

CURRENT MAGAZINES

Britain and Islam:—Mr. Arthur Moore in the November *Atlantic*.

Kemal, The Man and the Movement:—Mr. G. M. Godden in the November *Fortnightly*.

Through an Ulsterman's Eyes:—"An Observer" in the October *Atlantic*.

Irish Backgrounds:—Mr. C. H. Bretherton in the November *Atlantic*.

Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins:—"MacDara" in the November *Fortnightly*.

Russia's Red Army:—Mr. Edwin W. Hullinger in the Nov. *Fortnightly*.

Mr. Bonar Law, The Policy of the New Administration, Mr. Lloyd George:—*The Spectator*.

Georges Clemenceau:—Mr. Sisley Huddleston in the December *Atlantic*.

MR. Arthur Moore writes with special knowledge on Moslem questions. He has been correspondent of the London *Times* in Persia, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and was the first non-official British visitor to journey through the Khyber Pass to Kabul. One is startled to hear from him that the last four years of peace have been more disastrous than the four years of war to "the Islamic aspect of the Empire".

The trouble with Turkey is traced back to 1908, the year in which the "Young Turks" deposed Abdul Hamid and inaugurated a régime of reforms. Mr. Moore thinks that this reforming party met with less encouragement than it deserved from the nations of western Europe. He was himself at Saloniki at the time, and recalls the enthusiasm there manifested for France and England. A real experiment in parliamentary institutions was being tried, and it was natural for the Young Turks to look for at least moral support to these two great democratic countries. At that time, Mr. Moore tells us, the German Ambassador in Constantinople "fell overnight from the position of being the most powerful envoy at Abdul Hamid's court to the bottom of the diplomatic ladder." When Sir Gerald Lowther arrived to take charge of the British Embassy, the Young Turks dragged his carriage from the station; and when the new Turkish Parliament was opened, Anglophile enthusiasm was at its height.

But the German Ambassador outwitted the British. Sir Gerald Lowther did not conceal his disbelief in any democratic movement among the Turks. He was a fine type of English squire, regarding the East as of necessity stagnant and unprogressive. The serenades below his window bored him, and he showed his feelings. When the counter-revolution came in March, 1909, he favoured it, looking upon the "Committee of Union and Progress" as a gang of corrupt adventurers. The Young Turks were snubbed, and made up their minds that England was not their friend. Among the leaders of their movement Enver Pasha—whom Mr. Moore has known personally for fourteen years—is singled out as having received less than justice in the general view of him current in England. Enver is presented to us in this article as an ardent and disinterested pioneer of the reforming enterprise at Saloniki in 1908, "a simple and modest soldier, content to do the spade work of the cause in a bare and cheerless committee-room up a back street". He would have preferred—and he said that all Turks would prefer—friendship with Great Britain to friendship with Germany. But Enver decided that it was the German army system which would best repay his special study, and at his own request was sent as military attaché to Berlin.

The German Ambassador, Marschall von Biberstein, impressed the Young Turks as being in sympathy with their project and as a discerning adviser in the situation. By 1910 Enver was speaking frankly about the coldness of the British Embassy and the clear vision of the Germans. Mr. Moore offers us a somewhat novel view of the causes which led Turkey to enter the war against the Allies. He reminds us that in 1914 two Dreadnoughts were being built in England to the order of the Turkish government, and that on the outbreak of war the British Admiralty requisitioned them. The crisis was intensified by the fact that at the very same time the Greek government, with which Turkey expected soon to open hostilities, had bought two cruisers from the United States, and that the Greek navy with this reinforcement would dominate the Aegean. Hence the fierce storm of anger in Constantinople when the two Dreadnoughts expected from British dockyards were retained. Just then came the news that the Goeben and the Breslau were racing for safety to the Dardanelles:—

In this passionate moment the decision was taken to let pass the German ships, and when they steamed into the Bosphorus, leaving the baffled British Admiral in the Aegean, they were regarded as a miraculous compensation sent by Allah to console Turkey for the loss of its own Dreadnoughts. The German ships

definitely turned the balance against us. It was soon seen that if they were not to be friends, they might be dangerous enemies. The Sultan's palace and Constantinople's treasures lay at the mercy of the Goeben's guns. In this wise Turkey entered the war against us.

