

CURRENT MAGAZINES

The Case of Mr. Strachey:—Editorial, in *New York Nation*.

Civil War in Greece:—Mr. F. A. Ogg, in *Current History*.

United States and the World Court:—Mr. C. E. Martin, in *Annals of the American Academy*.

What India Really Thinks:—Mr. C. T. Garratt in the *Nineteenth Century*.

According to the laws of the United States, anyone shown to be an advocate of Communism must be deported. The law on the subject is not merely permissive; it is mandatory. By what means, then, has Mr. John Strachey made good his escape through the meshes of that statute? Who, pray, can be called an advocate of Communism if not the author of *The Coming Struggle for Power*? The line followed in Mr. Strachey's successful defence is of great interest not only to lawyers, but to political observers and social scientists everywhere.

The ground on which Communists are legally excluded from the United States is that they are understood to advocate the overthrow of "capitalist" government by force. No one at all acquainted with Communist literature, from Marx and Engels to Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin, can doubt that therein violence is everywhere recommended, nor can anyone doubt that the American social order is a conspicuous example of the "capitalism" marked for attack. Yet Mr. Strachey argued with success that the law excluding Communists had no proper application to him. He said he had never advocated, nor did he mean to advocate, violence against the government of the United States. As a foreign visitor, he could not properly meddle with American politics, but had come on invitation to lecture in American cities on great social problems which concern the thinker everywhere. By way of elucidating the point, he is reported to have drawn two distinctions: (1) between a "Communist" and a "believer in Communist theories"; (2) between an "intellectual" Communist and Communists in general. Both these somewhat elusive contrasts were put forward as requiring the authorities to discriminate in Mr. Strachey's favour.

Though it achieved its purpose before the tribunal, this argument in his defence has been widely ridiculed outside, but on careful consideration it will be found to have more point than at first sight appears. The purpose of the law was plainly to exclude that kind

of critic of American institutions who might be expected to stir up rebellion. Mr. Strachey protests that no such danger need be apprehended from him, because he is an intellectual and a theorist. His books, indeed, reveal his fervent admiration for the Russian Bolshevik revolutionaries, and the simple-minded may be excused for construing this as showing sympathy with violence. But one gathers from his defence that, although a firm believer in the "theories" of such men as Lenin and Trotsky and Stalin, he would never do what they did: in short, his practice, like that of so many Christians, might be relied upon to show no disquieting fidelity to the principles of his creed. I doubt not that Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin have had many such hesitating or backsliding disciples, and a Court might easily think it not worth while to interfere with the usual liberties of speech and publication in the case of one who could follow his leaders only so very far off. Again, though in distinguishing himself as an "intellectual" Communist, Mr. Strachey may have meant no disparagement to his brethren, he does here indicate a difference which means a good deal. A mere "intellectual" addressing "intellectuals" will seldom excite any practical outburst. The authorities know those people, and understand how fully one may depend upon the inhibitions of their peculiar nature—their habitual suspense of judgment; their immunity, so strange to common folk, from any need to translate theories into practice; their Hamlet-like indecision in a crisis, quite enough to justify a Chief of Police in neglecting them as harmless. Very few indeed of their publications have any touch of the peril which belonged to Lenin's magazine, *The Spark*.

If by such reasoning Mr. Strachey persuaded the immigration authorities, he deserves to be complimented on his ingenious appeal to the mental attitude of his judges. One wonders, however, that they did not take more account of the evidence of what he has written. Do his books give him a place among those merely academic exponents of Communism towards whom the law may safely be indulgent? This plea does far less than justice to his talent for popular appeal, his very remarkable combination of a keen analytic mind with a power of arousing audiences of average people. In his case the notorious harmlessness of an academic theorist provides no safeguard. He rather shows that striking incisiveness by which another of his name and kin notoriously captured the public ear.

Moreover, was it really meant by the framers of this section of United States law that it should apply only to those who incite to definite acts of violence against the government? What of those

to whom no such explicit incitements can be brought home, but whose language goes to create an atmosphere, a mood of mind, from which violence is the natural result? An old and sound rule, surely, is the one which tells us that a man is accountable for the consequences of his actions in so far as such consequences might be foreseen. In English law there is an elastic, but a very valuable, provision making one liable to arrest for language or behaviour "likely to lead to a breach of the peace". What shall we say, then, about such a passage as the following from Mr. Strachey's book, *The Coming Struggle for Power*?

