with him always traces and marks

of the pit whence he was digged. He is akin to the brutes and the common things of nature, and if he forgets this kinship he will waste his strength in vain dreaming. The wise physician, Melampus, who is Mr. Meredith's type of sage, goes through the world healing men, and his power of healing comes from his—

" Simple love of the things
That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck."

Man must obey natural laws, he must love the common world, otherwise there is no hope of progress, for he can only rise to higher things by the path of his humanity. Expressed in very different form, it is in substance the teaching of the Gospel: " Neither shall they say, Lo here ! or, lo there ! for, behold, the Kingdom of God is within you." The law is inexorable, and yet to those who understand it its service is perfect freedom. To-day; when thin creeds of sentiment are everywhere preached, when people tend to strip morality of its rigour, and to sympathize idly with weakness and revolt, it is impossible to overestimate the value of this manly voice.

Mr. Meredith is equally opposed to an ascetic spirituality and to gross materialism. In one of the prof oundest of his poems, the " Hymn to Labour," we get the full statement of his creed :

" This way have men come out of brutishness
To spell the letters of the sky and read
A reflex upon earth else meaningless.

More gardens will they win than any lost;
The vile plucked out of them, the unlovely slain.

Not forfeiting the beast with which they are crossed,
To stature of the gods will they attain.
They shall uplift their earth to meet her Lord,
Themselves the attuning chord ! "

Such a creed means optimism. Unlike others of his generation—Thomas Hardy, for instance—who believe equally in the reign of law, Mr. Meredith falls into no barren fatalism. He believes that the universe is on the side of man's moral strivings. There is no shallow cynicism in his pages. He has the courage to think progress possible and to hope for the future. Hence he is always on the side of youth, of new ideas, and of all generous impulses.

The man who can see so deeply into the follies of the human heart, and can dissect, in the case of a Willoughby Patterne, the egotism which is in all of us, has always the confidence of its high destiny. In a bold metaphor in one of his sonnets he likens the world to a drunken peasant staggering home from the inn to his cottage light. Like him, its way is devious, but it is ever moving homewards. This, after all, is the true optimism. It is far more merciless than pessimism, for it understands all man's imperfections and follies, and treats them with a frankness which no cynic would dare to use. But in spite, nay even because of them, it looks to a better future. It is not hard to understand why Mr. Meredith has long been the accepted master of those who in the widest sense of the word we may call Liberals. It is rash to prophesy about future reputation, but the permanence of his influence seems to us as assured as any in our literature.—*February* 20, 1908.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY AND EUROPEAN LITERATURE

WE congratulate Professor Saintsbury on bringing to a successful finish his scheme of a complete and continuous history of European literature. It is right, as Matthew Arnold said, to regard Europe, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, as one great combination, and in no period of literature is this point of view more necessary than in the later nineteenth century.

For one thing, though recent creative work in this country has shown less following of continental models than at other epochs of our history, all the subsidiary and derivative forms, such as history and criticism, bear many traces of foreign influence. Sainte-Beuve, Taine and Renan, Scherer and Fust el de Coulanges, Mommsen and Harnack—all have made their mark upon contemporary English thought and scholarship. Again, the same influences which created our pre-Raphaelites and our Celtic mystics have been at work elsewhere, and in the literature of Europe we have a broader area for observation than the literature of our island.

Throughout the series we have been struck by the wide first-hand knowledge—no small endowment when you are dealing with a continent—and the general sanity and moderation of the criticism. In this last volume we find the same qualities. Professor Saintsbury

* ***The Later Nineteenth Century,*** **by George Saintsbury. Edinburgh : Blackwood and Sons.**

is as irritating as ever, and as illuminating. His style, with its mixture of colloquialism and pedantry, its incessant habit of trivial quotation, and its reliance upon italics, often worries and frequently confuses the reader. The connection of his argument sometimes exists, as the German philosopher said, " only in the mind of God." A quasi-scientific jargon dominates it, and we would humbly suggest that the adjective " substantive " is often misapplied, and that such a phrase as " relative in their most absolute *aseity* " conveys very little meaning to anybody. No more does such a sentence as this : " Nothing in Canning's *Rovers* itself caricatures *Hedda Gabler* or *The Master Builder* so much as several things in that anticipate the criticism of these."

But when this has been said our fault-finding is over. Professor Saintsbury's style, if often odd, is always interesting, and he has that rarest and finest quality of the historian of literature, a manly sobriety of judgment. That is to say, as a critic he is acute in the only real sense. He sees things as they are and in their proper perspective, and does not, like too many critics, read into an author the reflection of his own eccentricities. We know no better guide to literature, for, in spite of many irritating tricks of style, there is none whose mind is better stored or better balanced.

Criticism of criticism is rarely instructive, and, noting in passing the admirable final chapter, in which Professor Saintsbury sums up the whole matter, we propose to comment briefly on his treatment of some of the chief writers.

In poetry he has to pass judgment on the later work of Tennyson and Browning, and few will differ from his

verdict. He says aptly of the *Dramatis Personce* of the latter that in it we have " the infinitely comfortable spectacle of an expression that can give utterance to anything that it wishes to express, fed by a thought which never leaves it at a loss for something worth expressing/' On Victor Hugo he is especially good and discriminating, condemning the froth and bombast of most of his verse, but praising highly those things like the " Chasseur Noir," which cannot be overpraised. Of Baudelaire he says truly that, whatever his absolute poetic merit, he has been the greatest *influence* in French poetry of the last fifty years.

The chapter on the novel is remarkable for the very just appreciation of Flaubert, whose fame has suffered from his being lumped together with many minor and more popular followers. He lacks " freshness, spontaneity, clear air, and open sky." We cannot say of him as Dryden said of Chaucer, " Here is God's plenty." But in spite of a false theory of art and life, he has so much imaginative power, and moments of such supreme poetry, that he deserves to rank with Balzac, and with no other, among French novelists. To Daudet we think Professor Saintsbury less than just, to Zola and Maupassant something more.

As to the English novelists, we agree generally with his classification, though we would protest against the underrating of *Middlemarch.* The passage on Charles Reade does justice to a great writer whom critics have curiously neglected. As was to be expected, the chapter on Criticism is excellent, particularly the comments on Sainte-Beuve, of whom the author is a true disciple. It is fair to say that Taine carried the historical method to a " strict and almost fanatical determinism." Taine,

with all his faults, however, was a masculine writer, and the femininity of Renan gives Professor Saintsbury occasion for an amusing diatribe.

> " He disliked Beranger, who was rather too manly for him, and was a Bonapartist; but his last word to humanity was extremely like Beranger's famous ' Baise-moi, Suzon, et ne damnons personne,' except that it is rather the utterance of a complaisant third person than of either of the actors of such a tableau. Further, M. Renan's logic is the most capital example in existence of what is with by no means universal justice of application called feminine logic. . . . Anti-Christian as he is on almost every point—history, drama, ethics, politics, ecclesiastics—he cannot help loving Christianity for its amiability, for its pity, for just the qualities, in short, which made Nietzsche hate it. The German's favourite symbol for the new man was a roaring lion ; the Frenchman's should have been a purring cat—though with the usual possibility of scratch."

The chapter on German literature is chiefly memorable for a very fair and sympathetic account of Nietzsche, whose extraordinary literary quality is too often forgotten by those who see only the madness of his conclusions. The revolt in favour of topsy-turveydom, of which Tolstoi and Ibsen are popular instances, is seen at its best in this unfortunate man of genius. It needs a sane critic to deal justly with eccentricity, and the chapter on the most recent stars in the firmament of letters is done with commendable good sense.

We are glad to see an appreciation of Amiel and of that belated Romantic, Maeterlinck, and we agree with the author that Ibsen is at his greatest in his dramatic poems, *Peer Gynt* and *Brand,* rather than in his popular acting

plays. " People in general," he says, " do not like the eccentric when it is difficult and poetical; they are very frequently attracted by it when it is comparatively easy, prosaic, and somewhat scandalous." We grant all that Professor Saintsbury says about the " puerility " of much of the later Ibsen, and its parochiality—" not of a very large or very distinguished parish/' At the same time, he scarcely does justice to the really wonderful poetry which creeps even into the least promising productions—into *Ghosts,* for example, into *John Gabriel Borkman,* and into *When We Dead Awaken.*

About Tourgenieff he is enthusiastic, but not, to our taste, quite enthusiastic enough for the deserts of a novelist whom we should put second only to Scott in that class of literature. Tolstoi fares badly at his hands, as is right, for a more faulty and confused genius never lived, albeit " one of the finest and most absolute gentlemen in literature." We cannot resist transcribing a note which gives not only the clue to the writer's apparent intolerance about certain modern deities, but a principle which to our mind is at the base of all criticism of art:

> " More recently another . . . declared that the great novelists of the middle of the nineteenth century in England ' could do anything but think,' contrasting with this the thoughtfulness of Tolstoi and others. The fact, of course, is that it was exactly because Thackeray and others *could* think—think unerringly and intuitively—and because their readers could follow the suggested thought, that they did not abound in so-called ' analysis.' They did not need to cover the alternate pages of their books, like those of a school-boy's examination paper in mathematics, with by-work and subsidiary calculations. Their readers knew how to take the time of day, so in-

fallibly told them, without requiring endless chatter about the machinery of the watch. And their readers did not demand the rather clumsy flattery, and the more than rather coarse stimulation, of alternate obscurity and fireworks."—*October* 24, 1907.

THE MAKING OF BOOKS

THERE is a close connection between literature and dogma, even when the dogma is of the most arid commercial kind. No poet can do without a publisher, for art works under material conditions, and the art which neglects these remains mute and inglorious.

The wheel is coming full circle again with regard to the nature of art's appeal to the world. In the small city-states of Greece the poet, the singer, and the sculptor made direct appeal to their countrymen. Whether they approved the work or not, the whole nation had the chance of seeing or hearing it. Then came growth of population and the grouping of mankind in larger units, till the life of the individual became something quite apart from the life of the State. Art became the perquisite of a sect or a clique instead of the possession of a race. A book should be finely bound and superbly printed, for its proper place was on the shelves of some rich man's library; a statue was for the connoisseur, a picture for the great collector. The bulk of the people, so ran the doctrine, had no sense of what was worthy and beautiful, a sense which was confined to the favoured few. Poetry should therefore appear delicately clad and in limited editions, and to talk of popularizing literature was to degrade its function.

But the wheel, as we have said, is coming full circle. It suddenly dawned upon people that all this attention

to embellishments was gross materialism, and that the essence of good literature lay in the words and not in the way they were decked out. Moreover, men began to reason more intelligently about art, and the view gained currency that great poetry or prose can never appeal only to a clique, but, if it be truly great, must have a world-wide acceptance. Of all great utterances it can be said that the common people hear them gladly. The age of cheap editions had come, and democracy, which had triumphed in other spheres, had obtained its recognition in the domain of letters. Popularity may be by itself no final test of greatness, but sooner or later it must accompany it. The practice of the Greek city-state is revived, and the poet and story-teller once more make their appeal to the suffrages of the whole nation.

So far it is plain sailing. But how is this truism to be given practical effect? Authors must live, books take money to produce, and there comes a time when the sum which the mass of men are prepared to pay for their supply do not cover the cost. From this dilemma there are two ways of escape. You may deliberately abandon the popular appeal and look for support to the more opulent classes—people who belong to expensive circulating libraries or need not grudge a high price for a book. That has hitherto been the British plan. New novels used to cost 31s. 6d., and the editions went wholly to the libraries. Now they cost six shillings, and the libraries still get most of them, though an occasional traveller buys one at a railway bookstall. These books are solidly and handsomely bound in cloth, and issued in small editions. As they are produced at present it is difficult to see how their price could be much cheaper.

The other way of escape is to print cheaply and nastily, and issue in paper covers. This is very much the practice on the Continent. In France a novel by Anatole France begins at 2 francs 50 centimes, not in the most attractive of guises. A year or two later, when the book is assured of popularity, it is issued with exquisite illustrations in an *edition de luxe.* The same is true of Germany, of Italy, of Sweden. A new novel begins on " gray paper with blunt types," and wears a shabby yellow paper cover. It is cheap compared with our six-shilling books, but there are demerits in its cheapness. It is unfit for a library as it stands, and the bookbinder's charge will raise the gross cost to the level of the English book. Abroad they can read their new books at a far lower price than we can, but they are no better off for a library. And this means that the bulk of the public, which, with the spread of education, is a reading public, have not the chance of reading the best modern literature, much less of possessing it. Art, we are all agreed, must have a democratic appeal, but we take no steps to put our theory into practice. On every side loom up high walls labelled " Cost of production."

And yet is this quite satisfactory ? What makes the cost of a book ? The inquirer will be told that the cost of production has been reduced to its lowest limit, and that the only saving to be made is in distribution. Printing, paper, and the payments to well-known authors are, it is argued, fixed charges on which there can be no reduction. If this be true, then the publishing business is different from all other businesses. The outstanding feature of modern industrial progress is the attention paid to production rather than distribu-

tion. And distribution in the case of books is the less important because of the quality of the commodity.

The world cannot refuse books which are good and cheap, and efficient distribution follows logically upon efficient production. Newspapers have discovered this long ago, but not publishers. The big economies which can be effected in any modern industry are concerned with production, and fall under three heads—the application of chemical or mechanical science in place of human labour, the standardization of the product and the machines that produce it, and the complete organization of the different processes and departments.

The second, as it happens, is the one which vitally concerns the book trade. What is meant by standardization ? It is not a difficult principle, being the old one of the adaptation of means to ends. It is obviously easier for a man to produce the same article than to vary the article. If he specializes in one thing, he becomes an adept at its creation, and does it quickly, almost automatically, and therefore cheaply. Apply the same principle to a machine. A press or a factory which prints onlyone size of book will work more quickly and cheaply than if they varied their products. The product and the means of production are standardized. Obviously, then, if books—copyright books, on which a royalty is paid to the authors—were standardized, they could be produced much more cheaply than they now can, and, being produced more cheaply, would appeal to a larger public, and would therefore appear in greater quantities, which means yet further cheapening.

Nelson's Library, which is a collection of the best modern copyright novels, is an experiment in stand-

ardization, and therefore is worth all attention as a scientific attempt to solve the dilemma we have spoken of. The books are well printed on good paper, bound in a style suited for any library, and sold at a price within the reach of most readers.

This is one way out of the dilemma we have discussed, and it looks like a final way. It popularizes good literature, but it does not degrade it. It cheapens the price, not, like the Continental system, the *format* also ; and if the daintiness of the *format* far excels that of the ordinary cheap novel, so is the price by far the lower. —*April* 25, 1907.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AS MAN OF LETTERS*

BY far the best literary work which Mr. Winston Churchill has yet done is to be found in his biography of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill. The efficiency of the work is attested by the unanimity of approval which its publication drew forth, whilst the fact that it is a book able to arouse and sustain the interest of those not primarily devoted to a study of politics is the best possible proof of the skill with which the writer has managed his material. Moreover, when that material consists for the most part of documents, letters, odd memoranda, and reminiscences of all sorts, as is always the case with biography, then if a readable book is to be the issue the biographer must first of all turn his attention to two things. He must exercise the utmost discrimination in arrangement ; he must set himself to discover a style which shall not offend by descending to flippancies nor be found tedious because it is overladen with technicalities,

Mr. Churchill has succeeded in both these ways. He has avoided dwelling upon the trivial, and he has made use of a style well in accordance with the character of his subject. He writes in a bright, crisp manner.

*** While definite proof is now lacking that Buchan wrote this unsigned article, I have a strong impression that it came from his pen. It may well be his.**

Always optimistic, always good-humoured, always ready to look at everything frankly in the face, he neither hesitates to record praise in its due place nor to register blame when blame has to be bestowed. A chivalrous devotion to his father is everywhere observable, but at the same time there is no attempt to gloss over times when Lord Randolph was the subject of severe criticism and even obloquy. A good instance of this is afforded by his description of the famous manifesto issued by Lord Randolph at the time of the 1886 Election.

> " That surprising document was made public on June 20, and as a specimen of savage political invective it is not likely soon to be excelled. It will no doubt be severely judged now that nothing remains except the ashes of the great blaze of 1886. At the time many eminently respectable people . . . were horribly shocked. Even Joseph Chamberlain was startled. ' Your manifesto,' he wrote, ' was rather strong ; but I suppose the Tories like it.' But if the Tory candidates blushed when they read it in the morning paper, they did not forget to quote it at the evening meeting. Its jingles and its arguments . . . ran like wildfire. . . . One phrase at least—' An old man in a hurry '—has become historic. If the address was vulgar, it was also popular. If it was reprobated, it was also used. The anger of that time has cooled, and its expression is worth preserving, though it may now provoke nothing worse than a smile."

This is written with the frankness of a son. Yet it is a frankness that certainly would have commended itself to Lord Randolph. In the mind there arises a picture of the elder Churchill turning over the pages written by the younger, sometimes skipping this page, sometimes reading that other twice over; sometimes

smiling at the recital of some of his escapades, sometimes frowning at a filial criticism ; then, coming at last to the Election of 1886, he pauses, reads, frowns, frowns more deeply, then loses the frown in a roar of laughter as he delightedly repeats the paragraph over to himself with all the energy of satisfaction. For the character of Lord Randolph rises ghost-like from each of the pages no less than the virile personality of the youthful biographer; and between the strong, vigorous hand now grasping its pen and the shadowy figure of the form that has faded is a thread so slight as to be invisible, yet so strong that nothing can break it.

The main narrative of the biography is not suffered to run a wholly uninterrupted course ; it is broken every now and then by a good story. One of these relates how once, when the subject of bimetallism was being discussed, Lord Randolph, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, turned to Sir Arthur Godley and observed blandly: "I forget; was I a bimetallist when I was at the India Office ? " On another occasion he greatly perturbed a solemn deputation of sugar refiners, who came to protest against the Sugar Bounty, by asking gravely: " Are the consumers represented upon this deputation ? "

For " Randy " was at heart a boy till his death; the amazing aplomb which marked him as a schoolboy at Eton characterized him all his life. In his schooldays he once, in company with others, set out to raid a neighbouring strawberry garden. Pursued by one of the college masters, all except Lord Randolph got away. He and his captor fell together into a ditch. " Lord Randolph, seeing that any further attempt at escape would be useless, crawled out, much scratched and

bruised, into the middle of the road, where, incensed at his own discomfiture, he deliberately sat down, crossed his legs, glared at Mr. Leigh, and with all the vehemence of enraged fourteen, exclaimed, " You beast ! "

But if Mr. Churchill knows how to tell an anecdote racily, he can also upon occasion make a display of greater powers. He can touch the imagination ; he can create an atmosphere. One of his best efforts of this kind is his picture of Mr. Gladstone in 1886, when, baffled by the failure in Parliament of his Home Rule Bill, the intrepid Prime Minister turned to take the verdict of the country.

> " Few were left to him of all that able band who in such good heart had joined his Government of 1880. . . . His friends estranged, his enemies united, the faithful in jeopardy, the deserters confident; the wealth, the rank, the intellect of England embattled and arrayed against him ; the Bill on which he had set his heart cast out by the House of Commons ; what wonder, then, that this proud old man . . . should reach out for the sledge-hammer of democracy, and fiercely welcome the appeal to the people."

This is a striking and a moving picture. A close observance of the words, however, will show that its vividness is built up entirely by the use of simple words simply arrayed. It owes nothing to elaboration, nothing to stilted conception; its effectiveness is the direct result of clarity.

Yet, again, in touching upon the almost tragic suddenness with which Lord Randolph threw up his office as Chancellor, Mr. Churchill again shows his power. The prelude to the catastrophe is thus expressed :

> " If he were thus armed and equipped at thirty-seven, what would he be at fifty ? Who could have guessed that ruin, utter and irretrievable, was marching swiftly upon this triumphant figure . . . that the Parliament which had assembled to find him so powerful and to accept his guidance, would watch him creep away in sadness and alone ? "

As a piece of writing, *Savrola,* Mr. Churchill's one excursion into fiction, is not to be compared with his other work. The story is boldly conceived and vigorously told, but it shows marks of an amateur's hand. The scenes are not neatly cemented together ; its effect is rather that of a kaleidoscope jerking picture after picture before the eye. It at least proves one thing: that Mr. Churchill is a man of action rather than a delineator of character. The chief persons in the drama have well-defined traits, but they lack *nuance*—almost humanity. They do things, but their motives are less successfully handled. The effect is rather that of a story from another language, rendered into good, forcible English, but lacking that indefinable atmosphere that makes a cohesive whole out of what would otherwise be disjointed fragments. Almost any extract picked out at random will serve to illustrate the contention.

> " Meanwhile the President and his secretary had reached the private office. Miguel shut the door. Both looked at each other.
>
> " ' It has come,' said Molara, with a long breath.
>
> " ' In an evil hour,' replied the secretary.
>
> " ' I shall win, Miguel. Trust to my star, my luck. I will see this thing through. We shall crush them; but much is to be done. Now write this telegram to

our agent at Port Said ; send it in cypher and clear the line. . . ."

" Miguel sat down and began to put the message into code. The President paced the room excitedly; then he rang the bell; a servant entered.

" ' Has Colonel Sorrento come yet ? '

" ' No, your Excellency.'

" ' Send and tell him to come at once.'

" ' He has been sent for, your Excellency.'

" ' Send again.'

" The man disappeared."

Mr. Churchill's new book, *My African Journey,* is a brilliantly written record of travel from the East African port Mombasa across the continent to Alexandria. The major portion of the matter appeared originally in the *Strand Magazine.* The volume, however, does not display any of that disjointed effect that so often characterizes serial work in its republished form. The narrative runs on simply; the language is graphic and straightforward.

Travel undoubtedly gives Mr. Churchill the topic best calculated to draw out his powers as a writer. The energy which always distinguishes him finds vent in a record of things done, while the plain, unadorned style which he adopts is best suited for work of this kind. He is certainly not a novelist; he cannot discriminate the niceties of character sufficiently to be proficient in this art. But when he is dealing with exploration he is very different. He has all the traits that mark out the born traveller—a keen eye for observing Nature, an intrepid courage, and a simple outlook upon what are the essentials of life. His book on Africa will certainly leave in the mind of the reader an impression of Mr. Churchill's personality. It will also leave a vivid

picture of life in the great deserts of Africa. Fifty books prosily describing, from the point of mere looker-on, the flora and fauna of the country would not convey the atmosphere of wild life so vividly as Mr. Churchill does in a description of one of his shooting expeditions in the districts bordering on the Uganda Railway.

> " Here is presented the wonderful and unique spectacle which the Uganda Railway offers to the European. *The plains are crowded with wild animals.* From the windows of the carriage the whole zoological garden can be seen disporting itself . . . and there is no reason why the reader should not see one, or even half a dozen lions stalking across the plain, respectfully observed by lesser beasts. . . . One of the best ways of shooting game in this part of the world, and certainly the easiest, is to get a trolley and run up and down the line. The animals are so used to the passage of trains and natives along the one great highway, that they do not, as a rule, take much notice, unless the train or trolley stops, when their suspicions are at once aroused."

Mr. Churchill is quick to observe contrasts. He sees the rhinoceros standing in the middle of the plain, " a jet-black silhouette; not a twentieth-century animal at all, but an odd, grim straggler from the Stone Age." The end of the fight, too, in which the rhinoceros is vanquished, provokes the reflection : " In war there is a cause, there is duty, there is the hope of glory ; for who can tell what may not be won before night ? But here at the end is only a hide, a horn, and a carcase over which the vultures have already begun to wheel." Again, the Uganda Railway makes him exclaim : " Here is a railway like the British Fleet, in being—not a paper plan or an airy dream, but an

iron fact grinding along through the jungle and the plain, waking with its whistles the silences of the Nyanza, and startling the tribes out of their primordial nakedness with 'Americani' piece-goods made in Lancashire."

In 1887 Lord Randolph Churchill, who was then at Naples, wrote a letter home, which ended: "Give Winston the enclosed Mexican stamp." It is perhaps a far cry from the schoolboy eager for a Mexican stamp to the present Cabinet Minister, but one thing in common remains: a love of anything connected with foreign lands. To Mr. Winston Churchill travel is one of the good things in the game of life. This is no doubt one of the reasons why his pictures of far-off countries make such vivid, agreeable reading.—*December* 10, 1908.

LORD CROMER'S *MODERN EGYPT*

EVERY one knew that Lord Cromer could write well, for his annual reports on Egypt have been the most interesting official papers of our time. But we confess that we were not prepared for a work of such remarkable literary value as the book just issued.* He writes soberly and carefully. There is no rhetoric, no bitterness, no attempt at purple patches. He is supremely reasonable and persuasive, but he is also very frank and definite in his findings.

Lord Cromer has not governed Egypt for twenty years to leave it with a hesitating mind. At the same time, he is magnificently fair. Too many proconsuls are inclined to adopt a hostile tone towards a Home Government. They pose as "misunderstood," handicapped by Ministers at home who are subservient to an ignorant and loquacious Parliament. In Lord Cromer there is no touch of this folly. He is a Liberal of the old school, with a great faith in the ultimate wisdom of ordinary people. He does not believe in short cuts or heroic remedies, or crude Bismarckian methods. He differed frequently from Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone, and time has proved that he was wholly in the right. But he does not accuse them of apathy or stupidity; he thinks himself into their place, and shows how very difficult it was for them to act otherwise.

* *Modern Egypt,* 2 vols., 1908.

When Lord Cromer does definitely fix blame, his criticism comes with the greater force. He blames the pedantry which refused to land troops after the bombardment of Alexandria, with the result that the town was burned by the rebels. He blames Britain for allowing Egypt to send the Hicks expedition to certain death. Finally, he blames Mr. Gladstone for several false steps during the Gordon mission. But in all, except one, he is only too willing to admit the veniality of the error when all the circumstances are considered.

This fairness in judgment and slowness in condemnation are on a level with two qualities to which Lord Cromer owes most of his success—his almost superhuman patience and his unfailing optimism. He saw beyond all the tangles of the immediate path to an ultimate Land of Promise, and therefore he was content to wait. He built slowly, because he built for all time. A sentence from Bacon which he quotes may be taken as the key of his work : "It were good that men in their Innovations would follow the example of Time itself, which, indeed, innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived. . . . It is good also not to try experiments in States except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident; and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation."

There are a hundred matters of interest in the work. But to most men there is one part of an interest far surpassing the rest; for Lord Cromer has written, for the first time with full inside information, the great story of Gordon. The two men were at the opposite poles of temperament. Gordon was a survivor of the ages

of faith. Every fibre of his being was impregnated with his religion, and a spiritual ideal governed his conduct as much, if in a very different fashion, as the dervishes who beleagured him. Emotional, imaginative, and quixotic, he had the defects of his qualities in a certain volatility of judgment and inaccuracy of thought. Lord Cromer is a typical Englishman, gripping close to fact, patient, unemotional, and logical. Between the two there was scarcely a quality in common save high-mindedness and devotion to duty.

Lord Cromer's account of Gordon's death is the most eloquent chapter in his book; he feels intensely the grandeur of that lonely end ; but the very qualities which made Gordon's death the noblest since Nelson's, made his policy, when alive, a little difficult for his colleagues. He was sent out to Khartoum by the British Government largely in response to a popular demand; for Gordon had captured the imagination of his countrymen. His duties were to evacuate the Sudan, and bring off those garrisons whose relief was practicable. When he reached Khartoum he found that the only way of checking the Mahdi's advance was by setting up a rival governor, and he asked for Zobeir, the ex-slave-trader. The Anti-Slavery Society arose in its wrath, and the Government refused to make the appointment, in spite of Mr. Gladstone's protests. Gordon refused to leave the Sudan, and urged the Government to undertake an expedition against the Mahdi, which they declined. The way was still open to him to escape, but he refused to go without the Egyptian garrisons, some of whom were already beyond hope of succour. It was insubordination, but a noble insubordination.

