TOLLE LEGE

JAMES K. MOFFITT
OBITER SCRIPTA
1918
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BY
FREDERIC HARRISON

LONDON
CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.
1919
To

WILLIAM LEONARD COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D.,
Etc., Etc.

WHO ACCEPTED THESE OCCASIONAL NOTES IN
THE GREAT REVIEW OF WHICH HE HAS BEEN
DIRECTOR FOR 25 YEARS, AND TO WHICH
THE WRITER HAS BEEN A CONTRIBUTOR
FOR 54 YEARS
PREFATORY NOTE

These Notes on events and books of the day were published in the Fortnightly Review month by month during the last year of the Great War, in 1918. The twelve Parts correspond to the months from January to December, inclusive. As they stood as the first article in each number, they had to be written in the first half of the month preceding that in which they appeared. Thus Part I. was composed about December 12, 1917, and Part XII. was composed just before the Armistice of November 11. It was not found necessary to make any addition, qualification, or excision of the Notes. They are now re-issued by request precisely as they appeared last year.

Bath, May 1919.
The dominant, urgent fact which stares us in the face in a supreme hour of strife is this. The War of Nations is being entangled with, is merging into, the war of Class: about sovereignty, ranks, upper and lower Orders; but, essentially, between those who hold Capital and those who Work with their hands. National wars, as we see, unite men in nations: Class wars suppress the spirit of nationality, for they herald what Socialists promise as the grander form of Patriotism, the brotherhood of the labourers. At the opening of the great European War Democracy was appealed to, and nobly it answered the call in the name of the Nation. But, in this fourth year of war, we see all over Europe how democratic patriotism is expanding into the new Industrial Order which dreamers for two generations have imagined as the Social Revolution.

The Thrill of Russian Revolution

Russia, as one of these dreamers said, "led the way." Chaos, anarchy, plunder, terrorism for the hour are masters in that huge, amorphic, unstable
race. Let us not suppose, because it is so extravagant, that it means nothing, and will soon be nothing but a hideous memory. Wild, impossible, anti-social as Bolshevism is, remember that it is the delirious orgy of a passion which is very real, very wide, very deep—which has many forms, and in some form has an inevitable future. The Paris Revolution of 1789 broke out into the Terror, sans-culottic saturnalia: it was but the bloody froth on the wave of a revolution which swept round the world and made a new heaven and a new earth. So underneath Bolshevism there lies a vast social evolution. Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Britain throb with vague spasms of revolutionary change. It has brought disaster in Lombardy and Venice; France, too, passes from one crisis to another; Sinn Fein spouts rank treason; even British Socialists still hold out hands to their Scandinavian, German, and Russian "brothers"! When 150 millions of men have flung off a mighty autocracy, have sunk into a new social, industrial, moral chaos, have put in motion a civic earthquake on a scale such as never before was seen amongst men, this sends a thrill through the masses which the world has never yet known.

Constitutionalism is Menaced

How far, in what way, will it work? The Italian people is far more ignorant, more passionate, more predatory than the French. The Italian kingdom is a recent, artificial, somewhat shallow edifice under the ancient shadow of Saint Peter. Parliamentary government struggles on in defiance of all the traditions and instincts of France; and now is a mere battle-ground for Socialistic combats, rivalries, and plots. The United Kingdom has been heaving with change for at least one generation, and its
spasms were not unconnected with this war. Our royal, loyal, indefatigable George, alas! cannot give the support that a George gave to a Chatham and a Pitt—however much he surpasses his ancestors in every public and private gift.

Thrones are Antique—Republics are Modern

In the crash of Tsardom and the rumblings everywhere of social order, Monarchy, with all its undoubted good, has the undeserved weakness of being the symbol of what is antique and established. And yet the whole horizon blazes with new, unexpected, mysterious lights and clouds. France and America have no cleavage of kingdoms, have no kingdoms at all. For generations each Frenchman, each American, has felt in his bones that he and his fellow-citizens are France, are America. They have no double sense of a compound loyalty to the State and another loyalty to the Throne.

The New Order

Now, what is the moral to be drawn from all this? It is, that behind this enormous war, there is coming over civilisation a change even more enormous, and much more lasting in time. When fighting has ceased—and I cannot feel sure that it will cease either soon, or in any complete, definitive, mutually agreed way—there will be a wholly new Social Order, as different, perhaps, from ours as when the Catholic and Feudal Order superseded that of Polytheism, slavery, art, and luxury. Many things will be reconstructed. There will be no special ruling class, no select educated class, no idle class. If Upper House, Magnates, Honours, and the stately Homes associated by history with Honours continue to live—these will be more akin
to the obsolete noblesse of the Louis and their dilapidated châteaux than to the mansions and parks which make England so rich in romance and charm. It will be folly, almost criminal, to hold on obstinately to old Parties, worn-out Principles, ingrained habits, to the arrogance of Wealth, to the pride of Culture.

Opportunism is True Policy

In politics, dogged consistency was ever a doubtful virtue. When the hour of New Things has struck, these Catos, de Broglies, Eldons, bring the old Cause to ruin and injure the new. Rigid conservatism is the bane of all revolutions. For my part, I shall go out of the world with a clean slate in things political and economic. Free Trade, Home Rule, the Suffrage, Party, Socialism, Capitalism, Reform of Parliament, even the sovereignty of the Commons, will all have to be recast in a new atmosphere and altered relations to each other.

All Forms of Pacifism are Ruinous

This seismic and cosmic upheaval seems in the fourth year of war to be affecting in opposite ways two orders of politicians amongst us so that somehow they converge to the same point, which in practice would be craven surrender to the foe. Some of our Elder Statesmen seem to have lost their nerves over the continuance of horrors and the social débâcle that travels after them as fire succeeds an earthquake. We are told that stout-hearted men can stand an earthquake for a time, but their nerves begin to shake if it continues long. On the other hand, Commercialism, Cobdenism, Socialism, with all its hundred heads and its hundred voices, Internationalism, red, grey, and black—all are agog with a
vision of Industrial expansion, or else of Social Liquidation, cosmopolitan Brotherhood, utopian Peace—if only these dreadful Governments would cease to fight. If these Elder Statesmen really represent their order, it will be the last act of a Ruling Class in Britain. If tradesmen and Internationalists really impede our victory, they will both end in Bolshevistic chaos.

[January, 1918.]

Lord Morley's Recollections

I turn from the crisis of the hour to that which is a permanent monument in English literature. All who follow politics or letters must study from beginning to end Lord Morley's two stout volumes of Recollections, wherein almost every incident and person of note over the last two generations is touched with the hand of a master. It forms an encyclopædic survey of State affairs, judgments, and books of our time. Turn over the eighty pages of a very careful analytic Index, and you will find a reference to almost every public man and to every leading writer of the day. This gives a truly unique interest to this book. It is the political testament of a statesman who has held great offices in critical times and has been at the helm in many a storm. Again, it is the life-long study of great literature by one who now for fifty years has had no superior in the prose writing of this age.

Partly Politics, Partly Literature

In two things this work has no exact parallel. First, it is a record of the central problems of the last thirty years by one of the chief actors therein, written with a rare and curious revealing of arcana imperii. Secondly, much of it is pure literature of
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a very high and enduring sort, written as an English classic without a thought of Parliament, party, or politics. Half of the book is literature that may rank with that of our great essayists from Bacon to Burke. Half of it is *Memoir* that must make English history along with *Biographies* of our leading statesmen. The title fits but one half of the contents. It should be named *Recollections and Meditations*. Some of our statesmen have been passable writers. Many of our writers have engaged in politics. But no other politician has been a great writer: and no other writer has directed great affairs. Burke was great as a politician and great as a writer. But not much of his writing is now popular reading; and he never held high office, nor did he ever act as the chief statesman responsible for momentous reforms.

Can Both be Mixed?

This rare combination of high politics and great literature gives a pungent interest to the book, but it may irritate politicians who are deaf to Sophocles, and also the learned who hate the House of Commons. I am not sure that it is quite sound in literary effect. The transitions from rebels to Thucydides, from Lucretius to Kilmainham and Indian bombs, are rather abrupt. Take a typical page (I., p. 287): "greeting Dillon on coming out of Galway Gaol," line 3; "read *Measure for Measure*," line 4; "my report on the Irish Society Committee," line 7; "did Goethe ever say anything about it," line 10; "learnt some lines of Sophocles"—three in the Greek—line 21; "read some of Newman’s sermons," line 34; "drowsy hour with Tom Moore’s letters," line 36. How very few of us can jump like this from treason to drama, back
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to Catholic theology, and then to Byronic scandal—and so, as Pepys said, "to bed!" Could all of us sleep the sleep of the just after such an olla podrida as this?

Can They Fill the Same Page?

The candour due to true friendship compels me to say that, with all its intense versatility and vitality, the composite work has not been welded into a symmetric whole. Much of it was obviously written at very different times under very varying moods, and this makes the dates very confusing. Much of it is the rough diary any of us may keep: Met X—dined with Mr. G. and discussed the Bill—called on Lady Y—Lord Z has a good cook, etc., etc., etc. Nearly two hundred pages of the second volume, during five years of Indian office, are filled with private letters to the Viceroy. All most interesting, historic records opening the secrets of Imperial policy, but without literary form. And where are Lord Minto's replies? All this with Thoughts about government which recall Marcus Aurelius, Richelieu, and Edmund Burke, and again with Essays and Criticisms which recall Bacon, Addison, and Hume. Diaries, letters, essays, are all excellent, though perhaps they do not always lie well together in the same bed.

Not an Autobiography

The answer to such criticism is this. The book is not designed as a true Biography like those of Gibbon, Scott, Byron—nor even like the Autobiographies of Mill or Spencer. There is almost nothing of Home life, of family, and personal feeling. From 1838 to 1917, it is the record of prodigious activity in the world of politics, literature,
and society—of all those *inter apices* of the State, of Letters, of the Court. These eighty years have seen vast changes, historic events, famous men. The author of these *Recollections* has been in the thick of all this, the contriver of these events, the colleague of these men. It is his right—it is his duty—to tell the world of the part he has played in such dominant affairs as that of Imperial expansion, of Parliamentary reform, of Irish Home Rule, of Indian re-settlement—finally how in 1911 he was the mouthpiece of that "ending of the Lords" which he had promised the electors of Westminster in 1880. It is a great, a full record.

**Sir Charles Dilke**

Turn to the *Life* of Sir Charles Dilke—a full, careful, memorable record of immense energy, industry, and clear judgment. This, too, will make history, will be invaluable to those who hereafter will have to study the tangled story of Victorian politics. Dilke had all the gifts of a real statesman—good sense that almost amounted to genius, coolness, courage, insight—but without the magnetic power of his chief colleague, without the passion which moves men in supreme causes. He might have held power for a time in a quiet epoch; he truly foresaw the dominant German Peril, and might have helped to prepare us to meet it—but for a moral disaster such as that which ruined Home Rule. Public men must remember that they have no *private* life. Two-thirds of a statesman is *character*; and public men, just like private men, cannot abolish for themselves recognised laws of morals. It may be forgiven to relatives that they prefer to disguise notorious facts with a grotesque misreading of their own.
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The Vices of Parliament

When we compare the Memoir of Dilke with that of Morley, how much larger, deeper, more constructive, bulks that of the living statesman! How petty, fugitive, provincial appear to-day in this cosmic upheaval these squabbles in the House over details of administration, personal rivalries, class antagonisms! One thing comes out from these new Memoirs, as from almost all modern Memoirs. Our public men are honourable, incorruptible, public-spirited servants of the State, whatever their ambitions and their blunders. Yet—when they let us peep into the arcanum rei publicae, what vacillation in Cabinets, what jealousies in Ministers, what a scramble is Government, what a street mob, what a tavern debating-shop is the Mother of Parliaments! An unmanageable crowd of average Town Councillors—whole groups sent there to obstruct, to wreck, to worry, to swagger, to pry! And the Government of this mighty Empire at the mercy of a chance plot if the Whips are careless! I have ever distrusted Parliament, and bless my kind genius who whispered to me to keep off its toils.

Turkey and Poland

Two important historical volumes have been completed during the War, which should be carefully studied by all who deal with the settlement of Europe after the War. I mean Lord Eversley's Turkish Empire and his History of Poland. Both of these deal with those secular problems of Eastern Europe which the War has thrust upon the West and which the Peace will have to solve. Lord Eversley, who was Mr. Shaw-Lefevre in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, has visited Turkey during some forty years, and has been there the guest of Ambassadors,
Ministers, and the Sultan. His "just and lucid narrative," as a critic truly described it, covers the whole history of Turkey from its first contact with Europe down to the Young Turk Revolution. This valuable summary of an extraordinary story has the advantage of being composed by one who knows Yildiz Kiosk at home. This book, no less than his History of Poland, explains much in the diplomacy of the past, and ought to give light to the diplomacy of the future.

**History of the French Novel**

Away with politicians—whose profession makes them live to accuse, abuse, trip up each other! Lawyers, priests, doctors, traders, soldiers, writers, workmen—all do the best for themselves they can—but success for them does not mean the ruin of their colleagues and rivals. Let us turn to letters. I have just read through a new book of rare erudition by an acknowledged master of a vast field of learning. It is Professor George Saintsbury's History of the French Novel. What a helluo librorum! He begins with the eleventh century, and, as yet, closes with the end of the eighteenth. Thoughtless young ladies, do not hope to hear about Dumas, Zola, and Anatole France from our Professor—not yet—wait and see! But read him about Saint Eulalia, Chrestien de Troyes, Partenopeus of Blois, Aucassin, and the Fabliaux, Princesse de Cleves, Le Sage, Voltaire, Rousseau. All this is luminous and authoritative. The French novel of the eighteenth century is known to thoughtful readers—but how few know the delightful French romances of earlier times.

**Fabliaux du Moyen Age**

Do not, ladies, attempt to follow the Professor in reading through Astrée and the 12,000 pages of the
Grand Cyrus, but do let him guide you to some of the delicious old romances. Read them in the original verse if you care to learn old French, such as—

Bel i vinrent et bel s'en vont

or—

Et moi aurés cascune nuit.

But, in any case, do try to get to the heart of these old French romances. They are worth a ton of Zola any day. There is an entire literature in the Fabliaux—romantic, lyric, fantastic, tragic, ribald, and comic. Let me say it to my shame, Professor, I read them in the modern French prose version—say, of Le Grand d’Aussy. Many of the old verses are uncouth jingles, for all the charm of the thought. And I am too old and too idle to learn this caco-graphic doggerel. But I bow my head in reverence to the Professor’s learned accounts of so many βιβλία ἰβιβλία. May I live to see his next volume!

Life of Stopford Brooke

And I have just read the Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke. Every page recalls to me the rich nature of a friend whom I have known so long, so much valued, with whom I and mine spent happy times both in country houses and in London gatherings. In the ’sixties I used to hear him preach in St. James’s Chapel, as in the ’fifties I used to hear Robertson preach at Brighton. I was staying with Brooke at Naworth in 1880 when he showed me in draft his letter of resignation to the Archbishop. He seemed to think it might be a bar to his career. I advised him to go on, that it would make no difference to his position in the wiser world and would strengthen his influence. I used again to hear him preach in the Bedford Chapel, both before
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and after his quitting Orders. I have read with interest and sympathy most of his books. He was a fine teacher of spiritual truth, a fine judge of art, an unerring critic of poetry. He and I were real friends and colleagues in many a public cause. I admired and I honoured him.

Too Much Family Gossip

The two volumes of 700 pages recall the alertness, versatility, pluck, and brilliancy of my friend, but they add nothing to me about his personality and his work. Indeed, his achievement as a religious force, as brave reformer, as social teacher, as thinker, as poet, is rather overlaid with the torrents of family gossip, of the banalities of society, of the cooings of a most loving and lovable home circle, which filial piety has poured out to the world. The nemesis of all biographies by near relations is, that they cannot stint the measure of all their home memories. Every incident they can recall seems typical, memorable, glorious; every letter they have treasured seems literature; every casual utterance a maxim or an epigram. And this is specially a danger when the lost one is so recently mourned. The son-in-law has given us more than was needed. Yes! the composite personality is there—the compound life of Priest, Poet, Friend, and Critic. But we get too much about the popular preacher, the pet of drawing-rooms, the camaraderie of the Press, the love of flowers, of nice people, of objets d'art, of children, cousins, and aunts.

Silly Gossip about Comte

Dr. Jacks has done his work well; but it would have been better had he not been so near. For private circulation, all this would be right. But
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the outside world wants to know in definite statements what Brooke achieved in the evolution of Christian faith; what the Church, and which Church, gained or lost in him; what were his services to the public; what was his place in literature. And all this is rather overlaid by Irish exuberance and all this beautiful family canonisation. I wish the Life of Brooke had been more like Brooke's own Life of Robertson. There was not in that so much 'fancillage' and "chatter about" the house of Brooke. Dr. Jacks, who is an eminent theologian and philosopher, need not have printed after forty-eight years the mendacious gossip retailed by a young clergyman about Comte, which is both spiteful and false, and wrong in its date by more than two years (I., 112). The idle jest has often been fully refuted. As to the religion of Humanity, Brooke would discuss it with me with candour and knowledge. Even in the 'sixties he told me that he was a believer in Humanity, but he preferred to call it Christ. He and I had many objects of faith in common.

New Poets and Old

This vast war—this stirring of the deeps in man's soul—calls out much love of poetry, not a little new poetry, as is ever the case. The Revolution of 1789 and Napoleon's wars gave us Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, Southey, Shelley, Keats. We have no Shelley, no Keats, no Wordsworth—yet. Indeed, amidst the flood of third-rate poems that pours on day by day, there are so very few which reach even to a second standard. And criticism of poets, theories of poetry are incessant. Notable and interesting are new books, new pieces, of Keats and of Swinburne. Surely, we already
know all we shall know, all we need know of both; and the place of both is assured and settled. Keats ranks with Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth; but, being almost nothing but a glorious promise cut short, cannot be counted as above these three. And Swinburne, for all his exquisite music, cannot by intellect be placed on a par with Tennyson and Browning. He certainly comes next to them, and has none who come near him.

Too Much Talk about Poets

For my part, I find Brooke’s judgments, so admirably expressed in many Letters, to be quite conclusive. All he says of Byron, Scott, Shelley, Keats, Campbell, Coleridge, is excellent. And I follow him for Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne, whose monotonous beauty at last becomes, as he says, quite wearisome. How true, how quaint is his saying that, much as he had written about poets, perhaps we have had too much “talk about” poets, and would do better to read them. For myself, to use the current slang, I am “fed up” with all this “chatter about” Fanny Brawne, about Watts-Dunton’s mystic fane, and Orestes and Pylades. The private life of poets is not so really important as is that of politicians, whose characters we need to know before we judge their acts. Let us read the poets and leave them in peace at home. Happily no man can unearth the domestic privacy of Homer.

Two Somerset Poets

No doubt many of the new verses are really good—even if they just miss being poetry that may be more than fugitive. There never was in England a time when more readable verse without any bad
quality was produced—not even in the time of the Tudors or the Stuarts. I read and enjoy not a few. Nor, as a citizen of Bath, can I fail to note The Day and other verses by our Bath Railwayman, Henry Chappell, which Sir Herbert Warren introduces with just praise. And I am myself responsible for a Foreword to the graceful lyrics about memorable haunts of pilgrimage by Mrs. Richard Strachey, of Ashwick Grove. Our Wessex was ever the resort of the Sylvan Muse. Blow, then, the war clarion in verse! Touch the lyre of coming peace! We may see a Byron, a Shelley, a Wordsworth soon!

The Vanity Fair of London

Drawn by a happy family event, I have just visited London, after an absence of five years, which I never thought to have seen again. What a change through war, and not entirely by war! Hardly a trace of the ruin and fires of which the great Liar brags! Much "as usual" in many things! And yet, how odious is the rush, the scramble, the roar of the main streets—far worse even than in 1912, when I left them, as I thought for ever, to find a little rest in my last years. It shocks, wounds, disgusts me, as if, with the poet, I were in one of the circles of his Inferno. Modern mechanism has brutalised life. And in this rattle and crash and whirl, wild luxury, games, shows, gluttony, and vice work their Vanity Fair with greater recklessness than ever. As I walked about streets blazing with gems, and gold, and every form of extravagance, I asked myself—and is this the war for very life of a great race? If the Kaiser could come and see it all, he would say—"I shall conquer yet, for all they threaten me!"

[Bath, January, 1918.]
PART II

Momentous Years

Do all our people feel that these critical years A.D. 1918-1919 will live in the history of the world as momentous as those years 480-479 B.C., when Spartans and Athenians saved the civilisation of Europe from the tyrant of Asia? If the Greeks had not stood at Thermopylae, Salamis, Platæa, it would have been centuries before Freedom, Patriotism, Philosophy, and Law could have built up the ancient world of the West. If we do not stand now, our civilisation, democracy, and progress will be stifled by Prussian tyranny—the dispensation of Him they blasphemously call their “good old German God.” When we read again the deathless story of the defence of Greece against Xerxes we find striking analogies. Our immortal “first divisions” died to save France in the first torrent. Our ships sweep the enemy from every sea. His armies still hold much of the soil they have overrun. Our Platæa is yet to be fought. Can we doubt? Can we be slack? Can we shrink from any sacrifice? In the words of Æschylus at Salamis—νῶν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγῶν. The struggle is now for our all on earth!

Right against Might

Nothing can be clearer than the issue between us and the enemy now. All our parties are at one—even sections of old parties join in the statement of
our war aims, as plain as words can make them. All
the Allies repeat the same resolves, first stated by
the Prime Minister of 1914, restated by the Prime
Minister of 1918, in agreement with the solemn
words of the American President, echoed back
from France, Italy, Belgium, Serbia, Roumania,
our oversea Dominions, by China, by Japan, by
the Orientals we protect and lead in India, in
Syria, in Egypt. The League of Nations in the
true sense has already begun. The great majority
of civilised people are now united to preserve
themselves and their posterity from the domination
of an aggressor, whose gospel is—The strong in
arms shall rule the weak. There is to-day a League
of Nations in alliance to end this Rule of Might.

League of Nations still Premature

To dogmatise now about the parties, the con-
stituents, and the procedure of a more universal
League of Nations is premature. The very prob-
lem to-day is: What makes a Nation? Which are
the Nations? Do the familiar old Nations now
exist? International Socialism repudiates Nation-
ality as the object of patriotism. Is Russia a Nation
still—or how many Nations does it contain? Is
Finland, Iceland, the Ukraine, Siberia, Caucasia,
a Nation? Is Poland a Nation yet, is Palestine, is
Zion, is Babylonia, is Persia? And, if so, what
are the geographical limits of each, of Finland, of
Poland, of the Ukraine? Again, is Hungary a
nation, or Turkey, or India? There are a thou-
sand answers to this, all more or less conflicting,
and a thousand races furiously crying to be heard.
This world-war has stirred to the very deeps of
the human kind fierce ambitions of race, deadly
rivalries of national extension. Nations are being
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dissolved, recast, created, before our eyes. Why dream about the Humanitarian League of Nations, which all desire, which some of us trust will ultimately prevail, whilst the very names and numbers of the nations, their boundaries, their hopes and claims, are all in the melting-pot of this Hell on earth of war?

[February, 1918.]

The Trend to Autonomy

With all our talk about Empire do we note the trend of the great aggregates towards local autonomy? Two of the vastest Empires on the earth are melting or preparing to melt into fractions, the moment autocracy is gone. Russia now means the various tribes east of the Baltic and the Carpathians. China has been simmering in rival provinces ever since the end of the Manchoo dynasty. Norway has been a separate kingdom only since 1905. The air resounds with the outcries of the many races of the Habsburgs, and some people hope to see the huge German Empire disintegrate under the strain of hunger, bankruptcy, and Prussian tyranny. Arabians, Armenians, Zionists, Greeks, and Bulgarians hope to carve up Turkey. “Home Rule all round” is a common cry. And Anzacs assure us that the British Empire hangs upon the maintenance of the Monarchy, its sole and irreplaceable key and bond. Autonomy is in the air.

International Socialism

In the face of this disintegrating tendency of the age the most popular leaders of Labour talk grandly about International Socialism—or, in the foreign terms workmen hardly understand, “the solidarity
of the proletariat.” The common needs, feelings, and aspirations of labouring men and women all over the world form profound spiritual, moral, and utopian ideas, the beauty of which misleads good souls to forget how impractical, suicidal, and extravagant they would be if violently used for immediate practice in a world which is full of self-seeking, rapacity, and force. For any practical administration of States the solidarity of the proletariat is an empty phrase. The local proletariats are in conflict in aims, as we see in Russia. Even if they were agreed, they are powerless to act together. The guns, the organisation, the discipline which control the real power are in the hands of established Governments. What it really means is the insurrection of Labour mobs against legal authority. Such were the “Sections” in France in 1793, the Soviets in Russia, the Marxist minority in Germany. It is the braggadocio of visionaries.

Mendacious Catchwords

To me, an old friend and comrade of workmen in their claim for legal rights, it is melancholy to note how great is the power over the men of today of catchwords—fraudulent, double-tongued, mendacious catchwords. “The conscription of Labour” is a masterpiece of trickery. Labour has no more been called to arms than has any other class, profession, order, or rank. Do these jugglers mean that rich men and their children have not served and bled and died? The “socialisation of land” is what the moujiks in Russia are doing when they have murdered the landowners. Socialisation of mines, railways, docks, and forests means in words expropriation by the State—and the State means the labourers, voting by millions, men and women
in a Single Chamber. Yes! no doubt _in words_ there is to be compensation to the present owners. But compensation is a mere blind to cover rank spoliation. The State could not pay 1s. in the £. The reason is that the wealth of the State is largely a matter of ledgers, confidence, credit, and open market. Social revolution sweeps away all these at a blow—_involves national bankruptcy_. What is the wealth to-day of the Russian State? Out of what fund could the Russian State compensate the owners of land, banks, factories, and ships? It cannot pay its own police and soldiers, who have to live by promiscuous plunder.

**The Conscription of Wealth**

The conscription of men is the calling on citizens to do their duty. The "conscription of wealth" is the other limb of the antithetic juggle. It is possible to conscribe Labour—it was done by Abdul Hamid and other tyrannies. It is not possible to conscribe Wealth in the mass by force and by social revolution. Wealth is exchangeable value—something for which others will give useful or valuable things. But the revolutionary conscription of wealth involves a social upheaval wherein values cease; where costly things are not worth exchanging; where there are no buyers. Suppose the passengers on a big Atlantic liner cast away on a barren rock and in leaky boats. One who held a million sterling in diamonds, bank bills, even in gold, would be poorer than one who held a pound of beef and a gallon of water. Wealth implies social order, trust, credit, that debts will be enforced, and pledges kept. If faith in social order is destroyed wealth is sterilised, suspended, destroyed. It melts away as does a snow figure in a thaw. To
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seize by violence the property of the rich would be to seize useless ruins, bad debts, worthless papers. Wealth would have disappeared, just as if a burglar had captured a rich man’s cheque-book and thought it was a hoard of money.

Wealth is Based on Credit

The most ignorant communist can hardly believe that a “millionaire” means one who has a million sovereigns in his safe; but many Socialists talk as if that were their belief. In reality the millionaire may not have ten sovereigns in his house. His castle on a noble down, if the State seized it, could only be used as a sanatorium; his hot-houses would hardly be worth carrying away; his yacht a mere hulk; his park would only grow potatoes after years of labour had been spent on it; his deer forest in the Highlands would be mere waste; his shares in railways, mines, docks, banks, and factories —and that covers four-fifths of his million sterling—would be valueless, because the whole of the profits would be absorbed in the wages which the workmen voted themselves as their share. Of course, it is possible to seize the wealth of a single millionaire, because other rich men will buy what he has. But if you conscribe all millionaires at once there will be no buyers, and “the State”—i.e. the workmen—will have nothing they can use. What is the value of all the pictures, books, gardens, yachts, palaces, moors, preserves, shares, banks, in England? Nothing, if they were all brought to the hammer together in the midst of a furious Social Liquidation. See Petrograd to-day.

Violent Reconstruction is Anarchy

Yet the “comrades” of the Bolshevists seem to suggest this in their scheme of Reconstruction!
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An income tax of 19s. in the £, levied on the rich would not be paid, because there would be no income at all. To vote it in a revolutionary Convention would have dried up all money values. The income of the rich means that which the law will oblige their debtors to pay them. But when law is abrogated for the rich and their debtors are ruined, income ceases to exist. In the code of Reconstruction of the Labour Party there are many admirable reforms which I, for one, have advocated all my life, i.e. reduced hours, minimum wages, higher education, public works—which I have taught as Moral and Religious Socialism—to be carried out gradually by a moral and religious reformation. But to force on even the most blessed reforms by democratic violence, apart from a spiritual and moral regeneration of Society, must end in anarchy, terrorism, and famine—as Bolshevism proves to us in a hideous example.

The Inflation of Currency

Another of the mendacious catchwords by which the people are gulled is this—that the cause of high prices is "the profiteering of capitalists." It is true that some financiers, some manufacturers, are making great profits, for the most part automatically, in spite of enormous taxation and severe restrictions by a War Council. But this does not account for 10 per cent. of the increased prices. The dislocation of trade, U-boats, less production, worse carriage, also affect prices. But the main cause of higher prices is "the inflation of currency," by the reckless issue of notes without gold reserves. All the belligerents, all the neutrals, suffer even worse than we do, especially Russia, which has made the wildest inflation of paper money. The United
States, being gorged with gold from us, from the enemy, from neutrals, has made no new paper currency. Scores of experts have proved that excessive prices necessarily follow from excessive paper money. Our revolutionists, distorting economic facts as certain as the rising of the tides, cry out that "profiteering" is the cause of high prices. And by forcing up higher wages they seek to force on more issues of paper—though that is the real cause of high prices.

