NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Triple Alliance has done well to take no notice of the incontinent announcement made by the “Daily News” that “prices are coming down at last.” It may be the case that in a few seasonal articles or on account of over-stocking individual prices here and there show a momentary tendency to fall; but it cannot be too emphatically impressed on the consumer in general that the level of prices shows no signs of falling, and that, in fact, it is still rising. There is no need for intelligence to be alarmed by the fact, however severe a strain it may put upon fixed incomes. The rise in the level of prices is not a mysterious phenomenon like, let us say, the occasional rise of the Seine or the Thames, about which people can freely exercise their imagination in the absence of an explanation of the weather. The cause of high prices is now perfectly well known: it is as well known as the cause of the speed of an aeroplane or the carrying power of a steamship; that is to say, it is known to the point of exact calculability. What is more, the causes of high prices turn out to be, not past the wit of man to control, but well within the power of existing groups of ordinarily intelligent men. We assert with complete confidence that a single determined Trade Union, still more the Triple Alliance, could so act and direct its policy that the present level of prices could be substantially reduced within a few weeks at the utmost. Either we are mad in saying it the calculation of our governing classes (the classes, that is to say, who fix prices) are dishonest to a criminal degree. On the other hand, if we are neither, what is more the case that the Trade Unions and the Labour movement are subject to judgment, for are they not by their power and policy able to affect society to a degree little short of that of Parliament itself? And if it is not “folly and impertinence” to deal faithfully with Trade Union leaders who are not, as yet, Members of Parliament, why should it be wrong to deal faithfully with the elected leaders of the Labour movement? The submission of the Labour movement to criticism should, indeed, be all the more discovering any cause for alarm. And we may be sure that they will do it.

The “Daily Herald,” which now depends in part for its finances on the goodwill of Trade Union leaders, deprecates what it calls the “badgering” of Labour leaders, on the ground that until their Unions repudiate them it is “folly and impertinence” for anybody else to call them “unrepresentative” or “traitors.” This, however, is to take a parochial view both of the function of Trade Unions and the function of the citizen. If, as citizens, nothing, however small, concerning the welfare of society can be beyond our province, it is much more the case that the Trade Unions and the Labour movement are subject to judgment, for are they not by their power and policy able to affect society to a degree little short of that of Parliament itself? And if it is not “folly and impertinence” to deal faithfully with Members of Parliament, why should it be wrong to deal faithfully with the elected leaders of the Labour movement? The submission of the Labour movement to criticism should, indeed, be all the more discovering any cause for alarm. And we may be sure that they will do it.

As a result of the “badgering” to which objection has been taken, the Triple Alliance, on the motion, we
are told, of Mr. Frank Hodges, has now determined
to invite the Trade Union Congress, the Labour Party,
and the Co-operative movement to join with the Triple
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a plan for reduction to be submitted to the Government
with a view to inducing the Government to take such
action as will substantially reduce the present cost of
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faction we record this resolution or with how much
hope we look forward to the investigations of the Com-
mittee that is to be appointed. It is not too much to
say that the existence of civilisation is at stake at this
period of the world's history; that its survival depends
upon the discovery and application of the right solu-
tion of the problem of prices; and that the Triple
Alliance, as the most powerful and representative organ
of Labour in England or in the world, has both the
opportunity and the duty of saving civilisation.
Whether the Triple Alliance is equal to the occasion
either as regards breadth of view or absence of pre-
judice we do not know. There are signs that the
conclusions to which the Committee will come are
already formulated in the most reactionary minds of
the Labour movement; and that, in fact, the Com-
mittee, even before it is constituted, is doomed to sterility. On the other hand, and the immediate situation.
It is not a matter of experts, for it was in a speech
which Major Douglas has presented in these pages, it
may be taken that the Committee is not of a mind or a
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deeply into the nature of capitalism, and to emerge in the shortest possible time with an immediately practical idea for dealing with it. We hope that Mr. Bevin of Bristol rather than Mr. Bevin of London will attend the Inquiry. In fact, we hope the Inquiry will aim at making history rather than a Report.

The inclusion of the Co-operative movement in the Inquiry should make for practicability. Since the Co-operative movement has hitherto concerned itself almost exclusively with practice. Moreover, in the Co-operative Bank and in the long experience of the Main Finance Committee of the Co-operative Wholesale Society the movement has both the knowledge and the organization to do something more than the somewhat servile service of "submitting to the Government" a plan "with a view to inducing the Government to take such action, etc." After all, the Co-operative movement has been accustomed, unlike the Trade Union movement during these latter years, to acting for and by itself, without the pre-condition of approval of the Government. The Co-operative movement has not arrived at its present state of organisation by "inducing" the Government to do this or that, but by putting its shoulder to its own wheel and accepting responsibility for the carrying out of its policy. We are not, of course, contending that the Co-operative movement or any similar movement is entitled to act by itself upon all occasions regardless of the condition of the community or of the Government. All we mean to imply is that the habit of initiative within the general ambit of the socially permissible is good; and that the Co-operative movement, much more than the Trade Union and Labour movement, has acquired it. From this, further, we draw the hopeful conclusion that the Co-operative element in the proposed Triple Alliance Committee of Inquiry may be able to "induce" the Committee to adopt a practical programme of reform in advance of the attempt to "induce" the Government to sanction it. It is perfectly true, we believe, that no scheme to reduce prices can become operative without the consent of the State; but it is equally true that the "inducement" to the State to consent would be all the greater if the Labour movement were prepared to carry on without it. In so far as the Co-operative movement has already a trained personnel, its share in providing such an "inducement" is not negligible. We can undertake, with the instrument now being forged, to bring down prices several hundred per cent, at once with corresponding advantages to every man, woman and child in the country; only the "system" would be transformed in the process. Is the Co-operative movement practical enough to do that?

For what it means without further explanation the cause of high prices may be said to be the "inflation of purchasing power;" in other words, the manufacture of "money" (or its equivalent) without corresponding and simultaneous manufacture of commodities. This "inflation of credit" or "manufacture of purchasing power" is not, however, the work of the Government alone, as various people for various reasons have now trying to make out: it arises whenever and for reasons of reasons without an instantly accompanying and equivalent creation of commodities; in other words, in the ordinary conditions of capitalist trade and even in the very machinery of the costing-price system. In view of the above facts, the present concentration of Labour's slow concentration upon the element of Credit in the problem of Prices, to represent the Government and Government extravagance as the main cause of inflation and hence of high prices, it is absolutely necessary to be on guard against this form of Capitalism itself. The sins of the Government must not be allowed to be a cloak for the crimes of Capitalism; and, above all, the Commit-
other words, the cost of everything into which money enters will rise as inevitably as sparks fly upward. The cost of Treasury accommodation will affect likewise the repayment of the loan and, still more immediately, the funding of the floating debt; it will, in fact, affect everything to our detriment. Mr. Chamberlain, to do his advisers justice, appears to see this; and even, as far as he is able, to feel it as well. He cannot, however, be said to be doing his best for the country until he resigns.

Mr. Frank Hodges' policy has for some time been unintelligible; and to deepen the mystery we have now come upon him preaching with Mr. Brace at Newbridge the doctrine of Greater Production. "If you produce to the last ounce of your capacity," Mr. Brace, the ex-Cabinet Minister, told the unfortunate miners of South Wales, "things needful for human life, you will be unable to reduce the cost of living, complain as you may"; and Mr. Hodges, in less sensational but, no doubt, quite as efficacious terms, has denounced his clients to the same effect. Is it absolutely useless to invite Mr. Brace and Mr. Hodges to think what they are saying before they use their influence over the miners to persuade them to produce more in the certainty of consuming less? We have set out in these pages over and over again in black and white the fallacy contained in the current demand for greater production. Readers who read without intellectual honesty have charged us with preaching less production or, at any rate, with opposing increased production in general; but, in truth, all that we have done is to oppose increased production of the kind of goods that the present system inevitably demands. Mr. Brace talks, for instance, of the greater production of "things needful for human life"—what, on earth, is the assurance that these will be made in the absence of a corresponding purchasing power among the masses of the people? Has a Welsh miner the least reason to expect that his greater production of coal will enable him to buy a greater amount of bread or clothing or house-room or the common necessaries of life? It is obvious that the bulk of the coal produced in the country, apart from domestic consumption, is either exported or employed in the manufacture of machinery—that is to say, in the means to consumable articles of necessity, but not at all in these articles directly. It follows as the night to the day that the last ounce of the miner's capacity may be expended in increasing his output of coal without affecting in the least degree his purchasing power reckoned in terms of other commodities. What, it appears to us, is obligatory on Mr. Brace and Mr. Hodges, the paid agents, be it understood, of the miners, in so far as they increased expenditure of their clients' energy will infallibly be followed by the increased purchasing power of their clients' wages. Since it is certain that neither of them is in a position to prove this sequence, their advocacy of increased production may be taken for what it is worth.