Presently Berber fell into the Mahdi's hands, and it

became clear that Gordon could not escape unless an expedition was sent to relieve him. Mr. Gladstone refused for long, and though the necessity of relief was apparent early in April, it was August before the expedition was sanctioned. The world knows the rest of the tragic story—how, in spite of the heroic exertions of the soldiers, the expedition could only advance slowly, and how Sir Charles Wilson's steamers arrived in sight of Khartoum to find that the town had fallen two days before, and that Gordon was dead.

Of the whole tragedy Lord Cromer gives a full, fair, and, we should think, a final account. Gordon was an almost impossible colleague, for he changed his policy from day to day. He should never have been sent to the Sudan, for he was certain to do precisely that which it was important he should not do. This was the first blunder of the Government. Having been sent, however, he should have been given Zobeir, if he asked for him, as he was the only man qualified to judge of the facts. This was blunder the second.

Finally, having been cut off, we were bound by every obligation of honour to relieve him at once, instead of arguing whether he could not yet escape unaided. This was the last and the greatest error. The two first admit of some defence, but the last can never be excused or forgotten. " If," General Gordon wrote on 8th November, " it is right to send up an expedition now, why was it not right to send it up before ? " The fact that this pathetic question admits of no answer, so Lord Cromer comments, " must for ever stand as a blot on Mr. Gladstone's political escutcheon."—*March* 12, 1908.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE REPRINT

"EVEN the least bookish of people have been aware of a Book War which has now been raging for a twelvemonth, and the *Times,* one of the protagonists, has issued its " history " in a slim, aesthetically dressed pamphlet. We have no intention of taking part in this wordy controversy, but there is one fact which is worth noting. That the *Times* has been able to maintain its position at all, and that the Book Club should continue to attract not only book readers but book buyers, shows that somewhere and somehow there is a want which ordinary publishing methods do not meet.

To be sure, it did not need the *Times* to prove this. All the chief houses issue reprints of the English classics which are suitable alike for the pocket and the bookshelves. Walter Scott may be taken as the pioneer of the development. The " Camelot Series" and the " Canterbury Poets " were a godsend in their day to young men with a thirst for good literature and not over many shillings to spend on it. Since then we have seen many non-copyright masterpieces reprinted in a dozen different forms at prices varying from sixpence to two shillings—all creditable productions, which a generation ago would have been taken to spell ruin to their publishers.

But they do not; on the contrary, the issue of reprints is a very profitable business for both publisher and book-

seller. What is the reason of it ? Do Scott and Dickens and Thackeray stand higher in literary estimation than they did a generation ago ? We should say no. What has happened is, in the first place, that people are buying books instead of only reading them ; and in the second, that they are reading books instead of talking about them. It is a case of supply creating demand. Shakespeare in an attractive cheap edition touches the curiosity of thousands of people to whom the great dramatist is only a name and a bundle of trite quotations. They buy, read, and, lo and behold ! the taste is created.

The philosophy of the reprint is that people are made to read who did not read before, and to buy who before only read. A demand is created by forcing a particular supply on the world. Books formerly were never sold, except in America and a little in Germany, as any ordinary article of commerce is sold. The old-fashioned bookshop was a kind of club to which bookish people resorted. They were never pressed to buy, books were never forced on their notice, and certain booksellers we remember would have resented such a suggestion as a personal affront. No other retailer sells his commodity like this.

But the reprint, appearing in myriads and covering bookstalls and shop counters with attractive colours, pushed itself from very numbers. Instead of hiding shyly, like most books, on a shelf, **it** clamoured to be bought. Accordingly, for almost the first time in the history of literature, we find books selling as freely **and widely** as, say, soap or bootlaces. There is no loss of dignity in the comparison. **In a properly constituted community** books **are as much a necessity to all as tobacco, and are bought and sold in the same way.**

There were a few accidental circumstances which helped the reprint. One was the new and widely diffused taste in house furnishing and the realization of the fact that books, even if never opened, made capital furniture. People setting up house buy bookcases and books to fill them exactly as they buy coal-scuttles. The library in many houses used to be a bare room containing a directory and a few time-tables. Now, even in the most illiterate family, there will be a supply of good literature on the walls.

Again, there has been a general reaction in favour of small books, which is the reprint size. Our grandfathers liked folios and rows of square octavos. Nowadays most people detest a big book to read or even to look at. We no longer worship heavy mahogany bookcases filled with large symmetrical " complete editions." For one thing there are too many books to house, and we have simply not got room ; and for another, we have learned the charm of lightness and daintiness.

But the real cause of the reprint's popularity is the wider diffusion of the taste for reading. What is so amazing is the variety of interest in the books which make this appeal. You will find little-known novelists like Peacock, Elizabethan poets who a few years ago were only known to students, works on travel, history, and biography which to the ordinary eye would seem to have little popular interest. In " Everyman's Library," for example, you will find scores of books whose interest one might almost call recondite. Or take the " World's Classics "—Buckle's *History of Civilization,* Cobbold's *Margaret Catchpole,* and Sir Joshua Reynold's *Discourses* are not volumes we should have chosen on *a priori* grounds for a popular library.

No doubt the diffusion of the reading habit is not quite commensurate with the publishers' output. If on the battlefield it takes a man's weight in bullets to kill a man, so the publishers may have to issue many reprints before one is read. But undoubtedly people of all classes are reading more than they used to do, and are reading better books. The returns of public libraries may still show that the best-thumbed works are trashy novels, but the number of clerks and shop-boys you may meet in train and omnibus reading some cheap classical reprint shows that education and good taste are spreading, and that lovers of literature now tend to buy books instead of to borrow them.

Cheap books, pretty books, small books—this seems the modern desire. For ourselves we have still a hankering after the old library edition. We should prefer the large-paper "Border" edition of Scott to any small reprint if we could afford the money and the room; but in the absence of these we can only welcome the new-comers as a happy compromise. Sooner or later every copyright book must take a cheap library form. By all means let them begin at a more expensive price for such as prefer it and can afford it.

But the buyer of two-guinea biographies and highly-priced novels is scarcer to-day than he used to be, whereas the buyer of sixpenny, shilling, and two-shilling books has quadrupled in numbers. It is the interest of author, publisher, and bookseller to get at both classes, but the first is soon exhausted, and appeal should not be too long delayed to the infinitely larger and more important second class. The "reprint public" are now given a chance of buying copyright novels at a cheaper price than all but the very cheapest of classical reprints. And

the same principle has been applied to books other than fiction. A famous book of travel, a history, or a biography, instead of dragging on a precarious two-volume life and suffering the indignity of " remaindering," is given a new career and a wider public in a portable and popular form.—*November* 28, 1907.

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HOLLAND HOUSE

HOLLAND HOUSE has had its own way in literature for more than a century. The men who wrote history and memoirs and polished epigrams—the Sydney Smiths, Rogerses, Moores, Campbells, and Grevilles—were made welcome there, and they repaid the debt by giving the circle a certain immortality. Just as Castlereagh has long suffered from an unduly low reputation because he was unfortunate enough to offend the poets, so the Hollands have enjoyed a surprising fame because they were prudent enough to cultivate them. Fidelity to the " Holland House tradition " became the mark of a good Whig, and people in our own day who call themselves Whigs, like Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. G. W. E. Russell have a tenderness for anything to do with the Hollands.

On the whole, the circle deserved its reputation. The cleverest men and women in Europe dined more often at Holland House than anywhere else in England. The place had the merit of a fine situation. A hotch-potch of different styles of architecture, it is large and roomy, and it has gardens worthy of an old country house. It was an easy drive from London, and politicians and lawyers found it pleasant after the day's work was over to go out to Holland House to dine, and, as often as not to sleep.

*** *The Holland House Circle.* By Lloyd Sanders. Methuen and Co *The Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland.* Edited by the Earl of Ilchester.' Two volumes. Longman and Co.**

Lord Holland started with the advantage of having Charles James Fox as an uncle. This gave him the command of the society of the old Whigs like Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, and Erskine—perhaps the most amusing coterie who ever played at British politics. Such men were a magnificent nucleus for a *salon,* and the merits of the house and the host and the host's cook soon added to the number. Even stout Conservatives like Lord Eldon did not disdain to dine when such good entertainment was assured. Family politics brought Grey and Greville and Windham, and, later, Melbourne and Palmerston; and the views of Lord Holland, who was much more of a Radical than his uncle, brought the semi-republicans like Whitbread, Burdett, and Cam Hobhouse, and the new Whigs of the Brougham and Romilly type.

It says much for the candour and sympathy of Lord Holland's mind that he was able to fit himself in with so many schools of thought. The Irish glamour of Sheridan was as acceptable to him as the douce modesty of Francis Horner. Nor were the arts neglected. Holland House was one of the first patrons of Sir David Wilkie ; Davy and Faraday were frequent guests ; and every species of man of letters had a seat at that somewhat crowded board. The ponderous learning of Dr. Parr met the wild genius of Porson. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Moore, Campbell, Scott, and Byron were all at different times within the circle. * Macaulay was destined as its historian, and suffered much from the rudeness of its hostess. As for foreign notables, their name is legion. Holland House was one of the show sights of England, and distinguished visitors flocked thither in droves.

The history of the House, which Sir James Mackintosh

longed to undertake, has been written by Princess Maria Lichtenstein. Mr. Sanders does not attempt to repeat the work. His concern is with the circle, and he gives us delightful gossiping memoirs of Lady Holland's guests. Lord Ilchester has edited the lady's *Journal,* and so provides us with a glimpse into the heart of a very curious woman.

Lord Holland was always a synonym for gentle amiability, but even in the height of her success Lady Holland found her critics. Lord Melbourne once banged up in the middle of dinner and announced that he refused to dine with her on any terms. Charles Greville, who loved the place, thought the hostess absurd and ill-mannered. Ugo Foscolo declined to go to heaven with her ladyship, though he was prepared to go to hell with her husband. Lord Dudley detested her because of what he called her radical " badness of heart." The reading of her *Journal* does something to bear out these critics.

She was the only daughter of a rich West Indian, and married at an absurdly early age an elderly Sussex baronet, Sir Godfrey Webster. He was something of a gambler, and had an undeniably bad temper, but clearly the faults were not all on his side. The behaviour of his wife to an old aunt of his who occupied the family mansion was a barbarous performance for a young lady in her teens. Sir Godfrey loved English country life, but his wife dragged him abroad, and condemned him to foreign hotels and a society he detested. Soon he returned home, leaving her to go her own way, and presently she met the young Lord Holland, and ran away with him. Sir Godfrey divorced her, and she married her lover, to whom she seems to have been sincerely attached.

The *Journal* is not pleasant reading. It reveals a half-

educated, vain, and intensely egotistical woman, not without brains, but wholly without charm. Even when she becomes immersed in high politics she shows little appreciation of problems; it is only the personalities and the backstair intrigues which interest her. Now and then she is moved by higher motives, as when she describes the touching scene of Fox's death, and she was always a loyal guardian of her husband's interests.

But, on the whole, the interest of the *Journal* lies solely in the light which it casts upon her own character. There is nothing in it of the wit and humanity which may be found in letters like Lady Louisa Stuart's. Indeed, the criticism of that delightful writer on the first Lady Stanley of Alderley might well be applied to Lady Holland ; she delivers " opinions without appeal in the voice of a pea-hen."

A wise Frenchman once said that a *salon* could only be founded by some woman who was under a social ban, and thereby deprived of ordinary female society. This saying may explain part of Lady Holland's success. Her past made the decorous ladies of the early nineteenth century fight shy of her. Every one knows the account of the visit to Brougham Hall, when Brougham's mother declined to receive the Hollands, and her son was driven to make laboured apologies at the gate. With the exception of the Duchess of Devonshire, she had few friends of her own sex. In consequence she was driven to cultivate the acquaintance of the male part of the community who came to Holland House without their wives. A delightful house, a universally beloved host, and the certainty of meeting the most agreeable men in England, were strong attractions. Moreover, there was

behind her the Fox tradition, one of the most potent of personal influences in our history.

But some talents Lady Holland had in a high degree. She was an admirable martinet, and dragooned her guests into perfect discipline. If the host is easy-going, and men of all parties and opinions come to dine, some dragooning is necessary. It says much for the skill with which this discipline was exercised that few ever revolted from it. Lord Melbourne and Byron were almost the only guests who jibbed. It is impossible, too, to deny that she had a true and catholic admiration for the first-class, whether in intellect or character.

Lady Holland began life with a hearty dislike of Scotland, and yet soon we find Holland House the favourite meeting-place of the young school of Scottish politicians like Mackintosh and Francis Horner. She had a *flair* for talent even under the most unpromising exterior, and this in itself redeems her from the worst kind of vulgarity. After all, it is something to have been tolerated, often admired, and occasionally liked by so brilliant a coterie.—*November* 5, 1908.

LAFCADIO HEARN AND JAPAN

EAST and West, we are told by the poet, will never meet except in the persons of two strong men. Two years ago many hundred thousand strong men met at very close quarters, but East and West, Japan and Europe, are still far from understanding each other. Sir Ian Hamilton, who might fulfil Mr. Kipling's definition of a strong man, and who is also a highly cultivated man of letters, has lately published his scrap-book of Japanese impressions, and for all his sympathy he is still bewildered. He is sometimes irritated by the Japanese, often delighted, almost always impressed, but they remain to him the great " Asian mystery."

The surprising growth of the country in material civilization from childhood to maturity within a decade has made many people consider her the farthest west of Occidentals rather than the most easterly of Orientals. But it looks as if this view could not be sustained. Japan, whatever she is, is not Western at heart, and, unless we are to invent a third category, she must be labelled Eastern, and even peculiarly Eastern.

What needs revision is our ordinary conception of the character of the East. Europe is only now getting into touch with the lands east of Suez. Though we ourselves have ruled India for a century and a half, it was always as benevolent aliens ; and only now, after a long apprenticeship, are we beginning to realize how little we

know of our subjects. The old conception of the East must inevitably suffer revision as our knowledge increases. Will we at the end of it all find the Orient nearer ourselves, or unexpectedly remote ? This was the question which Lafcadio Hearn set out to solve, and his answer was the latter.

Few Occidentals who have studied the East have gone about the matter so thoroughly as Hearn did. In his life, which has been written by his friend, Miss Elizabeth Bilsland, we find the story of a career almost without parallel in the history of letters. Born in the Ionian Islands, the son of an Irish surgeon-major and a Greek girl, he spent most of his boyhood under the care of a Roman Catholic aunt in Wales, who succeeded in alienating him hopelessly from Christianity. At her death he found himself penniless; so, sick, half-blind, and wholly friendless, the boy of seventeen drifted about in the slums, first of London and then of New York, till he wandered to Cincinnati as a newspaper reporter. He worked there for some years, then migrated to New Orleans, where the climate was better suited to him; and finally, having made some reputation by his books, betook himself to travel in the West Indies.

Then he was sent by a publisher to Japan to write a book, and, falling in love with the country, settled there. He thought the place like a child's world of make-believe—fantastic, simple, and incomparably delicate. It was the land he had always been looking for, and he gave it his heart. He was admirably fitted, from his birth and training, to understand the soul of strange peoples, and more especially, one would have said, of the Japanese. He was an excellent linguist, and had a great love of folk-tales and primitive religious beliefs, so that

he soon mastered the rudiments of his subject. Moreover, his mind was singularly simple and child-like ; if it was not Eastern, it was certainly not quite Western.

Hearn did nothing by halves, so when he settled in Japan he married a Japanese wife, became to all intents a Buddhist, was naturalized, lived in a Japanese house and mainly on Japanese food, took a Japanese name, and became a Japanese official. The letters published in his biography bear witness to the strenuous efforts he made to become one of the people and get at their heart. Yet at the end, starting with all the odds in his favour, he had to confess failure.

> " Here," he writes, " is an astounding fact. The Japanese child is as close to you as a European child —perhaps closer and sweeter, because infinitely more natural and naturally refined. Cultivate his mind, and the more it is cultivated, the further you push him from you. Why ? Because here the race antipodalism shows itself. As the Oriental thinks naturally to the left where we think to the right, the more you cultivate him, the more he will think in the opposite direction from you."

Hearn saw another thing long before Europe was to learn it from the cannon-mouth. This gentle, silken people were iron at heart. They were like their land, which, for all its soft, golden weather and its richness of tint, is austere at heart.

> " Under all the amazing self-control and patience there exists an adamantine something very dangerous to reach. . . . In the house of any rich family the guest is likely to be shown some of the heirlooms. A pretty little box, perhaps, will be set before you. Opening it you will see only a beautiful silk bag, closed with a

silk running-cord, decked with tiny tassels. Very soft and choice the silk is, and elaborately figured. What marvel can be hidden under such a covering ? You open the bag, and see within another bag, of a different quality of silk, but very fine. Open that, and lo ! a third, which contains a fourth, which contains a fifth, which contains a sixth, which contains a seventh bag, which contains the roughest, hardest vessel of Chinese clay that you ever beheld."

This is the allegory of Japan and of the East. Behind the silk is the rough, hard Chinese clay. Hearn made many friends among his pupils and neighbours, he was loved by his wife and children, and was greatly respected in the whole community. And yet he felt that between him and them there remained the " gateless barrier." His children were partly of a blood of which no searching could tell him the secret. The last fragment he wrote was called " Illusion," and few can read the last words of it unmoved.

> " But, quickly as he runs, the child will come no nearer to me—the slim brown hand will never cling to mine. For this light is the light of a Japanese sun that set long years ago. . . . Never, dearest!—never shall we meet, not even when the stars are dead !
>
> " And yet, can it be possible that I shall not remember ? —that I shall not still see, in other million summers, the same sea-wall under the same white noon—the same shadows of grasses and of little stones—the same running of the same little sandalled feet that will never, never reach my side ? "

When Hearn wrote Japan was still a strange land, but now the Western world thinks that it understands something of her soul. The readers of every halfpenny

paper have heard of Bushido and Shinto. We know that in that country it is considered right and blessed for a man to die for the State, that all classes live frugally and hardily, that knowledge is set above power and power above comfort. We know these traits, and applaud them, we dwellers in a land where not one man in a thousand believes he has any duty to the State except to grumble at the tax-collector.

Gallant individualists that we are, we can admire the wonderful discipline of the Japanese State, while declaring ourselves on the side of greater individual liberty. We can admire, too, though a little uneasily, the wife of the great minister who, when her husband told some ordinary public lie, decked herself in her best and opened her veins, praying that the gods would accept the sacrifice, and look not upon the disgrace of her household. We comfort ourselves with the reflection that it is all very wonderful, but a little crude and fantastic, and we, being a mature people, have put away childish things.

Childish or fantastic, it is the East, the very heart of the East, and it is what we will have to reckon with some day. For now we must revise all our old opinions. The Oriental was once supposed to be universally incompetent. He was a dreamer without any practical power. He was too much of an individualist ever to form a lasting State. He was too much of a mystic ever to be simple, and for him logic, in the true sense, did not exist.

If Japan is Oriental, then we must take the East at its best as representing precisely the opposite of every attribute we have catalogued. Her mysticism is terribly practical, her logic goes to the heart of things,

and her simplicity is like the uncanny simplicity of nature. In place of the old colour and confusion we must credit her with a cold, scientific precision. As for her individualism, it does not exist. The State or the race is the unit, not the individual, and a State conceived in so austere a spirit must needs be strong. You may say that Japan is not the East, but it is hard not to feel an uneasy suspicion that Japanese qualities are dormant elsewhere in that great half of the world we have so misunderstood.

We make no prophecies about the future. It may be that the imperfect differentiation of the individual is a sign of immature development, out of which Japan will advance to something like our Western conditions. These things are too vague and difficult to permit of dogmatism. But meanwhile between East and West there remains that gulf which, as even Hearn found, is not to be crossed by taking thought.—*March* 14,1907.

THE SCOTS TONGUE

IT would be a pity if in the revival of vernacular which we hear around us Lowland Scots should be neglected. To-day Gaelic, both in the Highlands and in Ireland, seems to be taking on a new lease of life. It is recognized that if racial and local characteristics are worth preserving, the best preservative for what is idiomatic and individual is a separate speech. There must, of course, be some *lingua franca* for the daily round of business and politics, but for the other side of life there is merit in a tongue which sets up a sharp distinction between our public and private interests. What is granted to a language like Welsh or Gaelic should be granted to a dialect.

We make no extravagant claims for Lowland Scots. Let us call it, if Professor Skeat wishes, Northern English. All we are concerned with is that it is a speech different from modern English, that it contains many words and phrases apter and racier than their English equivalents, and, above all, that great literature has been written in it. If our children lose touch with it their children will be still further away, and the time may come when to a Scottish boy the speeches of Cuddie Headrigg and the lines of *Tarn o' Shanter* may be as difficult as Langland.

In one sense, to be sure, as Mr. Neil Munro has pointed out, the speaking of Scots is not only not

decadent but on the increase. As the population of the country grows, more people will speak the Scots dialect, just as the population of Greater London speak Cockney. English public schools and universities will not prevent the sons of the richer classes from pronouncing many words, as Lord Mansfield said, *more Boreali,* and no number of elementary schools where a Scots word is taboo will prevent the children from talking a dialect full of Scots idioms.

To be sure, it is not good Scots. Two hundred years ago, when the dialect ceased to be spoken by all classes, it began to decline structurally. Its new words were generally mispronounced modern English. " She is a Scotchwoman," says the Duke of Argyll in *The Heart of Midlothian,* " and speaks with a Scotch accent," and when Mr. Butler objects that this must sound vulgar, he replies, " You must suppose it is not the broad, coarse Scotch that is spoken in the Cowgate of Edinburgh or in the Gorbals." Lady Staunton spoke " the pure court Scotch . . . so generally disused now that it sounds like a different dialect, entirely distinct from our modern patois." The Duke would probably have called the tongue of Burns a patois, but, if not " court Scotch," it was many degrees nearer a substantive language than the modern speech.

There is no objection to the modern speech appearing in literature any more than to the dialect of Mr. Hardy's rustics. A good deal of irrelevant abuse was levelled by purists at the Scots of the " Kailyard " novelists. No doubt it is weak-kneed and broken-backed, and, in the main, misspelt and mispronounced English, but it happens to be the way in which most people in Scotland talk to-day.

Take two modern novels, both masterpieces of their kind, *Wee Macgreegor* and *The House with the Green Shutters.* To a purist the dialect in both is horrible, full of modern slang and perverted Cockneyism, but who can deny the realism of it ? The Glasgow workman and the loafer of the small burgh do not talk the Scots of Allan Ramsay. So long, therefore, as there are novels written about Scottish life there will be a kind of Scots dialect in literature, and so long as Scotland exists the bulk of its people will speak differently from their southern neighbours.

What we are concerned with is not this modern dialect, but what we may call *classic* Scots—the speech full of racy idioms and felicitous words, a speech in which great literature has been produced, and which in certain landward parts is still spoken. There are many varieties of it, from Burns's western version to the hyperborean form of *Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk.*

For ourselves we think the dialect of the Lothians, in which Ramsay and Fergusson and Scott and Stevenson wrote, the metropolitan type of classic Scots, leaving out of account the slightly more difficult earlier writers like Dunbar and David Lyndsay, while a wealth of good literature is to be found in the work which, beginning with the later versions of the ballads, ends, for us at any rate, with *Weir of Hermiston.*

Without a knowledge of classic Scots the best things in that literature are shut to the reader. The man who cannot follow the fine shades of. meaning in the talk of Dandie Dinmont and Davie Deans cannot appreciate Scott to the full. It is the perpetuation of this knowledge that we would plead for. There are passages in Burns **and** others—notably that amazing passage from

Outram—which we fear only a scholar in old Scots can be expected to understand. All we ask is that a certain modest acquaintance with the tongue be kept up. The living speech is not yet dead. In parts of the country where penny papers and music-hall songs have not blighted the talk of the people you may still hear the Scots of our forefathers. We stand at a critical point, for in another generation not only the spoken word **but** the knowledge of the written word may be a thing of the past unless we bestir ourselves to prevent it.

The Scotch Education Department have issued a Memorandum on the Teaching of English, in which teachers are urged not to treat Lowland Scots as a provincial dialect, but to encourage its use among children. This is satisfactory, provided some effort is made to keep the Scots as near to the old pure standard as possible. There will always be plenty of Scots dialects; what we want to see perpetuated is the knowledge of the language of the best Scottish literature.—*December* 5, 1907.

THE OLD JOURNALISM AND THE NEW

THE transference of the *Times* to a manager who has hitherto been chiefly connected with halfpenny papers marks the end of a great epoch in British journalism. That epoch began with the Victorian era, and to all intents and purposes ended with it. The eighteenth-century newspapers were, as a rule, miscellanies of scandal and personalities, and when they touched on politics, editors and printers were rarely out of lawsuits. Sensational journalism flourished as much then as now—more, indeed, for there was less of the other kind to counterbalance it. The fashion continued down to the early years of last century. Look at the extracts which the *Times* and other papers are in the habit of publishing from their issues of a century ago. Sensational paragraphs, indiscreet society gossip, and personalities are the chief contents.

But early in the Victorian era the newspapers became suddenly serious. Partly, no doubt, this was due to the urgency of political questions, and the fact that with the extension of the franchise people felt themselves more directly interested in what the Government was doing, and more inclined to demand from their newspapers authoritative news. Then it was that the *Times* suddenly became a Fourth Estate in the Constitution. Its leading articles could make or unmake

the reputation of a public man. If it opposed a measure, that measure had to be reconsidered ; if it encouraged, the thing was as good as done. Its editor was a sort of extra unofficial member of the Cabinet.

How was this power obtained ? Partly by accident for a new spirit in politics was abroad : people were beginning to think for themselves, and they wanted a guide who should not be an ordinary party leader. Political discussion had come beyond the walls of the House of Commons into the home of the ordinary citizen, and he could only get materials for discussion from his newspaper. Partly, too, it was due to the great personalities who succeeded one another in the editorial chair.

Delane was the most famous; but no editor of the *Times* fell below a high standard. The paper had two aims before it. One was to give full and accurate news. For this purpose it had special correspondents in every foreign capital; its Parliamentary reports were better than Hansard; and its legal cases were as full as those of the official law reports. The other was to hold the balance level between parties, and to represent the views of the moderate citizen, who is apt to be neglected in violent controversies. The *Times* was sensible, incorruptible, and courageous. It had no axe to grind, and was far too powerful to need to curry favour with any party. Can we wonder that such a paper had enormous influence ?

The golden age of British journalism could not last. Cheaper paper, cheaper methods of printing, and the necessity of catering for the great mass of half-literate readers produced by the Education Acts, forced the price down to a penny and for a time to a halfpenny.

News and correspondence could not be procured in the old extravagant way, except in some sensational matter, when full reports would send up the circulation.

The whole conception of a newspaper changed. Instead of being " an organ of public opinion," as old-fashioned journalists used to boast, it tended to become a kind of cheap magazine, with pictures, fashion articles, and hundreds of paragraphs about trivialities written in the style which is known as " spicy." Many papers, to be sure, resisted, and continue to resist, the tendency. The three great London dailies, the Scottish papers, and certain provincial papers like the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Birmingham Post* continue to adhere substantially to the old traditions—the publication of accurate news and of well-weighed comments on public matters. They still flourish deservedly; but by far the greater part of the newspaper-reading public prefers its penny print, where it can get its news, often inaccurate, in tabloid form, where it can be entertained with the less dignified kind of society chatter, and where the leading articles are, with one or two notable exceptions, the least important part of the paper.