Such a future cannot indeed be assured without a struggle. In their struggle for Communism, however, the workers of Britain will find trusty allies in the workers of all the world. Moreover, the amount of violence involved by even the greatest social upheavals, by the seizure of power by the French middle class in 1789, or by the Russian workers in 1917, has always been infinitesimal compared to the devastations of the wars of capitalism.

It would be false to pretend that there was any path forward which could relieve the British workers of efforts and sacrifices. Their choice is not between violence and peace. History has not even raised the possibility of universal harmony. And if the workers, misled by the disingenuous pacifism of social democracy, were to deny themselves the right to fight for their existence, they would find that all they had accomplished was to give free rein to the imperialists who will inevitably plunge the world into universal war. For if men hesitate before the task of achieving a new civilization, if they draw back because no new order of society can be born without violent conflict, they will not achieve an epoch of peaceful stability. The alternative to the violence entailed by the lifting of human life to a new level is the violence entailed by the decline of human society, the break-up of such world civilization as exists, the dawn of a new dark age of perpetual conflict. It is not given to men to stand still upon the path of history. Forward or back is their only alternative. Nor will either road be smooth. The road forward, however, is infinitely the less beset by violence and suffering.

The sufferings, for example, which the workers will have to undergo, in order to establish and maintain their rule in Britain, will be incomparably smaller than those which face them as the inevitable consequence of deciding once again to fight their masters' battles for them.

Probably mere intellectuals might read such a passage as the above, having read and approved and disregarded similar passages countless times already, without feeling any serious impulse to riot. But is it safe to assume that intelligent manual workers, not yet schooled into what H. G. Wells has called "intellectual weak-handedness", will show a like amiable inconsistency?

My purpose here is by no means to argue that the American law requiring deportation of Communists is a good one. Brought up under British traditions, I prefer wider freedom of speech, judging the risk in indulgence (considerable though it is) to be by no means so great as the risk in restraint. In these days we are forced, in Nietzschean phrase, to live dangerously, and can but choose the slighter danger. My point is that the protection designed, wisely or unwisely, for American institutions has been applied here with altogether insufficient insight.

Reflections which go far beyond the legal issue are stirred by this very interesting figure, so typical of a young generation of publicists. Mr. Strachey, like his second cousin, the author of *Eminent Victorians*, is engaged on the disillusionment of his contemporaries, that enterprise to which the new verb "debunk"—more expressive than elegant—is now applied. But there is this difference: Mr. Lytton Strachey used to be selective, choosing certain persons for exposure—a General Gordon, a Florence Nightingale, a Queen Victoria. Like a good Communist, however, Mr. John Strachey achieves to his own satisfaction the exposure of all mankind (except Marxians, whose freedom from the selfishness elsewhere universal he somehow manages to assume). Everywhere in such books one expects the habitual Communist line of thought: showing us how every apparent heroism is just self-seeking in disguise; how the only contrast among people is that the selfishness of some is more artful, that of others more crude; how religions of every sort are an imposture, philanthropies a pretence, and our most urgent task is to remain watchful against one another's hypocrisies.

Quite a number of bright young men devote themselves just now to the propagation of this creed, so dishonoring to the race. Like the villager in Disraeli's novel, who found that a chat about the bad times always put him in good spirits, they are obviously exhilarated by having shown that mankind's apparent generosity is always a fraud! With a naive confidence that this dialectic degradation of the race has never been undertaken—at least with equal subtlety—before, they offer one revival after another of a "psychology" which real students of the past can now examine again only with infinite boredom. But it is a mistake to invoke legal process for the suppression of such writings or such speeches. The more widely and intimately the Communist libel upon human nature is understood, the surer it is to be rejected in the long run—though there may well be a perilous interval. As Newman used to say, the wisdom of the ages needs time to overcome the

intellectualism of the hour. But it will overcome in the end, and nothing else will so retard its victory as the appearance of silencing those whom one is unable to refute. From the point of view merely of social tactics, to say nothing of a higher consideration, the liberal policy is best. Exclusion is far less likely to be an effective safeguard than to supply a gratuitous advertisement.