It is not in this respect alone that Mr. Hodges has got himself into worse than intellectual difficulties. In pursuit of his mistaken policy he has now found himself compelled to advocate not only increased production regardless of its effect upon purchasing power, but, if it can be believed, the increased export of coal. Like any capitalist intent on exporting as large a "surplus" of production over consumption as possible, Mr. Hodges now speaks of the "vital importance of retaining our exports of coal!" and doubts the possibility that the Government can be so foolish as to keep more coal in the country. The immediate explanation of Mr. Hodges' strange position is obvious: the miners have recently had an advance in wages which for the present the "foreigner" has been made to pay in increased export prices. If the amount of coal henceforward to be exported is diminished, the extra wages now charged to the foreigner must either be added to the home price or paid by State subsidy; for it is scarcely conceivable that they can either be taken out of profits or, if reduced, to view of the strength of the owners' and workers' organisations respectively. Making the home consumer pay, however, is, apart from its unpopularity, a short way round to the annulment of the advantage of the increased wages. In short, either the "foreigner" must pay or the workers must, and that is the argument to which Mr. Hodges has been reduced. It may occur to so able a man, to such a brain as the "Times" declares his to be, that his ability and intelligence have been put to an imperfect use, if all they have to show for their work is a proposition on the face of it absurd. High wages, it appears, provided that an increasing mass of goods is exported; in other words, provided that the goods purchasable by wages are sent where they cannot possibly be purchased by the home consumer. And if Mr. Hodges, in his desparation with us, should say that we must export more and more coal in order to import more and more necessaries of another kind, we must point out that the imported necessaries too often take the form of luxuries, still more often the form of raw materials for more exports, and, to an increasing degree, the form of securities, that is, private claims on foreign production, but not foreign products themselves. How Mr. Hodges will get out of his dilemma we do not know. There is only one way out; and he has hitherto been too busy to take it. It remains to be seen how long he can continue to be too busy to do his business.

These Present Discontents.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

[The present series of three articles is reprinted from the "Nation" by the kind permission of the Editor. The series "Credit-Power and Democracy" will be resumed in our issue of May 27.—Ed. N.A.]

II.

In order to arrive at a sound conclusion in these matters it is necessary to start where all things start—in Nature, and to decide what are the motives which actuate men in this connection with the economic and industrial systems; and it is true, as well as proverbial, that self-preservation is the first law of Nature. It may be noted in passing, that it is just at this point that the "intellectual" is apt to fail him. Interpreting the great mass of humanity engaged in a deadly grapple with the weekly household bills, a battle which must in most cases be won decisively before the surplus energy becomes available for the satisfaction of the need of self-expression.

It is in the nature of things that the provision of food, clothes and shelter, involves a conversion of energy, i.e., it means work, in the mechanical sense of the word: and when man had no available store of energy on which to draw other than that contained in the food he ate and converted into muscular capacity to do work, these things inevitably took up a good deal of his day, although there is good evidence that, by the fourteenth century, in England, a very tolerable material standard of comfort was maintained without excessive toil. At the present time, when every man, woman, and child has on the average ten times the mechanical energy of the strongest man, at the door, if not at command, and the knowledge available for its beneficial use is incomparably greater, the struggle for existence is yet probably more intense than ever it was, and large classes of the working population live under conditions which on the average are not even tolerable.

There is no doubt whatever that this is an anomaly.
due to misdirection of effort, and, bearing in mind the primary motives which actuate men in the mass, it is clearly vital to see if possible where this misdirection occurs—why men work hard for comparatively long hours, with marvellous tools and almost unlimited mechanical energy at disposal, seem yet powerless to achieve even elementary economic security.

We have agreed that the primary purpose for which men work is food, clothes and shelter. The modern industrial system does not allow of the direct exchange of service for these things, but of necessity introduces a common medium which we call "money," which is defined as "any medium which has reached such a degree of acceptability that no matter what it is made of, and no matter why people want it, no one will refuse it in exchange for things being," as Professor Walker does. Consequently, in order to meet the primal necessities, men work for money, having always at the back of their mind that so much money represents so much satisfaction of these primal needs. It should be particularly observed that it is this faith, this credit, which gives money its value, and it is this distribution of not only all money is, or is fundamentally dependent upon, credit.

But (although the fact does not appear to have received any general recognition) there are two conceptions of credit, one, that of the worker, and a second, that of the financier and banker. The worker for wages or other forms of pay, gives "credit" to the idea that the more he produces the more satisfaction of primal needs is thereby made possible, i.e., this real credit is based on the rate of delivering the required goods. The financier uses this belief as a basis for financial credit, which is essentially a measure of the rate of making money. The bus between these two "credits" is prices; and it is part of the argument with which we are concerned to show that it is in the lengthening of this nexus that misdirection of effort most occur.

The modern industrial system has an outstanding characteristic—it is the Machine Age; and men are increasingly employed and paid for making machines which themselves perhaps only perform one out of many of the processes which go to the production of something men really want in itself, an ultimate product, and these men, as individuals, do not want these machines for the making of which they are paid; they only want the ultimate product.

Consider what happens to the money aspect of these ultimate commodities. Men must have them; and "it is no use mining matters, the price of an article is what it will fetch." The rules of the game allowing it, retail prices will rise until the whole of the money paid for the production, not only of these goods but of the capital and energy produced at the time, has been absorbed, assuming only that there is competition to buy and not to sell. This has the effect that if the upper limit of price is fixed, as at present, by "supply and demand," the price-maker is enabled to make such prices for ultimate products as will return to him the purchasing power distributed to not only all in respect of these products, but of the plant which produced them, leaving him in control of all this plant, a situation which in turn enables him to control both the quantity and variety of its output, and so maintain his control over prices.

We are now in a position to see that a centralisation of financial credit is not only probable, but certain, so long as certain premises go unchallenged. What is the effect of this on real credit?

Now, if the purchasing-power distributed both in respect of capital goods (machinery, factories, etc.), and consumption-goods is always taken back from the public in the price of ultimate commodities only, two things will clearly happen. Since the illusion of the constant necessity for strenuous effort must be kept up, the price-makers will want to make as many capital goods as possible, and deliver as few ultimate products at home as will avoid revolution; and the workers who compose the mass of the public will progressively cease to believe in the purchasing-power of work for money, and will demand goods of the kind for which they have a use. That is exactly what is happening at the present time. In spite of the fact that, for instance, hundreds of thousands of houses are needed urgently in Great Britain alone (the position is almost as bad in America) the building trades are busy to the limit of their capacity in the erection of enormous factories or other capital properties; while Labour is more and more determined to ignore scales of pay, and to insist on adequate standards of life, and, at the same time, and rightly, has completely lost patience with the generalisation that increased production is the solution of all our difficulties.

The end of all this is surely clear. In the moment when the victory for financial centralisation is complete, so also will the separation of real credit from financial credit leave the "victors" with a mass of monetary wealth which will not induce the baking of a loaf of bread. We shall then have Bolshevism; not the Bolshevism of the idealist, probably including in that category M. Lenin, but the Bolshevism which the policy of the destruction of the credit attaching to money has forced on M. Lenin, which replaces inducement by compulsion, the banknote by conscription of Labour.

Perhaps the realisation of this has reconciled our masters to Bolshevism.

However that may be, to those who do not look forward with undue enthusiasm to the apotheosis of the machine-gun, the re-identification of real credit with financial credit is the vital issue; and it is proposed to show that this is dependent, in the first place, on the removal of the price-fixing process from the play of financial supply and demand, and the reference of it to the ratio between the credit-value of capital-production, and the diminution of that credit-value by consumption.

The House of Commons.

By Hilaire Belloc.

XIV.—THE MONARCH.

(I must apologise to my readers for the gap between this concluding article of my series and the earlier articles. I had to go abroad and have only just returned.)

I say that the moderater of the large aristocratic State which has lost the aristocratic spirit is necessarily the Monarch, and I say that the alternative to monarchy is dissolution.

Let me here first define my terms, even those which should be the most obvious, for language has grown so loose, especially in political discussion, that the words we use are thrown away unless we give a rigid definition.