The Gospel of Self

From the moral and religious point of view, what is so saddening is this? Socialism, which in the ideal has a noble spirit of humanity, of unselfish sacrifice, of love, as its inspiration (and our own religion is a moral and religious Socialism), is being deprived into a gospel of self, of greed, even of plunder. So-called Socialists make no attempt to prove that their revolution will be good for society. For them it is enough that Labour will gain. The capitalist—i.e. he who has saved—his wife, children, and descendants are regarded as the enemy. They who have never saved enough to get them a house, or a plot of land, or even a year's keep, or who have made away with what their parents had saved, they are the Chosen People. To them every good thing belongs of right. The Gospel of Christ said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit." The new gospel says: "Blessed are the poor; cursed are the rich." Lenin and Trotsky say: "Plunder the banks of the bourgeois, but spare the very small deposits." Our British Bolsheviks say: "Tax the labourer at 1d. and the capitalist at 19s. in the £." This kind of Socialism is a gospel of self, of greed, of civil war. Judas wanted the
precious ointment "sold and given to the poor."
Now Judas "was a thief."

The Bourgeois as the Enemy
Socialists, even Lenin and Trotsky, know that states cannot be kept together without trained managers, financial and industrial experts; that some persons must have, at least temporarily, control of capital and responsible authority. But all such persons are to be treated as helots, underlings, and suspects, liable to instant dismissal and penalties, used as the Jews were used in the Middle Ages or in pogroms in modern Russia. To have any command or any property, to be, even for a time, an officer or a capitalist, is to be "an enemy of the people," to be watched like an "interned" German. We see to-day the growth of that Frankenstein—"administration," and how little it suits our English temper and instincts. Fine talk about compensating those whose capital is expropriated is a mere blind. There is only one way in which capital can be seized, and that way is so infamous that even Bolshevists as yet only use repudiation as a threat. It is too clear that very soon they will be forced to act on it, when there are no means of meeting the interest on loans. When that comes to pass, Russia will have sunk below the level of some petty bankrupt communities in the east and west. Social liquidation means collective repudiation.

The Dogma Might is Right
The sinking of the hospital ship Rewa, with some 300 wounded on board, will rouse the same spasm of indignation which followed the Lusitania outrage. It was a deliberate defiance of the ancient
customs of war, of international law, of The Hague agreements, even of very recent pledges given by the enemy Government. Not a word of excuse, of regret, of palliation comes from Kaiser or people—nothing except a mendacious retort. It is a case of the diabolic dogma which he and his soldiers have taught the German race, that war abrogates morality, humanity, decency, customs, laws, contracts. Until this gospel of Hell can be driven out of the German mind there can be no peace for civilisation. And nothing but the extremity of suffering will ever drive it out of their mind. One of their generals has just put this doctrine into plain words:

General von Liebert, speaking at the Conservative Congress at Halle, said:—

"For us there is only one principle to be followed, and we must recognise no other. We hold that Might is Right. We must know neither sentiment, humanity, consideration, nor compassion. We will incorporate Courland and bring into our own population 60,000,000 Russians. The Slav nightmare will ride us no longer.

"We must have Belgium and the North of France. The curse of God is upon the French people. Let us consider ourselves fortunate that He has separated us from that nation, which is as ungodly as it is infamous. The Portuguese possessions must disappear. France must pay until she is bled white. You may call me a Jingo or a Chauvinist or anything you like, but what I say is we must have a strong peace."

It would seem that the Teuton has revived and appropriated the ancient superstition of the Were-wolf—the man-wolf which retained human intelligence, but took on bestial thirst of blood—even a wild beast's love of cruelty.

The Great Crime

Those who would understand what the German nature has been and is, what this war means to us and to humanity, what was its origin, and in what it may end, should read Mr. J. Selden Willmore's
new book, *The Great Crime*. He has summed up from official, enemy, and neutral records overwhelming proofs of the criminal cause, form, and objects of Prussian militarism, of the hideous brutalities that stain it for all time, of the appalling catastrophe that would mark its triumph. The most obstinate Pacifist could not read this story of malignant craft without a shudder, without asking himself if an honest man can be deaf to its appeal. Let him study the intrigues that are unmasked in diplomatic reports, the spy system *before the war*, the blasphemous teaching of sovereign, soldiers, priests, and professors; the military code of conquest, rapine, plunder, and murder; how "Kultur is above morality, above reason"; how they hold "war is from God"; how war is duty, "the end of the State"; how generals order the slaughter of the wounded, of women, of children; how cities, lands, churches, and hospitals are to be destroyed; how "terrorism is a military duty"; how rape, bestiality, assassination, torture of civilians, of mothers, girls, even of infants, is proved to be the systematic policy of the Germans as a people. And this is shown out of the mouths and the pens of German statesmen and soldiers.

**Brutality Bred in the German Race**

No fair mind could read *The Great Crime* and remain in the belief that a just and immediate peace can be made with a people in such a delirium of cruelty and pride. Nor can a fair mind now doubt that the Germans as a nation are guilty of such infamy and thirst for conquest. Mr. Willmore's book proves that the people accept and maintain the atrocious designs of their sovereign and army. As the Kaiser says, in the few true words he ever uttered, "my army is my people." But the book
shows further what students of German history have long known, but what the public little understands, that the same ferocity and brutality has marked the German race even from Roman times, when they were stained with “innate savagery”—“natum mendacio genus”—a race born for craft. In the time of Froissart they were brutal to prisoners, “without pity or honour.” The horrors of the Thirty Years’ War are notorious. In our American War, in the Napoleonic War, Germans systematically slaughtered prisoners—until retaliation made them pause. In the Franco-German War of 1870-71 systematic atrocities were perpetrated on civilians with the authority of Bismarck, but on a smaller scale, which Englishmen knew little of, or soon forgot. Underneath the smooth skin of the German there lies hid the wolf and the fox.

Cheap Reprint of the Book

Mr. Willmore’s indictment should serve as a storehouse of information to politicians, journalists, and all public men as to the facts and the menace of the war. Its 320 pages contain the materials on which the addresses of British, American, French, and Italian statesmen are based. But this mine of documentary evidence should also be in simpler form in the hands of our people. For them the volume is too large and too expensive. Mr. Willmore should at once set about editing it in a summary form to be issued in a paper cover for 1s. and widely circulated. For this it would be needed to omit the official documents already published by authority, simply giving their purport in general words. Then one-tenth of the immense body of extracts might serve as specimens of the rest. In this way a popular pamphlet of thirty or forty pages would tell the tale. The larger volume would
remain as a text-book for politicians, public speakers, and writers. Were I a Prime Minister I would take care to have a million copies of the shilling form circulated broadcast.

Firth's Creighton Lecture

Every serious student of our time should know Professor C. H. Firth's excellent review of our country's condition under the Napoleonic War and that of to-day. His Creighton Lecture—"Then and Now"—compares our military, naval, economic, and financial state from 1803 to 1815 with our state in 1918. Ours is at bottom the same inevitable duty—to save our own country and to preserve Europe from a military despotism. There are many points of close resemblance, some points of sharp contrast. From 1807 to 1812 Britain stood almost alone. Now we have half the civilised world with us or fairly neutral. During that tremendous crisis the Parliamentary opposition to government was vastly stronger than anything to-day. Some of our leading statesmen and public writers were pacifists and pessimists, far worse than any we have now. Then, as now, the House of Commons in war was a nuisance. Wellington was attacked and cabinets were continually broken up by intrigues and despair. Napoleon closed Europe to our trade. In many things our condition was infinitely more dark and perilous than the most dismal pessimist could describe it now.

British Right Hands

But, as Mr. Firth shows, "On the resources and on the tenacity of England depended our own freedom and all that was left of the independence of other nations." Wordsworth put it in memorable words:
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"That in ourselves our safety must be sought:
That by our own right hands it must be wrought."

The 500,000 men under arms in 1813 represented, in proportion to population, about three times that number to-day. The national debt had been increased three and a half times; the taxation had been increased four times. On the other hand, trade and manufactures were doubled and quadrupled. Shipping increased; and we were absolute masters of the sea. We had no shortage of food, but supplied ourselves at home. The sufferings of Labour were infinitely worse than now. But after seven years of tremendous efforts, in 1814 the dread was "of any pretended peace with Bonaparte." And in 1815 came Waterloo. Mr. Firth closes his fine address thus:—

"They were tried by fiercer extremes of good and evil fortune than we have known, the burdens and perils we have borne for three years they endured for seven times as many, and did not lay down their arms till they had attained the ends they fought for."

The Freedom of the Seas

This waging of war on hospital ships, relief ships, lightships, fishing-boats, even lifeboats in the act of saving wounded and drowning men and women, tells us plainly what the Germans mean by the "Freedom of the Seas." They mean that the German is to have in peace unlimited run into every water, port, and dock; and in war shall be free to sink everything that lives or floats in any sea in the world. The Freedom of the Seas is another of the lying catchwords dear to Kaiserism and to Pacifism. Our own heroic Navy has given to modern civilisation the only true Freedom of the Seas, for it has surveyed, lighted the furthest waters of Asia and Africa, clearing them of the pirates who taught Tirpitz his first lesson of lawless atrocity. When to her beneficent policing of all
seas Britain added Free Trade to all alike, the Comity of Nations could be carried no farther. One day we shall have to consider if all this amicable indulgence need be continued to those who so abuse the fraternity of seamen, the too open, unsuspecting use of our harbours, our coasts, our pilots and charts.

Mr. Wilson

The American President has put the whole case of the war into unanswerable words. The material forces and the moral forces of the Old World seem to be passing over to the New World. Mr. Wilson is now the most powerful ruler whom the world has seen for at least one hundred years. No dictator, no Charlemagne or Napoleon ever had more complete authority. He has the loyal devotion of a mighty nation of boundless resources. Kaisers, Kings, Ministers in other lands have open and secret opponents to silence or to deceive. The leaders of Parliaments live in daily threats of adverse divisions. Wilson rules to-day without being harassed by rival factions. He rules like Trajan or Antoninus by the universal acceptance of his moral and intellectual superiority, his embodiment of right and of duty. The enemy cannot charge any ambitious aim on him or on his people; they alone of the belligerents have nothing to gain and stand for simple faith, humanity, and justice. During the cynical helplessness of the Vatican, Wilson is morally the Pope of Civilisation.

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Ambassadors

When a normal ambassador has to be sent to Washington, whom will they choose? Not, we
trust, the next in seniority on the diplomatic staff. This war at least ought to cure us of returning to the old-world conventions of diplomatic service. It is one of the worst remnants of the monarchic survival. Our Ministers to foreign courts are too often hidebound clerks bred in antique routine, or pretentious magnates whose chief care is to entertain smart society and to satisfy the solicitations of women of money or rank. They seldom rise beyond the gifts of a popular master of the ceremonies; their staff are pedants, gossips, and dandies. On the whole, they are ignorant of the country they live in, often not in touch with the men in it who really count, never in touch with the people at all. Now and then we get a great diplomatist, a Morier, a Pauncefote, a Buchanan. As often as not, an ambassador is a mere courtier or else a mere précis-writer. A newspaper correspondent knows far more than he does of what is going on beneath the surface of courts and chanceries. We do not need pompous embassies at all. Serious agreements should be carried out by quiet meetings of the responsible statesmen in some neutral spot, as is done in this war. A business agent might be maintained in each capital to carry out formal details and settle points in dispute. And then there should be some experienced observers to report in various foreign centres, not under the glare of the public eye, and acting as a confidential intelligence department. That is how a real foreign Ministry should be informed.

Some Gains in War

With all its evils and its horrors this world-war has brought us some gains to humanity and progress. First is the enormous fund of resources in woman as a sex—even yet not completely developed. Then
the new effort to moderate our British appetite in food and drink—alas! as yet developed only in a very modest minority of our people. Forced habits of economy in daily life, we may trust, may become permanent for at least a part of those who have borne privation of their habitual luxuries and outward shows. Marriage for love and not for fortune is growing to be general, and long may it continue! Another noble practice of antiquity is being restored to us. I mean Adoption, as a legal and religious element of Family. Whilst the brutal German is borrowing Polygamy from his ally the Turk, let us restore the waste of war by economy in living, by true affection, by simplicity, by adoption of the orphan and the motherless child. War has forced some of us to forego the vulgar parade of the wedding crowd, the conventional show of “presents,” and the swagger of “a smart function.” One clerical patriot even started the self-denying formula: “No presents—by special request.” Presents should be confined to near relations and close friends, not offered to swell a public list by those who once exchanged cards.

Advance of Medical Science

The most definite practical gain of war time, that which for the continuance and vitality of the race is the most blessed, is the almost miraculous advance in medical and surgical science. For the first time a great war has been waged for years without its hecatombs of disease. In every branch both of medicine and surgery new triumphs have been achieved. Hopeless cases, incurable maladies, epidemic plagues, seem to be disappearing under the magic of new discoveries. One of the most wonderful of these inventions awaits practical accept-
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ance by moral and religious opinion. It is far too vast and profound a problem to be properly discussed in these notes. Its importance from the point of view of science and its reaction on social morality and religious sentiment is indeed momentous.

War the Test of Religion

Now, as we think of religion, the question forces itself on our mind—has our current religion stood the tremendous test of war so widespread and so awful? It would tax the imagination of a Dante, a Michel Angelo, a Rabelais, to picture the myriads of men and women gathered in a sort of Ecumenical Intercession. Twenty millions of men in uniform, three hundred millions of wives, mothers, children at home, all offering up supplications to the Throne of Mercy, to the Prince of Peace, to Virgin, Saints, and Patriarchs, to Allah, Jehovah, or it might be to Odin, Wotan, Thor, or Zarathustra. All cry out: Help us to kill them, keep them from killing us! Victory for us! Destruction to them! All in opposite ranks, not so unequally balanced! First on one side, then on the other side, they try to storm the Throne of Mercy.

Have the Churches resisted War?

The secular theocracy of the Tsardom, of all current forms of religion the most dominant over daily life, has done nothing to stay murder, anarchy, and rapine. The Kaiser, his clergy, and his people are of all Christians the most confident, the most violent, the most shameless. The Vatican works as the covert friend of the destroyer of churches, monasteries, and hospitals, amid the pillage and torture of Catholic populations; and, in Ireland, prelates and priests abet rebellion and help anarchy.
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Have the Orthodox, Catholic, or Lutheran priest-hoods done anything to prevent war, to mitigate war, to stop war? So far from trying to soften its horrors, their voice has given fresh ferocity to the warrior-caste.

Protestant Christianity

Our own churches have done better. Have they done enough? Yes! daily invocations to the very same Deity whom the heir of the Reformation loudly calls "the good old German God!" incessant sermons "ingeminating Peace, Peace!" as Clarendon puts it; words of consolation to the bereaved. Yes! Yes! all to the good, as we should expect. But what did Protestant Christianity do to make this war impossible? What does it do to bring it to an end? What to nerve the warrior's arm, or to rouse the soul of the sorrowing wife, mother, daughter, with pride, new life, almost triumph, like that of the Spartan and Roman mother of old? True! Protestant Christianity has done much; but human nature, modern training, the religion of social duty, effected three-fourths of the blessed work. The new Intercession Prayer rings true; the Primate's sermon in the Abbey was a fine call to duty, work, and courage. Thousands of priests—Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Independent—have worked and died like heroes. The Gospel did what it could; the strain fell on Humanity to bear.

Nobly has it borne the strain. But has the Sermon on the Mount, Madonna, or St. Paul to the Corinthians done more for men fighting and dying than Sparta, Athens, Rome, Carthage did for soldiers in old time; or more than King, Commonwealth, or Republic did for them in modern times?
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And the poetry which pours out daily from the trenches or at home more often breathes the spirit of Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior* or Campbell's *Hallowed Ground* than the tone of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

Rabelais

In the New Age into which we are being whirled all things seem in revolution, in new birth:

"Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay—
New shapes they still may weave,
New Gods, new laws receive."

We are in a new Renascence, and memory turns to the Renascence of 400 years ago. And this may account for revived interest in Rabelais, one of the greatest and earliest leaders of the New Learning, the New Life. In the sixth chapter of his new book on *The French Novel* Mr. George Saintsbury has given us a powerful sketch of the ideas and effect of this splendid genius—"the first very great writer of French literature." After reading him very often before, Saintsbury "put himself again under the Master, and read him right through," with greater interest than ever. How few of us can follow this noble example, especially those of us who are repelled by antique spelling of French or of English. But we may all read Rabelais, at least in the capital translations we have. And as Mr. Saintsbury tells us, we shall see the curious and enormous learning, the inexhaustible humour, the brilliancy of language, the innate wisdom and noble courage of the French Cervantes who satirised mediæval obscurantism.
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A Reformer of the Renascence

Mr. W. F. Smith, of St. John's College, Cambridge, has just published his *Rabelais in his Writings*, which forms an appendix and commentary on his magnificent volumes of complete translation of Rabelais's works issued to subscribers only, 1893, in some 1,300 pp.: 750 copies, of which my copy is No. 26. The present book, Cambridge Univ. Press, 1918, 230 pp., forms a handbook to Rabelais, and should be invaluable to students who seriously intend to master the mysterious learning and revel in the cryptic humour of the earliest of great French writers. Mr. W. F. Smith, after years of labour, has now cleared up the facts and dates of Rabelais' varied and somewhat misunderstood career; he works out the plan and incidents of the four great books; and then in separate chapters he discusses the language and style of Rabelais, his religion, knowledge of law, the stage-plays he saw; his skill as physician, physicist, humanist; his historical allusions; and his travels. Much of this might serve as footnotes, introductions, or *addenda* to each chapter of this strange genius, this mighty iconoclast, this stalwart reformer of the Renascence.

The Revival of Learning

We now get a clear view of the training that produced the curious encyclopaedic mastery of ancient and modern learning, science, history, and art. We follow his comradeship with the leaders of the revival of learning, Erasmus, Pierre Amy, Bude, and the humanist ecclesiastics who were equally hostile to monkery and to Calvinism. Then we have an analysis of the Rabelaisian language, one of the most versatile and eccentric in the range of French literature. Mr. Smith does
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not countenance those who regard Rabelais as an ungodly jester on the strength of some ribald traditions. As to his knowledge of physics, we get some new facts to connect Rabelais and his time with the scientific knowledge of the ancient world. His study of the classical writers was surprising for the scanty resources in printed books that were accessible. Those who care to unravel puzzles in the personal and historical allusions (often so absurdly over-done) will find ample help in Mr. Smith’s new book. It should be seen by every Rabelaisian—*i.e.* by all who love great literature.

The Great Old Books

A friend asks me—what can I read in these sore times? Well! nothing new, unless what deals with the war or standard literature of the old immortals. I read patiently the Press of all shades, except the vilest Pacifism. Then I read such books on the situation as I have just noted. For rest and relief of mind I turn to the great classics. I have just finished Jebb’s seven tragedies of Sophocles. I can read Virgil, Horace, Juvenal. I read Rabelais, Fabliaux, Molière, Shakespeare, Milton; for romance Jane Austen, Scott. How boy or girl in these cruel days can soak themselves in “shockers,” short stories, “smart” up-to-date tales of women with a past and men with no future, I cannot understand. Yet such pour out daily with *saugrenu* pictures that could hardly amuse an errand-boy.

Horace and his Translators

Of course, we all want light books that one can take up in any spare half-hour. I often carry about S. A. Courtauld’s *Odes of Horace* (1908), with verse translations by some fifty different hands, and one
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tries to better a stanza here and there. But I come now to know that Horace is untranslatable—at least in rhyme. It is the plague of rhyme that spoils Horace where a single needless word ruins all. If Horace is to be translated, it must be in rhythmic, unrhymed lines like the English Proverbs. Then I can take up at a loose end of the day Mackail’s Greek Anthology or King’s Classical and Foreign Quotations—both inexhaustible reservoirs of exquisite maxims and thoughts.

Mr. Austin Dobson

And now I have just got a delightful little book of this class, Austin Dobson’s Bookman’s Budget. In some 200 pages he has jotted down bits from his very wide reading which have pleased his refined taste, and intersperses them with verses and criticisms of his own, not yet in his published volumes. I am no bookman myself, and I only pick up shells on the shore of the ocean over which Dobson sails far and near. But I love to see in his Budget many an old friend, many a new point cleared up, dated, or revised. Extracts, mottoes, old saws delight us, because, as Dobson quotes from André Gide, “Toutes choses sont dites déjà ; mais comme personne n’écoute, il faut toujours recommencer.”

Famous Mots

How delightful, too, are the illustrations: Maclise’s wonderful caricature of Talleyrand, Lord George Gordon in Jewish costume, Hugh Thomson’s Hogarth, Fielding, and Richardson. Then come bits from the Tatler, with the entire passage ending “To love her is a liberal education,” a fine criticism of Hogarth (p. 54), another of Jane Austen (p. 146). Here are some Latin citations also. The English
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gentleman in a definition from Livy—haud minus libertatis alienae quam suae dignitatis memor. And Caesar's—insolens verbum tanquam scopulum vitandum—to which I would like to add: necnon pariter insolens versus, tabula, statua, musica, vitanda sunt.

The Most Beautiful of Epitaphs

Nothing pleased me more than to find in Dobson (p. 163) the precise name, place, and occasion of that which I have always thought—and am glad now to find that Landor also thought—to be "the most beautiful of epitaphs," the unforgettable inscription that Shenstone wrote for his cousin, Maria Dolman, of Brome, in Staffordshire. Did any Greek, any Roman, ever equal that? Has any anthology any epitaph to set beside it? Here it is:

"Heu, quanto minus e
Cum reliquis versari st
Quam Tui
Meminisse."

Is it possible that this is not ancient? It cannot be put in English words. I tried once and wrote:

"Ah! can the living be to me
All that I feel remembering thee!"

No! this won't do. As Dobson says: "It is untranslatable."

The New Woman

In these times of "plague, pestilence, and famine, of battle and murder, and sudden death," everything seems in flux, and all our ancient ideas are changed. One of the most striking of all is the new strength and place in human society of Woman. Much of it is most blessed and hopeful. But withal, as a

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veteran, I note a grievous falling off in manners of our girls. In the street, in the cars and trains, in shops and public offices, they thrust their elders aside, they scramble and leap, and play "top-dog" in every crowd. They dress like schoolboys out for "footer" and hockey. They swagger about like "undergrads" of a low type. Nor is this mere outside manner, vulgar as that is. There is at times a cruel insolence towards the infirm and the aged, especially when these are males. You smile, athletic maidens, at a cross old man! But it is not my observation only. Miss Maude Royden—and she hates a hoyden, I know—she tells you "there is a great lack of chivalry in young women towards men." I am not thinking of "young ladies" described by Jane Austen, Matilda Betham-Edwards, and Trollope, a sort, we know, gone with the extinct fauna of past epochs. I am quoting the public speech of an able, thoughtful, and very modern woman.

An Early Victorian

But, then, I am a mere "Early Victorian," a creature, they tell us, as grotesque and passé as postboys and Sairey Gamps. Alas! I wrote an article in the very first number of the Fortnightly, in May, 1865, along with papers by Huxley, Bagehot, Trollope, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, Lord De Tabley. And soon after came on, John Morley, Lecky, Freeman, Swinburne, Meredith, Pater, Leslie Stephen, Herbert Spencer, Mark Pattison, Frederick Myers, Arthur J. Balfour. Ah! we were a poor lot—Gradgrinds and Pecksniffs, bred up on Darwin, Stuart Mill, Spencer, Comte, and Carlyle. Why, we used to think that Tennyson and Browning were poets; we knew nothing of
Cubism in geometry, art, or music; we believed that Evolution opened a new world to science; that marriage vows were meant to be kept—at any rate, were respectable; that the life and the manners of women were not quite those of men-about-town.

The Newer Modes of Life

I am an "Early Victorian." I plead guilty. I cannot help it now. Pity my white hair and forgive my old-fogey fads. I take a back seat and look on at the glorious new world that opens. That world is to the young. Believe how we elders rejoice and admire them. Old Army, Territorials, Kitcheners, V.A.D.'s, Waacs, and Wrens, the future is yours—yours, too, Young Lions and Lionesses of the new Press, Poetry, and up-to-date Romance. Sing on, you poets and poetesses who dream of metres, rhymes, and rhythms unknown to Milton, Wordsworth, or Tennyson! Plunge deep into other-world mysteries, ye men of science, in defiance of data, logic, and demonstration. Imagination has no need of facts. And you, prophets of the "higher morality" that is to be—

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
Ring in the newer modes of life."

We elders of the dead world will bury our dead. We will look on, wondering, and hope for you!

[February, 1918.]
PART III

The Advent of Revolution

WOULD that men could see that we are living not only in the crisis of the greatest war that has ever afflicted mankind, but also in the Advent of Revolution, at once material, moral, and spiritual; wider, I believe, and deeper than any which in some thousand years has transformed civilisation on earth.

We are on the eve of what must prove to be a revaluation of our habits and thoughts. Now in a state of revolution things move, change, appear, and disappear with lightning velocity. Things which we imagine to be trifles suddenly swell up into incalculable forces. Changes, which in normal times could hardly be worked through in generations, spring up completed in months or weeks. New things which were Utopian dreams of yesterday are truisms and facts to-day. A state of revolution is a social earthquake, in which neither things nor persons remain what they were. All are inverted.

Collapse of Tsardom

The Russian Revolution, in its scale of population and area, in its overwhelming changes, in its suddenness and velocity, exceeds any revolution yet known. And we see how tremendous is the reaction it spreads through Europe, how unstable the mightiest traditions may prove, how daemonic
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may be the passion of a race goaded to madness, how the examples it seems to offer, for good, or for evil, practical or impossible, spread like wildfire through the masses. Russia in 1917; France in 1789, 1848, 1870; Italy in 1860, 1870, 1916; Portugal in 1910, show how sudden may be the entire overturning of a throne or a Constitution which till yesterday looked secure and imposing. Can any doubt that there is a vague sense of revolution in the air? There are moments when the war seems the less important crisis—when we feel that our social system is challenged, that new ideals, revised values of life, are thrust upon our notice. How are we going to meet them? There may be scant time to ponder on our answer.

British Common Sense

I am amazed to see how patiently our elder statesmen, even our practical politicians, put their trust in "British common sense," and listen with a quiet smile to demands and menaces such as has not been heard in England since the Fifth Monarchy men of the Commonwealth, which are hardly softened echoes of Russian Bolshevism. We keep the inveterate habit of English gentlemen who take no notice of violence and threats, in sure confidence that time, the Constitution, our Parliamentary traditions, and "the healthy instinct of the people" will settle things down. Yes! but will there be time? Is the British Constitution in being at all? Parliamentary traditions are as extinct as pocket boroughs. The instincts of the people are healthy enough in normal times; but the times are abnormal. In times of revolution the "instinct" rather tends to give the new thing a trial. One hundred and eighty millions of what
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was once Russia are now doing this. "Instincts" are catching, even of sheep following one another over a precipice. The prevalent "instinct" seems an inversion of meum and tuum.

The New Electorate

At this your stout Conservative, your practical man, your solid Liberal, smiles and thinks—Well! the Parliament has lasted since Edward and John, the Monarchy since Alfred, and we have heard a good deal of wild talk since Cromwell; but the good old ship will weather many a rough sea yet. Yes! but thrones, Constitutions, Dumas, Parliaments have been toppling down all round. Our ancient Constitution has been reforming and reconstituting itself for generations. The House of Lords has committed Happy Despatch for fear of being stormed. The House of Commons has doubled its constituency, placing women in command of the helm. Property in land, property in fixed wealth, is in the hands of a very small minority of our nation—perhaps not five per cent. We have no written Charta of the Constitution, which the real Republics have, no elective President, no legal court of constitutional appeal. The Commons can destroy a Government in a single night, and turn everything upside down by a series of votes without any check or appeal. And the Commons are to represent ten million men and eight million women. And these millions have nothing to lose—and are told they have everything to gain.

Why Labour Members?

Our political system is being depraved by the use of catchwords, labels, and names; which, it
not actually fraudulent, suggest things which are not true. What is a Labour Member? Is it one elected by working men? That is the suggestion implied; but it is not true. There is no constituency which consists wholly of actual manual workers. They are in large majorities in many constituencies which elect Conservatives, capitalists, and employers, such as Birmingham, Bristol, Manchester, Tower Hamlets. Is a Labour Member one who, until he got his £400 per annum, was receiving weekly wages at his bench? We know he is not. Labour M.P.’s have rarely been at work for years past: some, like the Member for Leicester, never were working men at all. Perhaps my friend Thomas Burt is the only true Labour Member, i.e. a real workman elected by workmen. Then why, if Members are not themselves working men and were not elected exclusively by working men, should they assume a faked title to which they have no right? By the Constitution, Members are elected by local areas of all the residents in that area—not by classes. Mr. Lloyd George is Member for Carnarvon—not for Welsh quarrymen. Why should the Member for Leicester profess to be the representative not of the entire constituency which elects him, but of a section of it? This assumption involves two sophisms. One, that all the working men in the borough voted for him; secondly, that none but working men did vote for him.

M.P.’s should Represent the Nation

It is of the essence of our Parliamentary life, that a Member, once elected, is to work for the interests of the local community that returns
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him, but primarily for the interests of the country as a whole. So far as his sole interest—or his dominant interest—is that of a class, he is false to his duty as an honest patriot. No other class claims to have special nominees in Parliament. There are in the House of Commons bankers, lawyers, farmers, ship-owners, factory-owners, railway and mining capitalists. But there are no banking M.P.'s, lawyer M.P.'s, no Members for the Great Western Railway, nor Members for the Midland coal companies. Public indignation and ridicule would confront M.P.'s who proclaimed that they sat for special trades or classes, and that they worked directly for their exclusive class interest. Why should not the butchers, the victuallers, the brewers, and the undertakers send special nominees to look after their industries? Think of the Rt. Honble. John Tompkins, Grocer M.P.!

A Labour Party is a Class Party

Political bodies naturally divide into groups with special political aims and principles which they seek to make effective. Conservatives, Unionists, Liberals, Radicals, Free Traders, Home Rulers, Protectionists, Adult Suffragists. But these are all aims which, for good or harm, affect the United Kingdom, and are genuine efforts to reform—at any rate, to modify—the State. But Labour, as a cry and political aim, directs a member to devote his labours to the benefit of a single class. It may be a large class; but it is a class the interests of which are bound up with the interests of many other classes whose very existence may be menaced by the exclusive pursuit of Labour interests. "A Labour Party," by assuming that title, proclaims that it is entering on a war of class; and a war of
class is civil war. I say war, for they well know that the avowed programme of the Labour Party will never be accepted by the property and trading classes until they are overcome by force. And these powerful orders are not so helpless and so craven as in Russia.

