

which escape from those limitations is to be achieved.

Nevertheless, he is a striking figure, brave in his day for what almost alone he attempted to defy, full of that seeking and courage which are two of the highest attributes of man. His picture-sense is strong, and he has the ability to work on vast canvases beyond al-

most anyone alive. The gift of beautiful language was denied him, but in his very efforts to articulate he achieved to a large extent a picture of the dynamic but inarticulate community about him, and certainly to him in large measure is due the flowering which the world confidently expects in the near future of American literature.

FOR HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN¹

BY HUGH A. LAW

'*Un Anglais, c'est un imbécile; deux Anglais, c'est un "match"; trois Anglais, c'est une grande nation.*' So runs one of a series of epigrams on the peoples of Europe reported to have been coined in the leisure moments of the Secretariat of the League of Nations. It would be hard to beat as a summary of the characteristics of that astonishing race which, like the caterpillar of *John Bull's Other Island*, is at once ridiculous and formidable. Almost any one Englishman one meets as one goes about the world seems stupider than one would have thought possible. Put two of them together, and it is long odds they will begin at once — and continue indefinitely — to talk cricket or golf. Give three of them their heads anywhere, and within six months they will be ruling the roost, very much to their own satisfaction, and quite probably to the advantage, if not altogether to the joy, of whatever lesser breeds may be found in the occupied territory. But what is much more surprising than those

aptitudes for organization and rule which have manifested themselves all over the habitable globe is this fact, of which one only slowly becomes aware (the Englishman being strangely shy of revealing this side of himself), that the man who seems at first to have no ideas beyond his business and his games should so often turn out, on closer acquaintance, to be something of a humanist, a philosopher, and a poet.

These observations, trite and seemingly remote as they may appear, are perhaps not altogether irrelevant to a consideration of the published speeches and addresses of the present Prime Minister of England. Prime Minister of Great Britain is, no doubt, the more correct title, but it is impossible to think of Mr. Baldwin — though he had, it appears, a Scottish great-grandfather — as anything but an Englishman. Indeed, in the address which forms the title of this volume he boldly admits to 'a feeling of satisfaction and profound thankfulness that he may use the word "England" without some fellow at the back of the room shouting

¹ From the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin Independent weekly), August 14

out "Britain" — a very proper and honorable frame of mind, and vastly preferable to that mute and 'treelike self-sufficiency' which Stevenson observed in the Anglo-Saxon.

Mr. Baldwin is in many ways typical of the best sort of Englishman, and in nothing more than in his rarely displayed reserves of power, knowledge, and subtlety. Most members of the House of Commons were, I imagine, surprised when, in June 1917, the little-known back-bencher was suddenly appointed to the immensely important office of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Even more generally surprising was his accession to the Prime Ministership within little more than two years of his attaining Cabinet rank, since there were others — notably the late Lord Curzon, to whose unsuspected qualities of heart, as of head, Mr. Baldwin here bears generous witness — much more in the public eye. His first administration was of brief duration, and ended in electoral disaster. Nevertheless, strangers who happened, as I did, to be in England during the anxious days of the general strike chiefly remarked two things — the tranquil demeanor and cheerfulness of all sections (not least the strikers themselves), and the trust reposed by everyone in the personality of the Prime Minister. Some blamed, indeed, his conduct of the preceding negotiations, but no one doubted that, unlike some of his colleagues, if report is to be believed, he was out for a square deal and would no more countenance the cry 'Smash the Trade-Unions' than he would yield to anything that threatened the security of the State. Though himself for many years an employer of labor, people felt instinctively that he was not one of those 'hard-faced business men' with whom the House of Commons is nowadays only too familiar, and that, though a keen politician, he

was not likely to try to snatch Party advantage from a national disaster.

So much was plain from his record as a man of affairs. But these addresses of his, only a small number of which are directly concerned with politics, reveal other sides of a singularly attractive and singularly modest character. In form they are models of modern English speech, reminding one by their simple excellence of phrasing, by their rejection of clamorous and confident argument, of that saying in one of Mr. John Yeats's essays: 'Cultivated Englishmen talking together are like men sitting in the woods through a long summer's night and listening during the intervals of silence to the noise made by a nearby stream, or of wind among the branches, or to the singing of a nightingale.' Mr. Yeats's praise is the more apposite in that, in a time of ever-growing industrialism, Mr. Baldwin clings by preference to the older traditions of the countryside.