The two limbs of this definition are the word "monarch" and the word "dissolution."

I do not mean by the word "Monarch" a man or woman living in a large house, nor do I mean a man or woman dressed up in a particular fashion. I do not mean a man whose power in government, great or small, proceeds by constitutional right from his own father. I do not mean a man whose power in government, great or small, continues from the moment it assumes it to his death. Lastly, I do not certainly do not mean a man who is put up as a symbol or as a puppet, or as a machine for signing documents, and denied all real power.

I mean any man or woman, whether normally adult or child, of any sex, who is responsible to the commonwealth, ultimately, for the conduct of the commonwealth, at any one moment.

It is clear that such a man, to exercise rule at all, must exercise it for some considerable period. It may be precarious four years, or it may be seven. It is
perhaps better for life. But at any rate the term is not material to the definition. The definition of monarchy is that there is one human being ultimately responsible for the fate of society. Who prevents an Englishman to-day from getting a glass of beer when perhaps better for life. But at any rate the stop your beer?” “King John.” And such an answer is the curb to tyranny.

Remember that there are two great divisions in the communities of men; the egalitarian and the aristocratic.

Remember that the aristocratic is much the rarer type and that the excellence which it betrays—especially its internal strength and its external power of expansion—are exceptions. The normal community is egalitarian.

Now of egalitarian States, that is of States founded upon a conviction that men are equal (a mysterious, a religious dogma), there are two forms: the democratic and the monarchic, and the former is incompatible with very great numbers or a very great extent of territory. You may indeed have the most complete autonomy in each locality. You may have in a State of the largest sort that which is the chief end of democracy, to wit, government by consent and law consonant with the general will. But the act of government, the machine that drives it, cannot in a very large community be the mass of the people save in quite exceptional moments of extreme enthusiasm or necessity. But in the aristocratic State the necessity for monarchy when aristocracy has disappeared has a second foundation. This foundation is the fact, demonstrable from all history, that aristocratic States never acquire the democratic spirit. When the masses in such a State have lost their desire to be ruled by a special oligarchy (and that is the loss of the aristocratic spirit) the old feelings are not replaced by any new desire to govern themselves. They are sometimes replaced by a little envy, more often by forgetfulness; but out of nothing you can make nothing, and out of citizens who have always been passive of their nature and whose passivity was the very cause of aristocracy you will never get the democratic spirit of corporate action, and of what is essential to the functioning of democratic interests, permanent individual interest in public affairs.

To those who have been long the citizens of an aristocratic State, the democratic spirit seems foolish, or anarchie, or at any rate irritating and disturbing. To make men trained under the aristocratic temper into democrats you must take them right away from their old surroundings and throw them into conditions (such as those of the Colonies) where there is no conceivable alternative to democracy.

For a small body of men thrown upon their own resources without traditions and with no man among them for whom they have a religious regard must inevitably begin with a democratic machinery. There is no other to hand. But it may confidently be predicted that if those men have proceeded from an aristocratic State they will produce even more startling contrasts in wealth and in real power than were to be found in the mother country and that the realities of democracy will escape them. At any rate, whatever may be true of these distant experiments, the old aristocratic State in process of change necessarily, and I presume you cannot, become a democracy, nor is there any sign of such a process in England to-day. There are many signs that aristocracy is in the last stages of dying or is actually dead in England to-day, but there are no signs of a corporate public opinion taking on activity and controlling public services. It: other words, there are no signs of democracy in modern England: and we shall wait for them in vain.

The second limb of the definition lies in the word “dissolution,” and as in the case of the words “monarch” and “monarchy” we must be precise.

The word “dissolution” connotes many things when loosely used: death, disease, weakness, and all the rest of it. I am using it in a strict sense. I mean the resolving of a State into certain lesser component parts. When I say that a great State having been aristocratic and losing its aristocratic spirit (and that is the loss of the natives, monarchy or dissolution, I do not mean that its citizens have an inevitable choice between the good thing, monarchy, and the bad thing, dissolution. I mean that the State which they have known, the great country and its great powers to which they are accustomed, will dissolve into many parts and so will become something less in extent or in power (though not at all necessarily in happiness or in dignity) if it does not fall into monarchy. The very great modern States which are filled for the moment (and some of them have been long so filled) with an intense religion of patriotism will only remain great States of the same sort on condition that they become monarchies.

The humbug of attempting to reconcile parliaments and democracies has obviously broken down. The statement that parliaments are or can be democratic is a lie, and you cannot build upon a lie. Parliaments are oligarchies, narrow and highly professional oligarchies at that, and they can only work, therefore, when they are aristocratic and act in an aristocratic community. But once this sham is exposed (and all over civilisation its exposure is now thorough) there remains no instrument of government consonant with the conception of strict national unity and greatness combined, save monarchy. There is no conceivable form wherein, normally, as a regular day-to-day matter, millions of men scattered over great distances can administer their own affairs.

But apart from this negative way of looking at it—the proof that there is no alternative—consider the positive functions of the Monarch and see how necessary they are to any great State, but especially to such a State as ours during its present transformation.

The leading function of the Monarch is to protect the weak man against the strong and therefore to prevent the accumulation of wealth in few hands, and the corruption of the Courts of Justice, and of the sources of public opinion.

It may be asked how an aristocracy can do those things. Well, it does not do them excellently, and indeed one of the causes of the decline of aristocracy is the accumulation of such corruptions. Nevertheless an aristocracy while it still exists does have a moderating effect. Its spirit is against the very rapid and above all against the precarious and ephemeral acquisition of wealth. Its governing body feels itself representative of the mass, and is the strong conservator of tradition, and it is especially jealous of its Courts of Justice. It maintains them pure.

A democracy also while it is active and real can do all these things. You may see every one of these functions at work in a Swiss Canton for instance. There you may see tribunals which dread public opinion, judges who are afraid of giving false judgments, laws which forbid too great an inequality of wealth, and the absence of profits acquired through the cunning of one, against the simplicity of many. But where great numbers are concerned all these functions are atrophied if you attempt to make them democratic in their working; and in the absence of cooperation of giving false judgments, laws there is nothing but a Monarch to exercise them. You must have one man sufficiently removed from temptation by his own absolute position and vested with sufficient
powers, able to act with sufficient rapidity. That one man is a concrete object. He can be got at by the people. He can be blamed or praised. He knows that he is responsible. He cannot shift the burden on to some anonymous force. And that, in itself, apart from the nature of the case, is therefore impertinence of one who is above bribery and above blackmail through his control of national wealth and power, is a vast force in favour of just government.

You often hear to-day what is, under our immediate circumstances, a true complaint (though applied to happier circumstances it would be a very silly one), I mean the complaint that such and such an abuse is "inevitable." People go about with long faces saying that the vulgar popular Press does infinite harm, but "What are you to do?" Or that a great trust is destroying a number of smaller businesses, but that there is no conceivable way of stopping the process. Or that you cannot prevent politicians from taking bribes because they have the power of preventing their own selves from being prosecuted for taking bribes. Or, again, you hear on all sides the most bitter indignation against the corruption of the Courts of Justice, against judges protecting their fellow-politicians, preventing comment upon public affairs through the raising of sham libel cases, or continuously imprisoning the writers of pamphlets. But this indignation is always accompanied by a sort of hopeless feeling: "What can we do? The judges to-day are a part of the system. They are mere politicians like the rest."

Imagine Edward I, or Napoleon, or Alfonso of Castile, at the head of the State to-day. Or, if you prefer men less respectable, but equally conspicuous, as an example of the monarch, imagine even the tawdry Marcus Aurelius, the weak Nero, or the half-mad Otto the Third... there is no lack of examples. The normal history of mankind furnishes you with Monarchy everywhere. It is only our exceptional time of transition which lacks the institution for a moment.

I say, imagine any of these men, not through their character, but through the powers granted them by the constitutions of their times, placed at the head of the State. What do you think would happen to the corrupt judges, to the politicians who take bribes, to the great trusts that destroy a man's livelihood, to the secret financiers boasting that they control the State? Their blood would turn to water! Fancy Mr. Justice Sw-and-So sending in a report to Nero that Nero's butler who had swindled the Imperial fortune out of millions in a Marconi ramp or a Dope scandal was an honest man without a word to be said against him. Or fancy Mr. Justice the Other solemnly condemning to prison for criminal libel the honest man who should have denounced to Napoleon the treason of one of his agents. The Monarch makes short work of all that sort of thing.