One result of the change is that the personality of the editor is ceasing to be important. We shall probably never see another Delane of the *Times* or Russel of the *Scotsman.* A far more important person is the manager, who has his eye fixed only on the sales, and whose business it is to give the public what it wants. And here we come to the real difference between the old and the new journalism. The theory of the old school was that a newspaper led public opinion; the practice of the new is to make a newspaper follow it.

The new-fashioned type of newspaper will not risk

unpopularity. It has no dignity, no continuity or consistency, for it has no convictions, except that it is its sacred duty to please the largest number of people. As we have said, there are one or two praiseworthy exceptions, but we fear that this is the unavowed creed of the most modern school of newspaper proprietors. We are bound to think it a very dangerous creed, destructive not only of journalistic dignity, but of public morals. In the name of democracy it follows a principle which is essentially undemocratic. Popular government far more than any other form of government demands leadership, and a high sense of duty in such leadership.

The great tribunes of the people have never been men who followed every popular whimsy, but men who thought it their business to *lead,* and who were not afraid to speak plainly to their followers. A statesman who will only take the cue which the public gives him is a very poor creature, and a newspaper, which from its very nature plays the same part as a statesman, is false to its first duty if it puts popularity before conviction. A popular paper should be a tribune of the people, and not a paid demagogue.—*January* 16,1908.

A GREAT EDITOR

MR. ARTHUR DASENT'S life of his uncle, John Thadeus Delane of the *Times,* which Mr. Murray has published, is in every way a book of extraordinary interest. The age of the great editors has gone. A newspaper nowadays is read less for opinions than for news and special articles, and the manager is, generally speaking, more important than the editor. It is most interesting, therefore, to get some understanding of the character and the work of one who, by universal consent, was the greatest editor on record. An editor is necessarily a mysterious person. He does not write signed articles, and, as a rule, he writes very little at all. He is the silent power behind the machine, and while the results are patent we can only guess at the causes.

The first fact about Delane which Mr. Dasent's biography reveals is that he was, above all things, a high-minded and patriotic Englishman. He wholly declined to degrade his paper to any vulgar end. He became editor at twenty-three, and for nearly forty years under his charge the *Times* was the chief paper in the world without any possibility of a rival. Its circulation was never less than ten times that of any British contemporary.

This assured position gave him his chance. He had no need to adopt undignified devices to increase its

circulation. It was almost like a Government department, beyond competition or any ordinary business troubles. We wonder what he would have said to some of the recent devices of his successors. His belief was that a good newspaper should be written by gentlemen for gentlemen, and he was as free from snobbishness on the one side as he was from vulgar commercial methods on the other. He was also conspicuously free from party bias. He had strong views, but he never advocated them for party reasons. His theory of editorship was that a great paper should hold the balance even, and assist any man, whatever his party, who was endeavouring to do good work for his country. Nowadays, the sole aim of too many newspapers is to abuse their political opponents. It may be natural, it may even be in our changed circumstances desirable, but we cannot help regretting that the Delane tradition has gone out of the journalistic world.

The secret of Delane's power was the extent and accuracy of his information. He was believed with reason to be the best informed man in Europe. He collected his information by being personally acquainted with nearly every person of distinction in the country. Obviously, this is by far the safest way. To hear a statesman's policy from his own lips is more likely to prevent misunderstandings than to get a report second-hand from somebody else. Delane was liked and trusted by everybody. He was an intimate friend of politicians so widely apart as Aberdeen, Clarendon, Cardwell, Palmerston, and Disraeli. He knew all the great men of science and men of letters, and his support was generously given to all social reformers.

Delane was also trusted by the Court. The letters of

Lord Torrington in Mr. Dasent's biography show the influence which the views of the *Times* had upon Queen Victoria. She knew that its editor was in touch with popular opinion more than any of her Ministers, and she accepted him as a guide. No man who had not exceptional gifts of good sense, good taste, and self-reliance could have maintained the position of universal adviser and confidant for forty years without a blunder.

This great editor spent nearly every night of his life at the *Times* office—an occupation which has broken down many a strong man. But the impression which Mr. Dasent's volumes have upon the reader is that of a man who was never hustled, who for all his strenuous work had leisure to look about him. In appearance he was like a healthy country gentleman who rode to hounds twice a week, and his complexion was an index to his sane and well-balanced mind. His horse used to be brought to his chambers of an afternoon, and he would ride down to Westminster. There he would see one or two statesmen, and then ride to Lady Palmerston's or some other great house to hear the talk of London. Dining at the Athenaeum, he would find out how the Church or the Bar or the universities were looking at things.

What editor is nowadays at such pains to get at the truth ? Delane led public opinion, because he took the trouble to understand it; but that it was possible to take this trouble meant a world less feverish than that in which **our** modern newspapers are edited—*April* **23, 1908.**

HYSTERIA IN THE PRESS

THE fortunate people who live in country districts and read only some staid and decorous daily, or some irreproachable weekly, have no knowledge of the *malaise* which seems to be attacking a considerable section of our Press. But dwellers in towns who cannot escape from penny papers, and who by accident or design get a sight of half a dozen different newspapers each day, are beginning to be conscious that something is wrong in the journalistic world.

Shrillness and wildness seem to be the characteristics of too many leading articles, just as exaggeration is the chief feature of the news columns. Never before has our Press been conducted with so high an average of literary ability. But we pay for this brilliance by the loss of much of our former good taste and good sense. For a long time, indeed, we have been accustomed to cheap papers, which printed any idle gossip as authentic news. The editors knew the public taste and catered for it, and every morning their readers were certain to find tit-bits of information which made them open their eyes with wonder. What matter if such news was contradicted next morning, or was even too palpably nonsensical to contradict ! Those incurable romanticists, the public, were given the splash of colour they desire in an otherwise drab world.

No doubt this is not very defensible, but to our mind it is harmless compared to what is happening now. The editorial articles which accompanied these high-coloured news columns were generally short, dull, and insignificant. But now it is into the editorial part that the garish colour has spread. The responsibility which should lie heavy on those who may be speaking to an audience of half a million is forgotten. When a difficulty appears, it is their business to increase instead of moderating it. They write in a style which would be suitable to the Charge of the Light Brigade, or the law-giving on Sinai. They use habitually the most sacred and solemn appeals, so that in time the familiarity of the reader with them begets a sense of contempt. In Burke's phrase, the extreme medicine of the constitution is made its daily bread. The appeal is always to emotion and passion, never to reason or judgment. In a word, many excellent papers have all the symptoms of what we know as hysteria.

In saying this we do not mean to suggest that there is any harm in a newspaper being a good party organ. It is perfectly fair for one class of paper to portray Mr. Asquith as a brigand without a redeeming virtue, and for another class to show us Mr. Balfour in colours which would have shamed Iago. This is the rule of the game, and nobody takes it seriously. Every one knows that those much-abused gentlemen are in private life as respectable citizens as the rest of us. It is allowable, too, to describe every measure of the Government to which you are opposed as the last word in human folly, and every amendment of your own party as a shining instance of human wisdom.

One London daily has been ransacking Elizabethan

English of late to find epithets wherewith to pelt the Licensing Bill, all modern expletives having been exhausted long ago. There was a great deal of wild abuse from Nonconformists of the Education Act of 1902, just as there is a great deal of wild abuse of the new Act from Churchmen. Chinese labour was denounced as infamy by one party, and as provident statesmanship by another. The fashion is harmless enough, but each side knows that it is exaggerating, and that the other side knows that it knows this; so the amenities of private life are not lost. Such frank and violent swashbuckling is not hysteria, it is a legitimate party tournament.

Our complaint is of the same violence in matters where the appeal must of necessity be taken in full seriousness—in matters of conduct, and in questions of British interests dissociated altogether from party. We are bound to say that one side in politics is as guilty in this matter as the other. Not long ago, for example, a well-known London Liberal paper headed an article on the decision of the London County Council to attempt to feed necessitous school children by private subscription before drawing upon public funds with the words, " Let them Starve ! " Such an insinuation is a disgrace to journalism, a hysterical outburst for which there is no defence.

But it is in questions of defence and foreign policy—questions which in their broad issues are by common consent not party questions—that hysteria is most dangerous. The effort of the *Times* to get up a panic about the influence of the German Emperor on British politics, and thereby to embarrass our relations with Germany, is a case in point. The

Kaiser's letter * was an innocent one, though no doubt the method of its communication was irregular. An outcry on the subject could only have been justified by serious suspicions of Lord Tweedmouth's good faith. But the *Times,* while raising the outcry, explicitly declared that it had full confidence in Lord Tweedmouth's patriotism.

What, then, was the reason of the fuss ? No other, so far as we can see, than a desire to make bad blood between two friendly countries in order to discredit some particular Ministers. Such an aim is either calculated malignity or else hysteria, and we prefer to take a charitable view and call it the latter. Another instance may be quoted, in which the offender is no less a person than Mr. Kipling. He published in the *Morning Post* a series of articles on his Canadian travels. To say that these articles were filled with the most violent suspicion of the Liberal Government is to put the case weakly. As we have said, we have no objection to good party philippics, but when party animus is directed either to foreign affairs or to the Empire, which are *ex hypothesi* outside party, then we have a right to call such an attitude hysteria.

There is one fact which may be recommended to the consideration of those who are guilty of the fault. It is that they are preparing their own downfall. He who habitually writes on common matters a power too high will have no words left when the matter is uncommon.

*** In March 1908 it became known that the German Emperor had written to Lord Tweedmouth on naval matters, and that in reply the latter had communicated to the Kaiser some information regarding the forthcoming naval estimates. Lord Tweedmouth was unjustly censured, he having framed his answer with the full knowledge and sanction of his colleagues. There was, in fact, no premature disclosure of the naval estimates to the German Emperor.**

A paper which is always creating scares and crying "Ichabod" to the honour of its country may attract a following for a season. But the average man is incapable of living on stimulants, and sooner or later he craves for more wholesome fare. The result will be that when the same newspapers have really something to say, and deal with matters for which no language is too high, they will find that nobody pays the slightest attention. The cry of "Wolf I" will have been raised too often.—*March* 19, 1908.

VI

TRAVEL

THE ALPS

THE Alps are the one part of the earth's surface which custom seems unable to stale. The peaks have all been climbed, most of them by every possible way ; the valleys are littered with hotels and signposts; and the holiday-makers of two hemispheres congregate there and disport themselves on the easier glaciers. They are the only range of great mountains easy of access, and therefore they are the range to which the mountain-lover naturally lifts his eyes. They ought to be vulgarized beyond redemption ; but, strange to say, they are not.

Old mountaineers who have gone to the Alps for many seasons come home every year with the fixed intention of never returning. Their next expedition, they say, will be to the Himalayas or the Mountains of the Moon. Yet as certain as fate you will find them the following June in the Alpine Club busy with maps, planning this or that traverse or new ridge. I do not know why it should be so, except that the Alps, being *great* mountains, remain at heart savage and remote, and that they are the sacred ground of mountaineering, and supply us with our unit of measurement and our terminology. We think of all mountains in terms of them, and however far we stray we must inspect the cradle of our sport. Also they are more spacious than one imagines. It is very annoying to find the *salle a manger* full of noisy trippers ; to be served by slip-shod, dress-coated waiters in place of the old-fashioned village girls; and to find one's favourite

walks decorated with sign-boards and favourite peaks garlanded with wire ropes and set with stanchions.

But it is easy to get away from it all. A mile or two, and you leave the overdressed, noisy crowd behind you ; and though the fashionable routes of ascent may be a little populous on a fine August day, there are others, less known, finer perhaps, where the lover of peace need fear no disturbance. In spite of Baedeker, and Cook, and Polytechnic trips, and German honeymoon couples, and brass bands, the Alps are still remote and untarnished. " Old Leisure sits knee-deep in grass " only a little way from the crowded inns, and the traveller in half an hour from the funicular railway will be swallowed up in mountain quiet.

There are a great many ways of looking at the Alps. You may go about in the valleys, like Ruskin, and call the snow peaks white archangels, and think, and perhaps write, a quantity of beautiful prose about them. Or you may be the tourist—generally an excellent fellow—who is chiefly concerned about what he is to have for dinner. Or, like a friend of mine, your one thought about Switzerland may be that it is a poor hunting country, with bad going for hounds. Or you may botanize, or geologize, or study the extremely rational Swiss system of government, or try to talk indifferent French to peasants who only speak indifferent German, or do any one of the thousand things which our countrymen are doing at this moment.

But unless you climb you will not learn much about the Alps. Of course you will have visions of them. The first sight of the Oberland chain from the Jura, or of Mont Blanc from near Geneva, or of Monte Rosa from the plain of Lombardy would stir the least susceptible

heart. But a vision from the plains is not the same thing as the intimate knowledge which comes from scrambling about on the bare ribs of the mountains. Thereby you win knowledge and a certain exaltation and clarity of spirit which is worth having. The valleys, with their luscious and slightly theatrical beauty—such places as Como and parts of Lucerne—can never be quite satisfactory to the ordinary sinful, fallible, well-meaning man. He feels that he does not deserve so rich a setting. They are either for the very good or the very bad—for the blessed spirits or for the rascals who have utterly given up any attempt to save their souls. The average man craves in his heart for the austerity of the high snows and the strain of long marches, which, as Theophile Gautier says, express the " unconquerable aspirations of the human spirit."

It is often asked, Why is mountaineering so much the sport of the *intellectuel* ? I suppose that the answer is that it needs an intelligent man to appreciate the rewards of long days of frequent danger and constant exertion. Also it is a singularly unvulgar sport. There is no advertising about it, and no record-breaking, and the feats which are done every year are talked of modestly by the Club fire, or are recounted in unassuming papers in the *Journal,* but do not appear in the popular prints. A third reason is its wholesome democratic spirit—for the true *intellectuel* is generally a good democrat. Class distinctions do not exist for mountaineers. As soon as the rope is put on the only question is as to a man's physical prowess—his nerve, courage, and good temper. A cheesemonger and a Privy Councillor may be on the same rope, and if the cheesemonger is the better climber he will be the more thought of.

Yet another reason, perhaps, is the comparative cheapness of the sport. I say " comparative," for it is only cheap as compared with yachting, deer-stalking, motoring, salmon-fishing on the Tay, hunting, and big-game shooting. It is much dearer than such sedentary pursuits as golf. What makes it expensive is the distance you have to travel before you reach the Alps, the high prices which rule at most mountain inns during the tourist season, and the cost of guides. The first item may be avoided by climbing in Scotland or England ; but as we are talking of the Alps, this is no answer. The second is largely avoidable, as I shall show later. The third must be faced, unless a man is a real expert and has learned his way about the Alps by many visits.

A foolish outcry is often raised about guideless climbing. A party of three experienced amateurs is not a guideless party in any proper sense of the word, and now that the Alps have been so much exploited, it is almost the only form of climbing which still offers to experts something of the attraction of pioneering. But for novices to venture up a difficult mountain without guides is simply a form of suicide. Considering that the working life of a guide is only from twenty to fifty, and that his profession involves a long training and daily risks, the charges are not excessive. But for all that they mount up. The ordinary tariff for a first-class peak like the Matterhorn, Dent Blanche, or Weisshorn is £4. A porter costs half as much, so the expense of any good ascent may be put at £6 as a minimum. A guide and a porter will suffice for two climbers, but for a larger party a second guide will be required. A season of half a dozen ascents will cost in guides at least £36. Add to this £10 for travelling and £20 for living, and the bare minimum

for a climbing holiday will be about £70. If really difficult peaks are attempted, the cost will be greater. For example, for most of the great Chamonix aiguilles there is no fixed tariff, and the guide's fee for the Grepon and the Requin would probably be about £8. It is possible of course, to work with very young or indifferent guides at a cheaper rate ; but such economy is liable to end in disaster.

There are three ways of reducing the cost, which I make a present of to my readers. One is to avoid the tourist season altogether. Unfortunately, the months of July, August, and September, when the myrmidons of Cook flood the valleys, are also the best climbing months. October is unsafe, for the first snow is beginning to fall. But June is, to my mind, almost the best season in the Alps, provided that the year is not a late one, and that the climber does not attempt the great snow peaks, which exceed 13,000 feet, but confines himself to the lesser mountains and to rock.

As early as the first week of June I have seen the snow stripped from the Chamonix aiguilles and the rock in perfect condition. I have seen, too, day after day of clear, bright weather which no August could match. At such a time you will find gentians blossoming on the edge of snowdrifts, and the young green of the larches, not yet tarnished by midsummer, making a heavenly contrast with the blue of the sky, the white of the hills, and the darker olive of the undergrowth. Also there is one luxury which cannot be enjoyed at any other season. Instead of having to descend a weary mile of screes from the foot of the crags, you can glissade right down to the edge of the larches, for if the snow is gone from the rocks it is not gone from the slopes. In June you will

find the inns, just awakened from their winter sleep, more moderate, the guides cheaper and more obtainable, and, to my mind, both valleys and hills more beautiful and infinitely more solitary.

Or you may avoid the main resorts and go to remote valleys. The Oberland, the Zermatt valley, and Chamonix are too famous. Every sightseer in the world goes there, and the hotels are full and therefore dear. The man who plants himself down at the Montanvert or at the Riffel cannot expect to economize ; there are too many others willing to do the same thing, and to pay for it. But there are little, homely inns in the side valleys; there is Dauphine ; there are the Graians ; there is the whole of Eastern Switzerland and Tyrol, where the charges are only about two-thirds of those which prevail farther west. A mountaineer who knows enough German or Italian to make himself understood can find many places where his board will cost him little, and where the local guides will expect no exorbitant rewards.

He can explore the less-known glens which run up from the valley of the Po, or he can find many little travelled corners in Tyrol, in the Dolomites, or still farther east in Styria. He will often have to fare roughly, and the humble mountains which he ascends may not be the equal of the Dent Blanche or the Charmoz, but he will get good sport for all that, and be the richer for his self-denial.

Or, lastly, you may shake the dust of hotels off your feet altogether. After all, there is no need to take up your quarters in an inn. The odds are that in your expeditions you will have to spend one or two nights out-of-doors. Why not spend the whole time ? You

can camp anywhere in Switzerland, for there is no law of trespass. A tent does not cost much to begin with, and it can be transported without great trouble to most parts of the Alps. A modest camp equipment, including cooking utensils, will also go in a single hamper; a Wolseley valise is not very bulky ; and you can borrow a couple of deck-chairs from the nearest inn. Have one friend to help you, and

> " Enlarged winds that curl the flood
> Know no such liberty."

You can pitch or strike camp when you please. The nearest pine wood will give you fuel, and there is never any lack of water. Now you may camp on some flower-strewn Alp, with the lights of the valley far below you. Or it may be in a crook of some old moraine, or on the glacier itself, or, if your baggage is light enough, high up on the edge of the snows. You will want some help in porterage, but that costs little. Wine and bread you can buy in the village, and Chicago will provide you with a substitute for butcher meat.

It is not luxurious fare, but you have your own luxuries to make up for it. You have the soft twilight far removed from mosquitoes and hotel noises, and the immense starlit spaces of night, and, above all, the wakening at dawn and seeing the mountain tops kindle as you try to keep warm in your sleeping-bag. At the end you will find you have spent little, and that you are as hard as a cowboy ; and the odds are that the excellent system of Swiss hotels will find you a rare patron in the future.—*July* 25, 1907.

THE DOLOMITES

YOU may get to the Dolomites by many ways—from Toblach, from Bozen, from the Engadine by the high-level route, from Innsbruck by the Brenner Railway. Or you may come west from Styria by a succession of little valleys, which were better known in Roman days than in ours. But every place of great beauty has one royal approach, and that of the Dolomites is from the south.

You leave Venice with its heat and mosquitoes, and in a few hours reach Belluno and the foothills of the Alps. There the railway stops, and the rest of the way is by road. You drive up the valley of the Piave, whose immense bed and wide reaches of sun-baked gravel show what a torrent this thin stream can become in the winter rains. The great road—the Strada d'Allemagna, as the Italians call it—runs boldly into the hills, now on the level of the water, now far above it in a cutting on the mountain side. In twenty miles you reach Pieve di Cadore, where Titian was born, and in the fantastic forms of hills you will find much to recall backgrounds of Bellini and Carpaccio.

The road now swings to the left, and the first great Dolomite shows itself—Pelmo, in shape like a broken white tower, but if the sun is setting over it, a flaming red bastion, set on a pediment of amethyst. Then Antelao appears, and Sorapis, and by the time the soft

Italian dusk has fallen you are in the vale of Ampezzo, with the tower of Cortina church silhouetted against the cliffs of Pomagognon. You have come to a frontier —not merely the political one between Italy and Austria, but the more elusive one between the Latin and the Teuton.

Italy survives in the richness of the woods which muffle the lower slopes, and the strange pure outline of the high rocks. But the peasant who passes you on the road, though he speaks bad Italian, has the north in his blood. A more regal race than these Ampezzans I have never met. You will see women working in the vineyards with the faces and forms of sunburnt Junos. They have the free walk and the upstanding figures of a northern race, but there is something of the liquid Italian in eyes, speech, and colouring.

The Dolomites, to be precise, are a certain type of limestone formation, so called from the geologist Dolomieu, who first described them. Specimens may be found in this country at more than one place in Derbyshire. But the classic ground is a district in the Eastern Alps, bounded by the Brenner Railway on the west, and the line running east from Franzenfeste on the north. It was first discovered by English climbers in the heroic age of mountaineering, and readers of Sir Leslie Stephen's *Playground of Europe* will remember the delightful chapter on San Martino.

But the great achievements have been done mainly by Austrians and Italians, and it is less of a British playground than any other part of the Alps. It is a democratic playground too. On the roads and in the inns you will meet every summer hordes of young Germans on pilgrimage, with no baggage but their

knapsacks. They keep down the prices, and except at one or two famous hotels, you will find the tariff far lower than anything at Chamonix or Zermatt. Most of these boys are not mountaineers, though they may carry ice-axes and wear nailed boots, and ornament their heads with the most truculent Tyrolese hats. The real mountaineer is less conspicuous in his dress. If you see an unassuming man walking quietly down the street of Cortina, looking as if he had just come from some mild sport like golf, with two lean guides carrying ropes and axes behind him, you may be sure that he is some noted member of the Alpine Club. But the respect in which the sport is held is shown by the way in which the democracy adopt its externals.

In Britain mountaineering is the fad of a small and more or less leisured class ; in many parts of Germany and Austria it is the popular sport, just like football or cricket with us. There are popular journals devoted to it, with serial stories in which mountain maidens and intrepid Alpinists play the chief part. It was a working printer from Munich who, alone on a week-end holiday, made the first ascent of a tower in the Rosengarten, which had long defied the best guides. For myself, I like the fashion extremely. It delights me to see clerks and shop-boys, instead of spending their annual fortnight at some stuffy seaside place, shouldering the pack and wandering about the mountains. I could wish there were less of the stage mountaineer in their clothes, but that may be only insular prejudice.

The peculiarity of the Dolomite limestone is that it weathers into fantastic shapes and a million fissures and cracks. At first one cannot believe that these white battlements rising above the pine trees are mountains

at all. They look like the kind of fairy-tale hills with which a child, with a gift of drawing, might illustrate a story of his own making. The faces turned to the valleys are as near as possible perpendicular, and their ascent looks sheer madness. But when you reach the foot you will find that chimneys and cracks have cleft the mountain from top to bottom, and places which seemed inaccessible are easy enough for a man with a good head.

It may sound presumptuous to say so, but nine out of ten Dolomite climbs are easy. The one thing necessary is freedom from vertigo, for you are climbing the whole day on the face of a sheer cliff, with bits of green meadow showing between your boots when you look down. There are such splendid handholds and footholds that it is difficult to slip, and few of the climbs are too long to tax a man's strength. But the tenth climb is not only difficult but dangerous, for it means long stretches with microscopic holds, where balance is attained more by the friction of string-soled boots and rough clothes than by any grip. In such places there is a fair chance of a slip, and a slip is often fatal, for on a sheer cliff there may be no rock to belay the rope round, and no standing room for the guides to hold the slipping climber. Elsewhere one talks about a fall *on* a mountain ; in the Dolomites, if you fall, you fall off the mountain, just as you fall off a church steeple.

Another drawback is the heat and drought of these white crags. There are no springs such as delight the traveller in the high Alps, and for a long day an improvident man may be waterless. Moreover, you are much farther south than, say, in the Oberland, and the power of the sun on these limestone rocks is a thing to

be remembered. I have known excellent climbers endanger their lives by attempting a long climb on an exposed face in the heat of an August noon.

But when all has been said, an amateur, if he has any common sense, will find the Dolomites an excellent place to learn the art of rock-climbing. There is every type of peak, from the very easy to the very difficult. He may begin on the Cinque Torri, the curious little procession of rocks which can be seen from the inn window at Cortina. Then he can advance to Cristallo, Antelao, Pelmo, the Croda da Lago, Tofana, Sorapis, the Piz Popena, and the easier peaks of the Rosengarten. Finally, if he learns fast, he can try the easier of the routes up the Kleine Zinne, and some of the sensational Rosengarten towers. Then, being " entered" in the craft, he can proceed to any of the delicacies of the sport which he may fancy, from the long face climbs on Tofana and Marmolata, to things like the Winklerthurm and the Funffingerspitze.

These are enough to satisfy any ordinary man ; but if he has done them all, he will be driven to those freak climbs which the guides are compelled to invent to satisfy their *Herren.* These are generally the wrong way up an easy peak, and some are very nerve-shaking indeed. A distinguished Scottish professor was the pioneer of many of them, and has the proud words " erste Ersteigung " against his name in Heir Mayer's excellent little *Hochtourist.*

The worst of Dolomite climbing is that it is in a class by itself. Great proficiency on the limestone is not necessarily a guarantee of skill on other rock. The multitude and variety of holds, the splendid tenacity of the stone, are apt to teach a man only one way of

climbing. Moreover, you climb as a rule in string-soled boots, called locally *scarpetti,* which adhere to anything. There is a little peak called the Torre Inglese, which is almost exactly the shape and steep-ness of Cleopatra's Needle. With nailed boots this is on the verge of impossiblity, but with *scarpetti* it is quite within the compass of the average climber. These string boots are a great comfort, but there are few other places in the Alps where they could be used, and they may almost be called an illegitimate aid. On the granite needles of Chamonix they would be torn to threads in an hour. Hence Dolomite climbing is an art by itself, and Dolomite methods can scarcely be applied else-where.

I once had the opportunity of watching the two styles in sharp contrast. I was climbing with a Cortina guide, whose reputation is European, and a young French guide from the Mont Cenis district, who had been trained largely at Chamonix. Unfortunately, the Frenchman early in the day was rash enough to tell the Italian not to be afraid, and the result was that these two raced each other up the mountain to the great discomfort of their master. The Chamonix man was all at sea in what one might call the finesse of the work. He sprawled awkwardly, and had neither the pace nor the precision of the other. But in climbing which came within the scope of his own experience—in rounding difficult corners and negotiating ugly chimneys—he moved with a freedom to which the other had no claim. In one couloir was a patch of steep snow, which the Cortina guide descended delicately with much step-cutting. The Chamonix man unroped, and gave us an exhibition of snowcraft which took our breath away. He moved

on that steep snow as securely and certainly as if he were on a lawn. Both were brilliant guides, but the one was specialized, and the other's training had been in the general craft of mountaineering.

Let it be added, however, that the guides of the Dolomites are excelled by none in boldness and skill and loyalty. They have an Italian fire and vivacity, most unlike the stolid, business-like Zermatter or Oberlander. They will sing and make jokes after the longest march, and in difficulties I have never found their cheerfulness falter. They are also scrupulous about the honour of their trade, and you will not meet men less mercenary or more alive to the fine etiquette of sport.