Mr. Moore seems to think that there should have been some prevarication and evasion regarding the Turkish Dreadnoughts. The Turks might have been told that they were not ready yet! But readers of *Ambassador Morgenthau's Story* recently published will be surprised to hear that it was either neglect of diplomacy about these two ships or memory of "snubbing" some years before by Sir Gerald Lowther that drove the Turks to side with the Germans. The Prussian fetters had been rivetted far earlier. Nor will Mr. Moore's vivacious article do much to redeem the fame of Enver Pasha. The humbug of the "reforming party" at Constantinople has long ago been exposed, and it is hard to keep patience any longer with journalistic compliments to that gang of brigands.

IN Mr. Godden's article on "Kemal; the Man and the Movement" there are suggestive things about the Movement, but there is less than one might desire about the Man. Comparison is made with the westward inrush of Ottoman hordes into Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Kemal himself, it appears, was not only outlawed by the Sultan and scoffed at by the Allies, but hated by the triumvirate of Enver, Talaat and Djemal. During the Great War he was sent to Gallipoli in the hope that he would there be broken! He has now swept Asia Minor clear of Christian troops, threatens Constantinople, and can parley on almost equal terms with the Great Powers.

It is the incomparable strategic position of Constantinople—the bridgehead of Europe—which gives such international significance to Kemal's enterprise. Mr. Godden reminds us how often that city has survived capture, and how Gibbon well said of it "The genius of the place will ever triumph over the accidents of time and fortune". The chief point of his article is to impress upon his readers that the Angora government can never be in alliance either with the Arab race or with the Sultan. It may, indeed, speak of liberating Constantinople as "the seat of the Mussulman Caliphate", but this is mere tactical pretence. The real friends of Kemal are in Moscow, and they hate all "nationalities"—Turkish or other. Kemal obtained from the Bolsheviks no less than eight millions sterling, and the equipment of his troops was provided by the spoils

of the White Armies of southern Russia which the Soviet leaders overthrew:—

Three years ago Kemal, an outlaw at the head of a handful of men in an obscure town in Asia Minor, set his genius to work on a dump of Russian, Turkish, and German guns, with French and English pieces thrown in; and an effective artillery came into being.

It was Kemal who turned the tide of battle against our Australian troops on the heights of Gallipoli, and he is applying the same military genius to his present programme. His objective is, indeed, Constantinople, but not as the seat of the Caliphate, rather as the controlling factor of the Straits and the eastern Mediterranean, —“Constantinople the vital outlet for Soviet Russia”. We hear that by Treaty, concluded on January 5 last, and published in all the Russian and Turkish papers, it was settled that policy regarding the Straits should be dependent on “mutual agreement with Moscow”. Mr. Godden thinks the present Russian leaders are Great Britain’s most deadly enemies, and he explains that last September it was the pressure of the Soviet representative at Angora which prevented Kemal from complying with the British demands. Moscow has no interest in Turkish Nationalism, but will use this spirit to attack western civilization at its weakest point, namely, in the Balkans. We are reminded that there are allies of the same scheme in Great Britain itself, where the Executive Committee of the Communist Party issued on September 23 a manifesto that contained the following:—

Loyal to the Principles enunciated by the Communist International and put into practice by the Soviet Power, wherever its influence extends, we hail the movement among the Islamic populations of Persia, Afghanistan, China, and India, to ensure their rights of self-determination entirely untrammelled by the restraints put upon them for so long by the bandit Governments of European and American Capitalism.

This presents the Kemalist movement in a new light, neither Moslem nor Nationalist, but Communist. If Mr. Godden is correct, the relation of the whole affair to the Mohammedan populations of the British empire should be reconsidered. The article concludes with a warning:—

Well might the American Bankers’ Association declare that Britain, by standing firm at Chanak, with thirty Lancashire Fusiliers opposing at one point a thousand Kemalist horsemen till reinforcements could be rushed up, had during two weeks saved European civilization. It is conceivable that England and the

Allies may, after due interval, entrust Constantinople to the Turkish Nationalist, Mustapha Kemal; but, before doing so, they must prove to the world that Kemal is no longer a pawn in the hands of Soviet Russia.