But you will tell me that it is a mere shifting of evils. True, the politician, the judge, the financier cannot impregnate with the criminal the wealth when it is summed up in the Monarch. He gets short shrift and he is afraid. But, on the other hand, the Monarch through a perversion of his will can put the greatest imbeciles or the greatest criminals into power, can oppress abominably, and so forth. This is perfectly true, and history abounds in examples. Most of the evils from which this country suffers to-day find their ultimate seed in the perverted will of one monarch who had real power 400 years ago (though it is true that the enormous power to-day is much more due to the breakdown of the monarchy through his own perversion, for Henry VIII's economic ruin of the Church would have done far less harm to England had it not paved the way for the new great landlords, and therefore for Capitalism). It is also true that the stupidity of a monarch can do even more harm than his wickedness: witness that part of President Wilson's recent tomfooleries which were not done of necessity to his financiers, but proceeded from his own brain.

Nevertheless, the balance is heavily in favour of Monarchy. It is less stable, less homogeneous, less powerful in its foreign relations than aristocracy. When it decays the consequent crash is greater, and there attaches to the permanence of the civil war, the extra turbulences, as there does to all egalitarian systems, and the almost permanent machinery of repression.

But in the great mass of executive acts, Monarchy works properly in a society of great numbers because it is responsible. An oligarchy that is not aristocratic is not responsible. You cannot grasp it. You cannot attack it. You can hardly define it. Each individual therein does harm with impunity, because he can always say that it was not he that did it, but some other or some group of others.

Finally, there is this most cogent argument, contained in my original definition: the force of things. Of a great State composed of many millions and spread over great areas, you can say with certainty that it must, if aristocracy declines, produce Monarchy, or alternatively cease to be what it was and resolve itself into smaller units, or into an organism ill-defined and careless of its unity—especially careless of the external relations of that unity. You cannot prophesy that an aristocratic State in decay will necessarily become a monarchy. Venice did not, Holland did not, Carthage did not. But you can prophesy that it will either become a monarchy or dissolve.

I would, to conclude, beg my readers not to be misled in the argument by the effect of oddity, of the unusual, which appears in it. The conception of a Monarch is just at this moment, in modern England, almost grotesque. The memory of Monarchy has quite disappeared. There is no apparent foreign example: save (of course) the partial monarchy of the United States, where the institution appears not only in national affairs but in all the large cities, and wherever the egalitarian doctrine is confronted with the problem of great numbers. The egalitarian doctrine it is which produces the Mayor of the American City and the President of the American Republic in action.

The Englishman, at the present moment, I say, cannot conceive Monarchy in the concrete. He can only think of it as a theory or judge it from examples in the remote past, that is, working in a society which he does not visualise and can hardly understand.

But such an unfamiliarity is no argument, I say, against the probability or advisability of the thing. At any period in the history of any nation about to change, a true statement of its future would sound incredible. Had you told an Englishman at the time of Waterloo what England would be to-day, he would not have believed you. Had you told a Frechman of the middle of the 19th century what the parliamentary Republic would be with its base politicians, its consequent disasters abroad, and the necessity of saving the State through soldiers who more than any other citizens detested the parliamentary regime, he would not have believed you.

Had you told any German of fifty years ago what the Prussian experiment would lead to in our time, he would not have believed you. Had it not, Holland did not, Carthage did not. But you can prophesy that it will either become a monarchy or dissolve.

Nevertheless it remains true that Monarchy or, alternatively, a great mass of executive acts, Monarchy as a system through soldiers who more than any other citizens detested the parliamentary regime, he would not have believed you.

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Wine and Spirits.*

At the present moment, with the question of liquor prohibition in the air, Mr. Simon’s book will be welcomed more perhaps by wavering spirits who are only awaiting a lead in order to decide the attitude they should assume towards this grave social problem, than by those who, having decided once and for all either pro or con, will approach this volume with frank prepossession or hostility. To the wavering Mr. Simon presents a convincing and fascinating case for wine and spirits. He argues with the fire and dash of a fanatic, sufficiently erudite to impart to his pleading the savour of deep knowledge as well as the style of logical inevitability. He takes us back to remotest antiquity, even into paleolithic times, renders us breathless with the discoveries made by palaeontologists regarding his subject, and then, after having led us up to the present historical period, introduces us, one by one, to the wines of France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and the world over, enumerating their respective claims to distinction or the reverse, and teaching us the rules to be observed for their care, their proper degustation, and order of precedence. It is a valuable book in many ways for the reader who earnestly desires to learn, and who starts with a certain bias in favour of Mr. Simon’s subject; but it will scarcely shake the conviction that is to abstain, nor is it likely to swell the number of those who are more passing than passing interest to the connoisseur. Personally, I was a little bit disappointed in the work, because I expected a more thorough and more profound treatment. I am now engaged upon a treatise for which I require just the help from experts which I expected Mr. Simon would give me, and I can only say that while I was hugely entertained by “Wine and Spirits,” I derived but scanty information from it. Nevertheless, that is perhaps an unfair standard to apply. Probably if Mr. Simon had told me all I wanted to know the book would have been intolerable to anyone else.

Much too little caution is exercised nowadays in regard to schemes for modifying or altering the people’s food. To those who believe in the paramount importance of the body, and who hold that if you look after these the souls can be left to look after themselves, there is something inexpressibly alarming in the irresponsible manner of America’s drastic measures in regard to Prohibition, and it is no consolation or comfort to reflect upon the painful results rendered in the form of a more efficient population for Industry and Commerce. I have been obliged to enter more deeply than most into the question of the liquor traffic, both of antiquity and of the present day, and the fact that has struck me with ever-increasing force is that, whereas antiquity defined the patrons of its intoxicating liquors, we, under the influence of unscrupulous capitalist adulteration, fraud and exploitation, are learning to curse and revile ours as the devil himself. If a movement had been set on foot in America to compel the capitalists to sell pure liquor (pure malt ale or pure wine) to the population, I cannot help wondering whether it would have been received with the same amount of savage Puritanical enthusiasm. The Puritan, being simply the over-commercialised and over-industrialised Christian, has brought so many things of value to nought that it is not surprising he should have turned the “drink of the gods” to poison; but, as I have shown elsewhere, if the commercial and industrial unscrupulousness of the Puritan is allowed to convert precious things to dross, that is no reason why precious things themselves should be condemned. Admitted that modern beer is poison (I have been to great pains to show why even two centuries ago it was already very bad), admitted that modern wine is adulterated and that modern spirits are dangerous evils—the proper reform is to purge these things of their deleterious elements, not to get rid for good and all of a portion of our daily diet which has been an essential factor in producing all the greatest civilisations that have ever existed. Otherwise, on that principle we should get rid of human life itself; for has not Christianity with its abortion Puritanism deplored and blighted that as well?

But to return to Mr. Simon’s book. I have to thank him for many valuable hints as to the direction in which to pursue further enquiry; but I should also like to ask him a few questions. Seeing that the fermented and unfermented juice of the grape are chemically so very different and so distinct in their physiological effects, does he imply that the proofs of wine consumption discovered in Neolithic times (Chap. IX) are in respect of fermented grape juice? Also does he know the reasons which led to the Prohibition laws in China in the 14th century?

If I had not known that Mr. Simon was a Frenchman, I might have guessed it from such expressions as “at the chemical point of view” (p. 144), “Ancient Testament” (p. 193), and “well-succeeded vintage” (p. 277). But these are slight blemishes and would escape most readers of an otherwise admirably written work, who studied it with less attention than I did.

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

* Wine and Spirits. By André L. Simon. (Duckworth and Co. 7s 6d. net.)
Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

The more I see of Mr. Galsworthy's plays, the more I doubt his dramatic vocation. His photographic skill is obvious: his people are real people without colour; his determination to be fair would be praiseworthy in a judge—but the dramatist's virtue is imaginative truth. His plays are problems, not for the audience in their ancestral home being surrounded by pottery and the agents of the law. Only real gentry can use the weapon of scandal, of backstairs influence; and Mr. Galsworthy, having touched pitch, does not spare the defilement. A professional co­respondent is not a desirable addition even to the landed gentry; and that the potter's daughter-in-law knows such secrets of her own or the agent (with the consequence that Hornblower's daughter-in-law attempts suicide) is no less in the tradition. The gentleman concludes that he has not behaved like a gentleman: "What's gentility worth if it can't stand fire?" he asks as the curtain descends; but Hornblower concludes that he has acted like a gentleman, and calls him 'hypocrite.'