One of the greatest of them all was Michael Innerkofler, and the story of his death is worth retelling. He was conducting two German students down the easy glacier on the north face of Crist alio. By some mischance the first fell into a crevasse, and dragged the second after him. Innerkofler remained at the edge, and succeeded in holding up the two. He was a powerful man, but he could not pull up two ; all he could do was to hold on with the students dangling on the rope. They seem to have lost their axes or their heads, and could do nothing to help themselves. There was no sign of help coming, and he gradually felt his strength ebbing and his feet slipping. The sensible thing would have been to cut the rope ; but such an act was against the tradition of his life. He allowed himself to be dragged into the crevasse, and was killed, while the students escaped with a few bruises, having less distance to fall. It was a quixotic end, but in its way a great one.

British climbers who have made a specialty of rock-work are inclined to despise the Dolomites. They urge

that they are only Cumberland or Skye on a larger scale. When they go abroad, they say, they want something different from what they can find at home. I confess that I am inclined to agree with them. The Dolomites are very like slightly larger Coolin, and for that matter some of the most famous climbs are scarcely longer than you may find on Sgurr Ghreadaidh or Sgumain. The snow-work on them is insignificant, and they are not terrific rock mountains like the Grepon or the Meije.

No man who has seen them but will seek to return, but when I next go there I propose to think less of the climbing. I will take a French guide from Chamonix, for though I admire the native guides I do not understand the Italian patois. He shall be a young guide of a cheerful nature, who will make songs about the hills, and sing *Sur le Pom-agognon* and other parodies to lighten the march. With him I will explore those secret hill meadows of which I have never seen the equal. In the Alps your upland meadows are found where you seek them—above the pines and below the snow; but in the Dolomites they are hidden away in crannies of cliff, so that to reach them you have often to do as much climbing as on a regulation peak.

At the top of the white wall in front of you, down which a thin cataract falls, there may be a little meadow with groves and running streams, set on a ledge with great battlements behind it. Nowhere will you find such heavenly solitudes. The place is ablaze with flowers, scented with clean odours, silent save for the music of waters and winds. No dell in Thessaly could more fully embody pastoral quiet.

And then there are the evenings, when the white rocks become rose-pink, and glow like tourmalines

against the velvet sky. If you can keep awake, it is worth while going out from the hotel as the moon rises, and you will be amazed to see a circle of solemn white statues around you. Darkness lessens the impression of size and distance, and at night the Dolomite peaks seem shadowy white monuments, the work of man rather than of nature—as if you had strayed by chance into some burial-place of old kings.—*July* 23, 1908.

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS

THE kind of discussion which took place in the House of Commons on the second reading of the Access to Mountains Bill leads us to hope that something at last may be done in this matter. It is not a subject on which there is much real difference between sensible people. Every thinking man wishes all classes of his countrymen to have full enjoyment of the beauties of his country. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald asked very pertinently how working men could be expected to be patriots if they were excluded from everything but the highroad. We would go further, and point out that the burden of our defence is mainly met by the poorer classes. Are we to ask a man to fight for his native land when he has no right to the enjoyment of that land?

The question is rapidly becoming an acute one, for our population is growing, and, moreover, much of the soil is passing from the control of its old masters into the hands of the new-rich, who are apt to have exalted ideas of the sacrosanctity of landed property. The old landowners recognized the truth that land carried duties as well as rights ; the new are apt to remember only the price they have paid for it. The matter is essentially one for a fair compromise, for there are duties and rights on both sides. If we, fling open all land unreservedly we shall not only depreciate private interests

unfairly, but we shall ruin the amenities of the land itself, denude it of its wild denizens, and spoil it for the pleasures of its true lovers.

There are three rights at stake—that of the people, that of the owners, and that of the land itself; and it should not be impossible to find some reasonable compromise between them. A great deal of the country is free to all. The mountainous districts of England and Wales, Exmoor and Dartmoor, the Downs of the southern counties, and a vast number of heaths and commons are shut to no well-conducted traveller. Even in Scotland, where the claims of sport arise, large tracts of the Highlands and Lowlands are free. It is true that travellers go there on sufferance rather than by legal right, but the result is the same.

The question really narrows itself down to the great grouse moors and deer forests. Many of these are closed absolutely to the public at all seasons of the year, and when they happen to contain famous peaks or beautiful scenery this is a public grievance. We do not believe that a limited access to these places at certain seasons will in the least interfere with sport. Except during the stalking and shooting season, and keeping the sanctuaries apart, a forest or a moor is in no way injured by the presence of well-conducted visitors who have the sense to observe certain elementary rules.

The Access to Mountains Bill applies to England as well as to Scotland. So far as its English application is concerned we see no ground for criticism. It provides generally that no owner or occupier of uncultivated mountain or moorland can debar persons from walking thereon for purposes of recreation or scientific inquiry. The visitor must do no damage; he must not pursue

game, take eggs, encamp, damage trees or flowers, disturb cattle or sheep; he must have neither dog nor firearms with him. Land actually occupied will be excluded from the Bill, such as parks or plantations. Sanctuaries in a deer forest will also be strictly preserved. With these reservations any man may go anywhere in these islands at any season.

We confess that we have some difficulty about this access at all seasons. A single well-intentioned visitor in a deer forest during the stalking time might cause a great deal of unfair trouble to the owner. We should prefer to limit the Bill to certain seasons—say November to August. No doubt harm might be done to sport during these seasons by the visit of a very large party of tourists, but this would be technical damage, and the landlord would have a legal remedy. So he would under the Bill during the stalking season, but it would be hard to prove damage in a number of individual cases, and *ex hypothesi* these individual visits would do no harm at other seasons.

Further, in order to provide for a modified access even during the close season, new rights of way should be created. A right of way to the top of a mountain in a deer forest would simply mean a slight rearrangement of the forest on the part of the owner. It would be like the highroads, which at present intersect some of our best forests. It is gratifying that there is every chance of a sound measure becoming law.—May 21, 1908.

VII

A GROUP OF SCOTSM

LORD ROSEBERY

ABOUT a year ago (1907), after a temporary alienation from current politics, Lord Rosebery returned to the strife. The manner of his return was characteristic. It was a Scottish question which aroused his indignation, and on this Scottish question he delivered in the slack days of the Session one of the most effective debating speeches of his life. This mode of re-entrance *to* his former profession was appropriate to the dual character of the statesman.

Of all the eminent men of Scottish blood now alive, Lord Rosebery is, politically, the most Scottish. In temperament or talents, to be sure, he is not the Scot of common acceptation. He is not such a complete type of national characteristics as the Prime Minister (Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman). He has not Lord Balfour's or Lord Haldane's interest in metaphysics and theology—an interest which is conventionally believed to exist in all Caledonians of genius. But he is identified as no other man is with the politics of Scotland, regarded as a separate unit in our federated Britain. He knows and loves her traditions ; he is jealous of her old ways and customs ; he would welcome a distinctively Scottish civilization, with Edinburgh as its centre.

To such matters, even in his period of Parliamentary silence, he devoted an enthusiasm which he has shown infrequently in Imperial matters. Can we imagine Lord Balfour speaking of Burns, with Lord Rosebery's serious passion, or Lord Haldane—or even Sir Henry Campbell-

Bannerman—fighting the cause of Auld Brigs with the same fervour ? As assuredly as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is the man from Birmingham, so Lord Rosebery is the statesman from Scotland. It is a great achievement that the public man of the widest European reputation and the most cosmopolitan culture of the day should also nurse most assiduously the flame of a sane nationalism. Lord Rosebery can argue with truth that the wider patriotism of Empire need not exclude the affection for the smaller country of origin.

Lord Rosebery's manifold distinction is a romantic element in our business-like modern politics. In sport, in letters, in oratory, in statesmanship, he has won conspicuous triumphs. He has been Prime Minister; he is without doubt the greatest living orator ; there are few better masters of the English tongue; and in addition, he is, and will continue to be, the " mystery man " of public life—a personality at once baffling and attractive. We have to go several generations back to find a parallel to such a combination of diverse talents.

He has shown himself again and again a firm and judicious administrator. He conducted our foreign affairs at a time when the atmosphere was electric, when our relations with France were not in the cordial state in which we find them to-day. With a touch of Palmerstonian hauteur, he had also much of the adroitness of Lord Salisbury. Departmentally, he was beyond praise. The traditions of the Foreign Office speak of a laborious and assiduous chief, for in his administrative work there was no trace of the dilettante.

In a very different sphere, as a popular leader, Lord Rosebery had the gift both of rousing enthusiasm and stimulating affection. His hold over Liberalism in Scot-

land was at one time only second to that of Mr. Gladstone. That hold, which he had easily obtained, he voluntarily relinquished. Of his reasons for the act, a difference on policy with the bulk of his party was probably the least. The truth is that the game of politics as played at present is a dreary business for one who is not stirred by the ambition of the man seeking a career, and an impossible business for one who sees all political dogmas as only half-truths at the best. Lord Rosebery's past achievements and his great position raise him above the ordinary incitements to effort, and his temperament makes the advocacy of half-truths distasteful.

He is a romanticist, who asks too much from politics, and therefore he can never be a great asset to a party. His patriotism, as real as any of our time, does not condescend to the day-to-day business of politics. It is a wise order of nature that men are usually attracted to those tasks which they are well qualified to perform. Bagehot's definition of a British statesman still holds good—" A man of common ideas and uncommon abilities." Lord Rosebery's ideas are not common; there is no reason why, if he choose to do one thing well, we should grumble that he refrains from doing another thing less well.

We are therefore left with the writer, the critic, and the speaker. As to the last gift there can be no question, even among the most resolute of his opponents. He is the only man living who has the true golden gift of speech. His marvellous voice is a large part of it, but the intellectual side of the art is equally significant. He is master of the whole range of oratory, and there is no chord which he cannot touch with precision and success.

Lord Rosebery's speech at Edinburgh in 1896 after his resignation of the leadership is probably the finest to which our generation has listened. There lurk, too, in the journals of the House of Lords a hundred speeches starred with fragments of wit, of eloquence, and of melodious prose. The most careless impromptu utterance, the most informal after-dinner toast, is a model of urbane and classical English. He has that cardinal gift of the great orator—his thoughts seem to be born with an appropriate garb of words. In after years he will probably be the most quoted of statesmen—even more than Disraeli is to-day.

Take his famous phrase on Disraeli's undertaking that the title of Empress of India would never be used by the Queen in this country—" A medicine labelled for external application only." Or take these two passages from an old speech :

> " ' You should forget party,' said the Duke of Argyll. . . . The Duke of Argyll cannot forget his party, because his party is himself. Whatever may be your wishes, however noble may be your aspirations, when you have a party in that compact and singular—I might almost say that portable form—it is one of which you cannot divest yourself, and it is one of which I think the Duke, on reflection, would be unwilling to divest himself."

And again:

> " Now, if all hope of union has not fled before this, it is due, in my opinion, mainly to the patience of our leaders, who, when they have been buffeted on one cheek, have meekly offered the other. But I am bound to say this, that the time may come when we shall come to an end both of our patience and of our cheeks."

We might quote a dozen other passages which show the same quality. It is not studied wit—that is common enough : it is pure fun, bubbling up spontaneously and taking the perfect form which only a wide culture can give. It is the surest proof of intellectual vitality. And this is only one of his gifts in oratory. In a graver vein he can be as impressive as Bright. We should be inclined to take the conclusion of his Rectorial address on " Questions of Empire," and the passage in the speech on Cromwell where he discusses Cromwell's religion, as the highest level of modern eloquence.

As a writer Lord Rosebery has given the world little beyond his speeches. The monograph on Pitt, the little book on Lord Randolph Churchill, and the study of Napoleon's " Last Phase" make up his slender literary baggage. It is not a broad basis to found a literary reputation on, but it is sufficient. It reveals a catholic breadth of appreciation, for Lord Rosebery is as sympathetic towards Cromwell as towards Pitt—men who had scarcely a trait in common except genius.

The style is a perpetual inducement to quotation, so deft is it, so urbane, so completely felicitous. There is no trace of pomposity, of rhetoric, or of shallow cleverness. How admirable is this of Addington : " The son of the respected family physician, who had proscribed colchicum to the elder and port to the younger Pitt, he carried into politics the indefinable air of a village apothecary inspecting the tongue of the state." Or this passage:

" The uneasy whisper circulated, and the joints of the lords became as water. The peers who yearned for lieutenancies or regiments-, for stars or strawberry leaves ; the prelates who sought a larger sphere of useful-

> ness ; the minions of the bed-chamber and the janissaries of the closet—all, temporal and spiritual, whose convictions were unequal to their appetities, rallied to the royal nod."

Lord Rosebery would write an excellent book on the French Revolution. He would write an excellent book on almost any phase of our own political history. The critic of temperament who has the historic sense and the gift of style is so rare that we can only hope that what this critic is denying to a party he is preparing for the edification of mankind.—*March* 5, 1908.

LORD BALFOUR

THERE is no doubt that Lord Balfour is a representative Scotsman. But he is also a hard nut for Scotsmen to crack, for a reason obvious to all familiar with the psychology of peoples. He has every characteristic with which the world at large credits the Scot and which the Scot flatters himself that he possesses. He is a very capable administrator, and in no way amenable to sentiment. He is an admirable dialectician, and loves controversy as other men love peace. He is desperately metaphysical, and it is likely that theology interests him more than any other subject. Write down these qualities, and you have a list of the attributes which are commonly credited to those born north of the Tweed.

And yet the average Scot is a little shy when he sees a living epitome of these qualities, for he knows that their owner is not typical of him and his kind. The average Scot, let it never be forgotten, is incorrigibly sentimental; at heart he would rather be "kindly" and "innerly" than "canny," and his admiration is rather for Burns, who had none of the reputed national characteristics, than for Adam Smith, who had them all. Lord Balfour reveals to him the vast gulf between the Scot of legend and the Scot of fact. He is the legendary Caledonian, and therefore a little disconcert-

ing to his countrymen. They perfectly understand his habit of mind, they know they ought to admire it, but they are far from certain that they do. In theory they are all for dry light, " a hard, gemlike flame," but in practice they like the glow from more turbid altars.

The first and most obvious fact about Lord Balfour is his amazing success. When he was little more than an undergraduate Disraeli advised the Conservative Party to keep their eye on him. At that time he was a slim young man, fond of art and philosophy, a connoisseur of Burne-Jones pictures, and much beloved in society. On his entrance to politics he sat for a family seat, and acted with the Fourth Party as a thorn in the side of Sir Stafford Northcote and a gad-fly to the Ministerial benches. Sir H. Drummond Wolff's published reminiscences show that even in those days he had the gift of drawing subtle distinctions. Of the members of the Fourth Party an observer might have said that he was the least forcible; as a matter of fact, politically he was worth them all put together. The winning of an industrial seat in Manchester brought him into the regular ranks of party, and thereafter he was the rising hope of Conservatism, the legatee of his uncle's mantle.

Ireland gave him his first great chance, and he seized it with a firmness which surprised even his friends. When he went there as Chief Secretary in 1887 a slack rein and a graceful idleness were the current expectations. Never were prophets so deceived. For four years Lord Balfour ruled Ireland with a strong hand, but with justice, so that while he won much dislike he won more respect. It was quite impossible to intimidate this quiet, abstracted young man. He defied fore-

bodings, took his own way at all times, and left Ireland with a reputation for administrative talent of the first order.

Thereafter his career has been monotonously successful. He was so obviously the ablest Conservative of the true faith that his leadership of the party in the House was assured. In two Parliaments he was First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House, and for a portion of the second he was also Prime Minister. In the dark days of the South African War he kept the stiffest back of any British statesman. As for his performances since Mr. Joseph Chamberlain sprung the Tariff question on the country, they make up in ingenuity what they lack in dignity. For a moment the public lost interest in his personality, but only for a moment. He returned after the General Election to a House composed largely of new members, who had never seen him, and his mastery of debate seemed to be gone. In about six weeks it returned, and he became by far the most effective debater and the most eagerly listened to in Parliament. And this is only fitting, for he is a great Parliamentarian, the greatest since Mr. Gladstone.

We confess that it is not Lord Balfour the statesman who interests us most, but undoubtedly he is a very eminent statesman. He can never quite be in the front rank, though he is a first-class administrator. He lacks the chief element of democratic statesmanship, for his mind is far removed from the confused popular consciousness. He will never quite understand what the plain man thinks, and, like all intellectual aristocrats, he is intolerant of mediocrity. In his famous letter on Dr. Clifford, published in his collected essays, he dissects

the arguments of that unfortunate divine with unsparing logic. Dialectically he does not leave him a rag of covering. And yet there must have been something in that position which Lord Balfour does not see, or hundreds would not have gone to jail for it, and thousands changed their party on its behalf at the last General Election. So with Lord Balfour's attitude on Free Trade. His position was logically sound, but it happened to be irrelevant. It did not meet the question to which the plain man wanted an answer.

The fact is that Lord Balfour is not a man of positive opinions and high-coloured convictions. He sees the world not as black and white but as a multitude of shades of grey. In his first book he bade us recollect " that definite and rational certainty is not likely to be obtained unless we first pass through a stage of definite and rational doubt." He is always rational, mostly definite, but generally doubting. In politics such a temperament is not the most useful. The " rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntary " is the type of success. That Lord Balfour has gone so far is due to his great administrative abilities, his strong resolution, his unique skill in debate, and the charm of his personality. His success is enormously to his credit, but it is also to the credit of the British people that they should have recognized the value of qualities so far removed from the market-place.

In politics Lord Balfour is always sincere with himself ; indeed he would be more effective could he sink his love for dialectics and fine distinctions, and shout crude war-cries with the rest of them. But in philosophy he is sincerity incarnate. It is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at his philosophy as that of the

talented amateur. In many senses, no doubt, it is the work of an amateur. He eschews jargon and *cliches,* and he tries to present philosophical difficulties in the form in which they confront the average man.

On this side Lord Balfour has a true feeling for the ordinary consciousness. His attitude is that of the candid, reflective mind which is a little disgusted by the pretensions of sincere and scientific philosophy. He does not offer an alternative system; he only suggests doubts as to the validity of certain theories which he dislikes, and *it* is to be noted that these theories are equally disliked by the average man.

Lord Balfour philosophically is the prophet of common sense and common humanity. His first and best book, *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt,* is a very original and subtle exposure of the logical difficulties of Spencerianism. His *Foundations of Belief* is a defence of religion by means of a revelation of the inconsistencies of its critics. Lord Balfour, it will be noted, is always destructive when he is at his best. He has no need or desire to preach a brand new doctrine of his own. He finds a vital spark still alive in the old traditional faiths, and he is quite content with this. It is his business to show how blunderingly its opponents make their assaults. From such an attitude we do not expect any strong inspiration. He has little poetry, no rhetoric, scarcely a touch of emotion. Sometimes he is thin and sour, like a too dry wine; but he is always clear, candid, scrupulously sincere with his readers and himself. These are not the characteristics of a supreme philosophical talent, but they mean a rare and original temperament, which must always charm and often convince.

Apart from the matter of his books, Lord Balfour is a great master of English style. He writes perhaps the finest prose of our day, prose untinctured by emotion or colour, but strong, nervous, and clear as crystal. He is original in the rarest sense, for the originality is not a trick of language, but inherent in the thought. Any one who condescends to paradoxes and epigrams can acquire a look of novelty; or freshness again may be attained by writing on bizarre matters. But far greater is the originality of a man who deals with common matters in simple language, and yet forces the reader to a new point of view.

This quality may be seen in his *Foundations of Belief*; but it is at its highest in some of his *Essays and Addresses*. To the true lover of good style an apt illustration is far more attractive than a flowery metaphor. To the possessors of an austere literary style Lord Balfour must always be an attractive writer from the pure pleasure which they get from finding an argument put with mathematical accuracy and yet with perfect urbanity and ease. Take such an illustration as this, which is at once simple and final:

> " Do they follow, I mean, on reason *qua* reason, or are they, like a schoolboy's tears over a proposition in Euclid, consequences of reasoning, but not conclusions from it ? "

And, as a last instance, here is an argument, not incapable of answer, yet put in the most perfect form :

> " Mr. Spencer, who pierces the future with a surer gauge than I can make the least pretence to, looks confidently forward to a time when the relation of man to his surroundings will be so happily contrived that the

reign of absolute righteousness will prevail; conscience, grown unnecessary, will be dispensed with ; the path of least resistance will be the path of virtue ; and not the ' broad,' but the ' narrow way ' will ' lead to destruction.' These excellent consequences seem to me to flow very smoothly and satisfactorily from his particular doctrine of evolution, combined with his peculiar doctrine of morals. But I confess that my own personal gratification at the prospect is somewhat dimmed by the reflection that the same kind of causes that make conscience superfluous will relieve us from the necessity of intellectual effort, and that by the time we are all perfectly good, we shall also be all perfectly idiotic."—*April* 2, 1908.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

THERE are few figures in Bunyan's wonderful gallery of portraits more attractive than Old Honest. He was not troubled by doubts, or greatly by fears, but went on pilgrimage with a single-hearted simplicity which smoothed the way for him. Such a man is a great comfort in any high enterprise. He may not contribute much to the plan of route, but he is a great stand-by in weariness. With Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's death we feel that Old Honest has gone out of politics. *Un grand honnete homme* is, we notice, the phrase which the Press of France, where he was exceedingly popular, almost universally applies to him.

There have recently disappeared from public life two men who have left no successors. Both the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman belonged in type to another age. Both were men of high and scrupulous honour, great patience, and complete devotion to the interests of their country. Both were professional politicians in the best sense, with scarcely an interest outside their public duties. We have to go back to Sir Robert Peel to find a Prime Minister so detached from all other interests than politics. Both were profoundly respected, even by their bitterest opponents. No one ever suggested in the heat of debate that either statesman recognized any other

mentor than his conscience. There are men in public life who impress by their brains, and men who impress by their character. The latter was the main source of the influence of Sir Henry and the Duke, and, fortunately for British politics, it is still the major power of the two. The average man objects to being led astray, but he would rather be led into the ditch by a leader he respects than kept in the middle of the road by a guide he does not. It is folly, no doubt, but the kind of folly which is not far from wisdom.

Both of the dead statesmen started life in the Liberal ranks. But there was all the difference in the world between the two temperaments. The Duke was a Whig of the purest type; a staunch individualist, progressive, but only by easy stages, and shy and unhappy in the presence of enthusiasm. Sir Henry was always a Radical, or perhaps it is fairer to call him a Liberal of the continental type. His knowledge of French life and his sympathy with French politicians had a strong influence on his career. He held fast by the root principles of Liberalism—peace, justice, a better distribution of wealth, the abolition of privilege, and the provision of equal opportunity for all.

Most Liberals hold these doctrines in theory, but Sir Henry held them with an emotional vehemence which is not very common among eminent British statesmen. We all do lip-service to the cause of international peace, but Sir Henry was prepared to risk his reputation to secure some practical guarantee. It was the same in home affairs. Many Liberals keep their Liberalism in one compartment. They are Liberals in foreign affairs, or in social reform, or in finance; but the late Prime Minister was a Liberal through all the details of policy.

He felt the problem of poverty just as much as any Socialist agitator, but he also felt the other problems which the social reformer is so apt to forget.

Sir Henry was quite definitely of the party of the Left rather than of the Centre, but his extreme views acquired a certain moderation from the fact that they were never partial. A Radical rather than a Liberal, he was yet a very real exponent of true Liberalism, for he refused to shut his eyes to any need in the whole round of politics. He held that the duty of Liberalism was progress in all departments of life, not in one only. He was not imaginative, and perhaps had no great insight into the future.

The two speculative modern creeds, Imperialism and Socialism, were scarcely appreciated by him. He wanted to liberalize the Empire, and he wanted the poor to be better off, but the ultimate problems of both creeds meant very little to his mind. It was not for nothing that he began his political career nearly half a century ago. We have now and then had occasion to differ from him, but now that he is gone we cannot think of any one who so fully represented the best Liberal traditions. Liberalism is essentially constructive, and Sir Henry never advocated a policy of negation. Liberalism, again, tries to look at the whole political organism, and Sir Henry had this admirable balance of vision. Liberalism, finally, has hope and faith, is not cynical, does not despise the simpler emotions of life. In these qualities Sir Henry was a very perfect representative of the creed. He showed his passion for humanity in general, not, as many have done, by a narrow mistrust of all men in particular, but by a kindliness so spontaneous and winning that few could resist its spell.

The late Prime Minister was a Liberal and a democrat, but he never gave countenance to the insane doctrine that Liberalism means obedience to each and every popular whim. In our opinion the greatest fact of Sir Henry's life was not the victory in 1906, but his long sojourn in the wilderness from 1898 onwards. At that time the Liberal Party was in a state of hopeless disunion. One eminent statesman after another had retired from active participation in its councils. Then came the South African War, and Sir Henry, as the nominal leader of his party, was confronted with a most difficult situation. Most of his chief colleagues were in sympathy with the war. Sir Henry was not, and he had the courage to declare it. It was an unpopular thing to do. Undoubtedly at the moment it greatly added to the discredit into which the official Liberal Party had fallen.

We did not share the late Prime Minister's views on the South African War, but we can admire the sturdy integrity of his conduct. Had he accepted then the doctrine which many Liberals preach to-day—that Liberals should bow to any casual decision of the people—he would have adopted an utterly different course. He would have outdone the Government in war fervour. But Sir Henry was a democrat, not a demagogue. He was the servant, so he conceived it, not of the people, but of principles. He never wavered from his unpopular position, and he gained his reward.

When the chance came for Liberalism, the eyes of the country naturally turned to one who had never hauled down his flag, who had preached unseasonable truths of economy and peace quite regardless of temporary advantage. When the Government fell into dire discredit, the nation demanded a leader whose fidelity to

principles was the strongest contrast to Lord Balfour's opportunism. This seems to us the chief lesson from the career of the dead statesman, and it is one of profound importance to all public men.

In his recent book Lord Cromer has a passage to the effect that in these days the need is increasing for public servants who will place themselves, if necessary, in opposition to the popular will. It is a truth which we cannot blink. The people are not always wise, and the best democrat is he who is determined to lead them resolutely, and not wait anxiously on their approval. Dalhousie once wrote in his diary, "that to fear God, and to fear nothing else, was the first maxim, not only of religion, but of worldly prudence." The saying might be paraphrased for politicians; to obey principles, and nothing else, is not only the most honourable course, but in the long run the best tactics.—*April* 30,1908.

LORD HALDANE

AN eminent Conservative statesman, who is not usually credited with any special goodwill to his opponents, is said to have described the subject of this sketch as " the finest brain in the Liberal Party—or in any party." It is Lord Haldane's misfortune, as well as his fortune, that all men speak well of him. The austere Radical is inclined to look askance at a statesman of whom even Conservatives speak with admiration.

Long before he was known to the newspaper reader, Lord Haldane's was a name to conjure with among educated people. He had a great practice at the Bar. He was a Liberal member of Parliament, who had won a reputation for acumen and sanity. He was a pioneer of technical education, striving with the help of the millionaires to create a British Charlottenburg. He was perpetually sitting on Royal Commissions which ranged over a wide area of knowledge. He had published translations of German philosophers, had long made metaphysics a hobby, and was engaged in discussing the *Pathway to Reality* in extempore addresses to a Scottish university.

There were materials here for twenty reputations, and it is not surprising that Lord Haldane came to be talked of with bated breath as something almost uncanny. His popular reputation does not date from any act or speech. It gradually expanded from the circle of edu-

cated people who knew him or read his works. At that time " efficiency," thanks to Lord Rosebery and others, was the popular cry, and the world suddenly awoke to the fact that here was a marvellous instance of the quality in their midst.