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WHEREVER South-Eastern Europe is disturbed, people suspect—rightly or wrongly—the hand of Mussolini. Thus many conjectures have appeared regarding the real purpose of that Italian mobilization for which the Abyssinian quarrel was said to supply “merely a pretext”. One sagacious guesser argued some time ago that it must be preparatory to a general uproar in Central Europe; another not long afterwards contended that its secret came to light in the outbreak of civil war in Greece. What attitude Italy took to the Greek trouble remains still unavowed. But it is of interest to note that she has her own controversy with that particular neighbour just now maturing, and even so far advanced as to have been set forth in formal statement to the League. The problem of the Dodecanese Islands is the very kernel of present Graeco-Italian dispute. It can scarcely be without bearing upon Greek internal politics.

The Dodecanese (“Twelve Islands”) lie in the Aegean Sea, just off the coast of Asia Minor, and when tried by any known test for nationality they are found beyond all doubt to be Greek. Since the great transfer of populations, interchange of Greek, Armenian and Moslem, the non-Hellenic proportion there has been reduced to a negligible minority. It is not surprising that mass meetings have been held at many centres on the Greek mainland, to protest that the same principles which lately governed the settlement in the Saar Basin should be applied, and that forthwith a plebiscite in the Dodecanese should remove a remaining focus of international irritation. The argument is not, however, limited to matters of abstract racial justice. Greece complains that a pledge has been violated. Twenty-three years ago, while the islands were still subject to Turkey, and Turks were fighting Italians, the Dodecanese welcomed Italian invaders who promised, in exchange for this support, to make them independent as soon as the Moslem tyrant should be overcome. But the Italian part of the bargain was not kept. The Dodecanese found that they had co-operated with a professing deliverer, only to acquire a new tyrant. Once in control,

the invader refused to let go his grip, and when the terms of the secret Treaty of London (1915) were at length disclosed, it was seen that a pledge from the Allied Powers to leave these islands an Italian possession was among the inducements by which Italy was brought into the Great War on the Entente side.

Through the tangle of such understandings, pledges given for a secret consideration on one side and broken for a rival consideration—also secret—on another, it is very difficult for the outside student to find his way. There was a firm bargain, we are told between Venizelos and Tittoni, that the Dodecanese should be transferred to Greece at the end of the War. Needless to say, a voluble rejoinder comes from Rome as to the basis of this story, and Count Sforza explicitly tells us that the bargain, such as it was, had been repudiated by the Italian Foreign Office. He ought to know the facts, as they fell within his own official career. But whence came the authority for such unilateral repudiation? The League Council is not to be envied its job with the relevant documents.

Meanwhile the question is often raised—why does any outside Power want those islands? Their economic value is of the slightest. What material or other advantage makes it worth while for Italy to bother about them? It sounds very bad indeed when the League Council is told that for the last nine years all inhabitants of those islands have been forced to adopt Italian nationality which most of them abhor. It looks like a first-class grievance when one reads of an enforced breach with the central Patriarchate of their Greek Church, so that a separate ecclesiastical organization (under Italian dominance) may be created. Why is this—or even the plausible appearance of this—thought worth while? For answer comes the hint that those twelve islands are wanted, not because they have intrinsic value, but because they would supply an excellent base for operations against Turkish Anatolia, and the ambition of Greater Italy is known to lie eastward. In short, the reason for keeping them is exactly similar to the reason for originally acquiring them.

So runs the Greek suggestion. True or false, it would cover some known facts, and it opens up a line of reflective thought. It likewise provokes speculation regarding Italy's attitude to the Greek Civil War.

One at least of those islands, for the most part unknown by name to the general reader, has an interest of its own—"the isle which is called Patmos", sacred to the memory of the seer in the Apocalypse. It was there that, more than eighteen centuries after St. John, very different seers saw visions very different. Not the

lonely author of the *Book of Revelation*, but the "Insular Assembly"; and what it proclaimed was the coming, not of the New Jerusalem, but of "The Autonomous State of the Aegean!"

One feels that the later vision may be doomed to the longer postponement.