Gentility is the art of getting your own way without losing caste— that it has anything to do with science is a delusion. When the play is done, we have arrived at a judgment—in other words, we have been reasoned with, not illuminated. These people do not appeal to us, they exemplify; there is not a phrase that is memorable, not a situation that "grips"—"The Skin Game" never gets "below the skin." As Hillcrist says: "I'm not good at showing my feelings, as you know," and drama cannot be made of such people. His daughter is apparently good at showing her feelings, but being a real lady, she talks like a "barger," as her father said; and the Hornblowers only say what they mean. George Selwyn's soliloquy after the observation of his mistress: "I both look and feel villainously bad, but, hang it all, it is life, it is life!" comes irresistibly to the mind. But although it is life, it is not art! this lovely view of life expresses disgust in commonplace language, the disgust of the observer, the condemnation of the judge. But the artist agonises: "But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!" It is the emotional poverty of Mr. Galsworthy that makes his work so unsatisfactory; he does nothing with humanity but show it "in its habit as it lives," and his aloofness becomes insufferable when the natural is proper to the natural; but on the stage it has no dramatic value because it does not interpret, does not translate, into universal terms of emotion. Wordsworth once suggested that "the matter always comes out tenants he had promised to leave in possession, it is not until Hornblower threatens to build chimneys within three hundred yards of the scene itself except a prose translation of immorality. Look at the language in which the offer is rejected, and it is obvious that an emotional crisis could not be more lamely handled.

"By God! That's an offer. [He recoils towards the window.] You—you taught me there. Look here! I've got to use you and I'm going to use you, but I'll out tenants he had promised to leave in possession, it is not until Hornblower threatens to build chimneys within three hundred yards of the scene itself except a prose translation of immorality. Look at the language in which the offer is rejected, and it is obvious that an emotional crisis could not be more lamely handled.

"By God! That's an offer. [He recoils towards the window.] You—you taught me there. Look here! I've got to use you and I'm going to use you, but I'll
do my best to let you down as easy as I can. No, I don't want anything you can give me—that is—I'd like it—but I won't take it. There! Keep your pecker up; don't cry. Good-night. That is not drama; it is vandalism—it but it is a characteristic example of the incongruity between Mr. Galsworthy's matter and manner.

Epistles to the Provincials.

IX.

The most memorable spiritual event which has come my way since I began to live in London has been "The Trojan Women" at the Holborn Empire. The second most memorable has been the "Medea." It is the first time I have seen Greek tragedy represented, and it has convinced me that one can learn more from the representation of one Greek tragedy than from the reading of them all. Speaking aesthetically, I can only call "The Trojan Women" poetry in action; speaking humanly, I can only call it religion—Greek religion, beautiful religion. I was so moved that the stage or for the study would be equally shallow: one might as well say that the Mass was written for the stage or the Deum for the study. And yet it is not merely religion, it is art as well; it expresses that mood, above all contemplation without nastiness of mind, but from the natural inevitability of rhythm from the beginning, the rhythm of a ceremonial, a ceremonial, moreover, which was not the object of the actors merely, but of everyone who was present at it. There was in it, accordingly, what will be found in no modern tragedy, even the greatest: the rhythm of a high experience, rising with the natural inevitability of rhythm from the beginning, reaching the summit of exaltation, and ending at the last in calm. The form here perfectly expresses the inspiration. The introduction of intervals, or of "comic relief," would have been disastrous, for, being an experience, a Greek tragedy is a thing continuous and without parts. You will say, however, that it is interrupted by the chorus. In the chorus Greek tragedy rests its wings, as it were, for a new flight. The mood of tragedy is not dissipated as it is in the interval, but the mind is soothed and fortified to bear what is still to come. It is, of course, absurd to judge tragedy such as this by what is pleasurable. It is absurd because the thing judged is not an entertainment, but a religion. No religion is a great one which does not produce great art. The Greeks appear to have been devout worshippers. They had come to see "The Trojan Women" because—characteristic naïveté—they had been told by Murray that Thordarson would be a characteristic example of the religious experience in the form of a ceremonial, a ceremonial, moreover, which was not the object of the actors merely, but of everyone who was present at it. There was in it, accordingly, what will be found in no modern tragedy, even the greatest: the rhythm of a high experience, rising with the natural inevitability of rhythm from the beginning, reaching the summit of exaltation, and ending at the last in calm. The form here perfectly expresses the inspiration. The introduction of intervals, or of "comic relief," would have been disastrous, for, being an experience, a Greek tragedy is a thing continuous and without parts. You will say, however, that it is interrupted by the chorus. In the chorus Greek tragedy rests its wings, as it were, for a new flight. The mood of tragedy is not dissipated as it is in the interval, but the mind is soothed and fortified to bear what is still to come. It is, of course, absurd to judge tragedy such as this by what is pleasurable. It is absurd because the thing judged is not an entertainment, but a religion. No religion is a great one which does not produce great art. The Greeks appear to have been uniquely fortunate in their religion, for it was expressed not merely in art, but as art. If religion could perform the same miracle to-day—and Chesterton, I hear, believes in miracles—I would become the most devout of worshippers.

Outside of these Greek tragedies the greatest thing I have seen since I came here is, I think, Miss Sybil Thorndike's representation of Hecuba and Medea. She has the gift of sublimity, which in an actress must be nothing else, I think, than an imagination which can not only see but experience the terrible without fear. For the proper interpretation of a part like Hecuba not only the acting but the actress must be heroic. And the quality which makes Miss Thorndike a great actress is intrepidity of spirit. In the accomplishments of acting she is perhaps not the equal of one or two other actresses in London; her gestures have not sufficient variety; but it matters very little, for her acting is not built up with gestures, and if you analyse them you leave it untouched. Her art, in other words, has the mark of all authentic art; it cannot be reduced to its elements; it appears to have in it something miraculous.

"The experience of the terrible without fear" describes Miss Thorndike's acting; it describes also the mood of the spectator of Greek tragedy. There is the paradox of tragedy which the psychologists will perhaps one day be able to explain; for we behold with the stage calamities enacted which in actual life would fill us with terror; and yet we see them without terror. The psychological effect is, as it were, overeapeat, and
we find ourselves on the level of another, infinitely higher. Art which can work a miracle like this most assuredly justifies itself; it is, indeed, the most noble of all activities. Very rarely in modern times, however—and it seems to me the mischief began with Shakespeare—does it do so. The triumph of modern art is to arouse by the action represented on the stage the same emotions which would be aroused by the same action if we saw it happening in life. If that is art, it is art at an infinitely lower level than that of the Greeks. I shall hazard an aphorism. If we art is to arouse by the action represented on the stage the same action if we saw it happening in life. If that is art, it is art at an infinitely lower level than that of the Greeks. I shall hazard an aphorism.

**HENGIST.**

**Nietzsche and the Mahabharata.**

When we were considering Phister the other week, and I was rash enough to suggest that there was more to be discovered in the "Mahabharata" than in Nietzsche, a reply was provoked. My correspondent objected that the "Mahabharata" was unattractive to the modern mind, and doubted the correctness of throwing over Nietzsche on the grounds that he was a modern, and his finger on the pulse of Europe, and was intuitively applying a method similar to psycho-analysis to remedy the European sickness. "Surely," he said, "we cannot yet afford to dispense with the vigorous expression of men like Nietzsche because the 'Mahabharata' contains an anticipation of their work." And we must not repudiate Nietzsche's criticism of Europe before we repudiate what he criticised. Finally, "the needs of to-day require the men of to-day," a strange argument for a Nietzschean; and this is bolstered up by the remark that National Guildsmen are not turning to the "Mahabharata" for help. This last is an unfortunate guess, but it is not the main issue, which is the question of throwing over Nietzsche.

I must plead guilty to having classed together Nietzsche and the Nietzscheans, which was not prudent, for what do they know of Nietzsche who only Nietzscheans know? And I confess that when I wrote the offending sentence it was not Nietzsche himself who was uppermost in my mind. But even so, the main issue is still undecided. Psycho-analysts have by no means been unmindful of Nietzsche, as my correspondent may discover by a glance at the index to "Psychology of the Unconscious," and at that of "Analytical Psychology." Through the first work runs a whole string of quotations from Nietzsche. And in the second book Jung very clearly shows how Nietzsche was a half-man and how full man is Nietzsche plus Wagner. Nietzsche set himself to live by instinct, but actually lived by only one instinct, the will to power. That other instinct, love, stayed in his unconscious, as the toad he could not swallow, a piece of that "primordial matter" that the "Mahabharata" says must be transcended, transmuted. This is shown by Jung, who goes on to decide that Nietzsche actually lived "beyond instinct," which height "could only be maintained by means of most careful diet, choice climate, and, above all, by many opiates." "He spoke of yea-saying, but lived the nay." "The 'higher man' should be able to sleep without chloral." Well, I suppose we must take this into consideration, but, if we were wise, we must remember what Jung was saying, "Myself I sacrifice unto my love." The root trouble was that his love could not include his toad.