It is not too much to say that for some years no opinion carried quite so much weight on both sides of the House. Other Liberals might be anathema to the Conservatives, but not Lord Haldane, who was an Imperialist, and had indeed published an address on the future constitution of the Empire which Imperialists thought the best contribution to their creed. Other Imperialists, again, might be looked askance at by the home reformer, but not Lord Haldane, who was always talking about education and social problems. Nevertheless he was not for some time a strong figure in politics. It is exceedingly unfortunate for any public man if both sides speak well of him, for he is apt to subside gently between two stools.

It was Tariff Reform that brought Lord Haldane into the front rank of politicians, so far as the public are concerned. It made him a controversial figure. Tariff Reformers might hope for his conversion, but they were no longer so loud in their praises of one who dealt such shrewd knocks to their idols. When he accepted the Secretaryship for War he made his final sacrifice to appease the jealousy of the gods. He entered an office which had been the grave of reputations, and in which, whatever he did, he must look for abusive criticism. The old counsellor-general to the British nation was forgotten, and instead we had a keen and courageous, if conciliatory, minister. Lord Haldane had become a political chief, approved of by party agents, and it was no longer a proof of Philistinism for a Conservative to

abuse him, or of lukewarmness for a Radical to praise him.

It is too early to pronounce upon the great Army Scheme. Even its critics admit that it is a brilliant attempt to think out the essential conditions of voluntary service, and to make conscription impossible by providing a satisfactory alternative. There is no question but that Lord Haldane has carried with him the support of the brains in the regular army. A great lawyer is often the best stuff out of which to make an administrator. He respects the specialist, but is not in awe of him. The War Minister who either regards all soldiers as fools, or looks on military opinion as something which no civilian should question, is foredoomed to failure.

Previously Lord Haldane knew little of military matters, but he had the great lawyer's capacity for getting up a case. Now he is an authority on every army question whom the best-informed soldier respects. It is no small achievement in so short a time to have won the admiration of a class not too ready to listen to civilian advice. Lord Haldane, unlike his predecessor, began with an open mind. He could examine the data impartially and reach his own conclusions. Such intellectual candour, combined with exceptional tact, could not but win the confidence of those who worked with him. If his New Model army does not succeed, the blame must be laid on the country and not on the statesman.

As a minister, Lord Haldane has been almost solely a departmental chief. His heavy official work has prevented him from taking much share in the ordinary debates. But undoubtedly the last few years have added to his general political reputation. He has been one of the most powerful, as assuredly he has been the most

philosophic defender of the Free Trade faith. In social questions he has a sure instinct of organic reform ; and, as we have said, he has contributed far more weightily to the consideration of Imperial problems than those who attempt to degrade the Empire into a counter in the party game.

His other claims to distinction are so numerous that it is hard to select. In the opinion of many he is the greatest lawyer of the day; and if he should upset all precedents, and go some day from the War Office to the Woolsack, he might rank high among British Chancellors, At the Bar he was the most persuasive of advocates, not arguing on isolated points, but building up organically a most formidable case. This was especially seen before the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, where he had an authority unique in his profession. No one who listened to his argument before the Lords in the Scottish Church Case could fail to be struck by the skill and patience with which a type of argument not often heard in the law courts was presented to a court largely ignorant of theological and philosophical terminology.

A great judge once said of a famous advocate that his manner towards the Judicial Committee suggested Omnipotence censuring three naughty black beetles. Lord Haldane did not bully or patronize, but in his calm, bland way he coaxed his hearers into agreement. There was an air of complete reasonableness about him, and complete knowledge, which it seemed almost impious to contradict. " It is no good trying to get the court to differ from him,'' a perplexed opponent once said. " They think, if they do, that in some subtle way they are denying the existence of God."

As to the merits of his philosophical work opinions vary. He is a sincere disciple of Hegel, and as the trend of fashionable speculation lies away from that master, he naturally finds many critics. But it is possible, without committing oneself to any school, to admire the intellectual power which, in the stress of an exacting profession, could think out the argument of his *Pathway to Reality* lectures, and the literary skill which could present it in so attractive a form. These lectures, indeed, showed the writer in a new guise. They showed him to be not only a brilliant dialectician, but a preacher with a profound feeling for the verities of life and a strain of imagination and poetry not the less real because it was concerned with " brave translunary things " beyond the reach of the common litterateur.

Lord Haldane is the " fullest " man—using the word in the Baconian sense—of his generation. Even those who differ most widely from him on particular questions recognize that he is one of the great intellectual and moral forces of the day. He knows so much, and he has thought so much, and his attainments are always at the service of his countrymen and of all progressive causes. Scarcely any man living has done more laborious and gratuitous public service. While at the Bar he was able to find time for a dozen useful activities, and he was content to give up the largest modern practice for the most thankless of public offices. He does not appeal to the ordinary audience in the way that many of his less distinguished colleagues do. He is not violent and declamatory, and he cares more for a great cause than for personal victories. But there is probably no living public man who so fully commands the respect of thinking people, by whatever political title they happen to call themselves.—*May* 14,1908.

LORD KELVIN

WHEN a great man dies at the age of eighty-three, who for half a century has been a power in the world of thought, there is none of the regret which follows those whose work is left half done. Lord Kelvin has so long been a historical figure in science that even in his life he acquired the kind of fame which, as a rule, is only given by posterity.

The greatest Scotsman since Carlyle, his is also the greatest constructive mind in British science since Newton. His brain, keenly tempered from the first, was never idle, and this gave him in extreme old age the heart and vigour of youth. At seventeen he was producing original work; at twenty-two he was Professor of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow; at thirty-three he was the electrician for the Atlantic cable, and a scientist already of European reputation. His energy was matched by his versatility, and both never failed him. The list of his distinctions would fill a page, and a summary of his activities a volume. Physicist, electrician, inventor, business man—there was scarcely a domain of scientific knowledge which he did not adorn. We need not regret his loss, for his true self lives in his works, and they will endure.

Any elaborate account here of Lord Kelvin's work in pure science would be out of place. While any man can

understand something of his greatness, his true magnitude is revealed only to his fellow-workers in the same province. His chief labours lay in physics, which he always regarded as his special department. On the purely mathematical side his most important contribution to knowledge was probably his work on the atomic theory of matter, particularly his doctrine of the primitive frictionless fluid, and its presentation to our perception in vortex-rings—a doctrine the intelligent criticism of which requires the most abstract formulae of mathematical physics.

In the departments of light, electricity, and magnetism Lord Kelvin effected many notable discoveries. Along with Carnot and Joule he may be regarded as the founder of the science of thermo-dynamics. He plunged into geology to controvert the views of those who postulated an immense age for the globe, and refused to admit the hypothesis of cosmic paroxysms. In his view, the solidification of the incandescent mass of molten rock which gave us the earth occurred not more than forty million years ago.

To the layman, however, the important thing about Lord Kelvin was not his specific theories but the quality of his mind. It is not too much to say that he had precisely the same type of intellect which Newton and Bacon possessed, and very few besides. There was no departmentalism in his attitude to life. Like Bacon, he took all scientific knowledge to be his province, and he was never tired of maintaining that all science is one science, and that any science which places itself outside the pale of the other sciences ceases, *ipso facto,* to be a science. That is to say, he suspected at once any departmental conclusion which was inconsistent with principles

of wide application. His inductions were Baconian in the true sense, for they were always co-ordinated and organized in the light of wider generalizations. In the fullest meaning of the word he was a natural philosopher, seeking for the full explanation and reason of a phenomenon and not for its proximate cause.

This belief in the unity of all science was responsible for Lord Kelvin's versatility, and also for what his popular reputation is founded on—his great success as an inventor. Men like Stokes and Sylvester were probably his superiors as pure mathematicians, but in applied science he had no rival. He had constructive imagination and a firm grip on reality, and he was interested not only in the scientific validity of a theory but in its practical value. Too many scientific speculators are, in Bacon's words, " barren, like virgins devoted to God," because the scientist in the clouds loses touch with the earth. But Lord Kelvin, who could move on the heights with the best of them, had a shrewd eye for the needs of our common life. He could descend from the misty regions of the atomic theory to invent an improved water-tap.

Others have had the practical eye, but Lord Kelvin had also in an extraordinary degree that mechanical ingenuity which can work out the practical application of a discovery down to the minutest detail. He was the electrician of nearly all the great Atlantic cables as well as those to South America and the West Indies. He invented the galvanometer and the siphon-recorder; three types of electrometer, which have enormously simplified research; an efficient and simple sounding-machine for ships at sea ; a tide-gauge, a tide-analyzer, and a tide-predictor. Finally, the gratitude of all seafaring men is due to him for his great improvements in

the compass. Lord Kelvin was the first to see that a compass oscillates most wildly when its period coincides with that of the ship, and that the way to steady it is to make the periods widely different. The instrument which he patented is now used throughout the Royal Navy and in most of the larger merchant ships of the world.

Like all great scientists, Lord Kelvin was very modest. Speaking at his Glasgow jubilee in 1896, he said :

> " One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly for fifty-five years ; that word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force, or of the relation between ether, electricity, and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my class students in my first session as professor."

This was no mock humility. Lord Kelvin was as fully conscious as any one of the value of his speculations and inventions. But because he knew so much, he realized how little he knew. He reverenced science, and stood humbly in her ante-room, well aware that he was still far from the inner chamber. The crumbs from his table would have been another man's feast, but no man ever less desired advertisement. Too many modern scientists, when they dimly apprehend some truth, straightway proclaim a new gospel of life, are interviewed by the popular Press, and stultify themselves and discredit their real attainments by incursions into domains of theology and politics of which they know nothing. In an age when even science tends to be loud-mouthed and hasty, Lord Kelvin had the antique graces of modesty and reticence.—*December* 26, 1907.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

THE Livingstone Memorial Meeting at Cambridge was a most interesting celebration. In 1856 the great missionary had already gone far beyond his mission charge in Bechuanaland. He had discovered Lake Ngami in the heart of the Kalahari desert; he had journeyed twice to the Zambesi; and in his last expedition he had discovered and named the Victoria Falls, and followed the river's course to the coast. He returned to England for a short rest, and fifty years ago he addressed a meeting in the Senate House at Cambridge which is one of the landmarks in missionary history.

The stern necessities of Africa had freed Livingstone's mind from any bondage of sect. If slavery was to be crushed, and the light of Christianity and civilization brought into the darkness of Equatoria, the whole of Christendom must unite in the work. Accordingly he resolved to appeal to the Church of England, and in especial to the great English universities. With the glamour of adventure on him, and with that single-hearted earnestness which was his chief endowment, he swayed his great audience as perhaps no orator has ever swayed a university gathering. His final words were long to be remembered : " I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work which I have begun ; I leave it with you."

Livingstone's appeal was not fruitless. The barren

controversies of the Ritualist movement were forgotten in a missionary revival. The first fruit was the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, with its dioceses of Zanzibar and Nyasa, and bishops such as Mackenzie and Maples were worthy inheritors of the Livingstone tradition. Our own Scottish Churches have their prosperous stations in the same country, and one and all look to Livingstone as their founder and inspirer. He returned after his Cambridge speech to further wanderings which have put his name near the top of the world's great explorers. He discovered Lakes Nyasa and Bangweolo ; he explored Tanganyika; he settled the problem of the Upper Congo. But through all his career till that morning in 1873 when he was found dead kneeling at his bedside in a hut on the shore of Bangweolo, he was not so much the discoverer as the civilizer. His ambition was not to add new names to the map, but to bring Christianity and the practical fruits of Christianity to those who sat in darkness.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Randall Davidson), in his speech at the Cambridge meeting, rejoiced as a Lowland Scot that three of the greatest African explorers, Bruce, Mungo Park, and Livingstone, came from the Scottish Lowlands. Livingstone was always true to his birthplace. He had that mixture of quixotic idealism and hard-headed practicality which is so formidable a combination in his countrymen. He saw perfectly clearly that it was little use to teach a spiritual religion unless the conditions were prepared for its reception.

In the first place, there were gross abuses such as the slave trade to be put down; and in the history of Britain's efforts to suppress this shame, Livingstone's name must stand with Wilberforce's. In the second

place, the native must be given a chance to lead a peaceful and prosperous life. If habits of foraying and brigandage are to be eradicated, habits of industry must be put in their place. Industry, again, means an increasing standard of civilization, and for this some contact with the white man is necessary. There must be traders to buy produce and to sell the implements of work ; there must be trade routes to carry produce to a market: in a word, the rudiments of a commercial system must be established.

So Livingstone argued, with irrefutable logic. " Commerce and Christianity " was always his watchword. He has been much criticized and much misunderstood. We have he&rd many cheap sneers about " gin and Bibles," and no doubt there have been traders, as there have been missionaries, who have grossly outraged the spirit of Christianity and civilization. But the fact remains that if the horrors of slavery and inter-tribal warfare were to be stopped, something had to be put in their place, and our ordinary commercial system in some form introduced. There were also those who grieved for the loss of primitive simplicity, and saw in the trousered native something infinitely lower than his naked ancestor.

We should like to put these sentimentalists into some Equatorial district where they could see the effects of the state of nature in ravaged villages and murdered women, and let them learn something of those primitive virtues for which they sigh. No good work is without its drawbacks, and civilization among the dark races brings with it great evils; but no fairminded man can deny that such evils are trivial compared with those they have superseded.

Finally, Livingstone saw what many excellent missionaries have forgotten, that education—secular education—up to a certain point is necessary before a spiritual creed can be apprehended at all. It is easy to make emotional converts among the natives, but for a true change of heart there is necessary a prior change of mind. Centuries of savagery cannot be obliterated in a day.

There have been two men in African history during the past century who deserve to be called men of destiny. One was Livingstone, and the other was Rhodes. Of the two, the first was far the purer and nobler type. The career of the great missionary is stained by no crimes and marred by no blunders. But both had certain great qualities in common. Both were robust optimists, believing that in time the desert could be made to blossom as the rose. Livingstone believed in the possibilities of the dark races, and in the value of contact with the best civilization. Rhodes dreamed of an Africa where white and black could live in harmony, with equal rights. He had not the patience of the other, for he was oppressed by the shortness of life and wished to force the pace; whereas Livingstone's creed might be put in those haunting lines of Scott:

> " The body to its place, the soul to Heaven's grace,
> And the rest in God's good time."

Both, again, had practical good sense. They saw the economic needs of the country, the necessity of routes and highways of commerce; and they grasped the cardinal fact that civilization, if it is to last, must pay a dividend. Both, finally, had imagination.

Rhodes could see beyond the bare leagues of bush to a country of cornfields and homesteads, and Livingstone could discern in the lowest savage the promise of something to be shaped to noble ends. Faith and imagination on a grand scale, combined with a clear-eyed perception of present needs—this is the equipment of the pioneer; and Livingstone must rank among the greatest pathfinders of the British race.—*December* 12, 1907.

SIR J. M. BARRIE

WHEN Sir J. M. Barrie assumed the r6le of dramatist-in-chief to the British public, one might have thought that with success he would have forgotten his earlier manner and drifted into a stereotyped writer of plays. But in the creator of *Peter Pan* we are glad to think the child is fether of the man.. Sir James still plays leap-frog with ideas in the nursery of a later childhood. In the language of children, he has donned the fairy shoes and has slipped into fairyland, where fancies grow as tall as flowers, behind " R. L. S." and Lewis Carroll.

Barrie's career is as quiet almost and as void of ripple as the proverbial poet's stream. If he took his time in flowing, it is satisfactory to know that he now basks peacefully in the broader sunlit sea that is the end of all men's desire, whether they walk or flow, like Barrie.

We scarcely think it necessary at this late day to tell the world that the author of *Peter Pan*—or " Peter Pan " himself, for that matter—is a native of Kirriemuir, or that he graduated in the University of Edinburgh. Nor do we need to learn such things from monographs. Barrie has left the impress of his life and personality in his own books. He is as personal and as autobiographical as Heine or Herrick in another sphere, and he has, besides, the poet's never-failing

charm of making his readers captive in the vassalage of his prose.

In his *Edinburgh Eleven*—an early book—there is much about his college days, of Professors Masson and Blackie and his fellow-students. It is a racy book this, and ripples with wit. Barrie, still with the point of view of his favourite *Peter Pan,* is ever ready, with pen in hand, to record an anecdote or weave an epigram. It is long since we have read this book but we remember with delight such anecdotes as that of the long-haired student in Professor Masson's classroom who was given sixpence, accompanied with the following note : " The students sitting behind you present their compliments, and beg that you will get your hair cut with the enclosed, as it interferes with their view of the Professor." Another tribute to the late beloved Professor.

Barrie graduated in 1882. Prior to this he had written the usual three-volume novel, and, undeterred by the fact that a London publisher had offered to issue it on receipt of £100, he bravely determined to enter the lists of literature, much to the horror of a maiden lady in *Margaret Ogilvy,* who exclaimed, when she heard the mad resolve, " And you an M.A. ! "

We come next to the period of the *Nottingham Journal,* where his experiences as a journalist are given with much humour in *When a Man's Single.* The youthful sub-editor was a busy man even in these days. Besides writing leaders, about which he confesses he knew nothing, he wrote articles, *obiter dicta,* and even gave renderings of Horace. Like Russel of the *Scotsman,* who, when he was hard up for a subject, had " a dirl at Dr. Chalmers," Barrie's pet topics were Joseph Chamberlain and Henry George.

But journalism was merely a stepping-stone. He had played long enough with the " grisette of literature/' as he whimsically calls her, and he began to woo a sterner patron. The Fates were kind to Barrie. Almost from the first he found his feet in some direction. His articles to the *St. James's Gazette* on " Thrums " soon became a feature of the paper, and the young author, encouraged by their success, went to London. His beginnings there, though humble, were far from hopeless, and bit by bit, by dint of perseverance, Barrie found his way into the heart of the British public.

Of Barrie's innate modesty we have more than one striking example in the facts of his life. In his early days the magazines would have nothing to do with him, and in his morbid shyness he began to think that nobody read his articles but the editor of the *St. James's Gazette.* Of his first book he writes, in the tender vein of Lamb, with an almost tearful humour ;.

> " Once I almost saw it find a purchaser. She was a pretty girl, and she read some pages and smiled, and then retired, and came back again and began another chapter. Several times she did this, and I stood in the background, trembling with hope and fear. At last she went away without the book ; but I am still of opinion that had it been just a little bit better she would have bought it."

In that latter sentence we have the true modesty of a great writer.

We have already mentioned the autobiographical note that runs like a golden thread through all Barrie's writings. In his essays he is often as personal as Lamb and as fanciful as Leigh Hunt; sometimes he is as

sentimental as the most emotional love-poet; and with it all there is blent a humour entirely his own, playful as the wit of Hood, though more veiled and subtle. It is the humour of the sentimentalist as distinct from that of the professional wit and punster.

In later years Barrie's laurels have blossomed and borne fruit. As a playwright he has introduced a new element into the British drama. *Peter Pan* and *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire* are the most unique examples of the new drama, which has elevated the stage in the same manner as poetry may be said to elevate prose.

Much has been said about the inability of Scotsmen to see or to make a joke, and of the hard and emotionless nature of the dwellers north of the Tweed. While Barrie still throws his spells of wit and wisdom from the stage and from the study, we need have no further fear of the sarcasm of a Sydney Smith or the good-natured growl of a Dr. Johnson. A nation is to be judged in the aggregate, not in the concrete; and while the creator of *Peter Pan* wields the power he does, we are content to let a later age sift the matter for itself. This is merely a tribute to the latter-day sentimentalist. —*March* 26, 1908.

EDWARD CAIRD, MASTER OF BALLIOL

WHEN Jowett died, the greatest academic figure in the world at the time passed out of men's sight. A college is as much dependent on its head as a public school, and Balliol had become identified in most people's minds with its Master. The small figure with the cherubic face, white hair, and piping voice had most of the qualities of a great administrator, and he had above all things a profound knowledge of human nature.

There was a mythic and a real Jowett—a Jowett who had a wonderful faculty for memorable rudenesses, and who was the chief mirror for fools of his generation ; and a Jowett who loved every member of his college, and laboured for their well-being with a real if frosty kindliness. Balliol became the nursery of Bishops, Viceroys, and Cabinet Ministers, an Eton among colleges, and almost a university in itself. Its success had its dangers, for the Jowett regime was very worldly. The Master was in touch with all sides of national life, and was probably the best engineer of success in the country. For Jowett to make up his mind that a young man would succeed meant certain success for the young man. The danger was that the more humble and modest scholars were neglected. The atmosphere tended to become too utilitarian, and the pure reason was at a discount as compared with the practical. Now this is

a bad thing for school or college, and it was highly important to do something to restore the balance. So the Fellows chose as Jowett's successor one at the opposite pole of academic life.

Professor Caird at the time of his election had acquired a European reputation as a philosopher. He was the most distinguished of English Hegelians, and had also made a name as a writer of grave and weighty criticism. As a professor at Glasgow he had had a wide influence on Scottish youth, and had set the tone in philosophy in other universities than his own. But the life of a student and a professor of ethics is not necessarily the best training-ground for the head of a great academic institution. •

The new Master had not a trace of Jowett's worldly wisdom. The Master's Lodge was no longer the scene of week-end parties, where European secrets were discussed and Cabinet affairs settled. He performed his college duties with great industry and ability, but he had not Jowett's *flair* either for men or matters. Forty years of philosophy had given him little interest in who was to be the next judge or to get the vacant Garter. His success, if he was to be successful, must lie on other lines.

At first there was a certain strangeness. Jowett's tradition remained, and the two personalities were not quite in harmony. But soon the new Master began to make his own influence felt, and Balliol recognized that she had a great figure in her midst. His lofty, almost austere, character braced the whole intellectual atmosphere. Scholarship lost something of its air of " pot-hunting," and philosophy, always a delicate plant in an Oxford college, put forth shoots and flourished.

Caird very wisely made no attempt to imitate his predecessor. For the most part he left politics alone, and his one or two incursions into them were not happily conceived. His work was with Balliol, and in a secondary sense with the teaching of philosophy in Oxford. Under his rule the first did not lose in prestige, and the second most assuredly developed.

At the same time, Caird's influence on Oxford thought was not as great as his friends expected. He came to Oxford an old man, and, as it soon appeared, a tired and broken man. In Glasgow, through lecturing to students most of whom were destined for the Church, he had acquired a habit of putting his conclusions into a curiously theological form. Himself a very rigorous and close thinker, his phraseology, more especially when borrowed by lesser men, often left the opposite impression. Again, his exposition was too easy. In a Scottish university, where most students can only give one session to the subject, it is necessary to teach metaphysics on broad and simple lines.

But at Oxford, where the tutorial system flourishes and two and a half years are given to preparation for " Greats," a philosophy of cosmic imaginings was felt to be rather a windy diet. Caird's pupils were fond of reconciling everything in a higher unity and dragging in the Absolute on the slightest provocation, forgetting that these terms meant very different things to their teacher and to themselves. There is a story that an examiner in "Greats," a well-known philosopher, exasperated by this theological tone, once set as the first question in a paper on metaphysics, " Write down what you know of God, and don't mention Him in the rest of the paper."

Young Oxford does not always take kindly to philosophy, and it welcomes eagerly any catchwords that a popular Hegelianism affords. Generally the result is valueless; sometimes it is high comedy, as is the tale of the young man who had read Bradley's definition of Kant's philosophy as a " ballet of bloodless categories." When asked to discuss Kant's system, he quoted Mr. Bradley as having called it " a ballet of bloody categories," adding that he greatly deplored the strong language.

To serious students of philosophy, also, Caird was not the most sympathetic teacher. As a Hegelian he had none of F. H. Bradley's brilliance, either of analysis or expression, and Bosanquet was a more helpful teacher. Further, philosophy has its fashions, and Oxford was on the brink of forsaking Hegel for transatlantic gods —a movement which has culminated in that negation of philosophy which its disciples call Humanism.

Caird came to Oxford too late, for the movement with which he was identified had lost its first power, and he was too old to re-think and re-express his conclusions. Nevertheless he will be greatly missed in Balliol, for there was an antique dignity about him which impressed the college, and a kindliness which endeared him to all who had the privilege of working with him. His true fame rests on his books, but Oxford will not soon forget the quiet scholar who succeeded her greatest administrator in the headship of her most distinguished foundation.—*November* 5, 1908.

ARCHBISHOP LANG

'"THE Prime Minister has done a very bold and at the same time a wise thing in appointing one of the youngest of prominent Churchmen to succeed Dr. Maclagan in the Archbishopric of York. No man of forty-four years has ever—in modern times at least—been made an archbishop before. The favourite candidates for the vacant diocese, in popular belief, were the Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Percival) and the Dean of Manchester (Dr. Welldon). Many, too, thought that the Bishop of London (Dr. Winnington-Ingram), who is by far the most popular prelate on the Bench, might go to the see of Paulinus. But now that the first surprise has abated and people have had time to turn over the qualifications of the various candidates in their mind, there will be a general agreement on the merits of the Prime Minister's choice.

If the Bishop of Hereford had been nominated, it would have been a political appointment. Dr. Percival is a very old man, and, moreover, though he has splendid work to his credit, he has always been identified with a somewhat doctrinaire and emotional type of liberalism. What is wanted in an archbishop in these days is, above all things, ecclesiastical statesmanship. He is not the brigadier in the field, but the general at headquarters, and it is a vital matter that he should have calm judgment, broad views, and the gift of honourable diplomacy.

Of these talents Dr. Lang has already given ample

proof. Yet, when all has been said, there is a piquancy and romance in the appointment. It is not merely his youth, for the present Bishop of London was younger when he was nominated to his present see. It is the fact that he represents a new spirit of Churchmanship, and that his antecedents are not such as are usually found among archbishops. Like the present Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Randall Davidson), like his own predecessor, Dr. Maclagan, and like the greatest of modern archbishops, Dr. Tait, he is a Scotsman. He also comes of a distinguished Presbyterian family, and, moreover, he remains closely in touch with Scotland. He has written a Scottish novel, * and his infrequent holidays are all spent in his native land. The second highest post in the English episcopate is filled by a man who is very much in touch with Scottish, even with Presbyterian, feeling. It is a happy augury for some future union of communions in Christian work.

The son of a former Principal of Aberdeen University, Dr. Lang was educated first at Glasgow University, then for a short period at King's College, Cambridge, and finally at Balliol with a scholarship. He took a second class in " Greats," a first class in modern history, and two years later obtained one of the much-coveted fellowships of All Souls. At Oxford he had a reputation which is not commonly gained by students from Scottish universities. He was the chief light and president of the most exclusive Tory club, the Canning—a club which to reactionary professions joins often revolutionary practice, and which has been known to disestablish the Church and nationalize the land in two succeeding debates.

• *The Young Clanroy: A Romance of the Forty-Five.* **London, 1897.**

At Balliol Dr. Lang came after the great days of the Asquiths and Milners, but he had Lord Curzon and Sir Edward Grey (afterwards Viscount Grey of Falloden) among his contemporaries. He was a brilliant talker, and memories of his conversation still survive in successful rivalry with the overmastering Curzon tradition. At the Union he had an easy progress to the President's chair, and rarely has more finished oratory than his been heard within its walls. Everything seemed to destine him for the Bar, and accordingly he joined the Inner Temple. He read in the chambers of a future Attorney-General, Sir W. Robson, and had an excellent chance of succeeding to his junior practice when his chief took silk. Somewhat to the surprise of his friends he suddenly resolved to abandon the law for the Church. He proceeded to prepare for the Anglican ministry, and in 1891 was ordained by Dr. Stubbs, then Bishop of Oxford.

A man at the Bar is generally kept in sight by his friends, but a man who goes into the Church disappears into the heavy routine of parish duties. Many wondered how the brilliant young Fellow of All Souls would face a career which meant so much labour, such dingy surroundings, and so little apparent reward. Mr. Lang became a curate of the Parish Church of Leeds—that nursery of bishops—under Dr. Talbot, afterwards Bishop of Southwark. No doubt he owed much to Dr. Talbot's fine enthusiasm, and it was possibly due to his influence that he definitely ranged himself on the side of the High Church party in Church affairs.