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REFUSAL by the United States last January to enter the World Court was the provocative of renewed attack in European newspapers upon American "isolationism". Those living in neighborly contact with persons thus accused of sheer selfishness should not allow such imputations to pass without pointing out how grossly they exaggerate or pervert the facts. A provincialism at least as narrow as that which engineered the fatal vote in the United States Senate has made the European critic delude himself with a quite insufficient account of the case. It is not enough to refute Senator Borah's argument, and Senator Hiram Johnson's: that is by no means difficult. We need to understand how these speakers move such large blocks of American opinion. The less cogent their argument, the more challenging is the spectacle of its success.

It is merely foolish to minimise the degree of anti-European sentiment just now prevailing in the United States, or to attempt to explain it away. In this matter British observers should look beyond the explanation so common in the sort of New York or Boston weekly which Londoners read. They are too readily appeased by a statement that all the "best" people in the United States were in disgust over last January's decision on the World Court, and too hospitable to the forecast of a victory for internationalism "before long". British observers need to forget for a while those Americans they have accustomed themselves to call "best", and to think of other Americans whose views at present are so unpleasantly effective. Moreover, it would do the Englishman good to practise abstinence for a time from the papers he has been brought up to think of as "reflecting the best American opinion", and to nourish his mind upon those other papers which reflect an opinion at least strong enough to determine policy. Certain catchwords about transatlantic thought need to be unlearned. Neither the persons nor the newspapers on this side of the ocean are to be judged good and bad, discerning and ignorant, simply by the test of reverential co-operation with the policies of Europe.

January's decision was indeed significant of a great deal. The most influential President whom the United States had known since

the Civil War importuned the Senate to approve America's adhesion to the World Court, and importuned in vain! What he was urging was no new fad of his own; it was the proposal put forward by a succession of his predecessors seven times within eleven years. In the vote of refusal not only did those habitually classified as "doubtful" (in the party sense) vote against Mr. Roosevelt: he was deserted by twenty of his own habitual followers. The wireless appeal of his opponents brought telegrams to Washington in a flood at the eleventh hour—"vital messages", as Father Coughlin would say, calling on Senators to save the country by voting against the President. We may smile at the absurdities in the campaign: for instance, at a solemn announcement that no fewer than 37,000 foreign agents were at work in the United States to embroil God's country in the wretched feuds of Europe. We may chuckle over Father Coughlin's interpretation of the 83rd Psalm, with the verses about the plotting of the heathen against Israel, its argument that Americans are now God's Chosen whose very name their enemies conspire to wipe out, and its identification of the Psalmist's "Covenant" with the "Covenant of the League of Nations". But how do reasoning and rhetoric such as this prevail? To what pre-existing disposition in the breasts of its hearers is there so effective an appeal?

The million signatures attached to protests against entering the World Court were not, in general, of people wilfully and deliberately selfish. Neither can they be dismissed as coming from persons hopelessly ignorant, though ignorance and selfishness here—as in all other decisions we have seen—must have played their part. Most of the protesters were intensely in earnest, believing wisely or foolishly, but at least sincerely, that refusal to enter the Court would help to keep the United States out of world war. Nor does it seem altogether obvious that the belief was wrong. To participate in a Court, by sending national representatives to be members of it, might surely be thought to entail some obligation to make the Court's decisions effective. So a ready ear was lent when Senator Borah told his audience that the issue was whether the United States should go into world politics—should accept responsibility for intrigue, broils, ultimately wars, all over the globe. Was not this just the sort of entanglement which George Washington had warned them to avoid? And had not Europe since Washington's time developed for the worse?

Senator Borah's listeners were terrified. They thought that some day, through the decisions of a Court to which American sanction had been given, they might find themselves forced in honour to send their sons to battle in Manchuria, in Ethiopia, or

in Yugoslavia. Rightly or wrongly, they felt no such respect for other nations as could induce them to take such a risk. Can we altogether blame them? They had watched European intrigues since the Great War,—enterprises of competing selfishness which kept the cause of peace constantly balanced as on a razor's edge. They had seen every conflicting interest, every project of national greed, explained and defended and justified by European publicists who should have known better. Meanwhile, they had witnessed the powerlessness of the League in the Far East and in South America. That very World Court had adjudicated upon the German-Austrian Customs Treaty case four years ago, and despite its proud claim to be a "disinterested" tribunal, its fifteen members had rendered judgment in most suspicious accord with the national interests of the countries from which they respectively came. What wonder if Senator Hiram Johnson suggests that one of these days the tribunal may give "an advisory opinion" in favour of letting Japanese settle at will on American territory? Senator Huey Long put it in his own terse way: "We are being rushed", he said, "pell mell to get into this World Court so that Senor Ab Jap or some other something from Japan can pass upon our controversies!"