If we wish an example of a man who lived by whole instinct, love, we have that other Dionysian, Blake. "Energy," said Blake, "is eternal delight." Nietzsche I repeat, is eternal war, conflict, and it is that which constitutes the snare for his followers, and made me speak of him as a by-path; in and by himself and followed blindly, that is to say. Perhaps my correspondent at this point will want to argue that the "Mahabharata" is also a by-path, and, above all, unattractive to the modern mind. Well, Nietzsche is a path that has been explored; the "Mahabharata" awaits exploration. It is strange to hear a Nietzschean fighting shy of it because it is not "attractive." I know that Nietzsche would be the last to refuse any exploration on such a ground. Nor should the "Mahabharata" be so unattractive to a true Nietzschean.

Let us study the matter more closely. Jung has shown the flaw in Nietzsche with a sufficient clarity. He has also given us one of Nietzsche's positive aspects, that he lived a life of "rare consistency." Now, what is one of the most salient points in the "Mahabharata" but the making and fulfilling of vows? What was Nietzsche's other positive aspect? A transcending of good and evil, a transvaluation of values, the concept superman. It has already been pointed out by Mr. Orage in his book on Nietzsche that this entails "new faculties, new modes of consciousness." From a psycho-technical standpoint there is not the slightest doubt that this is so, and it is on the point of happening all round us now. A man dreamt that he sat listening to Dvorak's "Humoreske" and Chaminade's "Pierrette" being played continually, one after the other, and, as he sat, a large gold medal that he felt was his was put into his hand. Associations to the "Humoreske" took him to the Slav temperament, the Dionysian. From Chaminade he arrived at the Anglo-Saxon temperament, the Apollan. The gold medal was an embodiment of wealth. Now, under such circumstances we would utter more than the phrase "transvaluation of values"; we want to know how to do it. Nietzsche took us to the concept and stopped. The "Mahabharata" embodies Nietzsche's concept and all the rest. Nietzsche was in touch with the unconscious, but only partially. He was half-harmonised, but there was a "load" in the path, a block in the libido. The "Mahabharata" is pure unconscious, and there are no free toads there, but, on the contrary, many ways of dealing with them. It is a fountain of delight, a garden of divinity. It is health to the sick and nectar to the healthy.

Let us look at the matter again. A transvaluation of values in psychological language is the attainment of another state of consciousness. Now, where outside India are there to be found any either reliable or detailed instructions for such attainment? Others have described experiences. Blake spoke of "eternals." Nietzsche said he was more inspired than anyone since the Greek philosophers. Plotinus tells a great deal, and likewise Plato. But the fountain-head of all, the centre from which all this has radiated, is India. And in India the most easily accessible and most universal writing is the "Mahabharata." And the "Mahabharata" is pure "unconscious." It is only burking the question to call it unattractive to moderns, and to say that it is not applicable to modern conditions. The unconscious knows better than this, for Eastern symbols are appropriate to Western mind. Europe after her war is undergoing a change of life to contemplation, as opposed to her previous absorption of interest in the world without. And, moreover, "conditions" in the unconscious are neither modern nor ancient, but universal. Now, where else are we to turn except to the men who were the most philosophers? Nietzsche pointed this way, and my correspondent is perfectly right when he says we cannot dispense with the vigorous expression of men like Nietzsche. Of course, we cannot. Vigorous expression is just what it is Nietzsche's greatest merit. I repeat, I am surprised that a Nietzschean should wish to disown the "Mahabharata" on the ground of unattractive reading. That was not
Nietzsche’s spirit, nor is it ever the spirit of any yeasayer. But I do believe the Nietzscheans are Apollon almost to a man, and more engaged in circumscribing and protecting their master than in seeking the ever- becoming. Of course, the “ Mahabharata” is hard to the modern mind, but—may I offer some of Nietzsche’s “vigorose expression”? “Only where there are graves are there resurrection?” “Was that life? Up! Once more!” It was not exactly Nietzsche’s intention that anyone should remain with a permanent transference to him. J. A. M. Alcock.

Music.

By William Atheling.

MIGNON NEVADA, ET VARIA.

With London going mildly mad over Raquel Meller, it is a little difficult to tie up one’s marginalia into a neat parcel; and it is perhaps a little unfair to the reader who may be presumed to be thirsting for an opinion of, presumably, a great singer, whom it has not yet been my good fortune to hear. The question is whether the gaps made in last year’s concert list are to be made up by her and other imported talent, or whether new singers are to grow here “under our eye.”

Douglas Raymer has been the one new home-produced pleasure of the season, thus far, and even he would seem to have had a good dose of the Continent—a pleasant voice and defective art-sense. Rosing has appeared in a Lhada performance since his announced “ultimate” recital. We hope he will continue to give farewell performances for some time, if he can do so as triumphantly as he did on April 17 (Aeolian). We have presumably written enough about Rosing. On the 17th, “Phydile” was not sung with Stroesco’s ciselure, but it is a very beautiful song. Rosing was particularly successful in Donizetti’s “Furtiva Lagrima”; Di Veroli has not yet got to the centre of the Hebridean spirit. Th. Stier, who conducts for Pavlova at Drury Lane, is a very acceptable addition to our stock of orchestra leaders. He has not Thomas Beecham’s pianissimo, but conducts with precision, with draw and flow. The Pavlova ballets are technically fine when old-fashioned.

Mignon Nevada (Aeolian, April 22) demonstrated marked development. She was in particularly good form, but the condition of the voice was not “all there was in it.” Her technique is considerably more spacious than it was even last season, and it has been, for some years, very good. Anything that can be done by control of the voice is indubitably within Miss Nevada’s compass. In the Handel “Piangero” singers all songs and all composers in one manner, but it is a very charming phrase; and we might do better than call him out of tune with, of course, infinitely less voice and less vocal bravura than Mlle. Nevada, who in her next number, Purcell’s “Ecch’ ing Air,” showed marvellous fioritura, a graduation of small sounds, admirably displaying the spirit of Purcell.

Her Saint-Saens fireworks were admirably done. Then came the “dramatic” effects in Donizetti, wherein she was extremely effective, yet this and De Lange Dutch, and Granados Catalan, and Goossens’ setting of Thomas Wyatt’s “The Apoem” were all “unified,” were all brought into one and the same category of manner. Goossens has been very careful in making his notes fit the words of this poem.

All Khan, in search of Andalusian and Tunisian, sang the “Death of Othello” in strong nasal voice, with somewhat dragging rhythm, but with intensity and sobriety, utterly without the fire and feeling that Mullings puts into it, and without Mullings’ feeling for the verbal cadence; yet Khan’s version compels respect, by reason of his concentration on the reality of scene, by his very earnest and audible endeavour to be Othello and ree the “come sci tuata, e pallia, e mor-ta”.

In his presentation of Occidental music he offers interesting antithesis to the Occidentals who have been trying to introduce to us the music of the Orient, and we might do better than call him out of tune when his non-acceptance—possibly involuntary, yet significant—of the well-tempered scale, strikes oddly upon ears unhappily habituated to the latter. The last word on the division of the scale has not been said.

Balloons.

Up, up they go—up.

Luminous sides, rotund, of candied vaneer,
Footing their painted sheets;

Tawny, vividian, like macaws.

Avertly tottering, scream ing for some anodyne,
To make equipoise . . .

To stem the dizzy staggering on the Wind,
Always—far from a stable equilibrium,
To totter thus; parabolically leer ing—

Balloons, damed Balloons.

JASPER PROUDE.
Views and Reviews.

A PSYCHOLOGIST AT WAR.