'To me,' he writes, 'England is the country, and the country is England. And when I ask myself what I mean by England, when I think of England when I am abroad, England comes to me through my various senses — through the ear, through the eye, and through certain imperishable scents.' Note how he repeats, in sheer pleasure, the beloved name; just as Mangan — for all the difference of race and fortune — repeats over and over again that of our Dark Rosaleen. Here is a patriotism we can all respect. Then, in a passage often quoted already, but to be quoted once more here for its beauty's sake, he goes on to tell us what these are: —

The sounds of England, the tinkle of the hammer on the anvil in the country smithy, the corn crake on a dewy morning, the sound of a scythe against a whetstone, and the sight of a plough team coming over the brow of a hill, the sight that has been seen

in England since England was a land, and may be seen in England long after the Empire has perished and every work in England has ceased to function, for centuries the one eternal sight of England. The wild anemones in the woods in April, the last load at night of hay being drawn down a lane as the twilight comes on, when you can hardly distinguish the figures of the horses as they take it home to the farm, and, above all, most subtle, most penetrating and most moving, the smell of wood smoke coming up in an autumn evening, or the smell of the scutch fires. . . . These things strike down into the very depths of our nature, and touch chords that go back to the beginning of time and the human race. . . . These are the things that make England, and I grieve for it that they are not the childish inheritance of the majority of the people to-day in our country.

In two other things also Mr. Baldwin is typical of the better sort of Englishman (that sort of which we in Ireland, for one reason or another, see and hear too little) — in his constant insistence upon this idea of public service, and in his love of the classics. And these two things are really one; for to him the great political virtues are the virtues cherished especially by the great Romans, '*pietas, gravitas*, and the truth of the spoken word.' Though he does not interlard his speeches with Greek and Latin quotations, after the parliamentary fashion of another time, there is here hardly an utterance of his but bears witness to the study of humane letters. To these, as he told the Classical Association, he feels himself indebted for 'some sense of proportion, a standard of values, a profound respect for the truth of words,' and 'a perennial happiness in the sheer beauty of Latin and Greek and the thousand images they call up in the mind.'

'I remember well,' he continues, 'the first election I fought. It was what was called an old-fashioned election, in an ancient borough now disfranchised. The candidate was expected to spend three evenings a week during the time of his probation in one or another of the public houses which jostled each other through the constituency, listening to and vociferously applauding what, for want of a better name, was called, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, a comic or humorous song. After a time I felt the need of a moral purge and a literal sedative. It was the work of a moment to find what my soul needed. When I came home at night from these orgies I seldom went to bed without reading something of the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid*, or the *Odes* of Horace. By the date of the election I had read all the last-named, and most of the others, not without labor in the dictionaries, not always with ease, but with care and increasing joy — and with the desired result that, though defeated, I had passed through the fire and the smell of burning was not on my garments.'

Here is a pleasant picture to have in our minds; and a profitable one also, since we are all perhaps too much disposed to think of our neighbors as given over wholly to the pursuit of material things. Love of country and of countryside, ungrudging service to the commonwealth, joy in great literature — these are qualities we can all respect and admire; and when — as must sometimes happen — other and less agreeable sides of the Englishman's strange nature are visible, it is well to remember that in them at heart we can find points of agreement, not controversy.

YOUTH IN THE INDIES¹

BY SIR ARTHUR YAPP, K.B.E.

I. YOUNG INDIA

I HAVE been trying to find out what Young India is thinking to-day. It is not easy, in a country with an area of nearly two million square miles and a population of more than three hundred millions. I have talked with British leaders, with members of the Legislative Assembly, with students, with Hindu and Mohammedan politicians, and with members of the Swarajist Party. I have had long discussions with clergymen and ministers, with college professors, and with secretaries and members of my own association, the Y. M. C. A. In various ways I have tried — if I may so express it — to ‘feel the pulse’ of educated Indian youth.

Youth in India is of three main kinds — British, Anglo-Indian, and Indian. The British section may be subdivided into four further groups — first, the military, of whom there are roughly sixty thousand; second, those in government employ; third, those employed in banks and wholesale business houses; and fourth, young men engaged in retail business.

As for the young Anglo-Indian, or Eurasian, there has recently been a danger of his falling between two stools. A tendency exists to Indianize the various government departments, and the Anglo-Indian has suffered by the competition of his Indian rival. The education of the latter has better fitted him for

the position of clerk in a government office; while the Anglo-Indian, educated under the European code, has probably not taken a university degree, and his standard of knowledge, particularly of mathematics, is often lower than that of the Indian graduate. One of our Y. M. C. A. representatives in India has recently investigated the cases of six hundred unemployed Anglo-Indians in the Madras Presidency. He found that over ninety per cent of them had been educated in accordance with British methods and ideals, but had been beaten in competition by Indians. Another serious handicap for the young Anglo-Indian is that he has little or no vernacular.

Indian Youth may be roughly divided into two classes — literate and illiterate. Only twenty-two millions of the entire population of India can read or write, while only about two and one-half millions can read or write English.

I had a long talk with the head of a college of eight hundred students, of whom over six hundred are Hindus, thirty or forty Christians, about one hundred Parsis, and twenty Mohammedans. The main attack of the Swarajists, he told me, had been against the colleges. They said, in effect, ‘Leave the colleges, and we shall have Swaraj — complete Home Rule — in twelve months.’ Large numbers did, in fact, leave — although many of them straightway entered other British colleges. This active opposition has now passed, and these colleges — the pio-

¹ From *London Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily), August 9, 11, 13