Three years later he returned to Oxford as Fellow of Magdalen and Dean of Divinity, as well as incumbent of the University Church of St. Mary's. There can be

no question about his Oxford success. He was the most popular don in his college, and showed a remarkable power of gaining the friendship and confidence of young men without ever losing the dignity of his office. At St. Mary's he used to fill with undergraduates a building which is too often a howling desolation. During his three years at Magdalen he increased his knowledge of human nature—a science which has always been his study rather than any academic line of theological scholarship ; and he needed this knowledge when he was transferred to the great urban parish of Portsea.

Here he had a new audience, hard-headed workmen, deeply influenced by Socialist propaganda, and very little inclined to conventional Christianity. He set to work to organize the religious life of the place on a new basis. He secured a great army of willing workers, and soon acquired a reputation which spread far beyond the bounds of Portsea. Queen Victoria sent for him to Osborne, and made him her chaplain, and people began to talk of him as a young man marked out for high preferment. No one was surprised when, on Dr. Winnington-Ingram's promotion to the see of London, Mr. Lang was selected by Lord Salisbury to fill the vacant canonry at St. Paul's, or when a few days later he was consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Stepney. The young bishop was now one of the most noted men in the Church, and his friends saw him already sitting in the seat of Tait.*

The life of a suffragan in East London is no sinecure, and Dr. Lang worked as hard as Dr. Winnington-Ingram, which is saying much. He had to continue the work that he did in Portsea and Leeds on a far larger scale, and,

*** Dr. Lang became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1928, succeeding Dr. Randall T. Davidson, another Scotsman.**

In addition, he had to face all the endless calls upon the time of a young bishop who is also a fine speaker. Only those who know him intimately can estimate the vast amount of patient, self-sacrificing, uphill work which he did in the East End of London. It brought him no special honour, no paragraphing or advertisement, and little recognition except from his fellow-workers. But to use the old word, it was "blessed" not only to his people, but to himself, for it made him rich in sympathy with, and gave him intimate knowledge of, the problems of the poor.

An East End bishop must perforce become a statesman. He has to face the essential problems of poverty at close quarters, and he cannot shirk the duty of seeking some solution. There were two main sides to Dr. Lang's work as Bishop of Stepney. He was impelled to take some part in ecclesiastical politics, and in this he showed that he had the catholic spirit of a statesman. Strongly opposed to Erastianism in any form, he may be taken as the best type of moderate High Churchmanship, which would make the borders of the Church of England wide, but would insist upon maintaining always the unity of a living organism. He was the spokesman of the wider Anglicanism, and as such was greatly admired in the colonies. Montreal sought him as her bishop, and South Africa for the Primacy. His ready sympathy, his strong imaginative sweep, and the essential manliness of his creed, which refused to shirk any intellectual or social problem—these qualities made him an admirable exponent of Anglicanism in its imperial relation.

The other side was the relation of the Church to the masses. At Oxford he won the confidence of undergraduates, at Portsea of the working-class, and he sought

to give his Church a firmer grip on the new democracy. He had no sympathy with the Anglicanism which is based on vestments and ceremonies and a following of maiden ladies. He founded the Church of England Men's Society, which is a power in the great industrial centres of the north. He is democratic in the true sense, for he believes in the power of Christianity to capture and elevate that class which has always been its special care. Yet he has none of the mawkishness of the ordinary Christian Socialist. He is not only a social reformer; he is a man of intellect. He is as little inclined to fly from an intricate speculative difficulty as from the ordinary trials of the East End worker.

After all, Mr. Asquith's choice has not been so bold. On reflection, we see that he has chosen by far the best man available. Dr. Lang's experience is far richer and wider than that of most holders of dioceses who may be twice his age. He has proved himself again and again a man of the first order of ability. He is one of the few great preachers in the English Church. Without the fiery earnestness of Dr. Gore, or that mastery of phrase which made Canon Ainger one in a thousand, he is the most persuasive and impressive of speakers. To hear that wonderful voice read the burial service is an experience not readily to be forgotten. He has the sympathy and untiring energy of youth, but he has the wisdom of age, for few ecclesiastics have shown a more balanced judgment. He has always a kind of noble worldliness, the spirit which is equally concerned to trust in God and to keep dry powder.

It is a great thing for the country that Dr. Lang should be brought into practical politics, and that the occupant of the second place on the Bishop's Front

Bench in the House of Lords should be a statesman. Statesmanship requires courage and coolness, and it also needs fire. Few men have both, for the mind which can see round a question is apt to lack impetus, and the fiery spirit is too often wrong-headed. Archbishop Lang will not fail in courage, moral or intellectual; he will not lose his passion for his cause ; but no more will he fall a victim to fads and heresies and half-baked policies. His fellow-citizens in Scotland of another communion will join heartily in wishing him God-speed. —*November* 19, 1908.

VIII

MISCELLANEOUS

THE FIASCO OF THE HAGUE CONFERENCE

WHEN the Hague Conference, which has ended, began its sittings we anticipated a great deal from its labours. As to one item on its agenda—the limitation of armaments—we feared that nothing would result but a pious opinion.

But the other items were matters of machinery, the ordinary machinery of international law, which it was in everybody's interest to put into good working order. The regulation of land and sea warfare, the question of contraband, the treatment of the mercantile marine, both of neutrals and belligerents—these were matters which did not involve any violation of national right or any very novel principle of policy. International law is made by agreement between nations on questions where their interests are the same. Its sanction is partly self-interest, partly humanity, partly the fear which a single Power must feel in breaking a law agreed to by its neighbours.

We hoped that the Hague Conference would give a stronger sanction to the rules of international law, since its forty-seven delegates represented every State in the world that had any title to be called civilized. But what we specially wished to see was some authoritative definition of these rules. Take the case of contraband of war. Hitherto we have been taught to distinguish

between things absolutely and things conditionally contraband, but we have no proper schedule of these classes. During her war with Japan Russia began the fashion of calling everything contraband which could be of the remotest use to a belligerent—a practice which caused the greatest confusion among the neutral mercantile marine. Here was a question ripe for settlement, once and for all. Nobody imagined that the Hague Conference would do much to abolish war, but every one hoped that it would make the rules of war less unstable, and, if possible, more humane.

The result has been a complete disappointment. The Conference has done nothing of the slightest importance. Compared with the first Conference, which did much to popularize the idea of arbitration, and to encourage arbitration conventions, this Conference has not been one-tenth so effective. It began its sittings under fortunate auspices, with the blessing of all the Powers. Russia and Japan having just emerged from an exhausting war, it was thought that much might be done under this stimulus of painful memories to humanize war in the future.

Every one agreed with the President, M. Nelidoff, when he said at the opening : " There is a whole class of questions in which the honour, dignity, and essential interests of individuals as well as of nations are engaged, and in which neither party, whatever the consequences, will recognize any other authority than that of its own judgment and personal sentiments/' This is an " owertrue tale," and we cannot dispute it.

But what of that other class of questions which has no concern with anybody's honour or sentiments ? Take the one case of submarine mines which have proved so

terrible a peril to neutral shipping. Britain, as the chief naval Power, made proposals to the Conference, which, if accepted, would have kept this danger within reasonable limits. But modification after modification was passed which reduced the British proposals to a mere shadow. Even this, however, was not carried. The Third Committee, after an interminable debate, produced the mild deliverance that mines must not be laid with the sole purpose of disturbing commerce, and that some sort of notification should be made to any commerical interests that might be concerned. Such a conclusion is pure farce.

And the same thing happened with the questions of the rights of neutrals and of obligatory arbitration. No convention was drawn up, no agreement arrived at on these subjects, but, in each case, a pious expression of goodwill to the ideal was voted by the Conference as the result of some months' sittings. And the reason is mainly that most of the delegates, more especially the German, have made no attempt to look at questions from an international point of view. They have thought only of the immediate interests of their own nations.

We have no quarrel with this kind of selfishness in politics, except that it shows so little intelligence If we must have self-interest, let us at least have it enlightened. Germany's argument is the familiar Bismarckian one that " all laws are useless which may be rendered impossible by the laws of facts." That is to say, she virtually denies the validity of any international rules. The question then arises why she chose to appear at all in an international congress. The national point of view is a very good one, but it does not happen to be relevant when the aim is to create a body of international laws.

Where Germany led most of the delegates followed, but Germany was conspicuous also by her effort to guide the Conference into decisions which would isolate the greatest naval Power. She opposed any practical limitation of floating mines because they were a cheap and effective weapon in the hands of smaller Powers, and enabled them to contend with less disadvantage against a great Power. This is obviously aimed at Britain, and is as foolish as it is ill-natured. Who entrusted the Peace Conference with the task of levelling up the chances of all the Powers in naval war, so that the odds would be more even and the temptation to fight greater ?

In these circumstances there seems no possibility of our accepting the one positive achievement of the Conference, the International Prize Court. This court is both to administer and to make the law, and we cannot surrender our naval interests into the hands of judges who may make the law on the lines of the German arguments. The fiasco of this Conference raises in an acute form the question of the future. One thing is indubitable. Seeing that absolute unanimity is regarded as essential to a decision, it is absurd to give equal voting power to every State represented, putting France on a level with Rumania. In a question of naval warfare there is nothing to prevent the half-dozen great naval Powers being defeated by a number of inconsiderable inland States. At the same time it is a little difficult to see how you can have an international conference without parity of votes. Nothing can be done except for those Powers who agree on any matter to make this agreement the subject of a convention between themselves. In this way, **if** we did not get rules **of inter-**

national law we should get a code of international practice. If this were done, then the Conference at large might go on paying compliments to each other, and luxuriating in the most admirable sentiments, while here and there groups of practical delegates would be doing some real business for their countries.—*October* 17, 1907.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT THE CROSSROADS

THE recent Church Congress at Yarmouth deserves to be remembered above its predecessors because of the courage with which certain fundamental problems of Church government were faced. Usually this body is too much concerned with questions of the moment to have much leisure for the problems of the future. But recent events have driven the English hierarchy to reflect upon the basis of their creed.

The struggle which " Modernism " is making in the Roman Church—a futile struggle, but symptomatic of a tremendous unrest—gives one to think as to the future of that individualism which is one characteristic of modern thought. The growth of Labour parties all over the world gives rise, again, to reflection on what part the new communal spirit is likely to play in ecclesiastical history. For, if you think of it, the Church is in theory the most socialistic of all organizations. In politics the battle of individual liberty has long ago been won, and the struggle now is to defend it against the exaggeration of its complementary half-truth, the doctrine of communal rights.

In the Church, communism has always been acknowledged, and the struggle since the Reformation has been to secure an equal acknowledgment for individual rights.

It is curious that in the two great organizations of the modern world—the State and the Church—the problems, as commonly stated, should be exactly the opposite. There is no popular movement to make the corporate authority of the Church stronger, but it is otherwise with the corporate authority of the State. In contradistinction, there is a real individualistic movement in the Church, while individualism is an almost forgotten creed in secular politics. Now, communism and individualism are not logical opposites. Every healthy organism must owe obedience to both principles. Individual rights without communal duties bring anarchy, and communism with no thought of private liberties is the strictest form of tyranny.

The opening sermon of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Davidson) was mostly concerned with the new conscientiousness or scrupulousness in belief which we see to-day. People were not so ready as of old, he said, to take things on trust, not even from the highest authority. They developed conscientious objections to things which their fathers accepted simply. They were always dissenting, qualifying, making reservations. Up to a point, of course, this is excellent. A man is bound to exercise his gift of reason, and find a justification for his faith. So far as it emphasizes this duty individualism in religion is wholly right.

But there is always a danger that a perpetual dissent may end in pure negation, and a dislike to authority culminate in a restlessness under any discipline. Joined with the free exercise of the reason there should be the humility of the true communism, which recognizes in the Church of God an organization far greater than the mere sum of its members. The Archbishop was right to give

this warning and quote Dr. Dollinger's favourite maxim, *Qui pauca consider at, facile pronunciat.* " It was just because of the grandeur of our privilege," said Dr. Davidson, " the privilege of claiming His leadership for life and word, that we were in perilous plight if we evoked that Divine sanction and claimed the banner of that holy name for something less, something lower, something that was, even at its best, more narrowly partisan than what He had ever promised to bless and guide."

These are wise words. Individual liberty is only possible if we regard it as limited by the higher demands of the Church or the nation. Dissent and questioning are too often assumed to be in themselves heroic and admirable. They may, but they may also be the basest forms of spiritual pride and shallow conceit. The fact that they are fashionable may lead the light-headed to adopt them, for things are so changed to-day that much more courage is needed for faith than for doubt. It should not be forgotten that he who in Church or State preaches a creed subversive of existing conditions takes a responsibility which only the highest seriousness can justify.

The Bishop of Norwich considered the same antinomy in relation to Church government. Greatly daring, he discussed most frankly the merits of Disestablishment. Obviously these are great. The English Church, said Dr. Sheepshanks, is weak outside England precisely because it is fettered to the State. If the Church were disestablished it could not be made subject to State directions as to creed and ritual. It would be free to amend its own standards, to dispose of its property, to reorganize itself as it pleased. There are hundreds of

clergymen in the Church of England to-day who would welcome such a consummation.

Again, it would not be tied to the chariot wheels of a political party, and be under any temptation to sacrifice its sacred mission to party needs. The Church would be free to maintain its standards in case of conflict against those of the secular government. These are strong arguments, and what is the plea on the other side ? The chief one, said the Bishop of Norwich, is that an established Church is a national recognition of religion. This, it will be observed, is essentially a communist argument—that no phase of the national life should be exempt from the authority of the national government.

So here you have in Church government the same conflict as you have in religious thought. There is the individualist idea which regards religion as something altogether personal, demanding complete freedom from any secular or ecclesiastical bonds, and the communal idea, which desires the Church to be simply the State organized for a sacred purpose.

The lesson we would draw from the Church Congress is that an Establishment is coming to be regarded in quite a new way even by those who are most deeply interested in its maintenance. We no longer hear the kind of defence of an Established Church which we used to hear. The Church is now awake to the merits of Disestablishment, as it is also awake to its drawbacks. The dif&culty is to achieve that adjustment where the two principles we have sketched will receive alike adequate recognition. And this is the problem to-day of the State as well as of the Church.—*October* 10,1907.

ANGLICANISM AND CHRISTIANITY

THE Pan-Anglican Congress in London was not only picturesque but very much in earnest. No one of the sections of the Congress has failed to draw great audiences. People have crowded to hear discussions on modes of Church service as readily as to listen to some famous orator on some living modern problem. The audiences were cosmopolitan, and so were the speakers. Every variety of English speech could be heard from the cultivated accent of our old universities to the drawl of the American backwoods. A Church which can collect such audiences and retain their enthusiasm is a living force in the world. It is a powerful and world-wide communion which we have seen engaged in the Congress discussions, and it is well worth our while to consider what light these deliberations have cast both upon the past position of Anglicanism and the present position of Christianity.

The Church of England in the intention of its founders was a compromise, a mean between Rome and Geneva, and aimed at the inclusion of the largest number of Englishmen. The Thirty-nine Articles, as has been well said, are articles of peace, not a dogma of exclusion. Many attempts have been made during the last three centuries to curtail the Church's bounds, from Laud and his school down to Pusey and Keble. The Liberal movement at the end of the seventeenth century defeated the

first attempt, and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council frustrated the last.

In the view of the bulk of its lay and clerical members, the Church of England is an evangelical communion, holding in its broadest sense the evangelical faith, attached to a particular type of ecclesiastical organization and a particular ritual, but allowing for wide differences of interpretation and practice in all but the most fundamental matters. A Church has a difficult course to steer between a weak tolerance which would make its foundations like shifting sand, and an exclusiveness which would make these foundations too narrow for men and women to dwell upon.

The obvious *differentia* of the Church of England to most people is its connection with the State. But this might be taken away without the Church losing its special character, for it is clearly not one of the fundamentals. Nor is there any single detail of ritual, as we know it to-day, which can be said to be the mark of Anglicanism as opposed to other Christian Churches. Most of the forms now observed have grown up during the past century, for the English clergyman a hundred years ago preached in a black gown, and had for altar a plain communion table.

What, then, are the essentials of the Church ? Historically, we should say, its creed and its organization. The first it holds in common with most Christian Churches; the second is its unique possession. Now the result of the Pan-Anglican Congress can only be to emphasize the essentials, and distract men's thoughts from the accidental accretions. To-day we see Anglican Churches not only in England but in Scotland and Ireland, in America, in India, and in all the colonies. We see

missionary Churches in some of the dark places of Africa and Polynesia.

If we define Anglicanism by its State connection, by any form of ritual, or by any sectarian interpretation of its Articles, then there is no link to bind these scattered Churches together. In some colonies the ritual is " high," in others " low " ; nowhere, except in England, is the Church established; and there is no uniformity of belief in any but the most fundamental doctrines. Nor is there any central authority, for the Primate of England has no power over most of the Churches. Yet the Congress shows that all the Anglican communions claim to be one brotherhood, and are able to make good the claim.

The result of the Pan-Anglican Congress can only be a broadening of the conception of the Anglican Church. It is an evangelical episcopal communion, with a certain history behind it, and in the last resort it is nothing else. Its recognition by the State is the least important of its attributes. Among the most eloquent and popular speakers at the Congress were American and Colonial bishops to whom an establishment means nothing, and the most acceptable lay speaker was an advocate of disestablishment in the interest of the Church itself.

The discussions cast an interesting light also on the attitude of most people to Christianity. There were few debates on dogma. The relations of Christianity to modern science formed indeed one of the chief topics, but this is not the same thing as a wrangle over the particular statement of a creed. What interested the delegates and their audiences was missionary work at home and abroad; the relation of the Church to Socialism, to poverty, to capital, to the Press, to literature

—in a word, the practical work of Christianity. The impression left upon the observer was that of men who were in earnest, not about trifles, but about the things that matter to every human soul. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Davidson) in his concluding sermon denned the lesson of the Pan-Anglican Congress as " the power which by the indwelling grace of God belongs to the life of the ordinary man or woman who has realized the greatness of our trust and the Master's benediction upon its quiet discharge." This is not the accent of ecclesiasticism but of fundamental Christianity.—*July* 2, 1908.

AN IMPERIAL CONFERENCE ON EDUCATION

IN describing the Education Conference in London as of greater importance than the recent Imperial Conference, Lord Meath may have overstated the case a little, but there is some ground for his opinion. The Imperial Conference had for its main object to find some machinery for common deliberation and action on matters of common interest. The Education Conference boldly creates the machinery, and takes the first step in common deliberation. It is not a conference on Imperial education. Such education is concerned with matters like the history, geography, and economics of the Empire—a department, not education in general. It is of the highest importance, but a conference to deliberate on it would have been of the same type as the late Imperial Conference. That is to say, it would have been concerned with providing machinery for a special subject, not with the treatment of a general subject by means of Imperial machinery.

But the present conference assumes that the battle has been fought and won. It is an Imperial Conference on education—the first Imperial Conference in this largest sense which has ever been summoned. Private enterprise has brought it about, for it was organized by the League of the Empire; but the Government have recognized it, and prominent officials of the Education Department are assisting in its discussions.

A glance at its agenda paper shows the kind of subject which it proposes to debate upon. The mutual recognition of teachers' certificates, the interchange of teachers and inspectors, the best method of teaching English to non-English-speaking children—these and a dozen matters which have a special Imperial interest are set down. But there are others—purely educational questions—which might as well have been discussed at a conference at Birmingham or Edinburgh. It is an attempt to apply the mind of the whole Empire to the consideration not of this or that branch of education only but of all educational method?, and as such it is the most striking recognition which we have witnessed of the truth that the Empire is one nation, animated in the last resort by one ideal.

The best parallel is with Lord Haldane's scheme for an Imperial General Staff. Education is to the struggle of ordinary civil life what strategy and intelligence are to the struggle of war. In a war in which the whole Empire was engaged, it would be most necessary to have arms and ammunition standardized, to have some common system of drill and organization, and above all to have come to some agreement on the principle of strategy, so that the local commanders would be able to work intelligently towards a single purpose. The same thing is true of civil life. Education goes to the root of the matter, far behind tariffs, or appeal courts, or Imperial councils, or common legislatures.

An empire organized educationally on one system is in the deepest sense united. It is one in spirit, and agreement in specific policies will inevitably follow. To secure this end a leaf must be taken out of Lord Haldane's book. We must make teachers and inspectors inter-

changeable, so that the man or woman from these islands and the man or woman from the Colonies will learn each other's points of view. We must standardize university education, and secure the mutual recognition of degrees and certificates. Above all, in educational policy we must see that the wisdom of the Colonies is joined with our own wisdom, and the experience of the whole Empire " pooled " for a common end. We do not wish uniformity of type, but unity of purpose. The Colonies have many educational problems with which we are not faced, and happily they are without some of those which perplex us. But at root education means one thing—the making of competent citizens.

If Lord Haldane's scheme gives us one parallel for the education of the Empire, the Secretariat gives us another. We agree with Professor Sadler that to carry out a common policy there must be some common authority. For example, the interchange of teachers and inspectors would only be effected if there were some central bureau of education for the whole Empire, having its seat in London, and consisting of representatives appointed and paid for by the different Colonies and parts of the United Kingdom. Such a proposal obviously goes much further than anything suggested at the Imperial Conference, for it involves a Secretariat with executive powers. But education is a different thing from other branches of politics, and we do not see why, if there can be an Imperial General Staff for war which does conflict with local autonomy, there should not be an Imperial General Staff for peace. —*May* 30, 1907.

MORAL INSTRUCTION

THE International Congress on Moral Instruction which is meeting at the University of London is a sign of an entirely new theory of education which is now pretty generally accepted. The old view was that teaching was a " gift," and that success came only by the grace of God. The new view is that it is both art and science, an aptitude combined with a reasoned method. How to teach is a thing that can be taught, and this view is applied not only to mental but to moral training.

Obviously this view is most open to criticism in the case of the latter purpose. Philosophers from Plato downwards have defined virtue as in one aspect an art, and therefore capable of being taught, both directly and indirectly. Of the indirect method there is no question ; it has been in vogue among all teachers from Socrates to Dr. Arnold of Rugby. But when we come to direct teaching the matter is more difficult. Can we teach boys and girls to speak the truth by lectures on the merits of veracity, or inculcate patience and industry by specific lessons on these virtues ?

Clearly it must all depend on the way it is done. A dull lesson on abstract ethics would be worse than useless. Character in childhood is not influenced greatly by reasoning, especially in that form of prudential considerations into which elementary ethical teaching is apt to fall. At the same time, if we leave ethics to the

casual moral which may emerge from history and geography lessons, we must appear to be treating a great duty too cavalierly.

Two years ago, owing to the efforts of Professor Sadler, a representative Commission was got together to investigate the different methods of direct moral instruction in use in the world at the present time. The report of this Commission, in two volumes, contains a mine of sound information on the whole question. The conclusion of the writers seems to be that direct moral instruction is both possible and desirable, but that great care must be taken as to the methods employed. Specimen methods are given, and the British Moral Instruction League have devised a syllabus of moral training which may well be taken as a standard. A scheme of subjects is suggested for each class, beginning with the cardinal virtues in their simpler forms, and going on to the more intricate questions of conduct which appear with advancing age. Textbooks both for teachers and children have been prepared in accordance with this scheme, and a glance at one or two shows how straightforward and admirable is the League's idea of the presentation of moral truths.

The Congress will, we trust, do much to clarify and advertise the principles of such teaching and the methods of applying them. It should be repeated here that the advocates of moral instruction do not offer it as a substitute for religious teaching. On the contrary, they most emphatically declare that such instruction is complementary to the religious lesson, where such lessons are given; while in schools which are wholly secular, it will provide at least an element of religious influence.

No one denies the moral purpose in all education. The dispute is only between those who wish morality to emerge as a result from the ordinary curriculum, and those who desire to have it taught directly as a special subject. The former school have a good deal to say for themselves. The best way, they argue, to teach the beauty of virtue is by the lives of great men, the great deeds of history, the great masterpieces of literature. The moral influences of the stories of Thermopylae and Khartoum, of St. Francis and Father Damien, are a thousandfold greater than those of the best lectures on courage and self-sacrifice of the most enlightened ethical society. The last Act of *King Lear,* or the second of *Henry the Fifth,* will teach the domestic and civil duties as no less inspired medium will do.

With this we readily agree. We should be the last to underrate the moral influence of the teaching of history and literature. But it seems to us that those who claim that indirect influence is sufficient forget two facts. One is the astonishing literalness of children. Indirect teaching is all very well, but for nine out of ten the *i's* need to be dotted. A child is a dogmatist, and wants a clear statement. If he is to accept a moral, he wants to know precisely what the moral is. Hence the teacher, who has the moral purpose always before him, will be apt to be always drawing morals. In every subject he will be inclined to exaggerate the human and moral interest, and forget the educational. But the first aim of the historical lesson is to teach history, and of the literature lesson to teach literature.

Much as we value moral training, we should be sorry to see every subject twisted into a moral parable; and yet there will always be a temptation to do this

unless there is elsewhere some provision for direct moral instruction. The indirect moral influence of such subjects as literature and history will, of course, always be there; but, since it depends upon each child's interpretation, it will always be an unpredictable influence, unless something is done to clinch the moral. But too much clinching the moral will spoil the general educational value. That, in a word, is the argument against those who oppose separate moral instruction.

A good case therefore seems to us to have been made out by Professor Sadler and his colleagues ; and against such a syllabus as that of the Moral Instruction League, with its broad humanity and good sense, there is nothing to be said. The danger in all special moral teaching is that casuistry may creep in, as we find in some of the school manuals of the Roman Catholic Church. In the syllabus and the publications sanctioned by the Moral Instruction League we find no hint of this fault. Our present Education Code allows education authorities to devote time to moral instruction, and this permission has been taken advantage of in many districts with great success. We trust that one of the results of the Congress may be that the principle will make many converts.—*September* 24, 1908.

MACHINE-MADE OPINION

THE man who stands a little apart from politics notoriously sees most of the game. Lord Rosebery's speech at Glasgow on the occasion of his installation as Chancellor contained so much wit and wisdom that it offers a tempting field for the commentator. His account of the mediaeval Scottish university was as brilliant a picture as any romancer ever painted, and his tribute to Lord Kelvin was as finely conceived as it was finely phrased.

But there was one passage towards the close of his speech which must give every one to think. It was a plea for independence in all spheres of human activity, for free thought in the best sense, for the practice of private judgment. " Society," said Lord Byron, " is now one polished horde " ; and this social phenomenon has not decreased since he wrote. We not only live in platoons and battalions, but we are apt to think in them. We take our opinion ready made from our parties in political and ecclesiastical matters. Too rarely do we attempt to rethink the whole question and gain that freshness of conviction which turns opinion into faith. It is a truism in philosophy that before a man can be said to have any true theory of a thing he must have performed a conscious act of reflection. But how many of our opinions are taken second-hand, and have as much to do with intellectual conviction as with the planet Mars!

The movement of our day is towards a kind of communism. Society is felt to be a more organic and vital need for the individual, and he tends to find not only his duties but his pleasures in some kind of community. It is a perfectly wholesome movement, but, like all good things, it may be overdone. Our more closely knit society will be of no avail if we forget that it must be based upon the independence of the units. A multitude of slaves cannot make a free people, and a community of servile and parrot-like automata will never be an intelligent and progressive community. In other words, Socialism is folly without individualism, and the strength of a nation is the individual strength of its members.