The flood of post-war literature and exhortation has not, to my knowledge, produced any considerable work in the English tongue. It is impossible that such a crisis could pass without producing lasting effects, but our literature, at least, gives small indication of them. Things would never be the same again, we were told; THE flood nature, was to be changed, but nothing is to be set down anti-capitalism, of the unity of the proletariat, did but they only cost more; everything, including human truth that, that is the burden of most of our books. The simple truth that, to learn anything by an experience, one must be prepared for it, discounts the rather windy idealism of those who imagined that the war would clear the ground on which they could rebuild civilisation to their heart’s desire. Psychologically, we were not prepared for war; we are not war, but peace, for peace; and the history of England since the Armistice suggests that the high tide of national emotion has ebbed, leaving a new and more efficient family of limpets clinging to our Rock of Ages.

To turn from our own literature to this book* is to see at once what are the necessary qualifications for understanding the effects of the war. The gift of being able to talk of themselves without egotism is certainly more common among Continental than in-"sular writers, and Mr. de Man has this gift of objectivity. That it requires something of self-torture, “the thorn in the flesh,” every psychologist knows; the self knows itself through the not-self, as the theosophical jargon puts it, and Mr. de Man reveals his primary qualification quite simply: “I have always strongly resisted the necessity of doing intellectual work, a real torture to me at times. My native instincts and my bodily constitution are those of a hunter, of a hunter—or of a soldier. I felt unspeakable delight at having at last struck a way of living that suited these fundamental instincts.” Yet Mr. de Man was president of the International Socialist Young People’s Federation, one of the leading Belgian exponents of Marxianism before the war, an “intellectual” of the most extreme type, what Dostoieffsky called “a good European.” What this European patriotism entailed of self-discipline from a soldier, and the character of a soldier, may be imagined; yet he had lived for years apparently without suspecting that his theories of progress, of anti-militarism, anti-capitalism, of the unity of the proletariat, did not completely express his personality. The facts that he accompanied Miller to Paris in the early days of August, 1914, and acted as his interpreter, that he “had been for years engaged in a peace propaganda which was inspired by the desire to avert such a conflict as had then broken out,” did not prevent him from volunteering for active service on August 3. After serving as private, corporal, sergeant, he accepted command of a trench mortar battery, went on a mission to Russia with Vandervelde and Brouckère in 1917, and to the United States in 1918, as “labour expert with a mission that was to study, with a view to the reconstruction of Belgium after the war, the American methods of labour management in industry.” Apart from his pre-war knowledge and love of various European languages and peoples, social customs and theories, art and philosophy, three years’ service in the Belgian trenches, and some experience of diplomacy behind the scenes, and a visit to America at a time when she, too, was in a white heat of national passion, are formidable qualifications for writing a book explaining the psychological effect of the war.

I know not which is the more valuable, his criticism of International Socialism before and during the war, his clear revelation of the psychology of a soldier, or his prophetic sketch of “The New Socialism.” The New book is alive with interest on every page; Mr. de Man had a mind that could be re-made, and his two years of doubt of the soundness of the cause for which he was fighting (although they never affected his will to do his duty as a soldier) resulted not only in some keen psychological observation, but in a re-statement of his opinions which amounts, indeed, to a recognition of reality. The error to which he confesses, in common with International Socialists generally, is that of confusing a formula with the facts that it relates, and of reasoning from the formula instead of from the fact. It is the traditional vice of dogma, perhaps of the intellel itself, to identify the order it inducts into phenomena with the phenomena themselves, and to talk short-hand of vital things. I am guilty of it myself when I say that Mr. de Man has evolved from dogma to Pragmatism—but I am not guilty of this vice in the pressing briefly his movement from belief in categories to observation of facts and streams of tendency. Yet without the intellect capable of the vice of living upon itself, instead of on reality, Mr. de Man would not have been capable of drawing the distinction between the “joy of killing” aroused by the war, and “combative heroism”—and demonstrating the first, although common and apparently fundamental, as a morally low instinct because it is destructive of social life, and the second as a high ethical impulse because it is a necessary condition of social progress.

The distinction has added value because Mr. de Man confesses frankly to the “joy of killing”—“just as frankly as he confesses to fear. And because of it, he warns us not to expect too much “spiritual regeneration” among the masses; on the contrary, he suggests that “should conditions arise in the life of these masses that either make it in their interest to murder, or else create a common feeling in favour of class terrorism, they might remember how easy it is to take another man’s life, and what a delight there is in doing it.”

The high moral purposes that justified the war cannot abrogate the psychological effects of the war on those who were not animated by those purposes—and some of those who were have suffered degeneration; we have made the world safe for democracy, but it is not clear that we have made it safe for beings, the professional hope and boast of the clergy that the war would make men more religious is not shared by Mr. de Man; “anybody with some experience of the front will understand that the natural reaction to months and years of danger, hardships, sexual continence, and privation of practically any sort of entertainment, is anything but an inducement to spiritual self-communing.” Even in his own case, he confesses that “it has cost me some very hard fighting with myself not to lose my religion, or shall I say my idealism if the former term seems inappropriate to describe the spiritual attitude of a man haughty enough to think his religion too big for the size of any church or chapel. I doubt, indeed, whether the war has not made me lose some of the human modesty that is the fundamental attitude of mind required by any Church. I can still feel modest when I look up to a star-lit sky, or for that matter, when I lie down in the grass and stare at the flowers and the insects—but I find it very hard to bow my head to any living human beings or to any of their works.” This kind of modesty may be a shelled out of me. I am quite prepared to admit that this is probably a moral loss; but then this is no boast, but a confession. I merely think it necessary to make it because I know that the same thing has happened to many men of a similar turn of mind who have been through the same experience.”

The value of Mr. de Man’s book lies in his frankness. He knows what has happened to him, and states it
clearly. I have left myself no space to deal with its re-statement of Socialism—but I hope to return to the subject. Anyhow, here is a book that shows us that even "intellectuals" can learn by experience without lapsing into cynicism or Catholicism. A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Transvaal Surrounded. By W. J. Leyds, LL.D. (T. Fisher Unwin. 25s. net.)

It is a pity that Dr. Leyds' three volumes, of which that now under notice is the second, could not have been brought together years before they were issued then, they would have received attention which, we fear, will be denied them now; and it is good for the English soul to be brought up standing occasionally, compelled to look back and consider its ways.

Dr. Leyds was State Secretary for the Transvaal during the eventful years (for that country, at least) 1890 to 1898; so that with many of the events of which he treats in this book he had first-hand acquaintance. "...so extraordinary are these facts that only the evidence of the official records will make them credible. For this reason the Blue Books published by the British Government have been relied upon...." Dr. Leyds extracts what he requires from Blue Books and Green Books (Transvaal records), makes the necessary connection of events, and comments (never at great length) upon them: his idea is that the Government records shall state his case, and he, even thus, succeeds in bringing in such an indictment that the politician will yawn and go to sleep over the book, the statesman may frown and tap his fingers upon the arm of his chair, and the common Englishman will close the book and ashamed.

Dr. Leyds is a Hollander. Now, Hollanders had come to look upon the Transvaal as a very happy hunting ground; it was, in a sense, a special reserve for young Hollanders, who went out, commonly, as tutors or schoolmasters on farms (with the common, and expected, result of marrying one of the daughters of the house, and so becoming at once landed proprietors), often to positions in the civil service, and in considerable numbers to posts on the Netherlands South African Railway. Thanks, it is understood, for this happy position, were mainly due States Secretaries, Dr. Leyds. There was such a constant influx of these smart fellows that the young Boers were getting very "fed up" with it; they were, now, being more or less educated themselves, and anyhow, felt quite up to the positions these young Hollander men were filling so rapidly and, it may be said, successfully.

Then came the war of 1899-1902, ending in the whole country being brought under the British flag; the present volume does not treat of this, but it is born of the extreme bitterness left on the author's mind by that result. The British success seemed to be more galling to the Hollanders than to the Boers themselves, and they remain to-day the most bitter opponents of any reconciliation policy between British and Boer.

Giving full weight and shamed acknowledgement to the Blue Book and other extracts here laid open, it is quite clear to the ordinary reader that only one side of a case is given. The Kruger Government (with its clever State Secretary, Dr. Leyds) was by no means the innocent sucking-dove here made out.

One might gather that the policy "Divide and rule" was an invention of the British and peculiar to them: Dr. Leyds brings it as a charge against them on some six or eight occasions. While, without doubt, the soft impeachment cannot be truthfully denied on all occasions, it can be claimed that under certain circumstances this policy has been, and will continue to be, exercised by all governments for all time. It was not scorned by the Boer Government. This present humble reviewer having been given the direction of certain large tracts of native territory in N.E. Transvaal, and having had to administer it and maintain peace, was left with the advantage of such a position, "Divide et impera," which had been deliberately created by the Boer Government.