A further cause of quite intelligible irritation is the habitual tone of certain highly placed European Ministers in speaking of the United States.

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer has a playfully satiric wit when he refers to the mental limitations of "the Middle West". That the entertainment and stimulus thus provided for his listeners in England might be dearly bought at the expense of making Americans furious, does not seem to have occurred to him. Nor did the consequence of a most unfortunate jest remain long enough in his mind to serve as a warning for next time. The glory of having a surplus to report, especially in such circumstances as the present, led Mr. Chamberlain to allude in suggestive phrase to other nations whose financial devices were heralded with much louder noise, but whose net result was in such humiliating contrast with quiet British success. A more regrettable line of reflection could hardly have been suggested. As we British listeners to "news reels" in Canadian picture-theatres heard the Chancellor set forth the merits of his budget with this accompaniment of contemptuous comparison, our blood ran cold. For we knew that our neighbours would be either more or less than human if they did not make the obvious rejoinder. Other nations, too, could have a "surplus" if they decided, when pressure became hard, to repudiate all obligation for an enormous debt abroad whose justice they

had themselves acknowledged times without number. Moreover, it seemed inappropriate that the debtor should exult in a budget statement showing opulence far greater than that of the creditor! Mr. Lloyd George expressed the inevitable American comment when he said that nations, like individuals, should not combine an appeal for financial indulgence with a boast of their financial superiority.

These are among the causes which account for the present American irritability and distrust towards Europe. They are not wholly despicable. The decision of last January was one example out of many. As psycho-analysts say: Here is the *latent* rather than the *manifest* content of the mind of the anti-Court party. Considerations more than sufficient to counterbalance those I have mentioned are, for British and Canadian observers, too plain to be worth pointing out. What does need to be said is that tempers should not be further inflamed, as they may readily be, by calling all Americans against the Court narrow and unscrupulous. No doubt it is true of some of them. Party politics in the United States are in this respect like party politics everywhere. But it is not true of the opposition in general, and what we can easily achieve by such indiscriminate abuse is to make more difficult that co-operation which the United States has increasingly given. It is most unfortunate to stimulate any further a resentment against "Europe" which this incident has shown to be so inflammable. Nor is it unintelligible that many Americans should now think of those old countries as George Gissing said the Victorian Englishman thought of the rest of the world—"that land of notorious profligacy which the Englishman calls 'abroad'." Only time, and better knowledge, and the grace of sympathy can cure such provincialism on both sides of the Atlantic.

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DISRAELI'S apt picture of electioneering deserves once more to be recalled:

"And now for our cry," said Mr. Taper.

"It is not a Cabinet for a good cry," said Tadpole; "but then, on the other hand, it is a Cabinet that will sow dissension in the opposite ranks, and prevent them having a good cry."

"Something might be done with prerogative," said Mr. Taper; "the King's constitutional choice?"

"Not much," replied Mr. Tadpole; "it is a raw time yet for prerogative."

No one is likely to hesitate for an answer to the question—What figure in British politics now most closely corresponds to the Disraelian idea?

With the subsidence of David Lloyd George, the dash and colour which belong to Winston Churchill are unique on the British political scene. There is no one, fortunately perhaps, like him. For the platform he has his peculiar gift of phrase and image and repartee; for the House he has his eloquent periods, in the grand manner of Macaulay or Burke, brought back to a generation for which its spell was unknown. Always at his service is his power of satiric wit and sparkling epigram, so similar to that of his late friend, Lord Birkenhead. But he is more than an accomplished speaker. As a writer, neither Lord Birkenhead nor Mr. Lloyd George can be named with him. Think what we will about Mr. Churchill's opinions and his politics: his *Aftermath* has added passage after passage of imperishable description to English literature.