As a people we British wish to be free, progressive, and practical. These are our national ideals. But we can only attain them by making certain that each citizen thinks things out for himself and does not accept any ready-made creed. Remember that the finest ideals are apt to become tyrannic unless they are constantly re-tried by the test of facts. Conditions change, and political theories change with them. Unless we are to be sunk in the worst of all conservatism—the conservatism of catchwords—we must be perpetually revising our creed. Lord Rosebery has put this truth in eloquent words.

> " The great and sacred principles which evoke enthusiasm contain within them the germs of tyranny, for animated conviction leads to fanaticism, and fanaticism to intolerance and oppression. The bloody tragedy of the French Revolution was carried on under the hallowed standard of liberty itself ; cruel persecution has been constantly exercised on behalf of Christianity in the name of the Man of Sorrows ; and so new ideals, however spacious their objects, unless guarded and defined, may evolve new

tyrannies. I distrust a despotism even when exercised in the name of liberty and adorned by the epithet benevolent, for I know the benevolence to be accidental and the hypocrisy permanent."

In this fallible world ideals must be kept alive by constant effort or they degenerate into dead encumbrances. Now, the danger of our present organization, especially in politics, is that men will imagine that loyalty to a party or a group relieves them from the necessity of thinking for themselves. " I am a good Liberal," a man says, " and follow my leaders." But if he and his friends do no more than that, the Liberal Party will soon be stagnant and useless.

There are far too many wirepullers and active party politicians who know as much about politics as the tramp at the street corner. Their creed is a collection of cliches combined with personal loyalty to this or that leader. Undoubtedly this class must always exist, but if any great number followed the fashion there would be an end to any true civic life. What makes the good citizen is the use of independent judgment, the sense of serious public duty, the conviction that every creed is the work of fallible men and must be continually revised and adjusted. As soon as we give a poUtical dogma a Sinaitic sanction we prepare the way for a tyranny.

The Scottish universities, as Lord Rosebery pointed out, have been honourably distinguished as the nurseries of independent character. Their sons have always thought and acted for themselves. Never was this fine tradition of more importance than to-day. The nation cannot afford to be " taken into custody by the State."

The individual cannot become the nursling of this or that party without losing his value as a citizen. It is the man who believes most firmly in his ideals who will rise towards this, the right of free criticism and judgment. For an ideal is only an ideal, a principle is only a principle, when it is intelligently apprehended—otherwise it is only a catchword or a pious opinion,—*June* 18,1908.

A PASSION FOR THE LIMELIGHT

OUR public life seems to be suffering at present from an odd kind of *malaise*. In three words it might be defined as a passion for limelight. This, of course, is only the proximate cause ; to get at the real origin we must probe far into the dark deeps of national pathology.'

The cult of the advertisement has given people an exaggerated idea of its potency. A high-coloured cheap Press has afforded endless opportunities to humble people to see their names in print, and even their portraits—as winners of limericks, or witnesses to the merits of Somebody's Safe Cure. Nowadays, private life is semi-public, and a public man's domestic arrangements are as much the property of the world as his platform speeches. The result of it all has been to foster a curious passion for advertisement in many breasts.

Being not cast by Providence to play a great or good part, these people are determined nevertheless to play a notorious one. They are unabashed egotists, and are sworn to make a noise in the world, though it be only a blare on a penny trumpet. If the craze stopped there we should not complain. The egotist is always with us, and the world is quite able to discount him. But his mantle has fallen on those who have a tinge of real earnestness in their composition, and who are honestly attached to some cause or other. Consequently we have the strange spectacle of men and women advocating

an ideal which is more or less rational, but using the methods of the cheap-jack and the advance agent of a circus.

The first thing to be said about these performances is that they are obviously not good tactics. It does not do to underrate the intelligence of the public. A newspaper and picture-postcard celebrity is not the kind of fame which makes converts and wins causes. The average Briton begins by being interested and amused, then he is bored, and finally he is revolted. *Non tali auxilio, nee defensoribus istis.*

The most flagrant case is that of the militant Suffragists. From one point of view they have had a magnificent success. The world is as familiar with the features of their leaders as it is with those of any music-hall singer. The most conservative papers have been compelled to give up a large space to the reports of Suffragist riots. Within a few weeks they have raided the House of Commons twice, turned Westminster into a bear-garden, broken up political meetings, religious meetings, and harmless bazaars, promenaded the streets of London on horseback, and interfered seriously with the ordinary business of politics. Taking the Importunate Widow as their patron saint, they have sought success by much asking. In a police-court trial a prominent woman Suffragist, by way of showing her ability to compete with men, gave an hysterical exhibition of how advocacy should not be conducted. Then we have had the spectacle of a group of " manly women " aided by a few " womanly men " creating a most satisfactory riot in the House of Commons, chaining themselves to the *grille,* which had to be broken to get them away, showering leaflets from the

Strangers' Gallery, and clambering on the statues in the entrance hall.

The natural consequences have been to put back the quite reasonable cause of Woman's Suffrage for a generation or two. The Suffragists have blundered in their reading of the popular mind. They have underrated the intelligence of the ordinary citizen. For over all their doings is this ugly limelight. Their performances have not been clever ; they have only been outrageous. They have succeeded by breaking all the ordinary standards of honour, by lying shamelessly, by misleading upright people. No cause has ever been advanced by such a flagrant disregard of ordinary morality. The motive of advertisement is writ large on all their exploits, for there are always a photographer and a journalist in the background. We cannot for the life of us see why any different treatment should be accorded to Suffragist prisoners from that given to ordinary misdemeanants.

A second example of the craze for limelight is the behaviour of certain spokesmen of the unemployed. Earnest social reformers have seen a serious cause prostituted to petty personal ends. We have no complaint to make of the behaviour of the ordinary Labour members, who have shown throughout a fitting sense of responsibility. But those who advocate public outrages are doing their best to turn the decent unemployed into unemployable and criminals. Were the nation apathetic there might be a shadow of excuse for such violent counsels, but it is obvious to every one that both in Parliament and outside there is an earnest desire to-grapple with this great social evil.

We should like to see the criminal law on this point fearlessly administered. The mere fact that a man is

well known or a member of Parliament should not safeguard him from paying the full penalty for criminal acts. At least one M.P. has been representing the gospel of limelight in its crudest and ugliest form. We can only trust that the spectacle may induce others who are predisposed to this modern *malaise* to return to the forgotten paths of sanity and public spirit.—*November* 5, 1908.

FLYING MACHINES AND MOTOR CARS

'"THE giant gooseberry and the sea serpent have been ousted from their proud positions as newspaper topics in the " silly season." Just now the correspondence columns of all papers are filled with letters about the future of airships and motor cars. Even the decorous *Times* gives a page daily to honest gentlemen who complain of or defend the doings of motorists. The world at present has got novel means of locomotion on the brain, and there is some justification for the craze.

Flying machines of various types have recently made extraordinary progress. Count Zeppelin has invented a dirigible balloon which can remain for a day aloft and cover large distances, and already Germany sees the future empire of the air in her hands, and has started an Aerial League on the same patriotic and exuberant lines as her Navy League. Our own War Office experts claim to have a dirigible balloon as useful as Count Zeppelin's, and less liable to damage from weather.

Then there is a variety of aeroplanes—machines heavier than air which move by means of pinions. Mr. Wilbur Wright at Le Mans has flown in an aeroplane which is at once efficient and simple, and Mr. Edison is said to have a thing called the " helicopter " which can

screw itself vertically into the air without the need of a running start on wheels. We have no expert knowledge to enable us to predict which form is the best, but the whole thing looks like business. It is the kind of situation which preceded the perfection of the steam-engine and other commonplaces of science.

There seems every likelihood that in a few years we shall see a type of flying machine in common use, at first for locomotion, and then for offence and defence. Tennyson's prediction of " airy navies grappling in the central blue " seems likely to meet with a speedier realization than he imagined. Suppose the day comes, what kind of life will the ordinary citizen have when the air above him is no longer the monopoly of clouds and birds ? The harmless pedestrian will be liable to be brained at any moment by dropped objects. The loneliest moor will not be a solitude, for it may lie on the aerial highway between two great centres. " As the crow flies," instead of being a metaphor, will become a commonplace of ordinary life. The imagination boggles at the air filled with routes and highways, and every variety of steer able machine blotting out the blue. To most people the conception is the worst sort of nightmare, and yet it is by no means outside the bounds of the practicable.

If the heavens are going to be changed, so is the earth. The correspondence in the newspapers shows that all kinds of people—judges, scientists, politicians, men of letters—are troubled at the future of motoring. The roads have ceased to be the property of the community, and have become the perquisite of motorists. There can be no doubt of the grievance. Wayside cottages are now simply banks of dust; quiet country

houses are as noisy as station hotels; the pedestrian and the horseman have to stick to by-paths if they would be comfortable.

Many solutions are proposed—the abolition of the speed limit, the imposition of a more rigorous limit, the prohibition of the manufacture of cars capable of going beyond a certain modest pace. No doubt further legislation will be tried, but it is difficult to believe that any restriction can make the highways what they once were. It is perfectly true that the same complaints were made when stage-coaches were introduced. " Shall I commit myself," writes Smollett in *Humphry Clinker,* " to the highroads of London or Bristol, to be stifled with dust, and pressed to death in the midst of post-chaises, flying machines, wagons, and coal-horses ?"

Conservatives always raise this cry at the advent of any new invention. But it is difficult not to believe that the motor car is an invention of a different type from any previous advance in locomotion. As it becomes cheaper and more commonly used, many of the present abuses will, no doubt, be corrected, but the highways will never again be the possession of the ordinary man as they have been. They will become more like railway lines, set aside for one type of vehicle. The countryside will be lost to the enjoyment of the ordinary citizen, unless the whole law as to trespass is radically changed, and he is given woodlands and fields in exchange for the highways. But if flying machines become popular means of transit, the countryside will be lost to everybody.

In all human affairs the wheel has a trick of coming full circle. The long despised theories of Democritus and the early Greek physicists have become the latest doctrines of modern science. The whimsies of the

alchemists as to the transmutation of metals have been almost proved by the discovery of radium.

It is an amusing speculation—and one not without point—that in time mankind may be driven to revive the habits of their first progenitors, and spend most of their life underground. A race of highly accomplished and civilized cave-men may be the goal to which we are advancing. In one of Mr. H. G. Wells's tales, *When the Sleeper Awakes,* the city of the future is practically underground. The ordinary means of locomotion is the air; the highways are vast tracks for high-speed motors, and there is no rural England at all. It is a gruesome picture, but we may console ourselves by the thought that no invention is ever pushed to its extreme conclusion. Human nature after a point ceases to be adaptable, and there is a conscious return to a beneficent obscurantism. Men suddenly wake up to the fact that science was made for them, not they for science.—*August* 20,1908.

IX

EXTRACTS FROM THE "LONDON LETTER"

EXTRACTS FROM THE "LONDON LETTER"

Buchan wrote a weekly "London Letter" for the *Scottish Review.* His criticism of public men and matters, principally in the Edwardian era, make appetizing reading. A series of extracts is appended.

MR. KIPLING'S PRIZE

There is piquancy in a popular writer whose royalties must be among the highest of any British author receiving suddenly from the blue a gift of £7,700 in the shape of the Nobel Prize. It is not only a substantial sum but a great compliment, for it stamps Mr. Kipling as, in the judgment of literary Europe, one of the foremost living men of letters. . . . In France there are translations of most of his works—and very good translations too ; and he is read all over Europe as few contemporary English writers are. What makes an English author read on the Continent ? Why, for example, is Byron a household word, and Keats known only to students ? . . . I am quite unable to give a reason for the vagaries of international taste. The writers a country prizes most may be those which the rest of the world reads least—like Corneille in France. On the other hand, supreme greatness soon passes all frontiers, for there is no limit to the appreciation of Shakespeare, Dante, Moliere, Cervantes, and Goethe. A difficult verbal style is one bar, and this probably explains the case of Mr. Meredith. Extreme

narrowness of vision, too, puts a writer at a disadvantage with a foreign public, unless he attains to genius in his genre. But I have always been puzzled at the very real neglect of Stevenson on the Continent. His patently attractive style, and his freedom from any parochiality, would seem to make him as obviously a Continental idol as Byron. He must be infinitely less difficult to a Frenchman or a German than Mr. Kipling. And yet, barring a few appreciations in the literary magazines, one sees little notice of his work in France, and the best translation of any of his books has been done by an Englishman, Mr. Egerton Castle.—*December* 19, 1907.

MR. KIPLING'S CANADIAN TRAVELS

Mr. Kipling was in Canada recently, where he made some excellent but inconsistent speeches, and saw most of what Canada has to show. It was natural that he should write on his travels, and the *Morning Post* is said to have paid an enormous price for the serial rights of these sketches. We have therefore two missionaries of Empire writing in the Press at the same time on their wanderings, for Mr. Winston Churchill's experiences of East Africa are appearing in the *Strand Magazine*. There is a difference between the two writers, for Mr. Kipling is so filled with loathing of the present British Government that he had to fly to Canada to escape the pestilential air. He tastes canker and blight in everything British, he says, just as one tastes iodoform in the bread-and-butter of a hospital tea. Then comes this cheerful sentence : " So far as one can come at things in the present fog, every form of unfitness, general or specialized, born or created, during the last generation

has combined in one big trust—a minority of all the minorities—to play the game of Government/' I cannot think this a very hopeful frame of mind in which to set out to study a British colony. It is a vast pity that Mr. Kipling cannot keep out of politics. He is a great artist —one of the two or three greatest living—but he has two pitfalls—politics and technicalities. The latter prevented his *Fleet in Being* from being anything more than a dry pamphlet, and it looks as if the former were going to spoil his record of Canadian impressions. It is a thousand pities, for he is probably the most brilliant special correspondent in the world. His early series of travel sketches, *From Sea to Sea,* was amazingly clever, and what is more, wholly sane. We would all welcome from him a similar review of Canadian men and things. But an appreciation of Canada written with a perpetual sneer at the present Government in Britain is of little use to either country.—*March* 19, 1908.

LORD MORLEY'S ESSAYS

Lord Morley has published a fourth series of *Miscellanies*—the first work he has issued since his great *Life of Gladstone.* It is pleasant to see that he puts plain " John Morley " on the title-page. In literature his new title will be very unfamiliar for many years to come. These *Miscellanies* show some of his great qualities at their best. As essays in exact and discriminating scholarship it would be hard to beat the two papers on " Machiavelli " and " Guicciardini." The essay on " John Stuart Mill," which appeared in the *Times,* is probably the best thing written on the subject. But the writer is seen at his best in a review of Mr. Frederic Harrison's edition of Comte's

New Calendar of Great Men. Lord Morley shows as extraordinary catholicity of temper. He can admire Calvin as well as Horace, and protest against the exclusion of both from Mr. Harrison's calendar. He has none of the narrowness of the earnest man, for all his earnestness. Indeed, in his case, as in the case of Matthew Arnold, strong conviction and a deep seriousness only sharpen the critical sense, broaden the view, and give free play to a delightful humour. These papers are journalism in the highest sense, for they are comments on great subjects in the light of the writer's own day. Lord Morley is the opposite of the academic author. He is in touch with every modern movement, and when he criticizes Machiavelli or Calvin it is from the point of view of one who is deeply interested in the modern application of the doctrines they preached. The essays are journalism, also, in the sense that they aim at convincing and interesting. The style is highly allusive and unfailingly picturesque. Have we any such journalists among us now ? It is difficult to say. Mr. Andrew Lang is as learned, but he is not interested in public questions. Mr. Chesterton has not half the equipment, and none of the balance and common sense. One is inclined to think that the " grand manner " in journalism has gone with the " grand manner " in other spheres. Our statesmen no longer make speeches which are also literature, and our journalists are apt to write only for the whim of the moment.—*July* 2, 1908.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

The death of Francis Thompson removes one of the most distinguished and mysterious figures in modern

letters. When, fourteen years ago, a slim little square book was published, bearing the title, *Poems by Francis Thompson,* it was apparent that a new voice had appeared in English poetry. Not wholly a new voice, perhaps, for there were echoes of the Jacobeans—of Cowley, of Donne, and above all of Crashaw—but it was novel to a generation still under the spell of Mr. William Watson's clean-cut classical perfection. The new poet was exuberant, riotous, perfervid, both in imagination and style. Never since Donne had such a wealth of strange Latin compounds appeared. It was apparently only under protest that a Saxon word was allowed in his lines. Creations like " purpurate," " palpitant," and many others, scared people a little till they got into the majestic roll of the lines, and then all were bound to confess that here was poetical achievement of a high order. Mr. Thompson was a devout Catholic, and there were tales of earlier vagabondage and suffering which can only be paralleled from the lives of Savage and Francis Villon. He had sold penny articles in the Strand, had held horses, had slept in the Park, had, in a word, plumbed the depth of that misery which Mr. Kipling believes the most awful possible for an educated man—to be penniless in a great city. He was restored to civilization by the efforts of Mrs. Meynell, and she and her husband were his chief friends. Curiously enough, there is no trace of his experiences in his poetry, nothing of that quality which makes Villon the laureate of the outcast. Except for the passionate religious mysticism, the lines might have been written by some eccentric and comfortable scholar in a cathedral close. He published later two other little books of a quality similar to his first. As poetry his work has many faults. It can be turgid and overstrained

and bombastic, and it has moments of supreme offence ; but he atones for his excesses by an occasional line of such pure and absolute poetry that we stand amazed. His death has closed a life which was one long tragedy, but his poetry is as likely to live as any of our generation. —*November* 28, 1907.

MILTON AS A HISTORIAN

Most of those who listened to Professor Firth's paper at the British Academy heard what was new to them. We are not in the habit of regarding Milton as a historian. We know his *Areopagitica* and his brilliant political tracts, but we never knew, or have forgotten, that his name is to be numbered among the British historians. In the year 1670, however, he published a quarto volume entitled *The History of Britain, from the First Traditional Beginning: Collected out of the Antientest and Best Authors thereof.* Professor Firth showed that the work was probably begun after the close of the first Civil War in 1646. By 1649 he had finished four books, and got down to the reign of Egbert. After that his interest flagged, his blindness increased, and the remaining books were delayed for twenty years. He had read Stow and Speed and Holinshed, but he had no access to real originals, and he lived before the day of the scientific writing of history. The book accordingly is remarkable chiefly for its style, and for the author's constant endeavour to draw morals from early England for his own day. For instance, the cause of Boadicea gives him an excellent chance to explain his views on the subjection of women. At the beginning of Book III. he places a comparison between the state

of England when the Romans left it and its condition in 1648, denouncing the policy of the divines of the Westminster Assembly. When he came to publish the book in 1670 he omitted this, for by that time England had been long delivered from the tyranny of these worthy gentlemen, and the oppressor had become the oppressed. In 1681 the omitted passage was published as a brochure of twelve pages, and it used to be assumed that the suppression had been due to the licenser. Professor Firth, however, makes it clear that it was due to Milton himself.—*December* 3, 1908.

TOLSTOY AS A CRITIC

Tolstoy is a difficult writer to dogmatize about. On one side a great genius, on all others he is more apt to talk nonsense than wisdom. He preaches a quietism which shows so false a conception of human nature that *it is* difficult to realize that this crude preacher is the shrewd critic of life who wrote the novels. He suffers not from too much, but from too little, idealism, for he cannot see beyond the horrors of war and the occasional follies of nationalism to the great fact of patriotism. The man who can recognize in the individual a complex of qualities would reorganize society on lines of rudimentary simplicity. The same fault—the lack of all real perspective—is to be found in his criticisms. Shakespeare, according to Tolstoy, failed in the three qualities of great literature—greatness of subject, beauty of form, and sincerity. He was also a snob, admiring only the noble and powerful; and the critic quoted *Henry V.* and *Measure for Measure* as illustrations—uncommonly bad ones, for it is the English yeoman who is glorified

in the first play, and the authority of conscience in the second. Tolstoy also thinks that Shakespeare weakened and vulgarized the stories which he took from the old chronicles—a judgment which must rank as the most foolish in the whole history of criticism. Shakespeare is above all poets the poet of the middle way, a lover of moderatism and constitutionalism, seeing both sides to every contest. The Russian is the " rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntary," who sees life as a design in snow and ink. But the fact of Tolstoy being a bad literary critic does not lower him as a great imaginative writer.—*January* 30, 1908.

LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM

In opening a new library at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Minister of Education (Mr. Runciman), greatly daring, embarked upon a classification of literature. There was the literature of record, he said, including travels, science, and works of reference; the logical compartment, including philosophy and economics; the emotional and rhythmical; the reactive ; the creative ; and all the rest. Mr. Runciman must have been badly reported, or hasty in his judgments. I am puzzled to know what the " reactive " means; and, obviously, poetry which is " creative " is also " emotional and rhythmical." He was more interesting when he left the domain of the professor of literature for that of the student of society. He thinks that it would be a good thing if libraries imposed a time limit of five years on their purchasing committees. This is not a bad exemplification of the booklover's practice of reading an old book when a new one is published. How would this

five years' limit work ? A vast quantity of rubbish would be kept out of the shelves, and a certain number of books which, while possessing some merit, reflect only a fashion of the hour. For example, it would have excluded books like *An Englishwoman's Love Letters* and the whole string of melancholy realistic works which had a vogue twelve years ago. Finally, Mr. Runciman discussed the Press. He thought the influence of the newspaper on literature " positively pernicious." This is surely a hard judgment. No doubt in some of the evening papers the writing is a hideous mixture of slang and rhetoric ; but do these papers corrupt any literary taste which is sufficiently real to be corruptible ? I am inclined to think that, taking the average of our newspapers, they have never been better written. There is much less " journalese" and much more clear and forcible prose. The *Times,* for example, has improved the literary style of its leaders enormously from the wordy conventionalities which did duty formerly, and the same is true of all the better-class Press.—*October* 15, 1908.

LITERATURE AS A BUSINESS

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's speech at the Royal Literary Fund dinner was mainly occupied with the disadvantages which attend the profession of letters. Unlike lawyers and doctors, the author had to suffer the competition of the " dead hand "—the works of eminent writers long dead which the public might choose to read in preference to his own. Again, there was no permanence in literary property. A few years after a writer's death any publisher could issue his works without paying for them.

Lastly, there was no trade unionism in letters. There was nothing to prevent an author from " cutting prices." He might choose to work for nothing, if the spirit moved him, or for very little. The last of these objections the literary agent and the appalling business ability of modern authors are fast removing. The first is shared with all artists, for the painter is hampered by the competition of old masters just as much as the author. The second is a much-debated point, and something can be said on both sides. To begin with there was no copyright. The only property was in the actual copies of the book. By establishing copyright the law gives a monopoly for a certain number of years—a limited monopoly, for. no system of law has ever regarded a licence or a prohibition as things which can be permanently established. It might well be that the copyright laws should be revised and the period extended ; but there is little chance of Mr. Kipling's " continuous ownership " in a book being established. The truth about literature is that it is an art which has grown into a business. From its very nature it cannot have the merits of other businesses, and it is likely to lose many of the merits of other arts.—*May* 28, 1908.

THE WOES OF PUBLISHERS

Mr. Eveleigh Nash, well known as an enterprising and successful publisher, writes to the current *Fortnightly* a jeremiad on the subject of his trade. It has been a bad publishing season, he says, and he does not see how it can ever be better unless publishers will mend their ways. The root of the trouble is the six-shilling novel. This is the easiest and most lucrative branch

of the trade, and every publisher makes strenuous efforts to get a share in it. The result is a cut-throat competition, in which the literary agent plays the part of Mephistopheles. Novelists not of the first rank, who a few years ago were content with reasonable royalties, now ask their 25 per cent, and more, and a sum on account calculated on a generous estimate of sales. The only evidence on which the publisher has to go is the sales of the last book, and Mr. Nash complains that author and agent are inclined to be mendacious on the point. But the publisher has to pay, or another publisher will, so he makes the advance, and very often the sales do not earn it. He is out of pocket, but the author never thinks of returning part, which Mr. Nash seems to think he is legally bound to do. We should doubt this, however, unless there is a special clause to that effect in the contract. The only remedy is that publishers should form a trade union of their own. It might surely be possible for the dozen publishers who deal in new novels to come to some understanding that no royalty should be offered beyond a certain maximum, and that advances should be calculated on a fixed scale. No doubt there would be many attempts to break the ring, but few of the better authors would be inclined to leave established firms and go to new people, who would not have the same trade connection. Another contention is that the public are surfeited with novels which they do not want to buy, but they cannot get these serious books which they would willingly buy. Thfese are too often entombed by the publisher in half-guinea and guinea editions. We believe that there is a great deal of truth in the contention. A publisher makes a fair profit on a good book of history, biography,

or travel because he sells it at a large price to a small public. To our mind he would make a far better profit by selling at a low price to a large public. The success of such a series as " Everyman's Library " shows what a market there is for standard books other than fiction. Why should the same method not be applied to copyright as well as to non-copyright books ?—*June* 18,1908.

MODERN ADVERTISING

Just of late we have taken to imitating America, but we do not always get the pattern right. I have been much impressed by one or two advertisements which I noticed in an evening paper. American advertisers are doubtless grandiloquent and extravagant, but there is method in their madness, and they are rarely guilty of pure silliness, knowing very well that it does not pay. But take two of our current English advertisements. One announces the publication of a novel by a well-known journalist, and here is how it puts it: " It is entirely a new kind of novel, breaking away from the stale traditions of fiction. . . . It aims at doing for the novel what Wagner did for the opera and Ibsen for the drama." I assume that the author is not a party to this folly, and I am very sorry for him. It is terrible for a modest man to be made thus to play the fool in public. The other advertisement announces a novel by a writer who has a large vogue among a certain class of readers. The unfortunate lady is placarded as " England's greatest novelist." Does a publisher seriously think that this kind of silliness deceives anybody, or that it furthers the sale of their books by one single copy ? Personally, I have never seen an American

advertisement which outdid these two in senseless bravado.—*December* 5, 1907.

OBJECTIONABLE NOVELS

The Pan-Anglican Congress has been very much exercised over the question of objectionable novels. There is a good deal of truth in the complaint. Novels are issued in England which are more flagrantly immoral than anything we have seen since the eighteenth century. About fifteen years ago there was a spate of fiction, in which sex questions were treated very candidly. These books were, as a rule, poor stuff, and had only a brief vogue, but at any rate they had a serious purpose. Like Zola, their authors were preaching morality, though it might be a rather crooked kind. But the new type of objectionable novel aims frankly at popularity, and has no moral purpose. The fact that such books are also amazingly feeble and silly does not render them less objectionable if they fall into wrong hands. We agree with Mr. A. C. Benson that good and wholesome books have never been so accessible, but the mischief that one or two bad books can do is incalculable. A police prosecution or two might do good, for some of these books certainly contravene the law; and a boycott by the Press of all advertisements referring to them would be still better. After all, it is bad business for the publisher who issues them, if he has any reputation at all. It soils his imprint, and he will find that soon ordinary books issued by him are suspect, and that he can sell nothing but indecent books. It will take him a long time to build up a clean reputation again. —*June* 25,, 1908.

SIGNED AND UNSIGNED ARTICLES

I have just been looking at the new issues of the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh Review,* and have been wondering as to the respective merits of signed and anonymous contributions. Till the other year there were no signatures in either, but Mr. Prothero, greatly daring, broke through the convention and introduced one or two names in the *Quarterly.* At first, being a Tory in such matters, I disliked the change, but I am bound to admit that Mr. Prothero's wisdom has been justified. The defence of anonymity is on the lines of *omne ignotum pro magnifico.* This is right enough when you have created the impression of magnificence. When the late Lord Salisbury was a regular contributor to the *Quarterly,* it was right to have all articles unsigned, because a paper on science and religion by some mild schoolmaster would be set down by many people to the Tory statesman and read with avidity. Besides, if you have Prime Ministers and Cardinals writing in your columns while they are great executive officers, it is necessary, if you would avoid trouble, to conceal their names and merely diffuse an impression of the august-ness of your contributors. But nowadays statesmen are too busy to write long articles. They prefer to write short books or a series of highly-paid papers in a popular daily. Being quite sure, then, that no names of the first importance are concealed by anonymity, most readers prefer to have the most interesting of them divulged.—*January* 23,1908.