Trade Unions have no Political Status

Another *suggestio falsi* in the title of Labour Member is this. The immense majority of those who choose Labour leaders are members of trade unions. But trade unions are essentially insurance societies formed and maintained for economic—that is, for *trade*, not for *political*—objects. Because they are by their rules concerned with trade purposes, they have been given legal *status* by a series of Acts. That *status* never has been given, and would not be given, to political societies such as Suffragist, Free Trade, Tariff, or Temperance Leagues. But trade unions use the privileges given them as economic societies for political ends. The U.K. Alliance, the London and Westminster Bank, Lloyds, or the Chamber of Commerce would never be suffered to pose in Parliament as a political party. It is notorious that large numbers of trade unionists vehemently dissent from the political aims which leading officials succeed in carrying through. By a gross perversion of equity and law, a political knot of Law Lords forced this scandalous misinterpretation of the statutes on the country. Socialists, Democratic Federation, and other similar bodies are genuine political associations, but they have not, and could not pretend to have, statutory rights. They are in very small minorities compared with trade unions. But when they capture the unions they transfer their own
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political aims to bodies which have no political constitution, and that though large numbers of the unions are indifferent or hostile to these political doctrines. All our reasonable workmen know very well that though social revolution can destroy property and pauperise wealth, this will destroy its social utility in the same act, leaving nothing even to divide. See Russia to-day.

Recasting the House of Lords

I follow with amusement, too, the squabble of the two Houses over proportional representation, which, exactly fifty years ago in a Review, I ridiculed as a nostrum of idealogues. I think so still—but to-day it seems to me the idle contests of two ancient institutions soon about to pass away. Do noble Lords imagine their heraldic chamber will be extant a few years hence?

Haec certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.

Will there be any Second Chamber at all? The word has gone forth that Single Chamber system is to prevail. And a Single Chamber of 707, nominally elected by ten million men and eight million women (for the silly age-restriction cannot stand and was never meant to stand), will be under the orders of various Labour Conferences and Societies. It is little that P.R. and W.S. will signify when the whole atmosphere of politics vibrates with new ideas, a new class, another order of society.

The Short Shift System

A very striking proposal just made by Lord Leverhulme greatly interests me. He has proposed that great works, such as his own, shall be
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run on the principle of continuous short shifts. This, on the ground that machinery plays so dominant a part in modern industry that it is wanton waste of power to let machines stand idle from fourteen or even sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. By a system of shifts of seven or six hours each, alternating duly so as not to involve regular night work for any single shift, production could be immensely increased and hours of the workers immensely reduced, even to allowing for each shift eighteen hours for meals, sleep, rest, amusement, and education. This change, whilst giving a vast addition to production, would give the workers an off time greater than ever has been dreamed of by the most ardent philanthropist.

Treble Shifts Proposed

In 1872 Lord Brassey proposed this same plan, and I wrote a series of articles in the Bee-hive, the organ of the Trade Unions, strongly supporting the scheme. I pointed out that in most coal mines, in all ships, and many docks, railways, and other works, the double shift system works regularly to the satisfaction of all concerned. I have always argued that a treble-shift system of seven or six hours each, allowing for repairs, adjustments, and casual obstacles, would give the workman practically three-quarters of the whole twenty-four hours to himself. During this war five or six millions of men and women directly engaged in war-work, and two or three millions more engaged in war-industries, have been employed on the system of continuous shifts. I look forward with absolute conviction to this most blessed advance in the life of Labour becoming the rule of all great works. The only opposition
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would come from the ignorant apprehension of jealous institutions obstinately clinging to trade rules.

[March, 1918.]

The Sublimity of War!

As if to shut down any talk of peace the General Staff at Berlin have just issued a Code of Militarism by the pen of its foremost writer. Baron von Freytag's Deductions out-Herod the most violent claims of the Prussian soldiery to dominate Germany and to be masters in the world. "War has its basis in human nature and war will continue for thousands of years." "We can only safeguard our peace by the might of our sword." "A lasting peace is guaranteed only by strong armaments." Accordingly, "a larger expenditure on the army and the fleet is absolutely essential"—not now, but after peace is made. There must be no exemptions; military service must be universal, as it never has been yet. More must be done to train officers. They must all come from the noble class: education, intellect, ambition, are not to count as qualification. Nobles only can keep their eyes fixed "on the grandeur and sublimity of the soldier's calling." Napoleon's mot about the field-marshal's bâton only applies to officers. In fact, this world-war is only a trial trip, a preliminary canter, an object lesson of what must be done to bring the next war up to the standard of Prussian junkerdom.

The German Staff Praises War

All talk about mutual agreements between nations, says the German Staff, is idle, because they never can hold in check "the forces seething within the
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States.” A universal League of Peace would be “intolerable to a great and proud-spirited nation.” “Universal military service holds sway over our age, and for generations will not vanish.” The passion of war has infected whole nations, and so “the barriers of International Law collapsed.” Freytag speaks like Moloch in Pandemonium: “My sentence is for open war.” This is not the bluster of an irresponsible publicist. It is the official report of the General Staff preparing the German people for another war on a far greater scale, and warning them against any attempt to obtain peace except by overwhelming military ascendancy, both on land and sea. The most fervent believer in “peace by agreement” must see that, whilst this caste controls the mighty German race, to hope for any settlement with them would be like asking Satan to swear obedience to the Sermon on the Mount.

The Prussian Moloch and Belial

The book has neither rhetoric nor appeal to popular passion at all; it is a thoroughly scientific exposition by a great official with a view to future legislation and administration, and it comes from the inner council of the War Lord. It is a cool, businesslike survey of the past and forecast of the future with all the gründlichkeit of a master of his science. It has none of Treitschke’s swelled head or Bernhardi’s Bombastes Furioso. In many things it is a luminous manual on the art of war by a consummate expert. There is no genius or new revelation about it, nor anything which our own experts might not say and have said. What is original in it is the insolence of its mendacity. This really record liar dares to say that the Belgian people
forced the Germans "to resort to retaliation so alien to the nature of our soldiers." He dares to say that the French treated German prisoners "like savages," and the English were "not behind them in brutality." And we, with our mutilated prisoners fresh from the infamies of Wittenberg, are charged with "deeds of horror and senseless destruction" in defiance of "the chivalrous customs"—of Germans—say in the Thirty Years' War. If the Prussian soldier is not the greatest hero that ever appeared on earth, he can always claim to be the most stupendous liar. The Baron doubles the part of the bloodthirsty Moloch and the false Belial in Pandemonium.

Air-plane and U-Boat in 1751

Our learned bibliopole, Mr. George Gregory, has just pointed out to me some strange anticipations of aeroplanes and submarines in a copy of the curious volume, The Scribleriad, R. Dodsley, 4to, 1751. There is described a combat in the air between a Briton and a German:

"The one a German of distinguish'd fame:
His rival from projecting Britain came.
They spread their wings, and with a rising bound,
Swift as the wind together quit the ground."
Book iv. p. 137.

And there is a large copper-plate engraving by Boitard of the fight. Then comes a submarine vessel:

"from the flood,
A Bark emergent rose; with oars well-timed,
Cut the smooth wave, and o'er the surface skimmed,
Then sunk again, but still her course pursu'd."
Book ii. p. 312.

The air-plane and the U-boat are both described as among the new scientific wonders recounted by Scriblerus.
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R. O. Cambridge's *Scribleriad*

The *Scribleriad*, by Richard Owen Cambridge (1718–1802), a man of some wit and learning, was a mock-heroic satire on science and discovery, a continuation of *Martinus Scriblerus*, of Arbuthnot, Pope, and others in 1741. It is imitated from the *Dunciad*, and is a parody of Pope's *Homer*. Cambridge profusely expounds his satire epic with notes from the classics and modern science. Both airplane and submarine are described by quotations from the *Mathematical Magick*, 1648, of Bishop Wilkins, Warden of Wadham College, 1648–1659, "for whom I am specially bound to pray," as we used to say at St. Mary's Sermon. Certainly the extracts from Wilkins's *Tracts* cited in the *Scribleriad*, ii., pp. 26, 27, are singularly interesting. Wilkins was deeply impressed with the idea of aerial navigation, and even still more with that of submarine navigation (his own word) and its manifold uses. It is a striking proof of the imagination of this great thinker, friend and colleague of Newton, founder and secretary of the Royal Society, and brother-in-law of Cromwell.

W. H. Mallock on Democracy

I have been deeply impressed by Mr. W. H. Mallock's new volume, *The Limits of Pure Democracy* (Chapman and Hall, 1918, pp. 400), especially by the singular way in which its arguments are enforced by the most recent economic movements and by the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia. His drastic exposure of the sophisms of "natural rights," of the absolute "equality of men," of "pure democracy" in the Jacobin sense, of the Marxian and Shavian dogmas of Labour, might seem to-day hardly needed, were it not that these Utopias still underlie much
of what passes as Socialism. Perhaps of more immediate usefulness are the accounts of seven typical attempts to found Socialist communities in different countries and under varied conditions (in Chapters ii. and iii. of Bk. IV.). The noble social virtues which were developed in these experiments, the promising conditions and the contrasted areas in which they were made, all lead to exactly similar results—chaos, dissensions, and starvation—and all alike through the indelible qualities of human nature, the instincts of family, of personality, of freedom.

Pure Democracy ends in Chaos

Mr. Mallock’s book was practically completed before the Russian Revolution, which almost seems to have been arranged as an object-lesson to prove his conclusions. The biggest experiment ever made by men to run a vast country and to close a world-war on the strictest principles of pure democracy and absolute equality has ended in the most terrific social, physical, and economic crash ever seen on earth. All this from the ineradicable nature of man, his personal, family, and class selfishness, the helpless feebleness of the average man to master even the simplest economic problems, the jealousy and strife that rise directly any one is found to be more capable than his “comrades,” and then the reaction to make the millennium succeed by autocracy more ferocious than any Tsardom, and an orgy of destruction which is the only way to establish equality in general destitution. And Mr. Mallock shows us that all this is the inevitable result of a blind devotion to flattering dreams which defy human nature as revealed to us by history and by science.
Mr. Mallock is far from being merely critical and negative, for a large part of his book is constructive. In these few notes it is impossible to examine his elaborate review of economic problems. He treats this grotesque sophistry of Communism with studied courtesy and patience. Nor is he at all hostile to the merits and promises of a true and nobler Socialism as he would understand it. All he asks is that Utopia of a new and social industry must be preceded by a deep improvement in our education and culture, and by a reformation of morality, thought, and religion. I come to this from a different point of view from that of Mr. Mallock; but I find him in agreement with much that I have taught for forty years. In my book Order and Progress, 1875 and 1917, I showed the fallacy of any "pure"—i.e. abstract—Democracy being even possible, much less desirable. In my Moral and Religious Socialism (1891), now re-issued in my National and Social Problems (1908), I urged that the re-organisation of society, in the interest of the masses of manual workers, could be brought about only after an immense regeneration of soul in mankind as a whole—a new world, moral, spiritual, and intellectual.

[March, 1918.]


[June, 1919.]
PART IV
The Kaiser's Boast

TWO events of importance have affected the situation abroad and at home—the first as to war, the second as to Parliament. It is now proved on the word of the All-Highest, by his public Treaties, by the act of his armies, that a "German Peace" means German Conquest, the domination of all Europe east of the Rhine, and through it of Asia as far as he may reach. His Tamburlainian boast that, with God's help, he will occupy the Baltic Provinces of Russia "for all time," the advance of his armies into Russia in defiance of a formal peace, the seizure of the coasts and islands of Finland in menace to Sweden, the crushing and spoliation of Roumania—all this is the Imperial sanction to the extreme claims of Pan-German militarism in its most arrogant and brutal form. After this the blindest Pacifist must see how foolish, nay, how false, is all talk about "negotiation," "a fair compromise," "no annexations," and all the other tricky phrases with which growling malcontents have intrigued to paralyse Government, lose the war, and deliver up their country to ruin and to shame.

Our Pacifists at Home

We have borne with these wrigglings too long. It is time now to treat Pacifists no longer as silly fanatics or sour grumblers. In face of the manifest
falsehood of all their hymns to Teuton intellect and of their appeals to the brotherhood of their Socialist "comrades," let us mark them down as traitors to their country, as pro-enemy conspirators, and dangerous propagandists of Kaiserism—whether they be peers, journalists, or Labour Lenins and Kerenskys. Their excuses are as worthless as Bolo’s pleas to the Court Martial. The French know how to deal with their Bolos and Caillaux. M. Clemenceau says, “My policy is war, war to all who try to hamper us!” We trust there has been no German money in England, whatever there may have been in Ireland, no Judas and pieces of silver. But there has been enough of base coin—in speech and in print. And we need Clemenceau’s bold temper that those who seek to paralyse his war council by intrigues are enemies, traitors, and should be, not answered, but watched and interned.

[April, 1918.]

John Redmond, M.P.

The startling event at home is the sudden death of John Redmond. He was indeed a great, noble, sane Irishman, and his loss means much to Ireland and to Britain. I knew and honoured both John and William Redmond, five-and-thirty years ago, when they were first known in London as brilliant young lawyers and promising politicians; and I have since had friendly relations with the late leader. The words that have been spoken in his memory by colleagues and opponents, by his friends, his critics, and the Press of all shades alike, have not one syllable too much; nor will I venture now to equal them or add to them. The only question for me is the effect of his loss. I count it
very great both on Irish parties and on our own House of Commons. No one can doubt how dominant was the influence of John Redmond, of his gallant brother and immediate followers, in securing the support of the party to the great cause of civilisation; at least, in restraining them from yielding to the deep current of Irish disaffection. The Redmonds and some other Nationalists have nobly redeemed the stain which history will stamp on the Irish masses who took the side of the Enemy of mankind, who took his promises, his help, his gold.

The Extinction of the Nationalists

He has gone. Will any other play the same part in keeping loyal the Nationalist Party—on the whole not actively impeding the conduct of the war, and giving a lip assent to the measures needed for our salvation as a free people? No! No successor will have the will and the prestige to keep the bulk of the Nationalist Party even as a benevolent neutral to Lloyd George. The Nationalists cannot now control, represent, much less lead, Ireland. It is doubtful if half of them would return on a General Election. The pressure on them, and the menace to their very existence as politicians, will be too strong to resist, and not a few of them will give a more or less qualified adhesion to the Sinn Fein revolution, to which some of the more prominent and possible successors to the leadership have often shown an indulgent patronage. There is no one now to keep the Nationalist block solid. And there is nothing of importance it could now do in Ireland if it were solid. In February, 1917, I warned Lloyd George not to attempt to carry on a war for the life and death of Britain, with a strong Irish Party menacing

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his flank and dictating their terms of alliance. He will now find them broken up, bitter, and more than half hostile.

Irish Ingratitude

It is the fashion to dilate on the personal tragedy of John Redmond's career—how near he was before the war to be Prime Minister of an independent, national Irish Parliament—how sad that the hope is for ever lost! No; the hope was a dream. He never could have held such an office at any time, least of all in our time. Nor will any man in this immediate generation. Tragic as was John Redmond's life of brave effort, I can almost think of him as felix opportunitate mortis. He has died without the bitter consciousness that he had become powerless, hopeless, and almost forgotten, and has not lived to see failure written on his cause. The Irish heart with all its passionate loyalty to its chiefs has also an equally convulsive strain of disloyalty, as O'Connell, Parnell, Gladstone, Morley, O'Brien, and Redmond have known. Irish as I am in blood and temperament, Nationalist of fifty years standing, I say to-day, what I wrote in April, 1910 (Memoirs ii, 238), "after these seven cruel centuries, I still feel doubtful of the issue, for I find deep-seated in the Irish mind how the thirst for revenge, and for retaliation outweighs and paralyses efforts for improvement." Are all Irish Reformers to die without seeing the fruition of their hopes? If the religion of Pan-Germans is war, the religion of Irish Catholics is revenge.

[April, 1918.]

Parliamentary Government Undermined

For fifty years I have criticised the assumption by the House of Commons of direct executive
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authority, as contrary to the proper duties and to the essential limits of a representative Parliament. The evils, the futilities of this assumption have been manifested in this most awful war, and were never more pernicious than in the present crisis. But let the House be warned that in a revolutionary epoch, such as that which has now broken in upon our civilisation, the very basis of Parliamentary Government has been undermined. The new, the dominant forces in our now deeply agitated people do not trust Parliament, will not accept it as representative, respect it only as a tool and an interlude. The present House of Commons has long lost any representative or real power it ever had. But the revolutionary tone of our time tends to repudiate any form of national Parliament as the depository of power, and seeks it in local, class, trade leagues of sectional, propagandist aims. Imperial Parliaments, Chambers, and Dumas are being superseded by Industrial Conferences, Democratic Unions, Soviets, in fact. We may one day have our own Soviets in England.

Trade Unions Undermined

In the same way the Trade Unions are being undermined by local groups. Under their Shop-stewards the regular officials of Trade Unions are repudiated and defied. When the Unions suffered themselves to be utilised by Socialist adventurers, men often drawn from the middle-class; when, throwing over their true and legal function as benefit clubs for their members, they allowed their names to be used for cosmopolitan Utopias and insurrectionary schemes, the hotter Union men found their officials to be retrograde and the regular policy of the Society to be tyranny. So the inevitable
decentralisation—\textit{i.e.} disorganisation—set in, and towns and factories insisted on having each their own local fight, and electing their own independent nominees. Vast Trade National Unions were broken up into local “shops,” or Syndicates, with international and almost treasonable aims. Parliamentary government and Trade Unionism alike are dissolving away in a sort of democratic anarchy.

**Democratic Delirium**

The fate of the Russian Duma, of the Russian, Turkish, and other ephemeral Conventions, overhangs the British House of Commons. It is easy to say that our people have not the gross ignorance, wild passions, and sinister traditions of the Russians. No one need fear that London will ever witness the horrible delirium of Petrograd. But, by common consent, even that of a Cardinal Archbishop, we are in the mid-stream of Democracy, as a kind of national creed. And Russia presents us with the example of Democracy in its most naked and most drastic shape, with almost every other Social element in abeyance. Hence, we see there how Dumas, National Conventions, elective bodies, even governments, Radas, and Ministers are swept away day after day by small, local, class insurrections. Why so? Because any sort of concentration of authority, national or governmental, offends the democratic genius. It portends and looks like tyranny. Any collective authority violates the law of equality—sacred equality! And this can be saved only by local, small groups, which can meet and vote and change policies and dictate to rulers, fresh and fresh from day to day. That is the democratic force of the People which supersedes and undermines
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Parliament, decentralising all national authority, or forcing Parliament to register and legalise its decrees.

Impotence of Parliament

We see this in Russia, where Democracy is in its elemental form; but the same thing appears elsewhere. In Ireland Sinn Fein not only defies Britain, but derides the Convention, loudly asserting both Britain and Convention to be helpless and obsolete, and itself to be the true Ireland—as indeed it may be. In France, in Italy, in Scandinavia, various Leagues treat themselves to be the effective voice of the People, but the Official Chamber and Ministry to be obstructive relics of monarchy and feudalism. For some years now at home the countless democratic and industrial Unions meet in conference, put forth proclamations, issue mandates to governments, entirely ignoring Parliament and Cabinet, and assuming to be the voice and the power of the United Kingdom. They use the House of Commons as a licensed platform, from which they can pour insult on Government, where they can publish mendacious calumnies and air revolutionary nostrums under the veil of "questions." And the House sinks lower daily in public estimate. And ministers make no real answer nor do they punish treasonable talk, nor assert their national right to govern. They make mild excuses, feeble remonstrances, hardly daring to claim that they and the House have the Nation at their back. In war Parliament is an Incubus.

[April, 1918.]

The Cardinal Archbishop a Socialist

A striking proof of the new world on which we are entering is given by the remarkable "Message
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to the Nation," by Cardinal Bourne (Times, February 15th). He speaks in a language which, at the least, must be described as Christian Socialism. The times portend "grave social upheaval." It is admitted that "a new order of things, new social conditions," will arise on the destruction of the existing situation. Down to the age of the Reformation all went well between the classes (!); and peasant, workman, landowner, peer, and Sovereign, all did their Christian duties, apparently in harmony (!). But, as Catholic principles were discarded, capitalism set in. Hence, "the present social dislocation." The legal disabilities of Trade Unions were caused because "the Catholic voice was silenced." So England fell "under a capitalistic and oligarchic régime." The "territorial oligarchy" was fused with the "commercial magnates," and the fusion produced "plutocracy." Then legislation, under "the guise of social reform," marked off the wage-earners as "a definitely servile class." Well—but this is simply the Bolshevik programme to abolish capitalism, wage-earning, private property, oligarchy, and magnates. The difference is that Trotsky holds these evils as bound up with religion, churches, and priests.

Is the Catholic Church Socialist?

So far, the Cardinal, in the name of the Church, echoes the general voice of Social Democracy throughout Europe and the scheme of our own Labour Party. But with this great difference. We know what Bolshevism means by its own acts, decrees, and confiscations—the suppression of estates, loans, and property. We know what our own Labour Party proposes—nationalisation of railways, mines, harbours, and roads, the universal minimum,
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common labour for all, the conscription of wealth, revolutionary finance, democratic control of industry. These are clear political objects to be obtained by legislation, without the cynical tyranny of Petrograd. Now, does the Catholic Church teach, preach, and bless these legislative proposals? Does it do so in Catholic lands, in Austria, in Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, in Ireland? Do our Catholic "oligarchs and magnates" here at home accept and labour for this form of social reconstruction? If not, what are the remedies for "the present social dislocation," which the Cardinal calls on his dear reverend brothers to bring to an end? Unless, on these intricate economic and social problems he has definite schemes to propose such as can be embodied in Acts, and effected by the State, he is only indulging in loose rhetoric. To refer it all to "the social teaching of Christ" is nothing but an unctuous sermon.

What Reforms does it Propose?

Far be it from me to look upon the Catholic clergy with Protestant eyes. My grief is that all Christian Churches have been so little able to prevent or even to mitigate this horrible war, or to give the world a social lead for a moral reconstruction of life. But our English prelates, if they have no economic millennium to offer the people, do not talk social revolution. The Cardinal denounces "with execration the crimes of which the German rulers are guilty," which is more than the Vatican has ever done. What did the teaching of Christ do to stop the Catholics of Austria and of Germany from taking part in these infamies? What did it do to prevent the plutocrats of Austria, Italy, or Spain from forming the ascendency of oligarchy and the degradation of a servile class? The
people want to know if the Churches support the scheme of the Labour Party, of Nationalisation, of democratic control in the State, in industry, in education—"Yes" or "No"? These are the burning questions. It is idle to enlarge on "the message of war-shrines, crucifixes, and rosaries," on "Catholic social literature," on the C.Y.M.S., and the C.W.L., and the blessed but vague ejaculations of Leo XIII. If Socialism is to save us, we must know what Bills and Reforms it tables. To talk about our Divine Master and His Mother is only an Easter sermon, which has been preached for nearly two thousand years. But still—

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.

Has War Inspired Great Poetry?

A question often occurs to me which, I think, can find an answer in the unexampled conditions of this war. An immense quantity of verse has been poured out in these four years—at home, and from the trenches, from the Greek Islands and coasts, from Mesopotamia and Palestine. There is an irresistible desire to express the feelings in verse. Not a little of it is real poetry, such as Sir W. Watson’s, much of it full of fine emotion, all of it well above the average of former times of peace. And yet, if we compare with our own the years of war and revolution—say, from the Bastille in 1789 to Waterloo in 1815—why have we now no great poetry? In those tremendous years of our grandfathers much of the finest poetry of modern times was composed—some of the sweetest, most fanciful, most original, in all our literature. Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Crabbe, were all at work—Childe Harold, The Lady of the Lake, Lyrical Ballads, The Excursion and the Prelude—everything best of
the Lake School. Not only was it an era of some of our very best lyrics, but it was the date when our poetry was taking on a new flight from the lower strata of the heroic couplet into the high empyrean of imagination. If our ancestors made great poetry in the midst of desperate war, why is ours not quite their equal?

The Older Poets Untouched by War

An answer is found by referring to the Lives of these poets. Nearly all their finest work was produced in places wholly removed from the storm of war and from the daily excitement of stirring events. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were abroad early in life, but war and revolution soon ceased to fill their souls. Nearly all Byron’s poetry was composed abroad. Campbell, it is true, was fired by battle and by dreams of liberty. Cowper’s idyllic letters seem absolutely untouched by all that was passing in Britain and in Europe, and so seem Jane Austen’s romances, even though her brother was serving with Nelson. For those twenty-five years of tumult and war, our poets were at rest of body and spirit in rustic homes. Occasional reports of battles hardly broke the repose of their quiet lives. How different to-day. Now, not a family in the kingdom but is hourly anxious for news. Telegrams, letters, journals, pour in on every home. It is a universal struggle for life. Old and young, women and men, girls and boys, suffer the same strain. The widowed, the fatherless, the childless, surround every door. Want, mutilation, agony, death, meet us hour by hour. We live day and night too near the roar of the trenches for great poetry to come forth—as yet!

[April, 1918.]
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The Language being Vulgarised

It is sad to see how the slang of the trenches and the camp, the rage to be topical and up-to-date, is infecting even our higher journalism and our Parliamentary and platform oratory. Things are described with preposterous overstatement or under-statement, or are referred to with literary and historical commonplaces, nicknames, and catchwords, until the ordinary man can hardly guess the sense, and is certainly worried by incessant tropes. Why not use plain words instead of trying to be so tediously funny, so smart? Why describe everything in comical allusions? Then come those stale American phrases which "catch-on." A statesman now is "out" for victory; he is "up against" Pacifism, and is all for the "knock-out." He has a card "up his sleeve" by which the enemy are at last to be "euchred." Then a fierce fight in which hundreds of noble fellows are mangled or drowned is "a scrap." When Germans murder civilians and burn churches this is "not cricket." To criticise a politician is to call for "his scalp," or for "his head on a charger." One minister is "top-dog"; the other fellow is beaten "to a frazzle." His supporters "bark and howl," or else offer mere "eye-wash." Some one is for ever "riding for a fall," and the eternal "red-herring" still misleads the pack. Then, the iteration of some pet term—"orientation," "mentality," "a different angle," "quintessentially," "solidarity," and "self-determination." Bolshevism is ruining language as well as society.

Nicknames from Novelists

It is natural that our fine fellows in the trenches and in the ships should come out of a horrible carnage and call it "liveliness," or a "pretty thing."
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But serious writers at home need not talk of the heroism of our men with a round of tiresome slang. And what bores me even more is to find the most acute problems of State reeled off with phrases manufactured out of popular novels. The well-weighed arguments of a minister are so much "Pod-snappery." His critic is Mr. Dick with his "King Charles' Head." "Jorkins," "Oliver Twist," the "Fat Boy," and the "Little Judge" are flung about in political controversy, till one almost wishes Charles Dickens' head would lie quiet in his grave. Not Dickens alone, but half-a-dozen other familiar books, British and Transatlantic, furnish the endless vocabulary of allusive titles and jocose abuse. Even serious literature is being Heathen-Chineed and Dick-Swivellerised; and a famous critic is the worst offender by writing in Dickensese.

Armenia and Rumania Sacrificed

So the last remnant of mangled Armenia is to be given up to the once "unspeakable" Turk—and that even by Russia herself. Thus, as it were, by the extermination of the Armenian race, an end appears to be placed on the efforts of over forty years of vain and desultory diplomatic intervention by British Liberalism to rescue that unhappy people from the horrible Kurd. The "mailed fist" now grimly points to the sword as the ultimate arbiter, and not platform talk. And this is the end of all the Gladstonian rhetoric about "Holy Russia," "that ancient Christian race," the voice of a free people—happy England—"the silver sea!"—when the only sanctions behind that eloquent voice were "No bloated armaments!"—"Reduced naval estimates"—"No blood-tax!"—"Peace, freedom of
trade,” and a hearty welcome to our kindred in German lands. The latest tragedy closes, like so many others, “with a smile on the face of the tiger.” Ah! and poor little Roumania, too, cruelly deserted by her false friend, the victim of her enthusiasm and courage, of unwise encouragement and vain promises, not, we trust, from any voice of ours.

[April, 1918.]

The Science of Power

I am commissioned to notice the new work of Mr. Benjamin Kidd—The Science of Power—which is advertised as a “startling and dramatic book,” with nothing to indicate that it is posthumous. Mr. Kidd’s former work in 1902 was described by a hostile critic as “sonorous fatuity,” as “big phrases blown around empty bubbles.” Of this volume the language is less incoherent, at times is lucid enough, and there are some passages of real eloquence. But the fuliginous mask of commonplace remains; the parading of truisms as super-scientific sublimities is as droll as ever; and almost every sentence, many of which state obvious facts, is clothed with grotesque exaggeration. This is the hour of megaphonics and megalomania. But Lenin and Trotsky are outdone by Mr. Kidd in his superb scorn of every preceding philosopher, and his Gargantuan boasts that he set the world right—at last—and for ever.

What is Truth?

On page 183 we are told “not to be startled” by the revelation of the axiom that Truth is the science of Power; and we are told “that the development of knowledge two thousand years hence, or
twenty thousand years hence, will only have served to establish the conviction that this is the final answer" to the secular question—What is truth? So far does our prophet see into futurity. To put this stilted language into plain words, the meaning seems to be this: Truth (i.e. seemingly, the realisation of human life) depends on the understanding that the spiritual ideals of humanity (i.e. Power) will in the end master the material Forces of Egoism (i.e. Force). And the altruistic instincts, in their highest form, Religion, are rooted, not in the physical inheritance of generations inspiring Self, but in the social call to Sacrifice, to be impressed on the Future of mankind by the communities of which we are part, and the education given us by those who have gone before. Now, for myself, I am far from disputing this. Indeed, all this is what I understand by Positivism, as taught by Auguste Comte just sixty years ago. Mr. Kidd is simply translating Positivism into a sort of mystical jargon of his own manufacture.