Dr. Leyds says that "The Transvaal from Within" (Fitzpatrick) is a libellous publication; it is, and so is the work under review. There is no such thing as "the truth" about a series of events covering such a period of time and involving so many personalities; but we believe that the Boer side of the picture is the cleaner of the two, and we think it would be good for Englishmen to read this book: they, however, will not read it, but it will be read by some people on the Continent and some in South Africa, and will not tend to improve relations generally, and so, perhaps, Dr. Leyds will be content.

The Professor's Love-Life: Letters of Ronald Mallethwile. (Macmillan. 9s. net.)

We are assured by the editors that these letters are genuine, and that both the man who wrote them and the woman who received them are really in love. The editors recognise that these are sufficient reasons for publication; and the editors therefore assure us that the letters "setting forth a love so single and so complete that it speaks in terms of all generations— their references to a young American's high standards and ideals, his order for humanity, his struggle with bitter conditions—led a woman, who is now dead, to ask that these letters be given the world: a help to its interpretation of life and an aid to its bettering." One wonders whether American editors lack judgment or the sense of truth; we have read these letters in vain for any "references to a young American's high standards and ideals." It is true that he says, on p. 63: "You speak of my ideals that must be sacrificed upon your account, and are unwilling it should be." But he continues: "Dear heart, do you know that I have no ideals now. I have an ideal, and a holocaust of all my dreams before it would gladden me if it gladdened it—and you are that idol." And if this be dismissed as a lover's hyperbole, judge by the facts. This professor turns to journalism for a living, gets an appointment on "The Hastings as first assistant. I shall not cease to look for a good location as professor, or anything somewhere; but if I should find that I really have a career in journalism, why not stick to it? Certainly, I prefer an academic life, and am inclined to think my work lies in the University, but I will try this thing a turn" (p. 58). We do not know if this passage expresses "the lyricism and beauty of the English in which [the letters] are written," to which the editors refer; but the "high standards and ideals" seem very adaptable. For on p. 59 he writes: "The most disagreeable feature of my business is that I am literally muzzled—kept from a word on those subjects which interest me most. 'The Hastings' is an administration organ, and under obligations to nearly all the miserable monopolies in the country. All good paragraphs are on the other side. It is just the office in which to acquire a newspaper style. You are bound to say nothing in an interesting way." Did he change his occupation, in accordance with his ideals? No! Following the passage already quoted from p. 63, comes this: "I get but forty dollars a week, but this will be raised probably to fifty before I get settled, and I continue to give satisfaction. Of course, I should not stay long at the work at that figure, but it will probably be a year before my services will bring more." Fifty dollars a week for not telling the truth is certainly an "ideal," but we doubt whether it is one that will "aid to the bettering" of life. The "dry crust and liberty" of the ancients has a more instant appeal; but this "idealist" had no doubts. Omnia vincit
amor; and on p. 87 we read: "Your father's advice about remaining in this coast region I fully appreciate and shall act upon. This, however, not on account of a superior moral tone of affairs here, for New York is ruled and robbed by as vile a set of men as exist anywhere, but because here my knowledge is more valuable to me than it would be elsewhere. We have to come to the end, and grasp squarely hold of the pestilent machine—business. Then, in the keen contest for bread, there is an end of generous aspirations for the race. My task now is to learn to write what people want to read about current affairs. If I can do this I shall be satisfied." We hope that the world feels better for the counsel.

Empire and Commerce in Africa. A Study in Economic Imperialism. By Leonard Woolf. (Labour Research Department and Allen and Unwin. 20s. net.)

The main part of this book is an account, entertaining as a comedy, of the squabbles between European nations for the possession of Africa. How, except in a spirit of irony, Mr. Woolf could have described a set of intrigues so disgusting, we confess we cannot see; if he had allowed himself to be indignant with each particular treachery, his indignation would have exhausted him before he had well begun to look at his material. One conclusion to which his examination of British, French, and German diplomacy in Africa: that the flag has for the last forty years followed trade. This is generally how it has happened. A few financiers of good or bad repute go, or send such adventurers as they can find, to certain parts of Africa. These make "claims," only to find a little later that these are being threatened by other financiers, generally of another nationality. At once the matter becomes "national." It is British, French, or German power that is threatened; and so, by means which are occult only to those who do not know the relation between capitalism and governments, Britain, France, or Germany is forced to "step in." The methods by which the financial houses have gained a footing on virgin Africa are resolvable into one—some form of chicanery; but what has been gained by trickery the governments have maintained by force. The national benefit from economic imperialism has, nevertheless, been very trifling: Mr. Woolf provides statistics which amply prove this. The only people, in fact, who have benefited to any extent have been the capitalists and financiers concerned. The effect on the native Africans, it need hardly be said, has been anything but elevating. The national benefit from economic imperialism has, nevertheless, been very trifling: Mr. Woolf provides statistics which amply prove this. The only people, in fact, who have benefited to any extent have been the capitalists and financiers concerned. The effect on the native Africans, it need hardly be said, has been anything but elevating. The national benefit from economic imperialism has, nevertheless, been very trifling: Mr. Woolf provides statistics which amply prove this. The only people, in fact, who have benefited to any extent have been the capitalists and financiers concerned. The effect on the native Africans, it need hardly be said, has been anything but elevating.

The Press in War-Time: With Some Account of the Official Press Bureau. By Sir Edward Cook. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

The function of the Press in war-time is so contradictory that the Censorship can always score against its critics. The problem is, how to hearten the home public without informing the enemy or misleading the home public; and it is, in the nature of things, practically insoluble. Somewhere or other, at some time or other, a false impression must be created, if the enemy is to be kept guessing; and as that false impression must be given publicity if it is to be effective, the home public must be misled. Criticism of the Press Bureau, for example, was allowed and encouraged by its Directors; the bigger fools they were, the better pleased they were—because it was supposed to mislead the Germans in their political calculations. While the Press demanded plain principles of censorship, and rigid application of them, the Press Bureau developed anomaly into a fine art; whatever was done, justified its existence. If it refused permission to publish to the paper that conscientiously omitted its matter, that was right, because publication might have informed the enemy; if another paper published the information without submitting it, that also was right—because it made the Press Bureau look silly, and thus misled the enemy. All that submission to the Press Bureau did for the Press was to guarantee against prosecution those who did so submit; those who did not so submit, and risked prosecution for publication, also served the Censor's purpose of misleading the Germans. Why this should be so, since the Press Bureau did not guarantee the truth of the news it passed for publication, is a little difficult of understanding by those who have not the mentality of Dickens' Major Bagstock, who thought himself "devilish cunning" when he saw the obvious. The fact is that Censorship and Truth are not allies, but enemies; "as false as a Bulletin," was a French simile in the time of Napoleon, and Sir Edward Cook's argument that military necessity must over-ride all other in time of war reduces the Press to the task of misleading the home public not in the hope of deceiving the enemy, but with the purpose of preserving our military geniuses in power. The scattered responsibility that Sir Edward Cook reveals as applying to individuals, not to inform the public—and perhaps the Press would best serve the public in war-time by talking of something other than the war.
Pastiche.

ON "TRISTION EN ROMANCE."

The trim fays trip above thy head, Tristion:
Green it is and gay, though the frore frost freethz:
For Love leanheth above thee where thou liest alone,
And angry Winter pleaseth with tender moan:
"The buried heart burneth like summer in the snow,
That the blossom turneth while thou liest alone.
For Love leaneth above thee where thou liest alone,
And waving above thee, though Fate were unkind,
"O sweet, what boots it, since all do love thee?"
The word lay on thy lips,
But ere the word had birth
"How the neat fay trips!
Thy Love lay in the earth:
Thou mad'st thy plaint to Death;
Yet gave thee not her breath;" (O how the neat fay trips!)
"Thou must thy plaint to Death;
That shrined air with any luted numbers:
And in the undying grass
The moss to her mould is clinging
Like to the blessed trees
From her chaste sleep below:
And the young bird to the nest:
The toils and tears of those we love,
The struggles of despair.
Thou mad'st thy plaint to Death;
Yet gave thee not her breath;" (O how the neat fay trips!)
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The toils and tears of those we love,
The struggles of despair.
Thou mad'st thy plaint to Death;
Yet gave thee not her breath;" (O how the neat fay trips!)
"Thou must thy plaint to Death;
That shrined air with any luted numbers:
And in the undying grass
The moss to her mould is clinging
Like to the blessed trees
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