His concern just now seems to be neither oratory nor literary composition, but party manoeuvring. Some time ago he exploded a political bombshell in the Wavertree Division of Liverpool. Those coroner's juries which carry out byelection post-mortems have since been sitting in different parts of the constituency, and, of course, rendering different verdicts. Winston was not himself in the contest: the candidate was his son Randolph, with a boyish appeal of his own. But everyone knew that the fight was Winston's, and the result was the very sensation he desired. When a candidate running against the official machine, and declared by the officials likely to lose his deposit, polls over 10,000 votes, something has happened on a large scale. Particularly when one of the seats judged "safest" for Conservatism in England has thus passed over to Labour! The plotter's dramatic instincts must have been immensely gratified.

One wonders what has been said to him since then at the headquarters of his (supposed) party. Young Randolph Churchill called himself an "Independent Conservative", but he knew well that independent ventures are for a tranquil time, and that is not this time. Not even seats safe to the utmost range of political memory are safe for English Conservatism now, so that every so-called friend who is not with "the cause" must now be counted definitely against it. With the steady stream of byelections going wrong¹, and the Government seeking miserable consolation (like Mr. Neville Chamberlain not long ago) in the thought of at least twenty months to come before the legal limit is reached—what

¹ There has been a notable change since this paragraph was written.—H. L. S.

indulgence can waverers or deserters expect from the party chiefs? Conscientious objectors are likely to get short shrift, unless, indeed, they can capture the command!

What chance has this insurgent to displace the chief? What is his programme? His father, Lord Randolph, whose biography he has written with filial devotion, liked to describe himself as a "democratic Tory". Mr. Churchill's pose is just that, once more, in new circumstances. It is the spirit of his piquant reply to the very natural remonstrance from his constituents in Epping Forest. They had expressed to him their regret that he was offering continuous obstruction to the National Government they had chosen him to support. They had further deplored his attitude to the affairs of India, not merely because it was against the Government, but because it was against an imperative reform. Mr. Churchill replied that on such matters, high above party difference, he would judge for himself; that he must resist the "international Socialist" then at the head of a so-called National Government by whom the Empire of India was likely to be ruined, and that at an early date he would visit his constituents to ask for a vote of confidence. One hopes that when he does so, he will meet with a decisiveness and a candour equal to his own. His constituents too, surely, have convictions superior to the accident of personal association, and a sense of public duty which no concern for an individual will be allowed to impair.

The letter indicates clearly a three-fold programme on which Mr. Churchill means to fight: (1) British imperial glory, (ii) the commercial interests of Lancashire cotton, (iii) the rights of the Hindu "Untouchables". A remarkable mixture, recalling Lord Randolph's gospel of Toryism as the only real salvation of the British working-man. So far, although what happened at Waver-tree has made officialdom regard it with a new and painful seriousness, there is no sign of compromise with the rebel. British Toryism is obstinate and angry—a double rôle in which it has long practice. Will the "democratic" gesture to Lancashire cotton workers be more successful? And does anyone believe that the Churchill attack on Dominion Status for India springs in any degree from concern for the Untouchables? He must expect to encounter an incredulity as cold in the British proleteriats or in the Hindu Depressed Classes as in the Carlton Club. His manoeuvre was too obvious for the most charitable of party organizers, and his record now makes everyone look for some explanation of a new project other than his democratic sensibilities.

One quality at least will not fail him. His rhetoric will hold out to the end of this strange battle with nearly everybody, as it

has held out in still more difficult enterprises of explanation. Those who desire his conclusions can always obtain from this spokesman such paragraphs of emotional sophistry as will serve their immediate need. One remembers so many cases—the Naval Brigade at Antwerp, the Dardanelles, the White Armies in Russia, and many another item in the costly series once summed up under “Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill”. If he can have his way in India, we shall see there yet another set of consequences, among which the economic will not be the gravest.

This time, however, he seems unlikely to prevail. His sort of political intrigue does not become easier, it becomes more difficult with repetition. Mr. Churchill’s changes have been too numerous, too suggestive for electoral patience. Moreover, his latest blend is too bewildering. What he obviously desires is to reverse the whole sequence of advancing self-government in India, restoring that old order which the accusers of Great Britain called exploitation, which her friends could defend only as a preliminary stage, and whose longer endurance neither genuine friend nor candid enemy can reconcile with the generosities of the modern world. Not even he can supply phrases through which that essential purpose will escape detection. In another mood, with what eloquence did Mr. Churchill himself plead for just Liberal policy in world affairs! And who knows that he will not plead for it again?

Altogether, he was the right man to compose the biography of Marlborough.

H. L. S.