Disguised Positivism

And then this disguised Positivism of his is acclaimed as a new revelation, of which all previous philosophers had no glimpse. Was no trace of the ultimate supremacy of social Utopias—what is here called "the emotion of the ideal" becoming the true "Power in Civilisation"—to be found in all religious systems, nothing of the kind in Mill and his school, nothing in Eucken and his followers, nothing in Caird, or Bradley, or in any of our modern sociologists? No, says Mr. Kidd; they all lay wrapped in Cimmerian darkness. It is no part of mine to defend recent Darwinism or Spencerism or any other school. But when Mr. Kidd's
"startling sensation," as advertisements put it, is found to be the spiritual Power of Women over the moral progress of society, I am bound to remind him that this was the very essence of Comte's system. The fourth chapter of Comte's *General View* is one systematic forecast of the social influence of Woman as the embodiment of the moral Power which must finally transform the more material energies of male Force. And Mr. Kidd claims this as his "startling" discovery, though he must know it has been preached, and taught, and published abroad and at home for forty years by our school in continuous works on Sociology, morals, and religion—all of which Mr. Kidd takes good care not to name, nor even to allude to in a passing note. The wise "convey" it all. The publishers call it "The Science of Power."
PART V

A Tremendous Crisis

In the tremendous crisis of this war, of Parliament, of our country, one who writes on public affairs—by the exigencies of the Press some three weeks before his words will be read—can only express the intense anxiety with which we all are watching events hour by hour. The existence of our country, the future of the British race, are at stake. Our armies, our Constitution, the Government, may have triumphed—or may be shattered—before these words are in print. It is in vain for a man who, for sixty years, has tried to make his voice heard to keep rigid silence, to force his thoughts to turn only to literature and current topics. Yet a wise man, in the heat of the greatest battle of the world, of the keenest political crisis of our history, will venture neither comment nor forecast, standing, as it were, in the very line of fire. All that he can do is to utter his proud trust in the staunch heroism of our fighting men—in the solid good sense of the British race.

[April, 1918].

Stand by Government

Away with all recrimination, all censure on what is past and gone, or idle guesses about what may be and ought to be! To-day [April 12], with our lines swaying to and fro, with the great new armament at issue, the Ministry challenging the verdict of an excited House, the patriotic spirit will
add no word to increase the confusion of cross-purposes, nor a doubt that might weaken the efficiency of our actual rulers. Right or wrong—the nation chose them. Right or wrong—it is for them to act. Our duty (whilst they are there) is to follow them, support them, submit to the lawful orders they make. For myself, speaking for no man, no party, no cause, but for myself only, I will say but this: Much as I deplore the controversies in the House of Commons, much as I deprecate at such a time its assumption of executive control, I would bear witness to the honest conviction that inspires all sides in this debate—I except none. We all feel with pride that our politicians of all shades alike have solid reason in their minds, and are deeply inspired by love of their native land.

Our Civilisation is at Stake

But to abstain from criticism and from prophecy is not to shut the mind close without thought. We see now that the future of our civilisation hangs upon this stupendous campaign. It has taken four years of storm and stress for this awful truth to have forced itself upon our people. Have they even yet understood all that this means? And in the ten—the twenty—years before the storm broke, when many of us who saw its menace poured out unheeded warnings and vain appeals to avert it, why were our countrymen content only to grow rich and joyful? Even now do they see that Parliamentary eloquence is not national strength, that empire is not secured by giving votes to unnumbered millions of men and women, but rather by training millions of men to scientific war? The Empire of Britain, the United Kingdom, Parliamentary Government, the British Constitution, Commerce, Trade,

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"Business as Usual," the traditions of three centuries—all these to-day stand in the issue of the world's evolution. Let us hope for victory in this great Day of Judgment!

Confusion in Ireland

And now for Ireland—the Convention—Man-Power—one is forbidden to speak:

—τὰ δ' ἄλλα σηχώ, βοῶς ἐπὶ γλῶσσῃ, μέγας—

The great Ox—the Censor—presses our tongue (12th April); the rest is silence. What a great Ox is it, indeed! This it may be permitted to say: Can human blundering, want of tact, neglect of time, stupid ignorance of passions, of race traditions, of national hopes, be carried farther than in the political welter of to-day? This only will I add—speaking, as I have said, solely for myself: If unity of command in allied armies is a vital necessity, unity in government at home is even more vital. The attempt, under inveterate traditions, to carry on a war for very life by a Parliament with a dozen groups, some of them bitterly hostile, is the road to Bolshevist ruin. O Ireland, with your deep heart and your lyric brain, will you for ever stab yourself to death and heap shame upon your name—all for the sake of a suicidal revenge? O Britain, with your solid sense and honest soul, will you for ever be Too Late—blind to others' feelings, tactless, slow, trusting to compromise, to worry through somehow? Are we both to descend together into chaos?

[April, 1918.]

Educational Reform

The air, the Press, Parliament, all ring with discussion about education which has taken up
the energy of Cabinet and House, at any rate withdrawing both from less useful work. But there is one branch of education of which we hear nothing, one of high and universal importance, far more urgent than half-time and continuation schools. Germany in this, as in many things intellectual and national, shows the way: it has been her prime asset in war, even more vital for her than U-boats or monster guns. It is the German systematic, universal, all-round education in Patriotism, Loyalty, Love of Fatherland. It doubles and trebles the heroic sacrifice of her armies; it doubles and trebles the patience and union of her people. From infancy to the latest academic course, every German man and woman is scientifically trained to a life of Patriotism, Loyalty, Nationhood. Horribly perverted in aim—no doubt in this generation—but right in original purpose—a tremendous force! There is nothing equal to it in modern civilisation—distorted, poisoned, as it has been by recent conspirators. Still, it is to-day the most potent organic force in Europe. Have we Britons anything like this kind of national education? We wrangle for whole sessions about salaries, "standards," language versus science. We do not teach our people Loyalty, Country, Duty, the inheritance of Britain.

Other Nations teach Patriotism

Other great nations do this. The religious teaching of Germans is—Germany! In French schools they teach French history. We have seen what "France" means to every French man and woman: their training in patriotism is hardly less than that of the German, and it has not been so deeply perverted. In the United States the Republic is the basis of school education. On the
Fourth of July, on the anniversaries of Washington and of Lincoln, America celebrates, with too much noise and swagger, a sort of Olympic Festival in its somewhat Transatlantic style. On these holidays millions of school pupils are gathered to wave the Stars and Stripes and sing “Hail Columbia!” “Rather vulgar,” say our superior persons. Yes! but it means Force, Union, Self-devotion! See how to-day the Republic spontaneously develops a Dictator! Our dictator has to wheedle snarling groups of busybodies, cranks, and traitors. They were never taught Loyalty to Government or Country. Their business in politics is to patch up an obsolete and battered Constitution. Is “Democracy” as noble a watchword for Patriotism as “Fatherland”?

Obsolete Watchwords

For this fatal blot there are at least three causes. The first is that our entire system of education has been for generations under the influence of Churches, sects, Bible, and creeds; that it has been unduly absorbed in the antiquities of Judæa, parables, texts, and Hymns about Heaven. In this theological curriculum there is no room for homely England. Secondly, ever since John, Tudors, and Stuarts, Parliament has worked to dethrone the King; but it has not taken his place in the imagination and loyalty of the people as Republic has taken the place of Monarchy for France and America. Who would now sing “God Save the House of Commons”?—unless it be the windy patriots who hope to enter it? Our loudest “God Save the King” rings hollow beside the cheers that greeted an Edward, a Henry, and Elizabeth, and yet it does not quite mean “England.” To the
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Upper Ten Thousand, in a tepid, conventional way, it still does mean our truly brave, generous, untiring Sovereign George and all of his. To the Governing Classes our National Anthem means neither Monarch, nor England—but Empire. To those who officer Army, Navy, Commerce, Manufactures, Trade, Literature, Art, it means Empire. To the masses of Labour, Empire is often a sinister name for exile, dispersion, class oppression—War.

Empire is not Fatherland

This, the third, is perhaps the essential cause why our education does nothing to teach patriotism. Empire is not Fatherland to any but those who make it their "profession." It is too vague, too vast, too mixed to rouse the feu sacré de la Patrie, as the Marseillaise has it. Empire displaces Country, but does not succeed to its holy inspiration. These vast Empires have no innate national soul. Their union is one of force, of emergency, common danger, and passing occasion. Look at the once mighty Empires of Russia, of China, which fall to pieces when the Imperial bond is snapped. They are not nations, they are aggregates of nationalities, of races, of tongues. Four hundred millions of stout, industrious, and intelligent Chinamen, bonded for centuries under a material despotism, are overpowered by forty millions of Japanese bred up under a real national patriotism—their religion of Bushido. This patriotism of Japan is impossible for an amorphous Empire, with fifty different languages, habits, traditions, and blood. The cry of pan-Germans, "from Berlin to Bagdad," we trust will be the ruin of Kaiserism. Would that England could be to the youth of England all that Nippon is to Japs, Ireland to Celts, France to Frenchmen.
Schools do not teach England

English men and women in the mass were never taught England in the way Germans have been taught Deutschland, Frenchmen France, and Americans “Our Republic.” England in our education is taken for granted, and it does not go deep down into the people. Those of us who were trained at Universities and Public Schools on Shakespeare, Milton—on memories of Drake, and Nelson, Cromwell, Chatham, Pitt—we love England. What do the working masses know of Alfred, Harold, Plantagenets, and Tudors? To them these are hardly names. England is the land in which they sweat—which very often they leave for ever. “England” is not a word to rouse the Labour of England, as France is to Frenchmen, as Republic is to Americans, as Ireland is to Irishmen—nay, even it is not so much as England is still to Canadians and Anzacs. In our School system, Country is a blank page between the Catechism and the Multiplication Table. Our little ones can gabble off the Kings of Israel and Gospel Miracles; of the history of England and the Duties of Citizens they never hear a single word. Hence the virus Snowdenicum works in so many Labour men and women!

Pennis nunc homini datis

Of all the wonders of our wondrous time the development of Flying is the first in power and in promise. Marvellous and incalculable as is the power of submarines, that other new marvel is no less important. The U-Boat may be of vast influence in war, and in all matters of naval blockade, affecting belligerents and neutrals alike, transforming public law and insular States. But its value in
peace, in commerce, and industry is not yet evident. Aviation, however, already opens new worlds to trade, transit, and intercourse in ordinary life in peace. Of all this there is no need to prophesy yet. But we now see that the Air Corps is transforming war. It renews and overtops the wildest romance and poetry of human audacity and skill. Nothing in Homer, Pindar, or Livy comes near the heroic combats in the air. Our very fairy-tales, our myths, idylls, and fabliaux of mediaeval chivalry are tame beside the realistic reports of our champion airmen. Achilles, Ajax, the Decii, Siegfried, and Lancelot are mere children’s songs now. The Cavalry of the Air forebode as great a revolution in tactics as when mounted Franks and Huns with lance and bow made obsolete the Macedonian phalanx and the Roman legion. The new arm repeats and far extends the feats of horsemen in the armies of Cromwell, Frederick, and Napoleon. It looks as if the Air Corps would some day be the decisive element in battle, even shattering artillery and any close formation of horse or foot. All that the poet ever vaunted of the audax Iapeti genus is far outshone. We may even adapt the famous lines and say:—

*Expertus vacuum Daedalus aera
pennis NUNC homini datis.*

Airships supersede Armies

These miracles of daring in the skies and beneath the sea fire the imagination. The day may come when such fighting as there may be then shall be waged not on land but in air, not on the water but underneath it, when Dreadnoughts will be as obsolete as plate-armour, and the only armies will be huge flights of flying squadrons darkening the day, like monster flocks of Valkyrie choosing the
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slain. Nay, I can conceive that, if ever the civilised world resolve that war between nations shall cease, vast reserves of airships, the only standing armies, shall form a sort of International Police. Then, the Nations bound together to preserve peace in the world could, by common action, so menace the cities, docks, and barracks of the offending Power, that he could not move ship or regiment without annihilation. One hundred thousand airmen acting together would cool the passions of the most aggressive Junkerdom. And to maintain them in reserve as a police or militia would not involve the cost of one-hundredth part of modern armaments. Endurance and heroism in war can go no further than ours of to-day. The age which poets have told us was unmanly and which philosophers tell us is decadent proves to excel all that history and tradition have ever attempted to picture in poetry or in prose, in epic or in romance.

The Allies are a League of Nations

Why all this talk about a League of Nations? There is a League of Nations now—the Allied Powers, striving to save civilisation and secure a permanent peace. There will never be any other such League in our generation. A general and peaceful League of Nations will never be formed until the conversion of mankind to a purer moral and religious form of life. In the meantime, all wordy recrimination about it is mischievous nonsense, whatever eminent men may choose to say to conciliate pacifism and fads. It is one of the many devices to draw off our minds from the one task that admits of no delay and no interruption—the final and utter defeat of the enemy of mankind. At present, some two hundred millions of men,
firmly posted in Central and Eastern Europe, are filled with a passion to crush and dominate the West. If they are to be outside the League, how are we going to restrain their ambition otherwise than as we are doing; which means maintaining our crushing armaments? If they are to be inside the League, we, the rest, will be at the mercy of their incarnate fraud, falsehood, and ferocity. The triflers and the tricksters who perorate about a League of Nations without facing these questions are talking random verbiage or intentional treason. [May, 1918.]

Nations are in Flux

It is folly to think of any union of Nations until we know which are the Nations that may survive, or which will be formed out of, this fiery and abysmal earthquake of our planet. Perhaps many races may hardly exist as nations a few years hence: there are many races which may finally emerge as nations. Are the tribes that made up the old Russian, Austrian, Turkish Empires to count as substantive nations? Are the Chinese races to count as one, or as many? And Germans ask if Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, India, and Ireland are to count as nations. Who is to apportion the relative votes to a people of three millions and an Empire of three hundred millions? And are Britons and Frenchmen who have bled and suffered for Fatherland likely to submit their very existence to the intrigues of a miscellaneous Areopagus of foreigners? A moribund Lady of Fashion was once found to be compiling a Visitors' List of the company she meant to keep in Heaven. “My good madam,” said a cynical neighbour, “you had better wait till you get to Heaven, and look round to see if any of your friends are there.”
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Illusions of Dr. Johnson

In the days of spasm, grief, pride, and hope, when things too weighty or too recent seem to pall on us, we turn to the ever-fresh Lyrics of our elder poets, to their Letters, their sayings and judgments. We must always value their estimates; let us not too blindly trust them at all times. Amongst the "Curiosities of Literature" are the strange illusions of some of our most famous critics. Dr. Johnson is truly a great Critic—admirable on Shakespeare, and generally on Milton; but think of his calling Gray "a dull fellow," "a mechanical poet." We may not accept the contemporary praise of all the Odes, but to think of the author of the Elegy having written only "two good stanzas," and being inferior to Akenside! And then, he says, Fielding is a "blockhead," "a barren rascal." And Johnson would never read Joseph Andrews. The Doctor, we know, was violent in his loves and in his hates; and, especially towards contemporaries, was carried away by his prejudices and personal opinion of their character. Where the "personal equation" does not come in, Johnson is a consummate judge; but we always have to guard against his passions and his superstitions.

Those of Carlyle and of Coleridge

The same tendency to judge books by the personal life of the author no doubt accounts for another strange error of a great man—Carlyle's poor estimate of Scott's superb historical romances. The Sage of Chelsea never could get over Abbotsford and the baronetcy. To us who live upon these immortal creations the commonplaces of Lockhart count as little as Milton's wives and Shakespeare's escapades. And Carlyle, one of the prime voices of his century,
could care for John Knox more than for Scott; and wished that England in her struggle with Napoleon had been governed by "the thunder-god," Robert Burns, rather than by "a lean William Pitt." So, too, Coleridge, who, to take him all round, is our foremost critic, and in Shakespeare is absolutely supreme, could strangely undervalue Scott, could call Ivanhoe and The Bride of Lammermoor "abortions." And the Lake poets altogether are in the minor key about Scott—both in his poems and his romances. "Not twenty lines of his poetry will ever reach posterity," says Coleridge, and as to his romances, their merit lay in their "subjects." There was, of course, some personal feeling in the eclipse of the Lakists at the time when Scott's romances were in their zenith.

**The Best Critics may Stumble**

In recent times our best judges do nod now and then; at any rate, forget to put on their magic robes. How strange that Edward Fitzgerald, a rare guide in literature, one of the most perfect writers of Letters in our language, close friend and ally of Tennyson, Carlyle, Thackeray, could prefer Tennyson's early poems, down to 1844, to all his later work, the best of which he thought a waste of his grand gifts. Tennyson, again we are told, would have liked to be succeeded as Laureate by his protégé, Sir Lewis Morris, in lieu of Swinburne! Tantææ animis caelestibus iræ? And old "Fitz" had no patience with Jane Austen, nor George Eliot, and could commit a positive outrage on the mangled remains of Agamemnon! Swinburne has a sense of Shakespeare in him hardly inferior to Coleridge; and it would seem to be impossible to write of Shakespeare with extravagant praise. But
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his Swinburne, too, can achieve. Matthew Arnold, our almost unerrung master in criticism, apart from his gaucheries in philosophy and theology, could call Shelley an "ineffectual angel." And in a recent volume we find that Lord Acton could pour out unreasonable glorification to George Eliot and unreasonable insults on Mazzini. Let us mark, learn, and inwardly digest all that the acknowledged critics of literature tell us. But let us remember that the greatest of them have their off days when the oracle misleads; and especially, that in judging their own contemporaries their personal bias may unconsciously affect their insight.

Coleridge's Table Talk

Mention of Coleridge reminds me of the recent publication by the Oxford Clarendon Press of a very handy volume (12mo, in cheap form) of the Table Talk of Coleridge, with the further notes of Thomas Allsopp, and the Coleridge contributions to Southey's Omniana, the fine preface of H. N. Coleridge and an introduction by Coventry Patmore—altogether a useful reprint, in these hard times. Coleridge, in his shorter poems a rare and exquisite poet, in his rambling and long-winded prose a prejudiced partisan, was a consummate critic in his spoken addresses and a brilliant master of apophthegms in familiar talk. How pithy, how witty, how original are these bursts of humour and wisdom; what marvels of memory; what vast and universal outpouring of knowledge! If it were not quite so exact and systematic as the learning of a Bacon, a Selden, or a Bentley, the reading of Coleridge was as mnivorous as his mind was seminal. With all the errors, scandals, perversities of his wasted life, the stranded wreck of this
marvellous veteran is almost as fascinating as his amazing youth. For my part, I can read and re-read his pungent Talk almost as often as I read his Lyrical Ballads.

The Hawarden Letters

We are all grateful for being allowed a sight of more Hawarden Letters, 1878-1913, for, as twenty years have passed since his death, and the whole political world has been so deeply transformed, the interest in the personality of Mr. Gladstone is ever more absorbing. How different is the atmosphere of these Hawarden Letters from the great world of action that we know in the official Life. In this new book Mr. Gladstone does not directly intervene; yet his influence as a superintending Providence is circumambient and never absent in the home circle. Here he is not the statesman, orator, theologian, critic, and essayist, but the patriarch and prophet of a group who live in a world of their own far from Parliament, cities, or busy work, with a communion of affection and thought akin to that of a group of spiritual reformers and religious enthusiasts. It is a modern Decameron in a fair remote garden! Art, literature, the joy of life, the love of beauty, absorb them. Personally, I knew most of these writers: I often had letters from them; some of those named I knew much longer and more closely than did the Hawarden set or Mr. Gladstone himself. But how different they seem under his roof and shadow—how unexpected is the form of their letters! Browning, Ruskin, Burne-Jones, Lord Acton, George Eliot, seem in this book to take on some new aspect and gift. How different do men of genius seem to their men friends from the way in which they expand in the magic of a sympathetic woman.
The Irish Convention

"The Convention has laid a foundation of agreement unprecedented in Irish history," says its Chairman, Sir Horace Plunkett. "This is an opportunity for a settlement by consent that may never recur," says the Prime Minister. Both assertions are momentous—both are true. It is idle now to regret that the Convention was not unanimous, that it has been dragging on whilst Ireland was in ferment, and appears at the moment of a new outburst in a complex tangle of cross proposals. It should have been the work of a small body; we wanted it six months ago; the Report should have borne the substantive conclusions of a great judge, in lieu of the miscellaneous statement of irreconcilable claims. It tells us nothing that those who understand Irish parties did not know. But there it is at last—late, unwieldy, confused, indecisive—but still the material out of which constructive statesmanship can—and must—find a settlement. The essential difficulties, says Sir Horace, were two—Ulster and Customs. Put together the Majority Report and Lloyd George's Letter, February 25th, and a solution can be found. "A solution must be found," says the Government. It must—it will—be found.

[15 April, 1918.]

A Possible Settlement

Both Ulster and Customs may be solved—one by the great concessions and guarantees given by Nationalists; the other by the Prime Minister's moratorium. The reports prove (what we well knew) that Ireland is not one, but compound: with three races, three Churches, interests, and
parties—and these three subdivided. As well call Austria one realm, or the Balkan peoples one nation. Almost for the first time in their history the Celtic Catholic majority seem to recognise this. The all-important guarantees and reciprocal concessions obtained and given by Lord Midleton and his fellow landowners should amply satisfy the fears of Protestants and landlords. And the bargain for Customs and Excise should relieve the doubts of Northern traders. When Lord Midleton with his brother peers and magnates come in to Home Rule, the contest is closed; and it would be perverse folly for the North-East corner of the island to claim to be a separate nation. The dangers they feared are now fairly out of the way. Separation, Colonial independence, domination by a Southern and Western majority, are no longer possible under the scheme signed by the Chairman. And out of this scheme the Government are pledged to frame a Bill at once for the efficient Self-government of Ireland. The settlement of the internecine struggles of fifty years depends on its acceptance by Irishmen and by Britons.

Fatal Race Antagonism

What the new settlement is to be, or ought to be, this is not the place to discuss. Let us trust it may be free from the defects of the past. It will come, alas! at an hour of desperate strain on us all, of crazy rebellion, and wild defiance. If Unionists in either country maintain an attitude of dogged non possumus, the sanity of Saxon patriotism is a thing of the past. If Irish race-hatred and thirst for revenge fight against the last chance of peace—their blood be upon their head! Should rebellion,
war, anarchy, be the issue of this crisis in the very agony of our battle for life, the solemn voice of history hereafter will stamp with the ban of incurable wastrels the Irish who cause this shame—be they Presbyterian or Roman, Saxon or Celt, settler or home-bred, peasant or peer.
PART VI

Parliamentary Tactics in War

If it should prove that Great Britain fails to defeat Kaiserism, and thereby ceases to be Great Britain—at least, to be the British Empire—the cause of failure will be our superstitious belief in a House of Commons as the only possible government in war. To Britains that House has become a sacred fetish in which they put absolute faith, and which they vaunt as the principle of Democracy. As the German race are ready to sacrifice their nation to the Army, their Kaiser, and Kultur, as Irishmen seem ready to sacrifice Ireland to revenge, so Britains will see England go down rather than doubt the collective wisdom of Parliament. All our disasters and our blunders can be ultimately traced to this: that from the inveterate tradition of centuries we put trust in the Majesty of Parliament, we can only think parliamentarily, and look to Parliamentary tactics as the road to victory. It would be idle to raise an academic argument about Parliamentary government in peace and normal times. In war and in revolution, I say, it means disaster, confusion, ruin. And we are in war and in revolution.

Parliament Ultimately Responsible

Against this it will be said that Parliament is being gagged, misled, and ignored by Ministers. There are indeed loud outcries about the tyranny of
the dictator of the hour, how criticism is silenced, and information refused. But this is no real answer. Prime Minister, War Council, Cabinet, and Ministers, however much invested with arbitrary power, exercise their office under rigid conditions of Parliamentary tactics. The tone of the House of Commons, party combinations, divisions and whips, are ever in their minds and govern their decrees. Be the nominal head of the government Asquith or Lloyd George—as it might be with Henderson—his policy is framed to meet what the House will say, or want, or do. Mr. Lloyd George is in no sense a real dictator. At any rate, he is living from day to day at the mercy of a hostile division, as Clemenceau is not, as Wilson is not—much less as Hindenburg is not. Hindenburg finds the Reichsrat useful to blow off steam. Clemenceau is master of the Chamber, as Wilson is far more master of Congress. Even the power of the Press, which is so often denounced, acts by and through the House of Commons.

Parliamentary Obstruction

In the six years before the war, when Asquith, Grey, and Haldane knew that a tremendous attack from Germany was inevitable, why did they not make full preparation to meet it? Because they dared not face the House of Commons. When the blow came in 1914, why did they not call the nation to arms? The House was still under the intoxication of "Peace, Retrenchment, Home Rule." When the nation forced them into Conscription, why did they not include Irishmen? The Nationalist Party were masters of the Parliamentary situation. When all the vital problems of Suffrage, Education, House of Lords, Agriculture,
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and Finance were mooted, why was the one thought to conciliate the rival factions in the House, instead of trusting the real sense of the nation, which detested most of these factions? When, a year ago, it became certain that the enemy would have enormous fresh resources, why was nothing done? Because the House would not like to do anything? When in a panic they sought to raise an unprecedented age of service, why did they bethink them of Irish Conscription plus Irish Home Rule?

[June, 1918.]

Obsolete Parliamentary Machine

Why? Because it seemed a good House of Commons answer to opposition. And when Conscription in Ireland raised a storm, why was an Irish Secretary appointed—for the very reason that he had voted against it? Because it would reassure Mr. Dillon and his friends, and bring them back to Westminster where their presence seemed so much desired! No! In this world-war, in this world-revolution, Britain has no dictator; no Government; no statesmen at all. Why not? Because the House of Commons makes it impossible. We have able, patriotic, eloquent, devoted public men, who were bred in the atmosphere of St Stephen's—that mephitic Hall of muddle, talk, and compromise—men who never see their country, Europe, or the world unless under the historic eye of Mr. Speaker. Our most famous Parliamentary Ministers—Walpole, North, W. Pitt, Gladstone—in European policy led us into a series of disasters. We were only successful in war when men like Cromwell, Chatham, and Wellington broke away from the Parliamentary fetters. There is no one to deliver us from it now. The old humdrum Parliamentary
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machine—with weeks of futile debate, questions, committees, intrigues, busybodies, Paul Prys, and envious traitors—has to go rumbling along, though our men die and food-ships sink.

Home Rule not Independence

So, too, the Irish dilemma is mainly due to the superstition which surrounds the name of Parliament. To the average Briton Parliament is a sort of terrestrial Providence—a heaven to which patriotic souls may ascend to glory. A glamour of mundane omnipotence gilds it. When Mr. Gladstone proposed Home Rule for Ireland, very wisely, as most of us thought, but identified this with the ambiguous term of Parliament, Irishmen and too many Britons, Australians, and Americans took this to mean the practical autonomy and independent supremacy of an Irish House of Commons. All Parliaments within the British Empire have real independence with only a formal suzerainty. To the average Briton the idea of any Parliament being subordinate to another Parliament was a paradox. Mr. Gladstone and his party might reiterate with cogent eloquence that the new Parliament in Dublin was quite an understudy to the old Parliament in Westminster. To the Irish this seemed only meant to save Mr. Gladstone's face and ease the Gladstonian conscience; but that, in fact and for the future, a Parliament in Dublin really meant the national independence of Ireland. And the more familiar the idea of a Dublin Parliament became to Britons, to Ulster, to our Colonies, and abroad, the more readily it settled down to the idea of Irish independence—which, as Euclid says, "is absurd."
Evil of House of Commons Autocracy

Of course, the believers in Parliamentary parties will cry out that all this means a military dictatorship for autocracy, and rank Prussianism. To charge me with anything of the kind, who for fifty years now have denounced all forms of aggression, warlike adventures, and absolutism, would be ridiculous. A veteran republican in principle, a fervent advocate for a real popular government and the root principle of the purse-strings being in the absolute control of representatives of the Nation, I have never been false to this faith for an hour. But I have always repudiated the autocracy vested in the House of Commons—and I have always held up the American as a far wiser type of Government. In such war—such revolution—as this, I see that our venerable formulas about Hampden, Pym, Somers, Pitt, and Fox are leading us straight to ruin. I make no charge against our public men. They are doing their best in the system in which they were bred. It is the obsolete system which is at fault. I join in no factious cry. I only say this: In the death-grapple of the nation there must be one head; in a world-war strategy belongs to trained soldiers—not to orators.

Lord Bryce on a Second Chamber

The Report of Lord Bryce on a Second Chamber (Cd. 9038) is a most able document which will have permanent interest and great authority. By cruel chance it appears in a time of military crises and of a whirligig at home, so that no immediate effect can be given, though it well deserves to be studied, even in mid-revolution as we are. Ever since 1906 I have constantly written and spoken on
this problem, and in March, 1910, I published an elaborate scheme of reform, which, with one essential difference, runs parallel to the proposals of the Conference. The points of identity in these two schemes are these: (1) A Chamber of 300; (2) Having different sections by different modes of elections; (3) All on the proportional system; (4) With one small section from the present House of Peers; (5) The principal section to be chosen by electors of local areas; (6) The sections sitting for different terms of years; (7) The present rules as to all financial questions to be retained and improved; (8) Differences between the two Houses to be settled by joint Conference. All of these points are most ably discussed in the Report, which is especially cogent in respect to the Functions and the Elements of a Second Chamber; on Indirect Election; on Proportional Election; on Territorial Areas for Electoral Bodies; on Finance; and on maintenance of those traditional elements which are compatible with modern democracy. All this is excellent and convincing.

The Report Criticised

The points on which I propose to offer criticism are these: (1) The election of eighty-one Peers, including five bishops; (2) Payment of salaries to Senators; (3) Election by the House of Commons in geographical groups; (4) Settlement of differences between the two Houses, not by aggregate voting of a two-thirds majority, but by Conferences of sixty members of the two Houses, and finally "by the House of Commons alone." Of these points Nos. (1) and (2) are subordinate; but Nos. (3) and (4) would reduce the Second Chamber to be a mere appendage and creature of the First Chamber, and
thus would fall back on the one-chamber system, however much disguised.