MR. HARDY AS A DRAMATIST

The *Dynasts,* great drama as it is, is not fitted for any mortal stage, nor could any human actors play its supernatural characters. But I have often thought that excellent plays could be made out of some of Mr. Hardy's novels. *Tess* is said to have been successfully staged in America, and now comes the news that at Dorchester (the Casterbridge of the novel) some local actors have performed a drama made from *The Trumpet-Major.* This is a very suitable novel to experiment with, if only for its vivid picture of the Napoleonic war times. This custom of local playwrights and actors recalls old days, and deserves imitation. The Irish National Theatre in Dublin, of course, does it excellently, but it would be worth trying elsewhere, for nothing so preserves local idiom and habit. Our forefathers were more dramatic than we are, for it is not so long since in villages in the south of Scotland Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* used to be performed by young herds and ploughmen.—*November* 26, 1908.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S PERVERSITIES

Mr. Bernard Shaw has embellished his new volume of reprinted plays (which includes *John Bull's Other Island* and *Major Barbara)* with several prefaces, one of which, inscribed to politicians, contains a violent tirade against Sir Edward Grey's Egyptian policy. He is indignant that Egypt should not have Home Rule, but even more indignant that the perpetrators of the outrage should have suffered the punishment of flogging. Such corporal retribution Mr. Shaw has always con-

sidered the worst of crimes. In his preface to *Major Barbara* he explains the reason of his admiration for the millionaire Undershaft. Undershaft recognizes the great truth on which modern society is based, that the only crime is poverty, and, recognizing this, is obliged to admit no moral criterion in his methods of acquiring wealth. These prefaces of Mr. Shaw are as stimulating, provocative, and inconclusive as the rest of his work. At one time people thought him a buffoon ; then it became the fashion to say that there was a serious purpose in all his farce; but now the world does not trouble itself about his purpose, but is content to take him as a gadfly, stinging to thought. Mr Shaw has very keen eyes, and he sees very clearly the contradictions upon which life is built. He states them in a perverse way, using half-truths as if they were whole truths, and dogmatizing on what he knows himself to be delicate uncertainties. It is a sure way of attracting notice. Mr. Chesterton, for instance, with inferior talents, has made a reputation by the same means. But there is nothing constructive in Mr. Shaw's mind. Having no system, he can never reach true conclusions, though he may present every casual reflection as such. He is an incomparable dramatist, for it is the dramatic ironies of life which he sees so clearly; but he has no more claim to be called a thinker than a man with a kodak to be called an artist.—*July* 4, 1907.

A NATIONAL THEATRE

There is a proposal to change the nature of the Shakespeare Memorial, and instead of a monument to erect a national theatre. This is Sir John Hare's idea,

and the thing is being taken up by all who hanker after some national recognition of the drama. I do not quite see what purpose would be served by such an institution. A national theatre would devote itself mainly to the production of our classic dramatists, just as the Theatre Francais devotes itself to Moliere. But of these the greatest, Shakespeare himself, holds the stage by the force of his living contemporary interest. It is fair to say that there is scarcely a month in the year which does not see one play of Shakespeare being performed somewhere in London, and last year there were three at one time. As for the other classic dramatists, most of them are, dramatically, not worth producing. They may be great poetry, but they do not make good acting. These dramatists are being made more accessible to the public every year in cheap reprints, but they are better to read than to see. A national theatre is not needed for Shakespeare, and is not desirable for the others.—*March* 19, 1908.

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS

I am greatly interested in the refusal to license a certain play that has been much discussed, for it raises a question of principle on which more unpleasant nonsense is talked than on any other subject in the world. There has been a great outcry about the censor's action, and the papers have been full of protests in the sacred name of art and liberty and every other abstraction. We are told that the forces of progress and enlightenment have been thwarted by a minor Government official. There is a great deal of exaggeration in this kind of outcry. It may be taken, as a rule, that great

writers produce work which is fit for publication or presentation, and that it is the minor writers who do not. We exercise a censorship on literature, for a flagrantly indecent book can be confiscated by the police and its publisher prosecuted. A censorship of plays must necessarily be more rigorous, since a play is a public performance, and the cause of public peace as well as of private morals has to be considered. A book attacking His Majesty might be allowed to pass uncensored, but a play bringing the Crown into contempt would approximate to an act of sedition, and would very properly be suppressed. At the same time the present system is a bad one. The real complaint is not that the censorship is too strict, but that it is too lax, or, at any rate, too capricious. It is impossible to expect one modest gentleman in the Lord Chamberlain's office to show the wisdom of men and angels for £800 a year. What is wanted is not the abolition of the office of censor, but its reform. It should be possible for the Lord Chamberlain to get together a committee of responsible people who would do the work of supervision at a reasonable fee. Then we should have fewer of the caprices which have made the office notorious. Besides, such an arrangement would give the censorship authority.—*October* 31, 1907.

THE ANCESTRY OF GOOD SAYINGS

It would be an interesting task to trace the ancestry of good sayings. The best are common property, and are attributed to half a dozen of the great wits and personalities of history. Almost every good saying in political life is fathered sometime or other on Canning

or Disraeli, and every scholarship joke is credited to Bentley or Porson. Jowett of Balliol and Thomson of Trinity were the great academic figures of the Victorian era, and their sayings have become virtually interchangeable. For example, Thomson's magnificent remark to a rather dandified and indolent young don—" Sir, the time you can spare from the neglect of your duties you spend upon the adornment of your person "—has in my hearing been transferred shamelessly to Balliol. It was obviously impossible for Jowett to say that: his sentences were much shorter and less epigrammatic. Most witty sayings can be traced a long way back, and if any one had the requisite learning or industry he might find their earliest form on some Egyptian or Assyrian monument. For example, a democratic bishop was once taken to task for travelling third-class, and asked his reason. His reply was, " Because there isn't a fourth-class." You will find in Bacon's *Apophthegms* the story of a mediaeval bishop who bathed four times a day, and defended himself on the ground that it was not convenient for him to bathe five times. It was really the same story, and I have a strong suspicion that it might be found in some classical author—Suetonius or Plutarch. Who originated the phrase " kicked upstairs " about a statesman transferred from the Commons to the Lords ? It sounds very modern, and at a guess one would say it was used of Sir Stafford Northcote, when he became a peer, by somebody like Lord Randolph Churchill. But the other day I found it in a *Life* of Lord Halifax, the great " Trimmer," who used it about 1680. There is another saying of Halifax's, which no one could guess. He was once asked to reward a stupid follower who had done considerable service to his party

"It is recorded," he replied, "that the geese of the Capitol saved Rome, but it is not recorded that they were made consuls." I have repeatedly heard this saying attributed to Disraeli, and lo and behold! it turns out to be two centuries older.—*July* 30, 1908.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Scotsmen will find much to interest them in *Queen Victoria's Letters,* for Her Majesty's love for everything Scottish, from the Jacobite wars to modern Presbyterian developments, was one of the most marked of her traits. I never realized her keen interest in Presbyterianism till recently, when I happened to be looking over the library of a well-known Churchman who was closely connected with the Court. There were many Christmas and birthday gifts in it from the Queen, with long inscriptions in her flowing Italian hand. These gifts were nearly all Scottish sermons. There were the sermons of the Rev. John Ker of Glasgow, the sermons and expositions of the Rev. John Robertson of Glasgow Cathedral, and many others. These books were not selected at random. They were the reading which had appealed most to the Queen herself. I had hoped for a life of Queen Victoria, and not a mere selection from her letters.* The name of a distinguished biographer, Mr. A. C. Benson, encouraged my hopes. It was surely hardly worth while to bring his and Lord Esher's heavy artillery to bear on the mere editing of manuscript. Besides, letters in the main, from Cicero's to Madame de Sevigne's, are dull reading.

*** *A Life of Queen Victoria,* by Sir Sidney Lee, has been published. It is based on the article which Sir Sidney contributed to the *Dictionary of National Biography.***

We want the thread of narrative between ; otherwise the extreme variety of subjects and the staccato commentary weary the reader, even when it is done by a FitzGerald or a Stevenson. A diary is better, for there you have a sense of intimacy with the author which no letters can give. Hence I can read cheerfully all the many volumes of Greville, when two modest epistolary volumes send me to sleep. I except Lady Louisa Stuart and a few others, and speak rather of the ordinary collections which follow the death of every celebrity. Still, the Queen was the Queen, and what she has to tell of the world, even though written regally in the third person, must be of no common interest. Of all the great dead she and Disraeli are the chief figures who lack biographies.* These volumes are not the biography we were waiting for, but they are the prolegomena to it. They will be a rich mine for the historian of the nineteenth century, for we have the spectacle of the ruler of the first among world Powers telling us what she thought, and often how she acted, from week to week.—*October* 17 and 24, 1907.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN AND THE PRESENT DISCONTENTS

Sir Theodore Martin, now in his ninety-third year, is our chief remaining link with the early Victorians. When he speaks on the signs of the times it is the voice of Nestor, to which all must listen. He is the true *laudator temporis acti,* and thinks the modern world a saddening spectacle. He sees no merit in our social

*** The standard biography of Disraeli, by W. F. Monypenny and G. E. Buckle, was published in 1910 in six volumes. There is also a one-volume edition.**

legislation, for we are teaching the working man principles of dependence and discounting the value of honest work. We are given over to the demagogue, and he thinks " we may yet see the glitter of the bayonet in Piccadilly/' With the Victorian age departed " what was sweet and pure and admirable in the social life of our land." He asks where are the giants now—the Palmerstons, Disraelis, and Gladstones, the Dickenses and Thackerays ? " Men with brass mouths and iron lungs command undivided attention to-day." But, though he is a pessimist as to the present, he is an optimist as to the future. He has no fear for the destiny of his country. Though for a time " tricksters and pigmies may impede," the march of Britain is always onward and upward. There is something touching about the voice of this last of the Victorians—this *revenant* from quieter and more spacious days. We can understand the mood, though we need not share it. The best men of any age have always tended to think meanly of it, and to live a little in the past. Moreover, while Sir Theodore Martin sees the Victorian era in a true perspective, he cannot yet judge fairly of a newer world. The late Elizabethans sighed over the degeneracy of their day, when the " sky was already tremulous with the dawn of Milton." We find Lady Ailesbury complaining that the " tinsel age of folly had dawned," in a year when Wellington was winning battles, and Scott and Byron were writing poetry. We have no Dickens or Thackeray, but have we not Mr. Meredith, who will stand at least as high in the hierarchy of letters, and who declares stoutly that we are as good as our grandfathers, and vastly superior to our fathers? As for the "bayonets in Piccadilly," we hope for the best. The wisest political

prophets are apt to be mistaken. Was it not John Adams who, writing in Paris a year or two before the French Revolution, declared that he had never seen anything so contented as the French people, while England, in his view, was living on the crust of a volcano of anarchy ?—*November* 5, 1908.

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY

Mr. Asquith has chosen very wisely in appointing Mr. Gilbert Murray to the Regius Professorship of Greek at Oxford, which Professor Bywater has resigned. In this he has risen above college feeling, for probably Balliol, his own college, favoured a Balliol candidate. Professor Murray, if not the most learned of living Greek scholars, is certainly the most brilliant. In the old days in Glasgow his classes had a taste of literary criticism and speculative scholarship which must have been very uncommon in a Scottish university. Then came his unfortunate breakdown in health, and Professor Murray turned for a little from teaching, to win a reputation in literature. His *History of Greek Literature* offended old-fashioned people by its comparison of Euripides to Ibsen, but it was a singularly brilliant and delightful book. He became a playwright, and had more than one play produced in a London theatre ; but his real success came when he turned to the translation of Greek plays. Here he discovered a new type of literature—a translation faithful and yet original, following the spirit as well as the letter. His *Medea* will live in English letters, and one at least of the choruses of his *Hippolytus* is an unforgettable lyric. The Chair of Greek at Oxford has never had so revolutionary an occupant, nor, let us

hasten to add, one so near akin to the Greek spirit.—*October* 22, 1908.

STATESMEN AS CLASSICAL SCHOLARS

It is remarkable how many of our leading statesmen have been good classical scholars. To go no further back than the eighteenth century, Pulteney was an admirable classic, Charles Townshend and Shelburne were good, and Charles James Fox was in the front rank of technical scholarship. In the nineteenth century Sir Robert Peel was an Oxford double-first, and had a great appreciation of Greek and Roman literature, as is seen from his delightful letters in the *Croker Correspondence* and elsewhere. Mr. Gladstone was an authority upon Homer, Lord Derby published an excellent translation of the same author, and now we have Mr. Asquith president of the Classical Association, and delivering the presidential address. Classical scholarship seems almost the only type to which our statesmen can attain. It has been reserved for our own generation to show us philosophers in the Cabinet, like Mr. Balfour and Mr. Haldane. The meeting at Birmingham was remarkable for other things besides Mr. Asquith's speech. Mr. Mackail, the Oxford Professor of Poetry, read a paper on, " How Homer came into Hellas." The most interesting point in his paper was his " insistence upon the fact that while the Homeric poems existed by the end of the ninth century, it was not till the sixth and fifth centuries that their influence began. I remember a friend who succeeded in drawing up a brilliant and convincing case for the Platonic authorship of Homer. He began by meaning to parody the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, and ended by con-

vincing himself. Mr. Gilbert Murray is less of a Homeric unitarian than Mr. Mackail, and found difficulties even in the dual view. Mr. Andrew Lang seems to be the only scholar who stands out stoutly for the " indivisible supremacy."—*October* 15, 1908.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER

Next year will be the last of the old regime, and after that the Senior Wrangler will be unknown. The Oxford fashion will be followed, and successful candidates will be arranged alphabetically in the different classes. It is a wise change, for if classes are arranged in order of merit there is sure to be an unwholesome competition for first place. This means that young men work themselves to death to become, not better mathematicians, but better examinees. If a few marks may make all the difference between first and second place, there will be a feverish effort to secure these marks. This will be good for coaches who are wise in all examination " tips," but it will not promote sound learning. It is far better to have a standard which every first-class man can reach, and not to publish the extent to which any man exceeds the standard. Supreme excellence is sure to be known privately, and will bear fruit in subsequent fellowship examinations. At the same time the loss of the Senior Wrangler will deprive academic life of yet another element of the picturesque. The outside world likes names and labels, and prefers to be able to point to some one man as confessedly the best of his year. At Oxford there has never been any one distinction which every reader of every halfpenny paper knew about, for a " double-first " is a distinction shared by many. It

is interesting that in the penultimate year of the Wranglership it should have fallen to a Russian Jew from Odessa, whose father lives in the East End of London. No greater proof could be given that we have a genuine educational ladder, and that the highest honour in our old universities is open to talent from any source. If any one wants to measure our progress during the last fifty years, let him look at Oxford and Cambridge.—*June* 25, 1908.

MAX BEERBOHM'S CARICATURES

I have no hesitation in putting Mr. Max Beerbohm at the head of modern caricaturists. He has the true spirit of caricature, for he reproduces not some superficial mannerism, but the essential personality of his victim. He does this by means of wild exaggeration, otherwise he would be a great portrait painter, and not a caricaturist. Moreover, he catches not only a man, but an atmosphere, and sometimes an epoch. One of his works, for example—a picture of Lord Tennyson reading selections from his works to Queen Victoria—seemed to me to embody the whole spirit both of Tennysonian poetry and the Victorian era. His latest exhibition is quite as good as those which have gone before. His sketch of Mr. Beerbohm Tree is immense—a vast presence, in which the whole theory of drama which rules at His Majesty's Theatre is personified. I like best his representation of special scenes in the lives of his victims. There is a picture of Mr. A. C. Benson " vowing eternal fidelity to the Obvious," a female figure half Britannia and half Mrs. Gamp. Then there is a picture of Mr. Barrie telling a nursery about a little boy " who wished

—oh, how he did wish !—to be a mother." His grown-up hearers weep, but the children are yawning. Could the foibles of Mr. Benson and Mr. Barrie have been hit off more happily ? I do not care so much for his picture of Mr. Kipling going off with the Nobel Prize, while Mr. Hall Caine looks on enviously, and the Olympians, Mr. Meredith and Mr. Swinburne, sit aloft in godlike indifference. The picture does not lay hold on Mr. Kipling's true foibles. Far better was that earlier one, in which the author, got up as a coster, was represented as taking " his best gal, Britannia," to Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday.—*May* 7, 1908.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD AND MR. ZANGWILL

Mrs. Humphry Ward has been writing to the *Times,* arguing, from her American experience, against woman suffrage. The general ground of her opposition is psychological—that women are different from, and on the whole inferior to, men in the qualities which are needed for public life. Mr. Zangwill replied in a very adroit letter, in which he declared that Mrs. Ward's opinions were due to her being a woman novelist. She knew and despised the weaknesses of her sex from having studied and analysed them, but she knew nothing of men, and therefore idealized them. With himself, says Mr. Zangwill, it is just the other way round. Knowing, as only a male novelist can, the vanity and selfishness of men, he would be as strongly opposed to " Votes for Men," had that been in question, as Mrs. Ward is to " Votes for Women." It is a very neat counter, and, of course, there is something in it. Each sex will be the sternest critic of itself. No woman could have given us

Sir Willoughby Patterne, and no man Rosamund Vincy. To take Mrs. Ward's books, I do not think a male novelist would have been so hard on Letty Tressady. Mr. Zangwill thinks that Mrs. Ward's heroes are either prigs or rogues. It is hard to recall any of the latter who were also meant to be heroes. People like Wharton and Ancoats are held up to reprobation, and it is only the very virtuous who merit Mrs. Ward's praises. I am afraid that Mr. Zangwill is right, and that these virtuous heroes are a little priggish. But the women of male novelists are apt to appear priggish also in female eyes. Sir Walter's faultless ladies and even Thackeray's Amelia Sedley have few female admirers.—*July* 16, 1908.

THE " MONSTROUS REGIMENT "

The " Suffragettes "—it is an odious word, but it must be used to distinguish the " Mountain " of the movement from the " Girondists," who are the Suffragists—have had an enormous triumph. In one short afternoon they succeeded in turning Palace Yard into a bear-garden, with the assistance of a bodyguard of hooligans ; in giving several thousands of weary policemen a very hard time of it ; and, by means of a flagrant breach of hospitality, sending a flushed emissary to interrupt the discussion of the Children's Bill in the House of Commons with the usual cry about votes for women. It has not been a very edifying spectacle, and yet the conduct of the Suffragettes is sublimely logical. Their argument is that they are outside the law, since they have no share in its making or administering. Therefore they can be as irresponsible as they please ; and the more irresponsible they are, the more gaily they incite

to breaches of the peace and outrage all public decorum, the more logical they are and the more keenly they will make the world realize their status. There is no flaw in this argument, except that it is logical. What these ladies forget is that men are not logical, politics are not logical, no practical matter has ever been logical. By being logical they have made their cause more forlorn than words can describe. The average man may have had doubts about the matter in the early days of the agitation, but he has none now. Any Government which dared to go to the polls advocating female suffrage would, in the opinion of most people, suffer a record defeat.—*October* 22, 1908.

A GREAT BOOK OF TRAVEL

The announcement that Oxford is about to confer a doctor's degree upon Mr. Charles Doughty will be warmly welcomed by the few who are familiar with the work of one of the most remarkable men of our day. He has produced what I should be inclined to call the greatest book of travel, which is also literature, of last century. The *Travels in Arabia Deserta* is written in stately Elizabethan, so that it is hard to believe that one is not reading some volume reprinted by the Hakluyt Society. Mr. Doughty set out for Damascus in spite of the opposition of the British consul there, and accompanied the pilgrimage to Mecca to a point far down in the centre of Arabia. There he copied some cliff inscriptions, which were afterwards translated by Renan, and formed an epoch in Semitic scholarship. Afterwards he joined a tribe of wandering Bedawin, and travelled far and wide with them as no Englishman has done before or since.

The extraordinary point in his achievement is that he hated Mohammedanism, and missed no opportunity of " testifying " against it. He declared himself a " Nasrany," which is the most controversial Arab name for a Christian. He suffered endless persecutions and indignities ; but his simplicity and goodness won upon the wild people of the desert, and though for months he bore his life in his hand, he came safely out of the country. The book shows a sympathy with the nomad Arab life and a picturesqueness of style which make it unique in literary history. As literature it is better than Kinglake's *Eothen,* and as a record of adventure and discovery, it is far beyond anything which Palgrave or Sir Richard Burton or Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has written. Mr. Doughty is also a poet. His epic, *The Dawn in Britain,* was published a year or two ago in *six* volumes, and a new epic on the Fall is announced. Any one who has the courage to read through the six volumes of the first poem will be rewarded with a great story and many passages of noble, if rugged, verse.—*February* 27, 1908.

FREDERIC HARRISON AND THE ALPS

There has just been published Mr. Frederic Harrison's *My Alpine Jubilee,* adorned with a portrait of the hale old man- in knickerbockers. Mr. Harrison has always been a mountaineer after a special fashion of his own. For nearly sixty years he has scrambled in all parts of the Alps. He has fallen down a snow slope on the Weissthor, and he has been arrested in Como as a Garibaldian spy. But he is violently opposed to what he calls the " greased pole " school of thought with regard to the mountains. He hates record-breaking and

unjustifiable routes, and all the other amusements of the younger generation of Alpinists, and on this account he has never been a prominent member of the Alpine Club. In his new book he has many interesting memories to set down. He has not been a mountaineer in the same sense as Whymper and Mummery, but he has been an indefatigable Alpine *tramp*. In all weathers and by all routes he has roamed among the mountains. Not since Ruskin have we had such eloquent rhapsodies on the great peaks. He never forgets, either, his Positivist creed. The human interest of the mountains appeals to him as much as wild nature. He loves the terraced shores of the lakes, the little Alpine farms, the vineyards, the shepherds' huts, even the inns. He would be out of place in the Himalayas, where the human interest does not exist.—*February* 6, 1908.

THE MATTERHORN RAILWAY

The *Gazette de Lausanne* announces that the Swiss Federal Council have unanimously refused to grant a licence to the proposed Matterhorn railway, and that the hare-brained project will accordingly be abandoned. English lovers of the Alps have been for a long time working with their Swiss colleagues to prevent so gross a vulgarization of a noble mountain. I do not think there was much cause for alarm, for I cannot see how the thing could ever be a piece of practicable engineering. The railway would, of course, have to climb by a tunnel inside the mountain. Now the Matterhorn is a very loose, not to say rotten, peak, and the tunnel would therefore have to be far inside. There would be from three to four thousand feet of vertical tunnelling, and

air-holes would be very difficult to arrange for owing to the weather on the higher slopes. Why any man should want to ascend the Matterhorn except on his own legs passes my comprehension. There is no credit in the achievement if he is carried up in a train. The view in ordinary weather is not finer than what he will get from lower peaks. The fascination of the mountain is that it *looks* inaccessible and affords good climbing. If these charms are taken away, its ascent is very little better than the ascent of the Eiffel Tower in a lift.—*November* 12, 1908.

POETRY AND MUSIC

Mr. W. H. Hadow, in his interesting lecture to the Royal Society of Literature on Milton's musical knowledge, suggested a reason why the modern poet is so rarely set to music successfully. In Milton's day, he said, the basis of music was vocal, and therefore poet and composer were working on the same lines. Nowadays the basis is instrumental, and few poets know enough about the technique to write good words for music. This, of course, might explain why our modern poets do not write good masques and madrigals, but it ought not to interfere with their songs. My explanation is that our modern lyrists are too complex. A song must be very direct in its appeal, and, moreover, the tune should be always in the poet's head. Mr. W. B. Yeats is a greater poet than Mr. A. P. Graves, and yet Mr. Graves's songs are sung everywhere, and will continue to be sung, while I cannot remember any single lyric by Mr. Yeats which has found an adequate setting. Another reason is that the tune comes first in Mr.

Graves's head ; his memory is full of old and beautiful Irish airs which sing themselves to words. Burns was in the same position : he had always the old air to guide him. But the main thing is that the appeal must be direct and simple, the sentiment obvious, though not necessarily commonplace.—*October* 29, 1908.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Sir Frederick Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, writing to the *Times,* complains of our neglect of the National Anthem. Sir Frederick has been much impressed by the fact that at the Quebec pageant " the band played the National Anthem, and presently 15,000 people were singing," and he exclaims, more in sorrow than in anger, How different in England ! He maintains that we are afraid to sing *it* in this country, delegating that task, as a rule, to a very moderate soprano vocalist, who sings it as fast as she can, with usually an accompaniment terrible to hear. This rigid silence on the part of the great mass of the people Sir Frederick attributes largely to our want of knowledge of the words of the National Anthem, and, so far as the rising generation is concerned, he suggests a frequent practice in the school. Sir Frederick's complaint, I fear, is only too well-grounded. We are a loyal people, to be sure. Nevertheless it would go hard with most of us if we were asked to recite the words of the National Anthem correctly at a moment's notice. We should egregiously fail.—*August* 6, 1908.

CHRISTMAS IN LONDON

It was sound advice of the book-lover that when a new and popular book appeared the wise man should read an old one. A considerable part of humanity only finds out the pleasure of common things when popular attention is turned away from them. For many years it has been the fashion to go away from London for Christmas. . . . No doubt you may have wonderful Christmas weather in the country. . . . But, on the other hand, you may not. My memory of country Christmases is mainly of mud under foot and grey skies above, and a temperature which would be not unacceptable in May. The Yule log under such conditions becomes a thing to shudder at, and ordinary English Christmas fare the certain parent of internal disorders. Or you may have deep snow, when the smoking-room is filled with bored men in shooting-boots, who get to loathe the sight of each other, and lose their tempers and their money at games of chance. There is always a reward for defying the fashion, and this reward is very real if you stay over Christmas in London. In that period of enforced leisure you can read all the books you have neglected, you can do what you please, and suit your food to your taste and not to a barbarous convention. Besides, London at Christmas-time has remarkable attractions of its own. There is a feeling of warmth and colour in the streets which even a fog cannot hide. I am sorry, however, that the city authorities have forbidden the hawkers to sell their goods alongside the pavement in Ludgate Hill. Probably there has been good reason for the act, but it robs the streets of an engaging show. For the last three weeks of the

year it was possible for the wayfarer to believe that he had been transferred to some bazaar of the East: a line of vociferous sellers; a congestion of passive and potential buyers ; between, the great stream of traffic ; and overhead, beyond the electric lamps, a yellow pall of sky. You might buy an article from a flower in a pot to a performing toy rhinoceros, and so well was the trade standardized that nothing cost more than a penny. —*December* 19, 1907.

THE WOLFE AND MONTCALM MEMORIAL

A movement is on foot to raise a British contribution to Canada's tercentenary celebrations in the shape of a memorial to Wolfe and Montcalm. Champlain was, of course, the founder of Canada, and his name will rightly be the chief one in the Canadian ceremony. But to Britons Wolfe is the name with which our first connection with Canada is chiefly associated, and as Canada is proposing as a birthday commemoration to buy up the land comprised in the Heights of Abraham and create out of it a national park, the most suitable British gift seems to be a memorial to the two heroes whose names are linked with the site. It is an excellent chance for the British people to show their sense of the reality of the Imperial tie, and to do honour to two heroes who have never been adequately commemorated. Scotland has some connection with the battle. Wolfe served at Culloden, and while stationed at Inverness showed a humanity all too rare among the English commanders. One of the Frasers served under him at Quebec, and it was a Murray of Elibank who met LeVis at Sainte-Foye six months later.—*April* 23, 1908.

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