Too Many Peers

The retention in a Second Chamber of an element from the present House of Lords is a sound principle and is forcibly argued in Section 26 of Lord Bryce’s Report. But the retention of eighty-one Peers, including five Bishops, and these to be jointly selected by the two Houses, is excessive in number, and nugatory as a maintenance of historic continuity. The scheme I propounded in 1910 gave fifty Senators to be elected by the House of Lords—being Peers, Commoners, or ecclesiastics of any Church. By this method probably one-third of those chosen would not be Peers—and the Peers who were elected would be chosen not as Peers but as statesmen. The suggestion of salaries to the new Senators is a sorry concession to democratic greed.

An Echo of the People’s House

But the proposed selection of three-fourths of the Second Chamber by the First Chamber voting by panels, and the final decision of differences “by the House of Commons alone,” takes the heart out of the Senate as a moderating power and would make it a hollow echo of the People’s House. In admirable words of mature wisdom Lord Bryce in Section 1 of his Report urges that a Second Chamber should be “different in type and composition from the popular assembly,” that it should have “strength sufficient to act as a moderating influence in the conduct of national affairs.” What “difference in type,” what “moderating influence” would be left to a chamber which at every stage is elected more or less by the other House? The House of
Commons is to choose three-fourths; the other fourth is to be chosen by joint Committees; differences are to be settled by joint Conferences, and finally by the House of Commons. What freedom, what character, what influence, what efficiency would be left to a House so controlled by its great neighbour, as a Russian Rada or a Roumanian monarchy is under the heel of a German General?

Mischief of Single-Chamber

All this is the one-chamber plan, saving the face of the historic House. Was it not Lord Grey who said that "single-chamber was damnation"? In less vigorous language I venture to put in a plea for the one plank of conservative force left in the wreck of our ancient Constitution. My canons in 1910 were:

1. That hereditary legislation is effete.
2. That a real and strong Senate is a sine qua non of legislation and of government.
3. That its title must be personal merit and elective choice.

Above all, it must be chosen by a body different from the House of Commons, and I proposed election by the County Councils in proportion to their constituencies. The essence of a Senate is to bring a moderating and critical judgment on the measures of a democratic House. In order to be a revising force at all it must have different men, of a different order, chosen by a different order of electors. And so some of the ablest members of the Conference seem to think. The good sense of Englishmen will hold to the principle of a Second Chamber differing from the first in origin and in constitution, with real power, not only to delay, but to moderate the legislation of the First Chamber.
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Omnipotent Democracy

But at present the discussion is purely academic, and this masterly Report of a great jurist and diplomat will sink, we fear, into the lethal Limbo of Parliamentary Papers. In the revolutionary wave that is sweeping over Britain, there seems little prospect of a reformed Second Chamber on this or any other plan. The still calm voice of Reason will not be heard amid the roar of millions of voices of men and women adoring omnipotent Democracy—in unison. All the signs now point to this: that the new House of Commons, with twenty millions of voters, half of them untried and ignorant in politics, will suffer nothing to come between the wind and their autocracy. Why should a House of Commons be "the People"—the sole representative of Democracy—and a Chamber, equally elected on the score of merit by popular representatives, be treated as an antique incubus? Whilst a House of Lords remains, that might be so. But when the hereditary Chamber is superannuated by common consent, as all serious reformers agree, a true Senate, elected by chosen representatives of the people, would be no less really the voice of the Nation—indeed, as we see in America and in France, might be the more mature and considered voice of the Nation. Democracy! What sophisms, what follies, what crimes are committed in thy hallowed name!

The Gains of the War

If any of us feel downhearted at the prospect of a fifth year of this unspeakable war, let them turn to Sir Walter Raleigh's *Gains of the War* (Clarendon Press. qd.) and they will find our future situation foreshadowed with judgment, courage,
wit, and hope. He shows that, come what may, the tremendous lessons that we, the honourable saviours of civilisation, have dealt to its barbarous enemies, will have left the world purer and easier for our sons and grandsons. The union of France, Britain, Italy, and of these our Allies with the mighty people of America will form a permanent (i.e. a moral) League of Nations more real than the dream of a formal international authority with armed force. Sir Walter truly sees that we must have severe trials to meet after the war, even for one whole generation. We are fighting and suffering for our descendants—for a nobler, happier world to come. Our "clear gains," he says, will be found in the lessons of honour, truth, endurance, simplicity, union which we have learned ourselves and have taught humanity to trust—in the final reconciliation of Britain with the nations that we have long held at arm's length, in the vast ascendency in the future of our incomparable English tongue and of our immortal English literature, when both will be the possession of one hundred and seventy millions, spread across our planet.

[May, 1918.]

Bishop Wilkins' Tracts

Turning to the scientific treatises of Bishop Wilkins (1614–1672), a founder and first secretary of the Royal Society, I was struck by a singular point in the history of science and religion. Wilkins, a man certainly of original mind, the inventor of the term "submarine navigation," and the first to consider the problem seriously as a competent mathematician, published, in 1640, a learned Discourse in 150 pages to prove that the earth is a planet and goes round the sun. And this
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adventurous essay, full of some sound, and much absurd, mechanical science, was published in a fifth edition in 1707, twenty years after Newton’s *Principia*, forty years after Newton’s telescope, seventy years after Galileo’s *Dialogues*, nearly one hundred years after the publication of Kepler’s *New Astronomy*, and nearly two hundred years after Copernicus began to revolutionise our conception of the solar system. And Wilkins’ Discourse of 640 was first published twenty years after the *Novum Organum*, many years after the death of Bacon, and some years after the *Geometry* of Descartes. That is to say, it required some two centuries before even men of science were quite certain that the earth moved round the sun.

Science held in fetters

When we read these mathematical *Tracts of Wilkins*, published just a hundred years after the Reformation, in the very dawn of modern philosophy and physical science, we may see how original thought was in the bondage of ancient fetters, even in the lifetime of Descartes, Galileo, Pascal, Hobbes, and Toricelli. Wilkins, keen, learned, ingenious as he was, is dominated by three forces: antique learning, false observations of natural phenomena, and the Scriptures. He quotes Pythagoras, Aristotle, Pliny, Seneca, Plutarch, Josephus, Tycho, Kepler, Galileo, all as of equal authority. To them he adds citations from schoolmen, renascence physicists, Dr. Gilbert, both Bacons, and Talmudists. An observation recorded by Mendoça, or by Fracastorius, by Vallesius, or Fromondus, is to Wilkins as conclusive as anything seen by Galileo’s telescope—which, by the way, he does not cite. Lastly, he feels bound by the words of Scripture, and he labours
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to show by a crowd of theological witnesses that Revelation nowhere compels us to believe our earth to be the only world, nor that the sun goes round the earth. The Bible in fact seems far more repressive to Free Thought, even than Pope, Council, and Inquisition. The moral of all this is to show how the progress of science, even of mechanical invention and of human civilisation, depends on the solution of ultimate problems of philosophy and religion.

The German Don Quixotes

In these days of strain I find relief in bathing my spirit again in the great books of all time; and of late I have been turning to Don Quixote. The sanguinary infatuation of the bellicose Knight and the abject submission of his very human Squire prefigure the insane ambition of the German Quixote and the servile surrender of the German people. It would seem incredible that a race of such high intellect, vast learning, and wide experience of Nature and of Man can have nursed the crazy dream of world dominion which the Kaiser thunders forth to his dupes. For some two generations he and his kind have been taught a Hebrew creed, a phantasmic philosophy, and a false history, just as the Don had lost his reason by poring over Knight-errantry. A perverted literature and an education of drill has turned the brain of the leaders of German politics and thought. They cling still to their wild hopes in defiance of the rest of mankind, finding as did Quixote some subtle excuse to explain every failure. Like Sancho, too, the German Huns and the troopers under the whip march on to death in blind faith in their imperious
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masters. An inhuman doctrine of humanity, transfigured into a national religion, can alone account for the Quixote of Potsdam and the delusion of the Sanchos who worship him as a Saint Michael in arms.

Emile Boutroux's Oxford Lecture

Having given the first lecture of the series in 1905, I naturally feel interested in the Herbert Spencer Lecture at Oxford in 1917. It was given by M. Emile Boutroux, Hon. D.Litt., of the French Academy, etc., etc., and has recently been published by the Clarendon Press—The relation between Thought and Action from the German and from the Classical point of view. After a good deal of metaphysical verbiage, which to our school reads only as a kind of idealist conundrum, M. Boutroux settles down to a very interesting discussion on the influence of German metaphysical philosophy on the German mentality, especially in relation to politics and war. He traces it from Kant's separation of Thought from Action, and then by the modifications of Fichte and Hegel; until, under the Bismarckian era, Action became for the Kultur of Germans its own law, and its own innate development was Might. Now M. Boutroux shows that, with Plato, Aristotle, and the higher classical genius, Thought and Action are not separate, but cognate, co-ordinate, and related, and Action is controlled by Feeling, under the inspiration of Thought. As a philosophical explanation of the way in which violence—and then brutality—has taken possession of the German mind as a form both of wisdom and religion, all this is excellent and suggestive.
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German Kultur and State Metaphysics

The hold which this Satanic metaphysic has obtained over German Kultur and the German public is due to the absolute docility of German education to the iron discipline of the State, i.e. to the Prætorian army. There is something comic in the picture of German professors, so dreamy and unpractical in real life, presenting to their pupils Might as the supreme law of God and Man. Such is the outcome of a rotten metaphysic. M. Boutroux concludes with great force that all rightness in human life comes from the due combination of Thought, Feeling, and Action—"when Thought and Action are both upheld and inspired by Feeling"; "so that their relation would be one of reciprocity and harmony." Now this quite fundamental truth M. Boutroux asserts almost in the very words of Comte. Strangely enough, he misquotes Comte in attributing to him the predominance of Feeling. Comte's maxims, as shown in the handbook edited by myself, insist on the cooperation and harmony of Thought, Feeling, Action. "Act from Affection, Think in order to Act." "The Heart suggests Problems and the Intellect solves them." "The human problem consists in the subordination of Egoism to Altruism." M. Boutroux quotes Pascal, but omits Comte's favourite motto from Vauvenargues: "Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur." In fact, M. Boutroux's solution of the problem of life, I can assure him, is pure Positivism—and is stated (in his pp. 25-32) almost exactly in the language of Comte. But then, the Positive Philosophy is under a conspiracy of silence in the French Academy—perhaps even in some Academies and Societies in England.
PART VII

Suspense

As I write (June 10th) all is in suspense—like the awful hush before the bursting of a tornado—

There is silence deep as death,
And the boldest holds his breath
For a time.

All seems to be waiting—waiting on the Aisne and the Marne, waiting before Amiens, waiting on the Belgian coast, on the Lombard plain, in Russia, in the Balkans, in Asia—waiting at home for the birth of our new men’s and new women’s Democracy—especially waiting in Ireland. What is behind the vast curtain of lowering cloud charged on all sides with lightning, the impenetrable cloud which stretches from the North Sea to the Mediterranean shores and thence to Central Asia, India, and Japan? What is to come? None but fools will hazard a forecast. All that a wise man will say is, all round there is coming a profoundly new world!

The Renascence of Humanity

That tremendous date—August, 1914—will mark an epoch—the ecumenical Revolution of the Twentieth Century—far deeper and wider, far more vital to Humanity than July, 1789—the date of the European Revolution in the Eighteenth Century.

The year 1914 will for ever hereafter mark a
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Renascence of Humanity to a common life of peace and progress—social, industrial, moral, and spiritual—far greater than any Renascence of the famous years between 1450 and 1550; greater than the settlement of Western Europe in the Catholic and Feudal system of the Middle Ages. As the Roman system waned, such men as Pliny, Seneca, Tacitus, Plutarch, Marcus Aurelius felt that some cataclysmal change was coming: they had but a dim sense of what it was. To-day we have but a dim sense. We know that it must bring to us all dire sacrifices and agonies, material and spiritual. But we know that in the end it will issue in a better and a happier world—or else Hell will be found on the surface of this earth amid its sights and fruits, not in any fabled Hell below.

No Real Peace Yet

One thing in the future, which I shall never see, seems to me inevitable. When bloodshed and destruction have ceased—as I firmly trust in the triumphant victory of Right—there can be no immediate era of peaceful settlement, international communion, or social harmony. The upheaval of States and orders, of sexes, of habits and beliefs has been too deep and universal; the passions have been too fierce and bitter; the scars are too cruel; the hopes, the fears, the surprises, the bewilderment have been so bitten into the soul that hardly one generation can efface them. The aspirations of all the races on earth, from the Arctic to the Pacific, of all the classes and orders of society, of all the multiform ranks of industry, of all the grades of civic organisation—these have been so keenly stirred to their marrow that they will break forth even more fiercely with any formal Peace. There will be no
real settlement with any self-styled Peace Congress. When cannons cease to belch forth death, all the hopes, dreams, and lusts will be wilder yet for a generation—or more. The pains of new birth—economic, social, national—will be constant, often savage, sometimes with waste, blood, and ruin. There will be no time of real peace for a generation yet. Belgium—August, 1914—may be like the Bastille in July, 1789—only the prelude to the real Revolution to come.

Chaos in Ireland

As to Ireland, the same impenetrable mystery, the same hush before the storm, seems to hang over all. Every one, every party, every plan seems to be waiting, watching, unwilling to move. Nationalists, Sinn Fein, Unionists, Ulster, priests, courts, councils, troops, Government refuse to show their hands, are waiting for the others to begin. The situation changes every day, and nothing happens; elections are hotly debated yet do not occur; threats, promises, challenges, proclamations, Bills are scattered broadcast with flaming rhetoric, with soft allurement, with fanatic treason—and yet nothing happens; all melt away and are forgotten. Ireland to-day is a mere Wonderland, a Mad Hatter's tea party, in which idiotic things are said and done, and extravagant nonsense raises neither a smile nor a frown. One who had no party interest but great experience was heard to say: "The problems of Ireland are insoluble; nothing remains but for Britain to recover the mastery of an island broken up into many factions all at inter-racial and inter-religious war." That is a pessimist view. But that is what is actually the case as it stands. And perhaps it may so remain—until Britain is out of this war.
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Federation

Life to-day is one continuous thrill. In the midst of the Irish deadlock there bursts forth a new cry—A Happy Thought: Federation—Home Rule all round—that is to solve all difficulties, they say! This is neither the time nor is this the place to touch this tremendous problem. I will only say that it is big enough and intricate enough to engross the entire thought of British statesmen for years. It is a problem of vast range and difficulty. What is it to include? Is it merely to group the four nations of the United Kingdom, or is it to affect the whole Empire? Is it confined to the British Commonwealth? Is India, Uganda, Rhodesia, Manitoba to be dealt with? Now there is one point of crucial importance that I have not seen considered: the British Constitution, by a very rare exception, is *unwritten*. Many great authorities regard this as its unique merit. Federation involves *written* statutes to define Federal rights and powers. Can the supreme Imperial Constitution then remain *unwritten*? Who is to write it, and destroy or define its traditional elasticity, making it *rigid*? And another dilemma arises. Jurists know that the Crown has latent but legal powers not familiar to the public. If these are to be stated in express words by statute the entire Key Status of Monarchy will be raised. If the dormant privileges of the Crown were formally renounced we are brought a step nearer to anarchic ochlocracy.

[June, 1918].

Memoirs of Frederick II

Historians and politicians should study with care the recent translation of *Henri de Catt’s Memoirs*
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of Frederick the Great, to which Lord Rosebery has added a masterly portrait of the Prussian King and his Prussian Kultur.¹ No more scathing indictment of the vast system of Tyranny and War we are fighting to destroy has yet appeared in all the literature of our time. As a revelation of the great king's soul I take it to be worth all the ten volumes that Carlyle published in 1865. Catt's French MS. in the Prussian Archives was first published in Leipzig in 1884, and the original seems to have been very slightly known to Carlyle, who casually alludes in four places to the "honest Catt," but perhaps had no liking for the autobiographic details which Frederick dictated to his "reader." Those of us who were wearied by Carlyle's interminable garrulity about every fight and every creature of his Friedrich should mark this picture he draws of himself—of his ruthlessness, his cynicism, his inhumanity crossed with sentimentality, his energy, his heroism, his self-devotion to his ideals, his abnormal nature, his loneliness.

Lord Rosebery on Frederick

Lord Rosebery's portrait of Frederick crystallises the character of this marvellous ruler, as a Holbein records the old age of Henry VIII. It reveals the sinister inner nature which Carlyle treats so lightly—the brutal jests, the abundant tears, "reminding us of the iron tears down Pluto's cheek," the temper "ground harder than steel." He came to the throne "with a shrivelled heart and a sardonic scorn for all mankind, its morals, its conventions, its cant; there was little human left." Full justice is

¹ Frederick the Great—the Memoirs of his Reader, H. de Catt, 1758–1760, translated by F. S. Flint, with an introduction by Lord Rosebery. (Constable & Co., Ltd. 2 Vols., 8vo. 1916.)
done to his amazing industry, his intense devotion to duty, his stern abhorrence of such infamies as Prussians commit to-day. Alas! this is the only part of his life and example which they have failed to assimilate. All else is Frederick's system hardened into a national religion—the pitiless self-assertion, the dogged self-sacrifice for domination, the savage discipline from birth to death. Frederick has become "the Patron Saint of Germany," and every German in arms to-day bears in his heart the Bible of his national Evangelist. This brilliant study of Prussianism in its sources by Lord Rosebery ought to be issued separately as a war-pamphlet by the Public Department of Information and circulated broadcast by it or by one of the war-literature leagues. It would show our people, it would show neutrals—perhaps even Germans—what a mask of horror their War-God wears in our eyes.

Lord Rosebery on Pitt

And now Lord Rosebery in his learned retirement, by which Literature gains all that Politics has lost, publishes in library form his Pitt of 1891. The small volume in Lord Morley's "Statesmen" series has been reissued sixteen times since 1891, and it was right that it should take a permanent form in handsome type. Photographs of the three portraits at different ages by Gainsborough, by Hoppner, and by Sir Thomas Lawrence, all three pictures being in his lordship's possession, add greatly to the interest of the book. We now may know exactly how the famous orator looked to his contemporaries. The Hoppner and the Lawrence

1 Pitt, by Lord Rosebery. (Macmillan & Co. 8vo. 1918. Pp. 316.)
portraits are so curiously similar in every feature and expression that they might almost be impressions from a single plate. There are strange analogies and glaring contrasts between the age of Pitt and our own. But to-day it is a fascinating study and a lesson rich in instruction to compare our difficulties and our efforts with those of our grandfathers, to judge if we are fighting the Kaiser with the great heart by which Pitt faced Napoleon. Let us turn again to the keen and exhaustive judgment which Lord Rosebery brings to the Life of the statesman with whom he has been associated by family connection, by intimate tradition, as well as by his own personal interest.

Two German Professors

There are no more typical representatives of Teutonic Thought than Professors Troeltsch and Harnack, whose views on the war have lately been made public. Troeltsch, indeed, we now know, opened to an Oxford professor, in 1907, the same strident claims for world-dominion which he utters in a Review in April, 1918. In most insolent form he now declares that the Western Powers by refusing to cry Kamerad and throw down their arms before the Kaiser deserve condign punishment, and so Germany has now "the moral right" to exact such indemnities as will leave the perverse opponents of German Kultur quite prostrate and exhausted. But this is not simply due to "the unfair conduct" of France and England in defending themselves from invasion, for eleven years ago Troeltsch told an English friend that the annihilation of the British Empire "was a necessity." Germany wanted it herself. There was no more to be said. How
could Germany “fulfil her rôle as a World-State” without it? She must have “Australia, South Africa, Hong-Kong, India.” These sources of wealth must fall to a World-Power. It might be painful to part with, but it must be. It was Fate. Britain is too weak to resist it.

Responsibility of Professortum

Now this seems to be the deliberate conviction of the learned in Germany. They have given the word to the reading public and have supplied the War Lord and his staff with moral and even religious sanctions to their ambition. Among all our spoony apologies for German crimes and our gullible submission to German bookmen nothing has been more weak than our trust that they would see the error of their ways and listen to reason and truth. They are themselves the living perverters of truth, the authorised distorters of reason. I once tried to get my old friend Professor Brentano to see the gulf into which Professortum was plunging their pupils. Alas! he only wondered that one whom he had known on the side of justice to the weak and the oppressed could have so fallen from grace as to doubt the justice of German claims. No! The whole intellectual system of German education has been so bewitched by subtlety and self-conceit that nothing can unteach them but such a lesson as the Russian imperialism has brought on itself and its people.

The Poison of Kultur

From the first I thought any “Invitation to German Scholars” to see the truth and to cease inciting
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crimes was a futile misunderstanding of the mentality of German learning. They are, indeed, the worst of all the evil elements of the nation. As M. Boutroux in his Oxford lecture showed, it is they who have poisoned their people with an inhuman philosophy of self-righteousness and self-aggrandisement. "Their poison is like the poison of a serpent: they are like the deaf adder which stoppeth her ears." They will not hearken to the voice of the British Academy, "charming never so wisely." "Adders' poison is under their lips." Indeed, one of the ultimate gains of the war, we trust, will be that modern learning may free itself from that German ponderosity which for two generations has enthralled it. In many subjects its industry, patience, thoroughness, and subtlety have taught the world much. But in all the moral and spiritual forms of mind it has laid its heavy hand on Thought by pedantic specialism, baseless hypotheses, and gaseous metaphysic. Let us free the world of this Kultur of the Book along with the Kultur of the sword.

Coxwell's Chronicles of Man

I often wonder why this time of intense strain, which gives voice to so much verse, seems to produce no long or even no substantial poems as did other wars—nothing but epitaphs, sonnets, or hymns. But let no one think that the poetic oestrus is ended or dormant. For now there has been sent me what I suppose is one of the longest—certainly one of the most ambitious, most elaborate of human compositions in verse.1 Its length

1 Chronicles of Man, by C. Fillingham Coxwell. (Watts and Co., 1915, Cr. 8vo. Pp. 655.)
is portentous. It is much longer than the twenty-four books of the *Iliad*; and the lines also are hexameters. It is double as long as the *Æneid* or *Paradise Lost*, and longer by a quarter than the *Divina Commedia*. In range of subject Dante’s poem alone can be compared with it, for it narrates the entire history of Nature and Man from the nebular origin of our planet down to the battle of Ypres. The whole poem covers 655 pages octavo—the Table of Contents covers ten pages. There are four Parts, eighteen Cantos, and 366 separate stanzas. It recounts the entire history of civilisation from the arboreal ape to the defeat of the Hun. As a monument of human industry, courage, and rhyming power the book really forms a new record.

**Rhymed Iambic Hexameters**

Not only in scale and in range is this extraordinary poem unique, for it is written throughout in a metre of which I can find rare examples. It is in rhymed iambic hexameter—Pope’s *Iliad* and Dryden’s *Virgil* being in rhymed iambic pentameter. Tennyson’s ten lines *In the Valley of Cauterez* are perhaps rhymed hexameters, but irregular, with occasional use of trochees, or tribrachs. Chapman’s *Iliad* (but not his *Odyssey*) is in rhymed iambic heptameter, and so is William Morris’s *Æneid*. Tennyson often used longer lines, but they were trochaic, dactylic, or anapaestic. Rhymed iambic hexameters were used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. They have much to recommend them for a poem of this enormous length and encyclopaedic grasp. They break the monotonous *tum-tum-dum-dum* which even Pope and Dryden can hardly make majestic, and they avoid the
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long-drawn, crowded lines of Chapman and Morris. English rhymed iambics in six feet have some advantages over the common couplet of five feet, and they adapt themselves better to evolution and analysis. They can be made into fine lines.

The Epic of Humanity

I fear that the execution does not bear out the audacity of this impossible task. Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, combined with Bacon, Newton, and Doctor Johnson in one brain could not transfuse the entire story of Nature and Man, politics and literature, into a single poem. But the idea interests me, as a forecast, just as John Brown's heroic death heralded emancipation. The author devotes thirty-four lines of a whole stanza (Part IV., iii.) to Auguste Comte, and he seems to have been inspired to attempt the Epic of Humanity adumbrated in the Positive Polity (IV., p. 420). Comte conceived that one day a poet might arise who, as Dante took his aerial flight through the triple worlds of theologic vision, so he would survey in an ideal vision the whole past of Man on earth through all the stages of progress until he reaches the earthly Paradise of Man's normal perfected existence in the glorified expansion of Heart, Mind, and Character in harmony; even as Dryden says:

From harmony—from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

Alas! we have no Dryden. It will need a Dryden, a Milton, a Wordsworth raised to the nth power of inspiration to effect such a task.
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And the age is not propitious even to a fraction of a Wordsworth.

Lyric Poets Short-lived

In this awful war we have lost many a young poet; and the thought often makes me remember how short was the life of our most promising and beloved singers. Passion, courage, ambition swallowed up too many ere their prime—Marlowe and R. Greene at 31, Sidney at 32, Charles Wolfe at 32, T. Nash at 34, Herbert at 39, Lovelace at 40, Spenser at 46. In a later age Keats died at 27, Shelley at 30, Byron at 36, Burns at 37, Goldsmith at 46; and Gray, whom we think of as a meditative veteran, was only 55 at his death. We all remember that Shakespeare's vast work was complete long before his death at the age of 52. But perhaps few persons are aware that 52 is the normal age to which the lyric poet can attain. Poetry begins so early: and too often it wears out the frame.

Average Age of Lyric Poets is 52

It occurred to me to calculate the average age of our Lyrists. I took Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* as a good list, from Sir T. Wyat (died 1542) down to Wordsworth (died 1850). In those three centuries Palgrave includes some seventy poets, and on striking the average age of them all together the result is just 52—Shakespeare's age. Of course, lyric poetry was usually composed in early youth. I did not include the names of three who can hardly be reckoned as poets: Colley Cibber (died at 86), Mary Lamb (died at 83), and Mrs. Barbauld (died at 82). The only poets in Palgrave's
list who reached four-score are Herrick at 83, Waller at 82, Wordsworth at 80. Samuel Rogers alone—quantum valeat—attained the age of 92.

The Greater Poets Live Longer

There does not seem to be any inexorable law which carries off poets in early life. The tragic and comic poets of Athens lived to a great age. Homer and Pindar are believed to be venerable. The great Italian poets did not die young, nor did the Spanish dramatists, nor the French. The early death of the Roman poets of the Augustan age was no doubt due to the violent times in which the Republic ended, and to the reckless lives that are bred by an era of destruction and change, intellectual, moral, and political. And this is peculiarly the case with our Renascence movement of the sixteenth century and the Revolution of the seventeenth century. But as Milton, Dryden, Cowper, Blake, Wordsworth lived to full age, as did our recent poets, we may trust that meditative and narrative poetry is not inimical to life. In the spasms which produce the higher lyrics there may be some poison. And this may account for it that our seventy English lyrists did not exceed in the average the age of 52, and nearly all the best scarcely reached 40.
PART VIII

Idle Formulas

I AM in a mood of wonder, of criticism, some might say of pessimism. Have the various orders of men who for two centuries now have ruled the Empire, who have built up our vast trade, finance, and industries; have our matchless workmen, whose good sense we held to be equal to their strength, their patience, and their skill—have all these lost their grip of facts? Instead of facing real dilemmas with their old clear sight and stout heart they seem given up to catchwords, grand phrases, Utopian dreams. On the fourth of August, 1789, in the French Revolution, all the ranks resigned every right, and "overturned the ancient order of the kingdom," as Mirabeau said, in a single night. They gave themselves up to an orgy of grandiloquence. Declarations, mottoes, "principles" followed in profuse rhetoric. They decreed honours to "the deputation of the human race," decreed Te Deums, proclaimed "Rights of Man," and named the King "the restorer of liberty." Are we having our Fourth of August, flinging to the winds the British Constitution and trusting to formulas and words?

The League of Nations

Formulas, phrases, catchwords are the only answers to every riddle of the Sphinx. To
establish peace after the war—nay, even now, in mid-war—"A League of Nations" is to come out of a "deputation of the human race. Are enemy nations to be in it? Well! why not, if they like? Anyhow, we can see how things pan out! Is the League to have super-sovereign and coercive powers—and if so, what powers? Well, that is a detail; we can settle all that when the deputies from the nations meet! Home Rule is an old trouble. But the blessed word "Federation" will solve the puzzle. "Home Rule all round," don't you see! Four nations in these islands—four Parliaments! Four new Home Rule Bills! It is so much easier to pass four Home Rule Acts than it was to pass one! Are all four to be identical—are England and Wales, England and Ireland so entirely alike? Well, that is a detail—matter of drafting—we can settle that when we get the Bills in print!

Dominion Home Rule

The Principle is the main thing—pass the first reading and all will go straight. How about the Dominions? Oh! they have Home Rule now. Are the British and the Irish Home Rule Acts to be on the Dominion type? Well! why not? —it works very well in Australia! How about Customs and Excise? Oh! these are matters of finance, of £ s. d.—must not interfere with great moral and social blessings. What about India? Is it to have Dominion Home Rule, raise its own Army, settle its own Revenue, Customs and Parliament? Well! well! we shall see when 350,000,000 Indians get adult suffrage. We shall make politicians of them, citizens, patriots. They
won't do anything foolish. Trust the People—white or dark, male or female.

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Industrial Unrest

Then there is Industrial Unrest—perhaps more vital, more urgent even than Leagues of Nations, or Federation. There are tremendous problems to settle when peace comes at last. Trade Union rules, dilutees, return of soldiers, displacement of labour, men replaced by women, equal wages for men and women, the minimum wage of 30s. to man and woman, shop stewards, control of works by the workers, wages during unemployment, the return of the women—wives, at least, must return to home work. Have ministers, employers, capitalists, and financiers worked out solutions to these problems? The millions of what are called "organised labour"—which means those who vote "by the card" anything that passionate orators and Mr. Sidney Webb calls the social programme—declare that they intend to do away with the capitalist system of industry, root and branch. Is British industry, urban and rural, to be recast on the Socialist basis?

The Popular Nostrums

There are a dozen kinds of Socialism, varying from the Trotsky Red method to a bourgeois co-operative grocery. All we see is that Congresses cheer Russian terrorists, or Russian demagogues who have escaped from the chaos they produced; they embrace "comrades" from any country that can utter the Marxian shibboleth. The definite things voted seem to be "Conscription of Wealth,"
maintenance of war wages, reduction of war prices, equal rights of men and women, and State support of all who need it. Ye who rule, ye who have capital to employ, ye who will have to pay the taxes—have you fairly made up your minds what you intend to do about all these? No! they say, it will be time enough to do this when we see what the new Parliament will do or say! If twenty millions of British—and Irish—men and women cannot find the right answer, who can? How can we?

The Babel of Reform

What troubles me is that in mid-war we seem to be shouting to one another tremendous formulas which may mean anything or nothing, but of which no detailed and practical explanation is given. A grand Irish Convention incubates for months; Irish Acts of sweeping range follow one another like film pictures and disappear like them; Proclamations, Commissions, Leagues follow and die away, too; Irish electors thunder out Treason, Separation, The Republic, and no one is a penny the worse; Ulster, Nationalists, Sinn Fein orate, bow, and leave the stage. So, too, overboard goes the House of Lords! What is to take its place? A dozen new Senates are proposed, discussed with learning and wisdom, and then they, too, melt away off the curtain. Is there to be any Second Chamber at all? Well! why worry? Need there be any? The Lords still can do any amount of talk—what more do we want? Then education goes along with interminable amendments to grand ideals which grow dim as they are watched. Reforms, watchwords, panaceas succeed each other in ceaseless outbursts, just as they did in France in
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1789. Listen to the “Maternity” cry!—“Save the Babies!” Feed the children before lessons; purify milk; abolish drink; destroy infectious disease; expel alien traitors; restore Russia, give them a new army, send them boots, flannel shirts, motors, steam ploughs, another 150 million sterling; tax luxury to zero; restore the Jews to the Holy Land! Why the Jews? Why not Philistines, Canaanites, Jebusites—the autochthonous inhabitants by the principle of nationalities? And then a buffoon with a drum and a crowd of men and women with a past goes about “smelling out” Huns like an African witch-doctor. How is all this to be done? How? we ask. All I hear are fresh cries—louder, more grandiloquent.

Schemes too Vague

As to these portentous reforms to recast the British Constitution, to consolidate the Empire, I do not venture to offer an opinion. A League of Nations, Federation, Home Rule for Ireland, Adult Suffrage (it must come to that), Socialism v. Capitalism—all these have been urged by very eminent statesmen or by leaders of powerful parties. I will not declare against them. I only ask, What exactly does each of them imply? With profound respect for the Prime Minister, for the American President, and Viscount Grey—all of whom have served their country and its cause beyond praise—none of them have yet answered such questions as those raised by myself, by Mr. Firth and others. Is not our Alliance a real League of Nations now? Can there be any other until the infernal ambition of the enemy is extinct? Is the League to control armed power in order to enforce its will? If not, it is the impotent Hague Convention over again.
If it has armed power, is not that the prolonged maintenance of huge armaments? Who, and when, is to decide which nations are to join, and in what proportion of votes and of force? And are the nations to be stereotyped as they stand—will they not rise and fall, break up, and re-group?

Lord Grey's Pamphlet

Take the pamphlet of the late Foreign Secretary—a perfectly "correct" but anæmic diplomatic document. His conditions for the League are that it must be adopted by the Executive Heads of States. Who are they? A vote one night in the Commons, an election in America, a crisis in France, may change them. "They must lead—not follow." Does a British Prime Minister always lead, and never follow? Secondly, says Lord Grey, the League will limit the sovereignty of each Power. Well! that is a formidable demand. We should like to know what kind of limitation, what amount of limitation would be involved. Also, would our own empire, and all parts of it, accept such outside authority; would America, would France—to say nothing of Russia—or the enemy monarchs? In any case, the League must crush all recalcitrant or "conscientious" members with all their force—"economic, military, or naval." Well! but this is the World-War back again, in its most awful and endless form. Alas! the Lord of Fallodon, whom we all honour and trust, has not used well his well-earned rest. He has not gauged deep enough the seas of trouble around us; he has not shown us how to land the German sword-fish; he has only added to the vague and empty cries which resound in the air—to which Echo answers: Where, oh! where?—and how?
The Wreck of International Law

Surely a condition that must precede any League of Nations—indeed, any permanent peace—has been strangely forgotten. The intercourse of nations until this war has always been based upon what used to be known as International Law. But International Law is dead—shattered—riddled with mockery and insult. Our enemies, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Bulgaria—of late, some of the de facto Governments of Russia, or of countries that once made up Russia—have violently, systematically, and officially broken and even denounced the most sacred rules of civilised war. Sovereigns, diplomatists, legists, speaking for some 200 millions of men, repudiate with ridicule the binding force of these "obsolete" fetters on mighty races. How is any sort of common international agreement possible until this temper is cast out? Who is to be the new Grotius, the modern Wheaton? The vast edifice of civilised jurisprudence, built up with centuries of thought, has been pulverised like the Cathedral of Reims. How are nations to rest whilst half Europe glories in perfidy, piracy, and murder? How are they to rebuild the vast Code of Law, of which the wreckage drifts on every sea, on every shore, on half the cities and houses we once thought safe from rank savagery? It would be as vain a hope to rebuild the ancient Code as to restore the sculptures and pictured windows of Reims.

New Problems of Public Law

Only a shallow mind can dream of reviving International Law as it stood in 1913. Its only sources were treaties, official pronouncements, and the books of eminent jurists. But now these are a
confused and contradictory mass, and some men who once were honoured authorities have joined in destroying the accepted canons. But there is a deeper point behind all this which is so strangely overlooked. It is this. The new elements of war and the altered conditions of State authority have really made much of the old law inapplicable and impossible. Three things are new—air warfare, submarine warfare, and the entire nation in war work. The enormous range, height, and incalculable chances of all air work open even more insoluble problems than do the extension of guns and explosives. If submarine war is legitimate—and how is it to be stopped?—what are to be its lawful conditions? If the entire nation—men and women of all ages, even children—are helping on war, is there any real distinction between combatants and noncombatants left? If the whole population is under military order, and every Minister is practically an army chief, and every "board" is almost a court-martial, is there any real difference between a soldier and a civilian? The enemy have solved all these questions with their own brutal arrogance; and we have been forced too often to follow their cruel lead. But can we in reason say that the old rules need no kind of amendment?

Old Law Inadequate

Think of all the intricate rules as to "civilian population," as to "prisoners and wounded," as to the use of "poisons," "embargo," "blockade," "confiscation," "military occupation," "requisitions," "neutral commerce," "enemy civilians," "contraband," and all the mass of decisions and dicta relating to these matters. All the old rules
have been ruthlessly defied for four years as obsolete rubbish, and learned arguments by diplomats and jurists have been piled up to show that the new instruments and conditions of "modern" war make it utterly impossible to observe them. We very indignantly deny this: but as we do not observe the old rules consistently now ourselves, can we feel confident that no new modifications are needed? If so, what are they? Who is going to make them? Can we suppose that the Germans at the fancied Peace Congress are going placidly to return to Vattel, Bynkershoek, and the judgments of British Prize Courts? "How can we see, one thousand feet up in the air [say the Germans], which is a school or a hospital and which is a factory of bombs? And if we kill women—they are helping to kill our men." And "if we feed badly your prisoners it is because you are starving our women and children." What is to be the new rule as to "retorsion" or "reprisals"? There will be fifty such knots to untie before the world has agreed to a Twentieth Century International Law.

New Frontiers of Nations

Before we can frame a League of Nations there is a preliminary question: What are the frontiers of nations—where in the new maps are the borders of Germany, of Austria, of Turkey, of Russia? Do we realise that even for civil purposes and in peace air transport, submarine transport in their certain expansion will practically neutralise or modify all national frontiers, especially those of coasts? How can foreign goods or persons be kept out, customs tariffs levied if fleets of submarine smugglers can dump their cargoes on any unseen spot by day or night? Our coast-guard can watch for ships, but
they cannot watch for submarines. Valuable cargoes of small bulk—watches, tobacco, spirits can be run in any cove by night from submarines of 5,000 tons. Persons, papers, and articles prohibited from entering any country can be dropped from air-ships. It will be impossible to enforce customs, police, passport, or any other frontier regulation when practically frontiers will have ceased to exist.

Air-Craft and Submarines

Any cargo in moderate bulk can be landed from invisible boats, and any person or thing can be suddenly dropped in the middle of any country from a machine which is practically invisible until the moment it descends. All this is possible in settled times of peace: much more in the time of bitter estrangement and desperate competition which must succeed to actual fighting. No one can fortell the possible developments of air-craft and submarine craft. For merely commercial use, where neither size nor speed nor defence are in question, there seems to be no definite limit to their power. In that case frontiers will be geographical but not material boundaries. Much of the old conditions of police, revenue, alienage, and even of military guard will have to be transformed. The consequence of this unforeseen, unparalleled, desperate world-war and of all the scientific novelties of destruction, transport, and reaction which it has called out must require a complete recasting of the Law of Nations, both in the side of war as in that of peace, for our old books are useless. The Law of Nations avowedly rests on "use and wont," the "practice" of civilised nations. Half the civilised nations are decivilised, their "practice" has become barbarous, and we are forced to imitate much of
their "practice." Need we lay down the law as to the League of Nations until we see our way to a new Law of Nations—which nearly all nations have now torn up?

Federation Dilemma

And now as to Federation, which many eminent Statesmen favour, quite suddenly, as a solution of the Home Rule imbroglio. What in practical form do they mean? Federation means the combination of national units previously separated or hostile. Home Rule in any form means severance of units previously joined—in its more extreme form at present in Ireland it means separation, antagonism. When the German Empire was formed in 1871 it became a Federation of States previously more or less independent. When Norway and Sweden parted, Home Rule expanded into separation, as it has done to-day in Finland. But if we are to have Home Rule all round and four new Parliaments under four elaborate Acts, what is to be the place of the Imperial Parliament? What is to be the brand-new British Constitution? Who is to reduce to written words the mysteries and traditions of the Privy Council? Who will draft in clauses the rights, powers, prerogatives of the British Crown? Would any be left?

Conscription of Wealth

Then as to the abysmal problem of exchanging Capitalism for Socialism, as to Conscription of Wealth, as to Labour becoming its own employer, its own manager, its own paymaster—I have heard no answer to my questions. How are the workmen to obtain the intricate expert knowledge
required to direct modern industry? How can the business of trade be carried on if it has to be settled by public meeting? How will Labour be in control unless it is allowed to know what is being done? Who is to find the funds if Parliament (that is, twenty millions of men and women electors) are to determine their own wages? If the State has to meet expenditure so enormously increased, how is the revenue to be raised? How can wealth be conscribed unless by repudiating payment of the National Debt? To repudiate it, or even to reduce the interest on it, is to destroy credit. But wealth means credit.

Wealth Means Credit and Law

Wealth means that which is owed under contract. If the cardinal national credit is destroyed by repudiating loans, wealth disappears. Estates mean what tenants are required to pay. Shares are the dividend that companies contract to pay. Luxuries are produced because rich men will buy them. But shatter credit by ceasing to enforce contracts and wealth disappears. The things that wealthy owners possess, if all seized at once, become like wasted Russian estates, useless to the Socialist captors until an immense amount of Capital and Labour has been expended on them. Social convulsion annihilates wealth—meaning what is owed under contract. Nothing is left but bare tracts of land, insolvent companies, worthless title deeds, and useless articles of pleasure—yachts, pictures, hot-houses, and jewels.

The Mirage of Bolshevism

Some suppose that the hideous collapse of Bolshevism will cure our men of Socialism. I do not
think so. All our best Labour leaders, and the sane mass of our workmen, look with disgust on the crimes and anarchy in Russia. They still believe and hope that Socialism in Britain will avoid such folly, such disasters. The tremendous story of the Revolution, like that of 1789, overshadows its failures. The sudden overthrow of a Tsar, absolute ruler over 150 millions of subjects, and that by an almost spontaneous upheaval without war, the spoliation of 100,000 tyrannous nobles, the ruin of capitalism, and the abject panic of bourgeois intellectuals and officials—all this without parallel in the history of man—has sent through the proletariat of the world a thrill, a hope, an inspiration far wider and deeper than the French uprising of 1789.

[July, 1918.]

Mr. Asquith's Romanes Lecture

The Romanes Lecture at Oxford is a joy to all Victorians who have suffered from Early Georgian ribaldry, with cries of: “Go up, ye Baldheads!” Mr. Asquith, who is at once Victorian, Edwardian, and Georgian, has deftly hit off the characters of the Victorian Age with that sure touch which Jowett, they say, saw as “the rare good sense that amounts to genius.” It is delightful to have the master described by his pupil as having that peculiar mixture “of worldly and unworldly wisdom.” As one who knew most of the persons mentioned in the Lecture I can bear witness to the truth of these portraits. I resided in Oxford from 1849 to 1855—Jowett and Pattison were the examiners for my Degree; I was ten years junior to Matthew Arnold (whom Swinburne used to call “David, the son of Goliath”); and John Morley came
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half-way between myself and Mr. Asquith in 1870. Whatever may be said of the Victorians, they did things, they saw things, they left things. By the terms of the Romanes Trust the lecturer was limited to literature and science. But politics and theology, as Mr. Asquith justly points out, absorbed so much of the energies of the Victorians that it will prove the most copious material for the future historian. Would that some new benefactor to Alma Mater would found a Lecture for these two dominant objects of thought. Surely Oxford has had something to do and to say in politics and in theology within the last hundred years. Alas! perhaps these burning topics might kindle a fire that would lay the Sheldonian Theatre in ashes.

The Story of Roumania

To know what is the fate of a land which falls into the claws of the Hun one may read the ghastly story in Mrs. Will Gordon's new book on Roumania. The author of A Woman in the Balkans, and of other works, has long been an ardent traveller, and has an intimate knowledge of the Court, the literature, and the people of that picturesque and legendary land. The first part of her volume gives an interesting account of the beauty and rare resources of the country, with a sketch of its history from its foundation as a Roman province by Trajan in the second century a.D., down to the war and the reign of King Ferdinand of Hohenzollern and Queen Marie, daughter of our Duke of Edinburgh. The picture of the mountains and then of the great plain, with the quaint con-

1 Roumania, Yesterday and To-day, by Mrs. Will Gordon, F.R.G.S., with an Introduction and two chapters by H.M. the Queen of Roumania, and Illustrations. 8vo. John Lane. 1918.
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trest of peasant homes and Bucharest elegance, is a fascinating tale of a gay and graceful race. Then in the second part comes the awful crash which the Kaiser’s ferocity vented upon all this beauty, peace, and charm. The story of the bleeding to death of this fair land and of the tearing out of its vitals by the Prussian vulture is one long thrill of horror, such as must stir the cold blood in the dull veins of the most caitiff pacifist amongst us.

Queen Marie

A special grace is given to the book by the truly pathetic chapters contributed by Queen Marie, who also sends some admirable photographs. A second Queen of Roumania now proves herself to have a lyric soul of her own and a poet’s sympathy with the life of the people. This beautiful woman, this heroic leader of her crushed soldiers, this mother in her agony of grief, has poured out her heart in cries that might have been wrung from Leon Tolstoy in his Peace and War. Granddaughter at once of our Victoria and of the Tsar Alexander II, Queen Marie seems to blend our English grasp on truth, good faith, and justice, with the Russian passion of pity, grief, vision, and hope. No royal man or woman, no one of such high race and place of trust, has ever touched notes of a broken heart so deep and so rich with the music of inspiration. Queen Marie, as well as her friend, the authoress, deserve the grateful thanks of Briton and of Rouman, for whom both have worked and wept.
PART IX

Problems of the League

NOW that the military genius of Foch and the heroism of France and her Allies has averted the great peril—nay, has opened a path to certain victory over barbarism—we can with more freedom consider the settlement of civilisation when the fighting is at an end. We all thirst for peace, and with it some insurance against these horrors of war. And so, statesmen, writers, and speakers are invoking what is called a League of Nations. A peaceful understanding between all civilised peoples—this is the hope of every creed and the object of every public act. Statesmen, publicists, priests, and democrats, all alike profess this as their aim. But, let us know what we mean, let us look at hard facts to-day. Do not let fine phrases do duty for practical forethought. Without this our League of Nations will end in disastrous delusions, such as have beguiled the spasmodic craving for peace in the races of Russia. Fervent believer in international union as I have been all my life, and as I am still, I trust that England will listen to all that has been said by Lord Sydenham, by Sir John Macdonell, Mr. Firth, by myself and others, to show how many things must be done, how many dangers must be overcome before any working League of Nations can bring about real and permanent peace.

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Pacifists and Socialists

If we were now to give effect to any such League in the crude form in which it is proposed, it would land us in another Brest-Litovsk Treaty, whereby the Allies would be sold to their enemies. The temptation to hope much from Treaties of Peace is great. Whilst the whole world is panting for rest, statesmen dare not summarily reject a Utopia for the materialising of which they need not immediately be troubled. The public, which knows little of diplomatic traps, and knows nothing of the Law of Nations, has no idea of the innate differences which keep Nations apart and dominate their common action. But whilst statesmen and public easily yield to the popular cry which promises some hope, there are at least two movements among us which actively promote a Brest-Litovsk settlement. Just as the landlords of Finland and the Baltic provinces of Russia hailed a peace “made in Germany,” to save them from spoliation by Trotsky’s Red Guards, so we have a small group of Elder Statesmen whose terror of Social ruin makes them ready for peace on nominal terms. Again, our Socialist Pacifists, like the Bolsheviks, are so eager to get to work on “social liquidation,” that they care not how soon Old England is wrecked, and they enlist under the feudal banner of a Norman Chief.

Dangers of Idealism

The popular cry now is all for Idealism—a noble hope, if only we recognise it as an ideal, not as a practicable policy. Ministers naturally accept the Principle, well knowing that the “Ways and Means” can wait. And then Ex-ministers are
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anxious to go one better, having even less responsibility for details and schemes. But just consider the manifold problems to be settled before a League of Nations can be reduced from a formula to a Treaty of Peace. (1) Which are real Nations? The vast Russian and Chinese Empires have been breaking up; we know not yet what states may be formed out of their fragments. The Balkan races are still in a condition of chaos. Belgium and Roumania are mere bond-slaves of the German conqueror. The Habsburg Empire is in manifest dissolution, and we trust that the Turkish Empire is not more stable. In Europe, in Asia, in Africa, new nationalities are struggling into birth. How can we construct a League of Nations until we know which, how many, how solid are the Nations to be our partners, even our judges? There are now a dozen races claiming to be new nations. (2) When we know which are the substantive Nations in the League, how are we to apportion the respective vote and weight of each—say of the British Empire and Belgium, or Serbia?

Coercive Power of the League

Then come the two crucial questions which, if unsolved, reduce the whole thing to a pious wish. (3) Is the League to have coercive power? (4) Are our enemies to be members of the League? To these Key-problems the most diverse answers have been offered, and few on either side seem to grasp the tremendous import of both questions. The Peers who have led the debate seem agreed that the League must have coercive powers. Lord Grey puts it bluntly in plain words: “economic military and naval forces.” Indeed, all reasonable opinions agree that unless the League can enforce
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its decisions, it is mere "scrap of paper," Hague Conventions over again—all gone to Limbo with the Imperial Founder of that ill-fated dream. But all clear minds now see that if the League is to have all this force, it is simply to do what we and our Allies are still struggling to do. For four years the greatest League of Nations that ever existed, or was ever thought of, has been wading through blood and horror to ensure a lasting peace on earth. A League which must ever keep ready its whole collective force, "economic, military and naval," will only make world-war a permanent potential institution.

Ten New Problems

There are still endless dilemmas to be solved:
(5) What is to supersede the battered Law of Nations? (6) What are to be the new rules as to Submarines? (7) as to Air-ships? (8) as to prisoners? as to civilians working on munitions? (9) as to aliens? (10) as to Naturalisation? Here are ten problems, any one of which might occupy a Congress of Nations and a Senate of Professors for months—even years. And the Peers and Elder Statesmen treat them as details! The grotesque Lansdowne—Snowden group say nothing: all they ask is to get out of war—somehow. And now we have a semi-official view of the whole question from the Socialist Pacifist side, in a Prize Study by a practised and eloquent journalist. It is the work of an able and thoughtful writer who has at any rate faced some parts of the problem. He does not solve them; but he is evidently aware that there is much to be solved—somehow, by somebody. He darkly refers to the "Architect of the League." I should like to meet that very responsible gentle-
man, and put to him a few preliminary questions as to his authority and his powers.

The League Based on Good Will

The only answers I can find to these questions are—first, that if there are difficulties and risks in any such League until the whole nature of our enemies is changed, so there are difficulties and risks in any alternative plan. Secondly, a League of Nations presupposes good faith, good will. A League, they say, would be an empty form unless it includes our present enemies. Peers, Pacifists, Socialists all agree in that. And all we have to trust is their good faith, their good will. The good faith of the Prussian whose career is one long story of falsehood, treachery, lying, forgery, and perjury! The good will of men whose name for generations to come will spell hatred, savagery, and lust! The really ugly side in this Socialist Pacifist pronouncement is that it suggests the extinction of nationality in a cosmopolitan proletariat. The sacred name of Country is to pale before that of Class. Patriotism is retrograde and effete! The Brotherhood of Labour overrides the old fetish of Fatherland! That is the very essence of Bolshevism. Our Bolshevists, and the terrorised Capitalists who intrigue with them, care not how soon Old England disappears.

How Convince our Enemy

The common-sense of Englishmen seems now to agree that any such League must include the enemy Powers—but only when they have ceased to be the infamous brutes they are. How is that to come
about? Veteran statesmen, writers, and orators, seem to think this is a simple matter, a detail, which will automatically follow when they find they cannot “win the war” and beat the Allies. Even such experienced statesmen as Lord Lansdowne, Lord Grey, Mr. Asquith—such eminent thinkers as Lord Parker, Professor Murray, Sir Frederick Pollock, and others who take the League of Nations as inevitable, offer no other hope of changing the spirit of evil in the Prussian soul, except that of showing them how mistaken they have been, how unwise, how immoral—in a word by “convincing them.” And, under the inspiration of their illustrious President, a group of American Jurists and Publicists have published an elaborate “Draft Convention” for the League, with a complex scheme of rules for an “International Council,” the decisions of which shall be binding on each Nation and shall be enforced by their collective power! Well! but this is the effete Hague Convention. As well preach vegetarianism to a man-eating tiger in order to “convince” him to leave off his disgusting ways.

Visible Defeat Necessary

For my part, I say frankly, there is but one way in which the people of these Hohenzollerns and Habsburgs can be “convinced,” and that is by bringing home to their own doors the ruin they have wrought for the world and for themselves. Their retirement in arms across the Rhine and the Alps, with their hand left free in the chaos of the East, would leave them impenitent, even triumphant, full of wrath at their partial failure, of contempt for the weakness of the Allies, of burning resolve to do better next time. They would boast of four years
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of incessant glories, brilliant victories, and the domination of Countries ten times the area of their own. Nothing can "convince" the German race, fed up with lies, swollen with arrogance, vanity, and hatred, except the visible defeat of their armies and the utter exhaustion of their country. When the Allies have occupied Berlin, Vienna, Buda, Hamburg, the Canal, the docks and ports, and the chief centres of German industry, when our men shall have marched down the Sièges Allée to the sound of God save the King, the Marseillaise and Hail Columbia, when mines, ports, railways and factories have been held as pawns till retribution is paid in full—then the German race may be "convinced" that they had better enter the League of Nations in a spirit of peace and honesty. Nothing but this will take the wild beast out of them. As to "convincing" them by talk and generous advice, you might as well sing psalms to the leopard to induce him to change his spots; you might as well invite Satan to study the Sermon on the Mount.

American Social Democrats

The craven hypocrites and traitors who here and abroad pose as Socialist Pacifists have been justly rebuked in the noble Address to the Socialists of All Lands issued by the Social Democratic League of America (New York, April, 1918). They refute with indignation the "hypocritical" cry that "all the belligerents are equally guilty of the war," and the fatuous pretext that it was "caused by Capitalism." It was due, they say, "to the madness of dynastic imperialism." It had its origin, they insist, "in the imperialist visions of the Hohenzollerns, using the worm-eaten Habsburgs as their tool." There is abundant evidence, they show, "that the German
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Emperor and his satellites had long cherished the vision of a vast Empire stretching from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf and dominating the whole world.” Against this insane ambition the Social Democratic League of America cites in full the great address to Congress made by President Wilson on January 8, 1918. To the fourteen clauses of this programme the League stoutly adheres, adding an indispensable elucidation that the self-determination of nationalities must be understood in no narrow sense of local exclusion, but with regard to the permanent interests of civilisation.

The False Social Democrats

The principal weight of this scathing appeal to International Socialism falls upon the Majority Socialists of the Central Empires who have made themselves, the League asserts, “the co-partners of Hohenzollerns and Habsburgs, accessories to their infamous crimes against mankind.” They have betrayed the cause of International Socialism. The part played by German Social Democracy, they say, “can only be described as infamous.” The Majority, led by Scheidemann, Sudekum, David and others, has been “the willing and servile tool of the Government and the accomplice of the assassins of Potsdam.” And they quote the speech of David in the Reichstag that “Germany must have two pincers—the military pincer and the pacifist pincer.” “Whilst German armies fight, German Socialists must stimulate pacifism among Germany’s enemies.” For such false Socialists the Social Democratic League “has an inexpressible contempt and loathing.” With such traitors to the Socialist cause the League will hold no parley and enter into no Conference. Hendersons, Mac-
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donalds, Webbs and Snowdens, mark, learn and inwardly digest this! Editors of Pacifist, No Conscription, Conscientious and Fellowship Journals, “please copy”!

B. Constant on Napoleon

The very able treatise on *The Spirit of Conquest*, written by Benjamin Constant, the eminent critic, more than one hundred years ago, when Napoleon was in Russia—a treatise which Mr. Albert Thomas, the French Minister, has just had re-issued and which he recommends his countrymen to study—contains a striking parallel between the system of Bonaparte at its worst and the system which the Hohenzollern and his staff have copied and enormously aggravated in infamy and in volume. Evidently the Creed of Militarism and of Pan-Germanism has been systematically studied from the doings and the sayings of what our grandfathers called “The Corsican Bandit.” M. Constant shows how a despot, becoming master of a warlike and intellectual nation, drills it into a discipline of national plunder, so that, being fed up with falsehood and self-glory, it believes itself to be invincible and the apostle of a higher civilisation, whilst at the same time its energies and its brain are devoted to crushing their neighbours and seizing their goods. Constant’s scathing indictment of Napoleon’s Empire in 1813 reads to-day like a prophecy of Prussian Kaiserism in 1918. This masterly *brochure* should be translated and circulated to neutrals.

Drayton’s Polyolbion

The very singular use by a modern poet of rhymed Alexandrine couplets of six feet and twelve
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syllables led me to look into the point. Drayton's *Polyolbion* is in the same Alexandrines. The *Polyolbion*, in its thirty "Songs," or Cantos, with something like 25,000 lines, may well be described by its author as "this herculean task." Drayton never was a favourite of mine, though I ought not to forget all he says of Somerset and of the City of Bath, of which I am a citizen. So far as I can find, and I have spent some pleasant hours in looking through several volumes and collections of our poets, with the exception of occasional verses, and Drayton, no poet ever wrote rhymed hexameters, as the metre of a very long and serious poem in couplets, before Mr. Coxwell essayed another "herculean task." And yet, for philosophic, encyclopaedic poems, there is something to be said for this metre.

Professor Gilbert's *Religio*

Not only every "man of letters," but every reader of serious literature will enjoy Professor Gilbert Murray's *Religio grammatici* (G. Allen and Unwin), which he tells us is "the special religion of a Man of Letters." Too many men of letters, alas! have no religion to speak of—at least they are very shy of speaking of it. All of us, every sensible reader as well as every scholar, will thank Dr. Murray for his noble appeal to hold fast by the great books of all time—and in a special degree for his ardent defence of Greek poetry, philosophy and history as *αὐτής εἰς ἄνει*. And for myself, I specially thank him for his masterly argument to make a wise and drastic selection of the best books of all ages and of many peoples and tongues, beginning with a broad basis of the ancients. His idea of the "central grasp on the grammata of the human race," again of the "handing down of the intellectual acquisi-
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tions of the human race from one generation to another,” is the very conception of the Library of Auguste Comte which he made “to guide the more thoughtful minds of the people in their choice of books for constant use.” This is the very thing (often ridiculed by pedants) to which I have devoted so much of my own teaching. And we hail the Regius Professor as a leader in this indispensible work.

Culture is not Religion

What I fail to understand in this excellent address on the Choice of Books are the title of it and the definition of religion. Man, he says, is imprisoned in the present, and a man’s religion is that which offers him an escape from that prison. “Religion” is a means of salvation from the terror to come or deliverance from the body. I can believe that a fanatical Calvinist can talk like this, that his religion is the contemplation of the glory of Heaven and fear of the horrors of Hell. But, surely, all modern and rational ideas of religion mean the faith and the resolution to do one’s work in the world in accordance with the moral and spiritual purposes of a righteous life, and in continuous communion of soul with those of a like mind who are working out their duty in the eye and with the help of Providence. If we were to take Dr. Murray’s definition of religion literally, it would put aside any active share in a practical life of goodness, and all fellowship with men and women who could not construe Greek and seldom read Milton or Calderon. Some, he says, find “this escape from the present” in theology, in art, in human affection, in work, in the search for Truth. The scholar finds his freedom—that is,
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his religion—in keeping hold on the best literature of the past. That is a right and invaluable occupation for a cultured spirit. It may well be the scholar’s consolation, happiness, or duty. But to call it his religion is to take a narrow and fantastic view of that sacred bond of human society.

Miss Royden on Fellowship

A spiritual antidote to this egoistic idea of Religion comes also from Ruskin House in Miss Maude Royden’s eloquent appeal for Church Union, with broadening in its area and its creed (The Hour and the Church: G. Allen and Unwin. 1918). “No religion,” she says, “can exist without fellowship.” Nothing can shake this belief that “man-kind is still incurably religious.” If Christianity survives the war, she writes, it will be by a wider fellowship, a more rational faith. The Professor, perhaps, will say that his fellowship is with Homer and Æschylus, Aristophanes and Plato, who enable him to escape from the present—i.e. the illiterate masses. More truly, more like a Christian and a Socialist, Miss Royden’s cry goes up for fellowship with the living, their wants, their hopes. With entire sympathy I read the plea of an ardent Churchwoman for a truer Union of all Christians, in a more modern and scientific creed, and also her burning repudiation of the slackness, the impotence, the insincerity of too many Churchmen. The whole Tract of some 100 pages is well worth study, as the voice wrung from a cultivated and devout Churchwoman during the war, but also for its bearing on the new claims and powers of the Feminist movement. Her ideal of a reformed “National Church” leaves me, I need hardly say, incredulous and cold.
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Mr. Belfort Bax’s Memoirs

I have been much interested in the Reminiscences (1860–1914) of Mr. Belfort Bax (G. Allen and Unwin); for he has acted on his idea that it is a sacred duty to leave for future historians some notes of what each generation has seen and heard. As a fellow diarist myself, with much the same thought, I desired to compare with my own memories Mr. Bax’s record of the Victorian era. I have been in close touch with nearly all the persons and movements both at home and abroad whom he mentions; I have a very much longer memory, for mine extends over eighty, not over sixty, years; and I may say that my experience is of a far wider area and of more decisive forces. Let me say at once that Mr. Bax’s estimates of the men and the causes with which he has been specially intimate ought to be of real value not only to future historians but to present politicians and public writers. Mr. Bax’s lines lay with what is known as Advanced Thought—in philosophy and politics, in Socialism, national and international in all its phases, and with the leaders of all the revolutionary schools of Europe. His judgment of all these men and his history of their parties, groups, and aims seem to me eminently fair, impartial and discerning. All he says of W. Morris, of Hyndman, of J. Burns, G. B. Shaw, B. Tillett, of Jaurès, of Jung, of Marx, of Kovalewski, of Kropotkin, Stepniak, and Moscheles is at once candid, outspoken, and just.

Limited in Time and Range

Within his own range of vision, and for the not very long period of his adult recollection (about forty years), Mr. Belfort Bax is a guide at once
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right and informing. But it would be a mistake to regard him as a general authority on the whole period from 1837. At this date my own recollections begin, and they are somewhat different from his. I was fellow of my College and a student at Lincoln's Inn, in the year of his birth, and I was in the public service and in daily communication with statesmen, writers, artists and priests when he was a schoolboy. Again, Mr. Bax, for the first twenty or thirty years of his life had little experience beyond that of Evangelical families, Radical clubs and foreign journalism. He studied the Social, political, academic and clerical world from the point of view of the atmosphere in which he was bred and educated and of those with whom he worked and lived. The judgment of a man so brave, sincere, and clear-sighted as Mr. Bax is extremely useful, and it has a special significance from the environment out of which it issued. But that environment was deep rather than wide. And we have no reason to treat his estimates as sufficient for times and movements which he does not claim to have known, nor to have adequate means to gauge.

No Real Victorian Era

In the main I hold with Mr. Bax as to the essential points of his view of the Mid-Victorian era—say between 1870–1880; but he somewhat exaggerates both the differences between that time and the reign of George V, as well as the pace at which social changes move. My own belief is that European civilisation has been passing through a constant evolution—material, social and intellectual—for at least a century and a half with a continuous course, broken by periodic
bursts of energy and speed. Voltaire's age, 1789, 1812–18, 1848, 1871, 1882 and 1901, mark definite changes. But the idea of Mr. Bax that his own lifetime has witnessed a change greater than any for a century or more is an exaggeration. The change is not in the world, so much as in himself and the development of his own mental range. To me his outlook on the years from 1837 to 1877 reads as a parody or caricature of the world I remember. Talk about a Victorian era has been absurdly overdone. There is no Victorian era at all. I have lived and observed things from William IV to George V, and, great as the changes have been, both material and spiritual, there has been little spasmodic in it at any time. From 1789 to 1918 there has been a continuous post-revolutionary stream. The wild men and women who are the froth upon the waves of this mighty flood may fancy they have set it in motion. They come only from the bubbles it casts up.
PART X

The Enemy Confesses

In the hour of triumph over barbarism, it is cheering to know that in all our long history as a nation—in all the history of the modern world—there has never been a war fought out with a cause so absolutely just, so undeniably imposed on us for our very existence and our honour. Nations, in a war of life and death are liable to strange delusions, as we see the Germans are. But we have the justice of our cause proclaimed by most competent witnesses from our enemy itself. Habemus confitentem reum. Out of the mouth of the criminal in the dock we are justified and even honoured for our good faith. In every war in which England has been engaged there have been at home strong criticism and opposition. Elizabeth’s seamen and statesmen were denounced by her Catholic subjects. Cromwell, Churchill, Walpole, Chatham, North, Pitt, Wellington, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Salisbury, were bitterly opposed by strong parties—and often with more or less justice and success. Their wars were often decried as unjust or unwise by good and reasonable patriots at home. But in this, the most awful of all our wars, the very Pacifists have now ceased to flaunt the White Flag; and enemy witnesses of the highest standing and of unimpeachable credit have proved our case up to the hilt.
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Two Unimpeachable Witnesses

Turn to two such witnesses who testify to British good faith and Prussian treachery—the former German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, and the Diary of Dr. Wilhelm Muehlon. These men, both of the highest character, have been driven by the fraud of their own government to record their experiences in private, in order to ease their consciences and to clear themselves to their own descendants and to history. Their indignant repudiation of the official crimes with which they were implicated as agents was wrung from them; and in after years when ruin seemed to be coming on their country, they at last allowed the record to be shown to their fellow-countrymen. No authorities could be higher. The Prince, after a life in the diplomatic service and in the Foreign Office of the Empire, had been German Ambassador in London for two years before the war; and the whole of the direct relations during the menace and the outbreak of war passed through his hands, whilst he has been able to track and discover the indirect relations which went on behind his back. Dr. Muehlon was one of the confidential directors of the Krupp Company, which was the innermost circle of the War machine, and as such he was the confidant of the Kaiser's plans both before and during the early period of the great war.

Professor Munroe Smith's Edition

There were not five righteous men in Sodom, but there have been at least two righteous servants of the Kaiser who hope to escape the condemnation of future ages. Prince Lichnowsky's Memorandum has been published in The Times and the Press at
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home and abroad, and by Cassell and Company; but the edition that I prefer to quote is the careful copy issued by the American International Conciliation in June, 1918, No. 127, New York, pp. 185. This has the entire text in German, from the Berliner Börsen-Courier, March 21, 1918, with translation on the opposite page by Munroe Smith; also an Introduction, pp. 5-23, by Munroe Smith, Professor of Jurisprudence, Columbia University: the Reply of Herr von Jagow, March, 1918, and, lastly, Appendices, xxiv., official and public documents. This very valuable collection should be widely circulated at home and with neutrals. We have in this conclusive volume (1) the text of the Ambassador’s Memoir, published in Berlin; (2) the Reply of the late German Foreign Secretary, the official representative of the Empire to the world at the moment of war; (3) all the essential documents which prove the truth of the Memoir; and (4) the crushing analysis of the whole case by Professor Munroe Smith, a great authority on International Law.

The German Ambassador

Prince Lichnowsky, who is more the Austrian magnate than the Prussian Junker, is a thorough gentleman and a man of honour, which his imperial master is not. The Prince perhaps takes himself rather too seriously, and he is naturally bitter with the bureaucrats and staff who deceived him and tricked him. He understands England and English ways, and his personal notes of Grey, Asquith, Haldane, Churchill, Burns, our ministers and our Press, are intelligent and amusing. He writes “was der Brite hasst, ist a bore, a schemer, a prig—was er
liebt, ist a good fellow" [sic in English words]. An ambassador, who for two years had been the official mouthpiece of German policy, who was in daily communication with our Foreign Office, and who is too clear-sighted to misunderstand events and too proud to falsify them, is a witness of such insight and truthfulness that we get from him “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth”—as completely as if we had the Imperial Chancellor at the bar of the Recording Angel himself.

What the Prince Proves

Now, the points whereon the witness of the Prince is conclusive are these:—

(1) That for many years the German Empire had been elaborately organised to undertake a great European war;

(2) That France was to be crushed first by a tremendous sudden rush, before either Britain or Russia could be ready to help her;

(3) That Great Britain was to be cajoled by pretence of friendship of which the Prince, himself the dupe, was to be a chief agent.

(4) That every effort was made to embroil Britain with France and with Russia;

(5) That the real aim was to crush the British Empire, and on its ruins to succeed to a world-dominion;

(6) That the Serbian incident was merely a pretext by which European war might seem to be originated by Austria;

(7) That Sir Edward Grey and the Cabinet made every effort for years to satisfy German interests, and to the last hour sought to prevent war;
(8) That these efforts were on the point of succeeding when the Kaiser and the war-staff had already resolved to force on the war.

Efforts of Our Ministers

The Prince was surprised to find the Embassy offered to him, and he discovered too late that he was only used as a catspaw to deceive us. When he came to London in November, 1912, he found himself welcomed with effusion by the Government and the country. He saw that the naval policy of the Kaiser and his provocative and blustering tone in 1905, 1908 and 1911 had convinced soldiers and publicists that Germany was preparing for war. So far from any "encircling," to hem in or injure Germany, what he found was a general *rapprochement* of Powers to defend themselves against German aggression. Sir Edward Grey met the Prince with sincere efforts "to secure the peace of the world"—"*den Weltfrieden sichern.*" The Entente, he says, "was a mutual assurance against the risk of war." The policy of our Foreign Office, says the German Ambassador, was "*to bring the two groups nearer*"—he writes these words in italics and in English. All through the two years of his service in London, the German envoy found Sir Edward Grey siding with him on Balkan problems, and even offering him territorial and commercial advantages, first in Southeast Africa, and then in Mesopotamia and Bagdad.

Sir Edward Grey

The very friendly policy of Sir Edward Grey in these three matters brought on his head, both at the time and since, opposition and criticism from British
conservatives; but this proves how false and even absurd are the German charges on our Foreign Secretary that he was hostile to them, much more the wild nonsense that "the false Grey caused the war." The Ambassador writes: "The British Government showed the utmost readiness to meet our interests and wishes." He even writes in English and in italics the remark of a member of the Cabinet—"We don't want to grudge Germany her colonial development." The Prince is proud of his success in the African treaty, and well he may be pleased. He is even more proud of his success in the Asiatic treaty he obtained, by which the German sphere of influence was extended, and the Bagdad and Anatolian railway secured to Germany. Both treaties—fortunately for us—were never ratified, owing to the jealousy of the War-Staff, who feared that such success, diplomatic and commercial, would enlarge the power of the traders and satisfy the popular ambition, and so make for peace and postpone war. But the fact that the ministry of Asquith and Grey made such striking concessions in the cause of peace, is overwhelming proof of their almost abject Pacifism.

Mr. Asquith

Of Lord Grey himself, with whom the Prince was mainly in relation, the Ambassador speaks in the highest terms of confidence and honour. "In all questions of foreign policy his influence was almost unlimited." "Falsehood and intrigue are equally foreign to him." As to Mr. Asquith, "like his friend Grey, he is a pacifist and inclined to an understanding with Germany." The whole effect of the Memoir is to show that the British statesmen were
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absolutely bent on peace, and that Grey impressed his opponent as a man "of complete honesty and unmistakable sincerity." Indeed, in the Prince's opinion, if the Conference proposed by Grey on the eve of war had been accepted by Germany, the war would have been averted.

Von Jagow's Reply

To this scathing indictment of Kaiserism and defence of British good faith by an honourable man, von Jagow has made an official reply. Not a single point of importance does he attempt to deny or to refute. Except by a few trivial personalities, he makes no real answer at all. But he goes farther. This Secretary of State, writing in March last, says: "I believe in Sir Edward's Grey's love of peace and in his earnest wish to arrive at an agreement with us." Can any public utterances carry further the justification of our country that we entered into war, as the American jurist says, "with spotlessly clean hands"?

Diary of Dr. Muehlon

If anything could strengthen the witness of Prince Lichnowsky, it will be found in the Diary of Dr. W. Muehlon (Cassell and Co., 1918). This, too, is an official revelation, inasmuch as Dr. Muehlon, for some time before the war, and until the end of 1914, was a Director of Krupps, the great armament firm at Essen. Before his resignation he was pressed by his colleagues to remain, and even to be their chairman. His diary was a private record kept for himself, and written from August to November in the first year of the war. Now, the
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great manufactory of Essen, in which the Kaiser is a large shareholder, and which is almost regarded as attached to the Supreme Staff, has always been treated with special confidence, and no director could be kept from full knowledge of war projects. Every one will remember how the American Ambassador was allowed a sight of the mysterious giant gun which destroyed the Belgian forts and was the first great surprise and the first great success of the German Staff. Dr. Muehlon was one of the makers of that tremendous engine. As the horrors of the war deepened, he wrote day by day his personal anxieties and his private knowledge of the doings of the War Lord and his Staff. At last, when he had quitted his office and his country in shame and foreboding, his Diary was published at Zürich, in May, 1918, with the title, The Devastation of Europe.

The Doctor Supports the Prince

In every point, Dr. Muehlon entirely supports the Prince, and he thoroughly justifies the efforts of Lord Grey to avert the war. He saw at once when the Archduke was assassinated on June 28, 1914, that “the European war is now a certainty.” He knew that “a blow against Serbia would be a blow against Russia,” that France must support Russia, and that England must support France. He knew that the Kaiser and the War-Staff were the real authors of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. On July 17, before the war, he knew that the Kaiser had promised an act of war to Austria. When the Note of July 22 was sent, “all classes of the population interpreted it to mean a world war.” The British proposal for a Conference was thrust aside
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by Berlin, which declared war against Russia and France. The Chancellor's speech "that necessity knows no law," when they invaded Belgium, shocked Dr. Muehlon, who wrote "it means fearful moral injury to ourselves"; "even a victorious war would not restore to us the confidence of Europe and of the world." "That will bring its own nemesis." "I respect the King of the Belgians, who would not submit to degradation."

Denounces German Brutality

As the enormities of the Hun invasion extended this high-minded German patriot is filled with indignation and alarm. "The trick we played on Belgium is unspeakably mean and loathsome." It would stain any laurels they might win. "Universal conscription is a crime." "The Germans circulate lies or truth to suit their momentary purpose." This just man, having intimate knowledge of the real facts, is scandalised by official mendacity and public credulity. "They are taught that political and private morality are, and must be, two entirely different spheres." The favourite preacher, Traub, said that the Chancellor's confession of wrong "converted that wrong into a right." In the meantime, Kaiser, Army, and Church poured out invocations to "the German God." This was too much for one honest German, who writes: "Nauseous hypocrisy and cunning, contempt for the people, and fear such as criminals feel—these are the ingredients of that Government Piety; and its aims are nothing but the sanctification of the Lie, the worship of Brutality, the deification of Wilhelm II."
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And Pedantic Barbarism

This clear and just spirit, admitted behind the secrets of the German war-aims, foresees the result even of German victory. "Disdain and abhorrence will make every one insist upon being spared the sight of a German," he says. The professors "preach a kind of regulated and pedantic barbarism." Germans, he cries out, "In your blind servility you are becoming a common danger!" He sees with horror how the whole German nation were equally guilty of these outrages, massacre of civilians, burning and sacking of towns, murder of prisoners in cold blood. He sees it and he foretells that it will stamp infamy on the German name. Every line in his book supports the Memoir of the Prince, proves the truth and the good faith of the case made out by our Government and our Press. Dr. Muehlon at times himself is taken in by official mendacity; he is a man of sensitive morality; perhaps with us he might have been a Pacifist or even a C.O.; but of his honesty and veracity there can be no kind of doubt. His Diary—the confessions and groans wrung from him by the Power of which he was once the confidential agent, and now is the innocent victim, should be widely circulated and read amongst us in every army, in every factory, in every club, as the story of Militarism told by one "who knows," who knows it at home, and sees "the future of abhorrence it has brought down on itself."

Appeal of the C.O.

It amused me to receive from the Society of Friends their Appeal to the Conscience of the
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Nation, which they hoped would commend itself to me so that I would circulate it for free distribution. This appeal to "the cause of religious liberty" and "of freedom of opinion" is mendacious cant. No one attempts to disturb the religious liberty of Friends or any other body of worshippers. They are perfectly free to follow their own mode of worship. No one seeks to limit the expression of their own opinion. They are indeed using it to misrepresent and slander the public authority of the State. Men who defy the law of the land, who are deserters in face of the enemy, are public enemies, criminals, and outcasts. Every thief, murderer, and firebrand can say in times of revolution that he is following his own conscience and "obeying the law of God." None talk so loudly of "obeying the law of God" as do the Kaiser and his soldiers, when they slay, burn, and rape, as being the Holy Mission of their chosen race. In any other country but ours men who refuse to fulfil the duty of citizens would be tried by court-martial and shot. They are lucky not to be hung as common murderers; for they are accomplices of the savages who are slaughtering in cold blood their brothers and sisters wholesale—the modern Huns who glory in reviving the title of—The scourge of God.

Social Reform

Even in the midst of tremendous struggles and splendid feats of arms—which make 1918 more striking in our history than Chatham's great year, 1758—we are being daily stunned with the conflict of domestic and economic parties, with Trade Congresses, Industrial Reconstruction, Whitley Com-
mittees, Leagues, Strikes, Employers and Workmen's Associations. To one who follows the endless ramifications of Labour programmes, all the projects, the forecasts, the resolutions, hopes, and fears on one side and on the other, what a Babel of irreconcilable cries does it seem! Compare the formal votes of the recent Congress—which at least could show huge numerical forces—with the survey and proposals of a leading capitalist of great experience and influence, Sir Charles Macara, President of the Cotton Spinners' Association.¹ Here is a great master of conciliation. Can he and all the able and public-spirited men associated with him, can the Whitley Committee, can the Industrial Committee—can any conciliator whatever, conciliate such keenly opposed, such passionate interests in the future of the economic world? And yet we all know that unless, when war ends, organised Labour, and scientific Capital, Industrial strategy, and excited linesmen, can be brought to work together with a will—work as British men never worked so well before—there is opening to us the seething chaos of Russian anarchy and famine.

No Peace Yet

As I think of the days that are coming—days that I am too old to see—the idea still haunts me that, immeasurable and unforeseen as the events of these four years of war have been, perhaps when war is at an end, events even more incalculable and more prodigious may await this sorely-tried people—for whom, but ten years ago, all seemed, to so many of us, happy, prosperous, and assured. Sir Charles

¹ Social and Industrial Reform, by Sir Charles W. Macara, Bt. (Sherratt and Hughes, Manchester. 1918.)
Macara, in his "Survey of present conditions," quotes the famous warning—"More States have been ruined by faction than have fallen before the sword of the conqueror." I trust that when our men return from the brightest page of our history, as the nation in arms and victorious to save its future life, they may not come to a Britain in the throes of civil conflict and factious confusion. Our poet told us—

Peace hath its victories.

May it not be that Peace may have its battles also?
PART XI

Optimism and Cynicism

"RETRO SATANAS! Exit Attila! Down comes the Tower of Babel, which has been building these four years and was preparing for forty years!"—so said the Rev. Curate at the Club, as he read Dr. Solf’s reply to Wilson on October 12th. "Wait a bit!" rejoined a somewhat cynical senior beside him, who was thought to write up Lansdowne in the Pacifist Press. "I tell you, Wilson is bent on stopping the war, like Neptune calming a stormy sea. He is bent on Peace, and will let you 'knock-out' men give in before Christmas. He is going to have 'conversations,' of which with his academic training he is past-master. 'Château qui parle et femme qui écoute'—you know."

"Impossible!" cried the Curate, "after all his elaborate points and his fulminations against Hohenzollerns and militarism." "Don't you know," said the pacifist, "that U.S.A. has everything to gain by coming in fresh when all Europe is exhausted and has bled itself white in this suicidal war? The Yanks are splendid fellows and mean to do their best. But the bosses of finance and of trade dominate State politics. They are the power behind Wilson. They mean that New York shall supersede London as the bank of the world, that Chicago shall take the place of Manchester, and Brooklyn succeed to Liverpool. Europe is now a
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back number. If you don't yet see it, Pershing and his men will go home!"

"We won't stand it!" cried the Curate. "If the Yanks want to go home they will have to swim; our ships are all bespoke. What! the Hun is to keep his army unbroken, his fleet untouched, to find his own country safe and sound, to flood the markets of the world with his goods, his metals, coal, and chemicals! He is to trade, and manufacture, and swagger about till he is ready to begin again! All the cities he has burnt, the priceless glories of art he has destroyed, the tens of thousands of men, women, and children he has slaughtered in cold blood to be unavenged and unransomed! I will never believe it! Wilson is incapable of such a thing. The American Senators and people will not suffer it. 'The day of vengeance is in Mine heart, and the year of My redeemed is come,' saith Isaiah." The Club said "Hear, hear" to the Curate, and the cynic went off to write his article.

Unconditional Surrender

Writing as I do, on October 15th, in this amazing whirlpool of the final crisis, I will not presume to foresee what November may bring forth. Forecasts and warnings are idle in the imminent advance of the great triumph, the great restitution, retribution, reconstruction. One word only will I add. Unconditional surrender is the only possible end. The example of Sedan in 1870, of Bulgaria, of Turkey to-day, must be followed. The Prussians—sovereign, army, people—must be made to know that we hold them in the name of humanity to be inhuman monsters. They must pay the penalty or their crimes—or this earth will not be freed from
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the stain of their offence. How that can best be done is a matter for soldiers—not for civilians. Statesmen have only to say: "Marshal Foch, Marshal Haig, General Pershing, do your duty."

[October 15, 1918.]

Industrial Peace

It is with lively hope that I see the very able periodical entitled Industrial Peace enter with its third volume on a new public career. It is, in my judgment, far the best-informed, far the most independent and clear-sighted of any organ, newspaper, or review that deals with the vast and burning problems of Industrial Peace and Industrial Unrest. When I pledge my name to so strong a testimony, I must hazard a few words on the personal question. In these days when every organ and every writer is suspected of having some party or trade interest, I had better make my own position clear. It is now some sixty years that I have been closely associated with Economic and Labour movements, and no man has ever suspected me either of capitalist or of Socialist interests. Now I do not hesitate to say that Industrial Peace is an honest, independent, impartial organ of genuine inquiry and open publicity. I have studied carefully during the past year the first two volumes, and I find in them a mine of invaluable information and clear judgment. The writers and directors are personally unknown to me; but I can give my word to readers that they are trustworthy students of actual facts, and have no capitalist purse behind them or trade interest to serve. Those who to-day care to learn more about Labour than they find in the daily Press should

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mark, learn, and inwardly digest what they read in Industrial Peace.

Latent Bolshevism

The special value of its work consists not so much in its original articles on current topics as in the constant analyses it gives us of economic and Labour programmes put forward in many quarters, and in the citations it gives verbatim from all kinds of Trade and Labour journals. Usually, about one-quarter of its thirty-two pages consists of extracts from various Labour organs, speeches, and documents. These are cited without comment. Those whose reading consists of the London daily and weekly Press can have not a glimpse of the undercurrent of Labour which flows forth in a multiplicity of prints. In the October number there are more than twenty different views published in journals of which the ordinary reader of newspapers never heard the names and never saw a copy. Some of these utterances no doubt represent the views of small—and, to the bourgeois, obscure—groups. Indeed, in Industrial Peace they are usually cited "From the Minority Press." But we all know that, in times of revolution and even of evolution, it is the ideas of minorities, even of small minorities with tempting cries, which prevail. We are seeing the really small Bolshevist minority dominating Russia worse than any Tsar. Few people have any idea how much of Bolshevism to-day is latent in Labour organs. Their ideas may be enlarged if they will read Industrial Peace—not for its own estimates, but for the subterranean fires of which it quotes the words and states the avowed purposes and hopes. Will our intelligentsia ignore all this, as the Russian did until the crash?
Industrial Unrest

The object of *Industrial Peace* is well defined in the admirable motto of its September number—"Publicity is the quickest solvent of Industrial disputes." It states that its task is that of "recording, analysing, and discussing the phenomena" of industrial Unrest under perfectly new conditions. There is now in Labour a Pacifist wing which sought to stop the war; and a Syndicalist wing which seeks to dispossess the capitalist. The two wings have coalesced in a common attack on Government—which war had made the principal employer of Labour and which also was the arbiter of war and peace. Hence the policy of Strike to coerce the Government into yielding to the cry of peace, and at the same time to place the control of industry in the hands of the workers. Then, the Russian upheaval and the consequent inroad of Internationalism and Bolshevism, with fraternal delegates from abroad, broke into the British Trade Unions, led to defiance of the Executives, and, deserting the traditional policy of industrial reform, "abandoned itself to the excitement of cosmopolitan intrigue." It is pointed out how the Trade Union leaders, no longer meeting the expert experienced capitalists whom they knew and who knew them, but confronted too often with Government officials who were raw amateurs about industry, were repudiated by organised sections of "the rank and file" in the workshops. I assert with confidence that the "Retrospect and Prospect" in the September number is at once the most lucid, the best instructed, and the most impartial explanation of industrial Unrest that I know. I am convinced by every word of it; and I only wish that our Government officials and Trade Unionists would take it to heart.
"Peace in industry," they truly say, "has now become a question of life and death in the whole community."

Trade Minority Press

Let it not be supposed that Industrial Peace is in any real sense devoted to capitalist interests. It is devoted to the very existence of our nation, and to counteract the poison of Anti-nationalism. Again, its main business is to state facts, to spread knowledge of actual events, to record the public (and the private) utterances of active groups. Look down the Index of some forty articles in the first two volumes, September 1917–August 1918: "The Rank and File Movement," eight articles full of recorded facts and statements; "The Control of Industry"; "Profiteering and Finance"; "Conscription of Wealth"; "The No-Conscription Fellowship"; "Payment by Results," four articles; "National Guilds," three articles; "Leaving Certificates"; "The Socialist Labour Party"; "The Meaning of Syndicalism"; "British Socialist Party"; "The Block Vote"; "Equal Pay for Equal Work"; "The Embargo"; "The Minority Press." All of these essays are not so much matters of opinion as extracts from published documents and explanations of their meaning. It may be said: Are not these matters to be read in the daily Press? Only in a fragmentary way amid masses of diverse and urgent matter, which rarely clear up obscure trade disputes for the ordinary reader. Again, as the Government is usually concerned in any movement or dispute, the Censor suppresses any full statement of fact, much more any discussion, but the Pacifist and the Syndicalist conspirators manage to get in
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a garbled story of their own. For these reasons there is pressing need of an organ solely devoted to the cause of Industrial Peace, to tell Labour and Capital, Government and Public the true facts, and with perfect honesty and full knowledge to warn this nation of the tremendous problems it has to solve, if we are still to be a great Power and to have a world-wide Commonwealth.

Mr. W. L. Courtney's New Book

I have studied with much sympathy and instruction Mr. W. L. Courtney's new volume of essays—mainly criticism of drama ancient and modern, of which he is one of the very few scholarly masters. From Æschylus to Tree, from Demosthenes to Venizelos, from Sappho to Thomas Hardy, he passes with a sure touch as becomes an old Oxford don and a veteran dramatic critic. To me the special interest in these studies is the combination of classical learning with the playgoer's judgment and experience. The Porsons of University classrooms are not often seen at "first-nights" to-day. The critics who tell the public next morning what they ought to see are too often like a certain people, "sadly to seek" in Greek—and Æschylus, Aristophanes, and Euripides are all heathen Greek to them. But here we have a scholar who has entered into the very soul of Attic drama from his college days, who for years has been the unfailing arbiter for whose Plaudite managers and green-rooms are accustomed to wait.

1 Old Saws and Modern Instances. By W. L. Courtney, M.A., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 269. (Chapman and Hall, 1918.)
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Æschylus and Thomas Hardy

All that Mr. Courtney tells us of Æschylus in the first two essays gratifies me, for to me the greatest of tragedians is more than poet—he is at once an Isaiah, a Dante, and a Milton. His seven plays are my Bible—_nocturna versanda manu, versanda diurna_. So I welcome what Mr. Courtney says of "his lofty and pious mind." With profound lyrical gift his dramas are "philosophical essays touched with emotion." Would that those who crowd our theatres would read what a great modern critic has to tell us in his analyses of these immortal tragedies. His estimate of Æschylus is full of "Wise Saws"; not that it goes far enough for me. I have often said that the _Trilogy_ and _Prometheus_ are the greatest tragedies ever conceived by human genius. And why encumber the mighty Marathonian hero with "Modern Instances"—why "drag in" Mr. Thomas Hardy? I am a hearty believer in our prophet of Wessex, and I join in what Mr. Courtney says about Hardy as novelist and as thinker. But learned and acute essays entitled "Æschylus and Mr. Hardy" sound to me too much like "Isaiah and Dr. Inge." All four men in widely different poles of thought have much to tell us in their due sphere. But the intellectual leap from the awful son of Euphorion to the popular novelist is a gymnastic feat. It is like asking us to pass from the Parthenon to the Albert Memorial at Kensington. Æschylus has no fellow; he is alone, "remote, serene, and inaccessible." Nor does Thomas Hardy need any Plutarchian parallel. His great place in modern literature is assured.
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Mr. Courtney on the Drama

Excellent, too, is all that Mr. Courtney says of Aristophanes the Pacifist— but do not let us group Aristophanes and Mr. Snowden. As I call Æschylus the greatest of all tragedians, I call Aristophanes the greatest of all comedians; and his plays about the Peace parties are specially amusing now. Like Plutarch, Mr. Courtney brackets his men: Æschylus and Thomas Hardy, Euripides and Eugène Brieux, Demosthenes and Venizelos. One might as well say: Aristophanes and Bernard Shaw, Aspasia and— well!—George Sand. Mr. Courtney on Sappho and Aspasia is convincing as becomes a past-master of the Eternal Feminine. Just as he throws a fresh light on Attic drama by his familiarity with the modern stage, so as a student of Molière, Ibsen, and Pinero, and a protagonist in the New-Woman Cause, he makes Sappho and Aspasia live to us as do the characters in a novel by Hardy or James. Again, the estimate of Herbert Tree is generous, instructive, and true. Mr. Courtney does his friend ample justice, and yet he does not overrate his powers or deny his limitations. Though I am far away from being a playgoer (at least for many long years past), I saw a good deal of Tree once. He was a delightful friend, a keen and versatile spirit, and, with all its hopeless dilemmas and impossibilities, a zealous worker in the cause of a more intellectual stage. I grieved for him as a friend; and with Mr. Courtney I say now—How much has English drama lost now he is gone.

Italian Patriots of 1848

We all know that Italy has taken a noble part in the defence of civilisation, but I fear that few of
the present generation can fully understand what Italy was some sixty years ago under the cruel tyranny of Austria and her Ducal allies, under the Vatican and its black army, and the antique dismemberment of the glorious peninsula into weak and jealous provinces. Only those who were young in the revolutionary epoch of 1848 can conceive what the heroes of the Revival were to us—Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, Manin, Ricasoli, Poerio, d'Azeglio. To us they were what Hampden, Pym, Eliot, Cromwell were to the men who fifty years later broke the Stuart chain and made a free Britain. Hence, it was a happy thought of Countess Martinengo Cesaresco to issue a cheap and handy edition of her Italian Characters. An English lady, married into one of the great Lombard families which have bred soldiers and patriots since the time of Dante, now tells us the thrilling story of the devoted leaders of the people who after long trials and defeats finally made United Italy. Countess Evelyn Martinengo wrote the admirable Life of Cavour in the "Foreign Statesmen Series," edited by Prof. J. B. Bury, of Cambridge, and her Lombard Studies and other books are well known. The palace on the shore of the Lago di Garda has been converted into a sanatorium for the wounded, and she has held on amongst her own people there within reach of Austrian bombs. Her Lives of Italian patriots should be known to our soldiers in the Italian campaign.

Admiral Sir C. Napier

A happy chance has put into my hands the original letters from famous statesmen, soldiers,

1 Italian Characters in the Epoch of Unification. 12mo, pp. 380. (T. Nelson and Sons.) 2s.
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sailors, and princes written to Admiral Sir Charles Napier between 1830 and 1860. These letters, carefully preserved by his granddaughter, formed the material for both the biographies of the old sea-dog, the Life by his stepson, Col. Elers Napier, 1862, and also the recent work by H. Noel Williams, 1917. How strange it is to read the dispatches of Lord Palmerston about the brilliant capture of Acre and Beyrout and the fight with Mehemet Ali in Egypt, which after nearly eighty years again come to the front. And then the dispatches of Lord Russell, Sir James Graham, and the Admiralty during the Baltic expedition in the Crimean War. How surely all that has happened in this war justifies the Admiral—first in his belief of the great opportunity that Syria opened to British arms; secondly, in his sound refusal to attack great fortresses by ships alone. The vices of our administrative system seem to be inveterate. Again we have had the arrogant assumption of civilian rulers to control practical officers, the same want of provision for adequate supplies, and the same want of unity in strategy by the hide-bound traditions of our home authorities. The public at last have remedied these evils, just as public opinion at last justified Napier. With all his faults of self-will and temper, "Charlie" was a seaman of action and of insight. The story of his struggles with the politicians reads like much we now know about the earliest phases of the present war.

The Crescent and the Cross, 1845

After reading the Admiral's account of Syria, Constantinople, and Egypt, I took down that delightful book, The Crescent and the Cross, 1845, by Eliot Warburton. Well do I recall the delight it
gave us when it appeared along with Kinglake's *Eothen*, and well do I remember the shock of the author's premature death in the burning at sea of the s.s. *Amazon*. Do our young people to-day who love the slangy stories of "Our Motor Outings," "A Run Round the Pacific," or "The Girl on Mount Ararat" know *The Crescent and the Cross*? I do not see it in a cheap reprint, though it ran through ten editions in a few years. How vivid, and how clear-sighted, are Warburton's pictures of Egypt, the Nile, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, with what pure and graceful English, with what poetic touch, with what insight into foreign habits and ideas! I always thought it on the whole even a more pleasant book of travels than *Eothen*, less witty, but more generous, more graceful, of a broader nature. Why not turn to it to-day now that Cairo, Jerusalem, Lebanon, and Damascus are in every mouth? And be it remembered that this was a picture of the true East, the native Crescent, the simple Cross, eighty years ago, not yet touristied, Cooked, steam- and rail-smoked, till it seems almost a Houndsditch variety of the Holy Land. This was the East that we saw generations back, before it was vulgarised to imitate the West. To turn Juvenal into prose and the modern world—

*jam pridem Thamesis defluxit in Nilum et in Orontem.*
PART XII

Alsace-Lorraine

[November 1.]

O

F all the international problems which the settlement of Europe presents, the most urgent, the most complex, the most vital, is that of Alsace-Lorraine. And I have studied with great interest and sympathy a new book by a jurist of authority and learning: Alsace Lorraine, Past, Present and Future, by Coleman Phillipson, LL.D. (Fisher Unwin, 8vo, 1918.) This is a book which everyone who speaks or writes on war problems is bound to master. That country was truly "the virtual cause of the war"; and its future will be the key to the permanent peace of Europe. Dr. Phillipson is well known as an international lawyer by his previous works, International Law and the Great War, and Termination of War and Treaties of Peace (same publishers); and in the new book on Alsace-Lorraine (8vo, pp. 327) he discusses the past, the present, and the future of both provinces with exhaustive learning, rigid impartiality, and statesmanlike good sense. We have enough of violent and absolute protests, first from German and then from French partisans. Our own public men, in office, on the platform, and in the Press, have looked on the problem too often as being simple, and with but moderate knowledge of all its intricacies. They should study Dr. Phillipson and see that it bristles with dilemmas, and raises a mass of indirect and also direct questions which must be faced if permanent
peace is to be reached. This book, whilst fully explaining both the German and the French claims and interests, may be said rather to state the whole problem from the point of view of Alsace-Lorraine itself, and of the Alsatians and Lorrainers, who reside in it, who have quitted it, and who have settled in it.

Its Varied History

The history of Alsace and of Lorraine, until modern times quite distinct provinces, is exceedingly curious and varied, and is still perhaps in its details and its consequences known only to students of history. In the third chapter Dr. Phillipson discusses the story in its changing aspects from Caesar down to the settlement of 1815. In the fourth chapter he narrates the annexation of 1871; in the fifth and sixth chapters he treats the Bismarckian settlement and the French and native protests against it. He then expounds from the best authorities the German claims to these regions; first, on historical grounds of nationality, race, and language; secondly, on military grounds of defence, conquest, and force of treaties. Chapter IX. describes the German régime from 1871 down to 1914, with the alterations as to race, language, institutions, and economics, which took place in those forty-three years. Chapter X. describes the rise and development of the Nationalist movement from 1874 down to the Declaration of the two local Chambers in 1917. In Chapter XI. he describes, as before from authoritative statements and documents, the three phases of French feeling: (a) revanche, (b) causes of its evanescence, and (c) its revival under the stress of war and its acceptance by British and American politicians.
The Problems to Solve

So far Dr. Phillipson's book deals with the political and international problems of Alsace and of Lorraine: matter essential for any adequate treatment of their future. The other six chapters are the kernel of the work, for they deal, systematically and from authoritative papers, with all the possible solutions of this problem, none of which are either simple or practical unless with careful modifications. First comes the obvious, and no longer Utopian, solution of re-annexation to France. Dr. Phillipson perhaps overrates (p. 236) such a complete prostration of Germany as would force her to surrender the provinces. But he shows from the mouth of patriotic Alsatians how many things have to be reorganised before the two provinces can enter integrally into the French Republic. Forty-seven years of strenuous action by German government, industry, and wealth, by continuous emigration and immigration, by the union of Alsace and Lorraine in a new local patriotism of their own, have deeply modified the practical conditions as well as the opinion, hopes, and necessities of the resident population. There is the old German cry (not altogether false) that Metz and Strassburg constitute sally-ports into Germany. Then comes the question of the original French Departments and their local administration, long extinct and superseded by far more scientific systems. Then comes language, and it seems only a minority use the French, and there are no possible local divisions by the language test. The legal system is German, not French; the substitution of a new legal system is a difficult and vexatious problem. The same is true of industrial, commercial, fiscal, educational, and religious organisation. All these have to be solved.
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Autonomy Proposed

In his thirteenth chapter Dr. Phillipson treats the crucial problem of the coal, iron, and mineral wealth of the disputed provinces. It is a highly technical question full of vital interests both to France and to Germany which alone has created its immense modern importance. The fourteenth chapter discusses the problem of autonomy of the provinces within the German Empire, which the German Socialists proposed even in 1917. But it is obvious that this solution would be repudiated by France, even if accepted or claimed by the present population. Another solution is the virtual independence of Alsace-Lorraine as a neutralised State, guaranteed by a League of Nations, as proposed in 1871, and worked out in a systematic scheme at the International League of Peace and Liberty held at Geneva in 1884. This might be an Alsace-Lorraine Republic, neutralised as is Luxemburg by European treaties, not like Belgium, but without an army or fortresses, its independence guaranteed by the combined League of Nations in the pacific Europe. It would be a real "buffer State," resting not on "paper," but on the armed Powers of United Europe, and thus no longer a cause of war between Germany and France. This solution is fairly discussed by Dr. Phillipson. But, as in the case of all the other proposed solutions, it must be conditional on a free, legalised, and unmistakable vote of the population involved.

Possible Compromises

A genuine and unrestricted expression of wishes by Alsatians and Lorrainers themselves is the key
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to the whole problem, and this in all its aspects is discussed in the final Chapter XVII. There is much to be said both for and against any kind of plébiscite, and there are many cases in which it may be inapplicable. This Dr. Phillipson believes to be a very suitable case for it. He quite recognises the force of the French contention that to hold a referendum is to ignore or reject the French claim of right. But he quotes views of the British Labour Party, of the French Socialist and of the German Socialist Parties, that the wishes of the population are paramount to State rights of former generations. There is the popular formula of "no annexations." There is the question of "mixed" marriages between Germans and French. There is the immense change by emigration and immigration. Out of one million and a half in 1871, 160,000 asked to continue French; but not half of these actually left. In 1900 about 500,000 French had emigrated and 300,000 Germans had immigrated. The compromise suggested is to hold a plébiscite of (1) domiciled native males of legal age, (2) of domiciled native spinster or widows, (3) of domiciled naturalised inhabitants, neither French nor German, (4) German immigrants with a ten years' domicile, (5) of Alsatian and Lorraine emigrants, men, spinsters, and widows who have emigrated within the last ten years. I do not pretend to decide on this difficult problem. Dr. Phillipson evidently inclines to this solution, and he believes that a vote would result in favour of "neutralised independence" of the two provinces as a free solid republic. I express no other opinion but this, that if an appeal to the population is made, it should be carried out by the United States republican machinery, the American army being in sole occupation and control.
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The Spoliation of Denmark

Let it not be forgotten that it was Bismarck, in 1862, who really began the orgy of rapine of which we are witnessing the crash: William II. in 1914 merely parodied and exaggerated the aims of his ancestors which Bismarck had reduced to a science. He began with the spoliation of Denmark, continued with the humiliation of Austria, and closed with the plunder of France. But throughout his diplomatic career Bismarck treated all the smaller States as matter of negotiations—"diplomatic fodder"—between the great Powers. From 1866 down to 1870 our own Government was kept continually informed of the various territorial claims and territorial concessions which he proposed as subjects of his bargain. The Netherlands, Belgium, Luxemburg, were treated by him as countries to be handed about by secret conventions. He would not object to France indemnifying herself at the expense of Belgium, if Prussia could do the same with Holland and Luxemburg. Bismarck's dealings with Benedetti, the Ambassador of France, were simply a cardsharper's trick. When the British Government in 1867 pointed out to Bismarck, in the tangle of secret negotiations, that Belgium was guaranteed as a neutral by the European Powers, he replied that "a guarantee in these days is of little value." So it was Bismarck in 1867—not Bethmann-Hollweg in 1914—who concocted the formula of "scrap of paper." It has been for half a century the catchword of Prussian chanceries, the creed of the German people.

Britain Responsible

The career of "Bismarckism," an international plague which, on platforms and by pen, I have not
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cesed to denounce for more than half a century, began with the dismemberment of Denmark in 1864—which of all the blunders and treacheries committed by British statesmen was the most shameful. Britain was bound by the treaty of 1852 to protect the integrity of Denmark—and eleven years afterwards Britain abandoned that maritime nation to her fate—abandoned it in the most wanton and cynical manner, after advising her to resist aggression, and in the face of Parliament promising our aid. Denmark, with its immense coast, practically a nest of islands in the Baltic, was a land which the British fleet could have saved against a Prussia then without a navy. We told the Great Powers we would fight to save Denmark, we told our own people that we would—and we ran away. The Whig braggarts who talked about civis Romanus when they wanted to bully Greece in 1850, allowed our Teutophile dynasty to override them. Well might Lord Salisbury say that time could not efface the stain on the honour of England. It is the foulest blot on the escutcheon of England. The spirits of all the victims of U-boat massacre seem still to cry aloud to their countrymen: “Why did you ever suffer Kiel to pass to the hands of pirates?” It is not too late to redress the crimes and the treachery by which Slesvig was torn from the Danes. It must be restored at the peace restitutions, or else “the meteor flag of England” should be flown half-mast high. We owe the Danes two acts of “reparation”—one of the battle of 1801, another of the desertion of 1864. Cannot we say again:

“Ye are brothers! Ye are men!
And we conquer but to save.”

Or was Prince Gortchakoff right when he said:

“England never fights on a point of her honour”? 

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The Value of Memoirs

This is an age of personal Memoirs: it is right that it should be. Those of us who have some seventy or eighty years of memory to recall have witnessed the most tremendous evolution in the history of mankind. The European Revolution of 1848—itself the product of the revolution and of the new world that was heralded in the eighteenth century—led on to drastic changes in the political, moral, economic, material, and spiritual domain, ending in the ecumenic upheaval that is around us to-day. New things, new thoughts, new hopes, such as this earth never imagined, have been born in the seventy years that separate 1848 from 1918. Those of us who have seen and understood all this have a message to deliver to the present and to the future. Would that we had more intimate Memoirs of the Augustan age, the Carlian age, of the Renascence and the Reformation. Changes mightier than any of those times have come about in the last seventy years. And all competent witnesses of them should be heard.

Mrs. Humphry Ward

Now Mrs. Humphry Ward is a very competent witness of one thread of the Victorian fabric; and I have read with much interest her Recollections;¹ for I have an intimate knowledge of the Oxford, of the political and literary world she describes. My own life and my Oxford times preceded hers

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by twenty years; I belonged to another school, had many other friends, and different interests. From my own recollections I can heartily recommend Mrs. Ward’s vignettes as true and graceful portraits of so many whom I have known both at home and in public: such as the Arthur Stanleys, the W. E. Forsters, the Gladstones, the Morleys, the G. H. Lewes, Pattisons, Huxleys, Creightons—Liddon, Jowett, Acton, Henry James, Pater, Browning, Tennyson, Renan, Scherer, Gambetta—including, of course, the authoress and her husband. May I say with what pleasure I have read the studies Mrs. Ward gives us of these and of so many others I can recall? I have written about most of these myself, and I am glad to see in how many traits we agree. My own few lines were meant as summary estimates of their intellectual position and their public influence. Mrs. Ward, as becomes so eminent a writer of romance, has given us brilliant portraits of these men and women as they looked, lived, and spoke to a sympathetic friend, having the magic of a woman’s art.

The Arnold Family

The early chapters about the mother, sons, and family of the Arnolds are a really touching piece of biography, and what is more, a genuine contribution to Victorian psychology. Arnold of Rugby was a great moral force, whatever his narrowness, his conventions, and his dogged orthodoxy. The singular thing is that his disciples, his apostles, his children, and his grandchildren have broken out in ways so different from his and from each other. This Anglican Luther seems the parent of English Voltaires, Diderots, de Maistres, Renans, and Saint Beuves. For my part, my master at Oxford, and
in no small degree in after life, was an eminent Rugbeian colleague of Dr. Arnold. At Oxford I lived entirely in the Rugby circle, and my closest friends were typical products of Rugby School, and of Rugby ideals. Positivist as I am, I am intellectually and morally a proselyte of the Rugby Gate. I cannot subscribe to all the beautiful things Mrs. Ward says of Matt, for I was his contemporary critic, not his devoted niece. At least, I am a fervent admirer of his poems, as I have often said. To me his verses, if deficient in music, are the most profound in thought of the whole Victorian age. Again, I cannot join in the rapturous tribute to Jowett, nor to "Old Pat." They were two of the examiners for my degree; I knew them in lectures, in their homes, and in their writings; and not being their admiring pupil I am perhaps a more impartial witness of their limitations as well as of their services to thought.

Friends of the Arnolds

Mrs. Ward's task, and it is that of a lady friend and an imaginative writer, is to tell us how these famous leaders of the academic, the literary, and the political world looked as she saw them in society and in their homes. And she paints them with a woman's sympathy and a master hand. There may be too much about the Arnold clan: but to be an "Arnold" is an asset in the social and literary world. I enjoy them all: Matt, Tom, Willy, Jane, Mary, old Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Wordsworth, J. R. Green, Alfred Lyall, George Howard, and Stopford Brooke. Of all these cinema portraits none are more life-like than those of "Aunt Jane," of the group at Rydal Mount, that kindred group at Fox How, of Laura Tennant and the "Souls,"
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of Henry James, and the visits to Rome. I was the guest of the Forsters at Warfedale—would that she could have endowed her rugged husband with something of her own culture, sobriety, and grace—I knew the Eliot Nortons at Shady Hill; I know that Lake country, those Surrey commons and glades; Rome and the Campagna, the manifold world of the Eternal City of the Vatican. All these pictures, both of interiors and of landscapes, are fascinating in themselves and make up a suggestive background to Mrs. Ward's own novels, which gain from them new colour and charm.

The Oxford Modernism

As my own interests lie, not in imaginative literature, but in the development of modern thought, it is from this ground that I dwell on Mrs. Ward's book. It unveils the inner working of the Academic mind on the progress of our time. That Academic mind—that Oxford mind—was assuredly a power in the Victorian age. I was bred in it, I am of it, I feel it still, I honour it. But let us remember that it was only one of the powers, even a subordinate power, beside that of Science, Truth, Social reorganisation. This graceful, learned poetic Arnoldism, Elsmereism, Jowettsim was a critical rather than a constructive movement—dispersive, sceptical, vague, cloudy. It took many incompatible forms, evaded any definite doctrine, had many doubts, and no positive creed. As I told Matthew Arnold, he talked of the Church like a witty Abbé in a pre-Revolution salon. As I told Mrs. Ward herself when I discussed with her Robert Elsmere and Richard Meynell, it would be hopeless to find any stable resting-place in this Anglican Modernism. As I
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told the authors of Essays and Reviews in 1860, the idea of Churchmen making a new Reformation within the Church when they did not believe in any literal sense the Apostles' Creed was futile and dishonest.

Neo-Christianity

What has become of this Neo-Christianity? What are its aims, organisation, doctrines, apostles? What does it offer or teach to the amazing new social world on which we are entering? What have Arnold, Jowett, Green, Pattison, their schools and successors, to guide us as intellectual leaders in the tremendous welter of New Thought—of New Society—on which we must enter with the World Peace? What have they to say about the Union of Nations, about Socialism, about Democracy, about women's work and task? Mrs. Ward herself has done far more in the way of social renovation than Arnold, Pattison, and Jowett ever dreamed of, and her public services therein are no less valuable than her very thoughtful, truly graceful tales. By her art, by her wise and humane work in the cause of women and of the young, she has done what no modernist, English or French, could do. But the attempt to solve the problems of religion by affirming that they have "no intellectual answer" is to admit that Truth is a matter of indifference. It is to play about that vital axiom of life, when you dream of founding a new Christian Church, whilst you believe the Creeds to be antique formulas and the Gospels to be confused traditions. If you find that the only Creed or Gospel left is the idea of "a Divine Life"—this can only be what each believer thinks may be good, humane, and hopeful. To the pure,
humane, cultured soul this may be enough and issue in a good and happy life. As the Gospel of a Church to be preached to the masses, to the ignorant, the worldly, the average man and woman, it is too vague and unsubstantial to eradicate self, to inspire virtue, purity, good faith.

Dr. James Sully’s *Life*

A study of a different and more serious side of Victorian Thought will be found in Dr. James Sully’s *Life and Friends* (Fisher Unwin, 1918). Having known him, and almost every one of his literary friends, having visited almost all the countries he describes, as myself now a Wessex man, and some eleven years his senior, I have followed with sympathy as well as curiosity this honest record of a laborious philosopher’s life. It serves to correct any view of the later nineteenth century as seen from Church, the ancient Universities, the Social and Official world. James Sully’s career came from a stout Baptist home, out of the Radical party of Bright, Cobden, and Miall, from the philosophic age of Mill, Bain, and Herbert Spencer. Thence he worked his way on through a College for Baptist Ministers, two German Universities, the London periodical Press, travels in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Norway, to various Provincial Colleges and lecture rooms, to the publication of solid books on Psychology, to the Chair of Grote Professor at University College, and the London world of letters. It is a story worth telling, and it is well told. I have been myself almost equally in both camps and often as a somewhat detached observer. So I enjoy the confessions of this very sensitive, very sincere, observant, introspective student of Psychology.
Nonconformists in 1860

Dr. Sully tells us with winning naïveté the aims and beliefs of a sterling Nonconformist family and society in the West Country in Mid-Victorian times—a society of which the numbers and the power are in our day so much reduced. It was the ground out of which modern Liberalism and Socialism have grown. It was created by the upheaval of 1832, and it has almost disappeared in the upheaval of 1914. My own life, almost my memory, covers the whole 82 years. Dr. Sully gives us a faithful picture of one element of this epoch, but it is only one: the Church, the Universities, the British Constitution and British Society represent another element. But Carlyle, Darwin, French and German Socialism, and Auguste Comte, have each had something to say to our insular minds. Dr. Sully calls his book *My Life*, but it is hardly a model of Autobiography. He does not tell us the date of his birth, nor the name or origin of his mother. He is curiously reticent or shy about his own domestic circle. Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, we come upon this (on page 127): “In 1868 I married: incurring, apparently, no serious risk—.” But he does not tell us the lady’s name, nor her origin, nor how they came to meet. “We” occurs at times in the book, but we know no more of Mrs. Sully, so we hope the “serious risk” developed into married happiness. Later on (page 148) we learn “the arrival of a little girl,” so we suppose it was all right. But the author of *Studies of Childhood* might have let us into the psychology of his own household. Not a word of the sort. This is not the way to write a “Life” of any one—much less an Autobiography.
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His Literary Friends

Though Dr. Sully tells us so little of his married life he candidly describes his struggles to professorial office, his literary ventures, and his travels abroad. It would be most unfair to find egoism in all this. The very business of anything autobiographic is to record what the writer saw, heard, and felt. We veterans whose crowded memories force us to do this are told that we are egotists if we do, and dull if we do not. All of this in his book gives me at least very lively interest, being as I am so near to his friends, and familiar with the places he visited, all which may be connu to many others. But the valuable part of the whole seems to me to be Part II., the seven chapters of what he calls "Pen Portraits of Friends." Now, I knew all of these myself, some of them with a much longer and closer intimacy of mind than Dr. Sully. And I bear witness that they are all truthful and vivid portraits. Of some no doubt his opportunities of studying his sitter were limited. But his psychologic subtlety of observation and his extremely sensitive nature give him something of that delicate personality which women impart to their portraits of friends. In what I have ever written about these men and women I had in mind the sum of the effect of their work on the world. Dr. Sully is chiefly recalling the effect they produced on his imagination and his heart when he found them in their libraries or their homes. His written text follows the excellent photographic portraits by which his book is illustrated. Like these photographs, his "pen portraits" tell us how these men and women looked to him and how their expression and presence touched his feelings. One often cherishes a photograph of a friend. But
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a photograph does not reveal what a friend has done—seldom, indeed, what a friend has been.

G. Eliot—G. Meredith

The account of the Leweses in the Priory is good enough as a snapshot of the party there on a Sunday afternoon, and as a study of George Eliot is worth having. I wish that Dr. Sully had known more of her, and certainly more of George Henry Lewes, who was a far too important thinker to be dismissed by George Meredith’s gibes. Very good, too, is Sully’s portrait of J. Cotter Morison, of whom also I think my own “In Memoriam” address gives a more complete estimate. I am glad to find our author doing justice to Morison’s inexhaustible elasticity of mind and ebullient heart. Dr. Sully knew little but the outside of Herbert Spencer, though he evidently recognises his great philosophical importance. He knew Leslie Stephen far better, and so did I, and I heartily sympathise with all Dr. Sully records of Leslie’s superb critical acumen and his feats as a climber and a pedestrian. I, too, have tramped with Leslie over the heaths of Surrey and the snows of Mont Blanc, and have worked at his side at the British Museum and in the London Library. To every word of Dr. Sully’s eulogy of Stephen I utter: “Yes! so say we all!” But perhaps the most attractive of all Dr. Sully’s portraits is that of George Meredith—whom I have known both for a longer time and in more varied ways than Dr. Sully has done. Indeed, I think the sketch of Meredith at home and in a circle of his own has never been given with a touch so sympathetic, so feminine, as in this book by Dr. Sully. I wish he had given us more Meredithiana. But the one irritating defect I
notice in the book is a way of alluding to persons whom he declines to name, and of mentioning "brilliant remarks" and "piquant anecdotes" which he has either forgotten or would keep to himself.

**Women Novelists**

A thoroughly useful account of the splendid development of women's romance in the 140 years since *Evelina* is to be found in Mr. R. Brimley Johnson's *Women Novelists* (Collins and Co.). His four protagonists of course are Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot; but between each he gives a summary account of the women novelists of intermediate dates. There is sound judgment in all of these studies. Mr. Johnson is an ardent admirer of each of his principal writers; he sees clearly their points of contrast; he is not blind to their mannerisms and their defects. He is specially interested in two things: first, the rise, evolution, and idiosyncrasy of women's novels; secondly, the different tone—as we now say, the angle of vision—between women as seen by women and men as seen by men. It is clearly right to take Fanny Burney as the true founder of women's novels, in spite of her egregious faults, especially in her later works, to take Jane Austen as faultless and matchless in her own modest rôle, to treat Charlotte Brontë as a lonely genius that cannot be classified or paired, to treat George Eliot as a mind far wider and deeper, even if she wanted the passion of a Brontë, and the exquisite art of miniature of an Austen. It was a happy idea to trace the development of women's romance for a century and a half as an independent and fruitful form of art, as it really is. It is best
understood when studied historically without reference to Richardson, Scott, or Thackeray. And Mr. Johnson does this with wide knowledge and sound judgment of the whole field of romance. The curiosity of readers and authors will be allayed if we assure them that no living person is named by this critic.

Irish Convention and Sinn Fein

Politicians who speak or write on Irish problems should study The Irish Convention and Sinn Fein, by Warre B. Wells and N. Marlowe (Maunsel and Co., 1918). It is a careful documentary history of all sides and actors in all Irish questions from July, 1916, down to May, 1918. This impartial story shows how absurd is the claim of any leader or any party in Ireland to represent the Irish Nation. No one—neither de Valera, nor Dillon, nor Carson can speak for “Ireland.” There are three Irelands, not one; and whatever their numbers, not very unequally ranged in real strength, if the wealth, intelligence, union, and resolution of each be respectively estimated. When Labour men, Mr. Asquith’s men, American or Colonial men, cry out to the Coalition “to settle the Irish problem,” they well know that it is an impossible dilemma. It is agreed by all that Ireland is not to be delivered over to Bolshevik civil war. To reconcile irreconcilables is a futile task. To revive now the act of 1914 means civil war. Irish and British malcontents call out to make Home Rule without civil war. As well say: Make bricks without straw and without clay. They do not show how it can be done. Let the eight million women voters try if women’s wit cannot untie the Gordian knot of British politics.
The greatest of all our perils as a free people is over! The greatest of all our triumphs as a stalwart nation is won! Perhaps the hardest of all our tasks as leaders of a new era is at hand! In the noble utterance of the Prime Minister in the Commons—he bore himself as the Chief of a great people should bear himself at the hour of deliverance and hope—it was truly said: “This is no time for words—our hearts are too full.” Yes! too full of gratitude to those by whom our salvation has been achieved; of grief for all that we have lost; of awe for the future on which we have to enter. King, Parliament, People, have never shown their true nature more honourably than in this end of Horror and opening of Hope. It is no time for words: and I will waste none on the past.

Union now Indispensable

When in January last I began this series of Occasional Thoughts, I ventured to utter a warning against the danger threatening Europe from Russian anarchy, lest the national war might pass from thence into a class war. And now in December, as I close this series, I still look with anxiety on symptoms of unrest, faction, and civil war in germ, which may try us as deeply as four years of war. We are surrounded by a circle of imperious problems to solve—of the United Kingdom—of the Empire—of the Constitution—of Finance—of Industry. Some are vitally urgent; some are immensely complex; some are immature visions; some even are criminal projects.
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The one hope for meeting all our tasks lies in Union. To break up the Union which has won this War would bring down this Peace to our ruin. We are to choose a new Parliament under conditions never yet attempted in our country—or in any other country. Can we not for at least one Parliament more retain the Combination of Parties, postpone old sections, old watchwords, stale formulæ, marching together as the two Chief Leaders passed side by side, after the Speaker, to St. Margaret’s Church. Can we not trust the greatest War Minister in our history to lead us to an even greater and more enduring victory in the reorganisation of Peace at home and abroad?
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