VARYING types of opinion on Irish matters have been presented in recent numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and—though the name of the writer who has given us “Through an Ulsterman’s Eyes” is withheld—the magazine guarantees to its readers that “he was an eye-witness of the terrible events he describes”.

According to this account, the Free State Executive some time ago assembled a considerable force to march northward, not for the conquest of Ulster, but to occupy “certain outlying portions of the six counties adjacent to the Free State”. Two strips of Ulster territory were seized, and the “loyalist” inhabitants were ejected. But the invaders had not reckoned with the fact that under the new Irish constitution the control of British troops in Ulster had passed from the province of the Chief Secretary to that of the Secretary for the Colonies, and by Mr. Winston Churchill’s order two regiments advanced to recapture the occupied areas. After a brief artillery engagement, the Free State forces withdrew across the border. The writer admits, indeed, that the Southern Provisional Government disclaimed all responsibility for this incident, and laid all the blame upon the Republicans. But he adds, in his genial way, that “it was impossible to judge the truth or falsity of this disclaimer”.

The quarrel between Mr. De Valera and his former associates is attributed to the circumstance that “with the Northern door thus closed to martial and political enterprise” an outlet for warlike energy had to be found by these chiefs in fighting with one another! What it was all about, he says, no one knew and no one knows to-day. The nominal difference is that one side wants the name “Republic”, while the other wants “Free State”. Their mutual recriminations take the form of hints by each in turn that the other is a secret agent of England. But the practical outcome of the internecine feud is that land is going out of cultivation, and all the noblest stone structures in Ireland are being destroyed by Irish hands. Examples quoted are the Customs House and the Four Courts in Dublin. We are reminded how Con Bacagh O’Neil, four centuries ago, as a protest against the use of English ploughs, burned all the crops in his own dominions, and how on his deathbed he invoked a curse against any and every man in Ireland who used a plough! The writer asks:—

Would the English batter down St. Paul's or the Americans the Capitol at Washington, if they were held by a handful of insurgents? No, but then perhaps the curse of Con Bacagh has not reached so far.

A few months ago this observer visited Cork. He found that the "Black and Tans" had certainly left their mark there:—

From amid charred beams, bricks, and rubble, rose wooden huts bearing the names of ruined tradesmen and offering nothing in particular for sale. On a pole in the window of a burned-out shop was exposed a "Cap of Liberty" with tricolored rosette and attached to it a card inscribed with a note of interrogation. That was all.

IN a vivacious article on "Irish Backgrounds" Mr. C. H. Bretherton—a journalist on the staff of the *Irish Times*—has presented one observer's view of the forces that are just now working against the Treaty. The writer is not a native of the country, but during 1918 and 1919 he had charge of British Government contracts in Ireland, and was ceaselessly travelling through its different counties. The newspaper with which he is now connected has long been the chief organ of the "Southern Unionists" who are supporting the Treaty with all their strength.

Mr. Bretherton paints a derisive picture of the Republicans. To him it was obvious from the first that various classes would be irreconcilable. The heirs of the old Fenian tradition, the soldiers of fortune who for two years had enjoyed the workless life of the flying column and the adventures of the ambusher, the dreamers who had looked for a Workingman's Republic and the rural Bolshevik who had thought to seize his employer's land, the narrow fanatic whose aim had been a perfected priestly rule from end to end of the island,—all these watched in a rage the impending ruin of their hopes. "The Treaty", says Mr. Bretherton, "dispersed the new Gaelic civilization into the thin air from which it came":—

With a stroke of the pen it swept into the discard the bards and the prophets, the high priests and sibyls, the bearded vaticinators and the hirsute cymbalists of the great Gaelic cult, and left only a colluvies of fifth-rate litterateurs, dabblers in enamel work and stained glass, and sentimental historians to warm their derelict limbs at the cold hearthstone of the United Arts Club and in the ox-bedevelled committee rooms of the Royal Dublin Society.

We get in the article some interesting personal details about the Republican leaders. Rory O'Connor, it seems, was an engineer in the employment of the Dublin Corporation, and—at the time when

Mr. Bretherton wrote—was just entering upon his third six-months' leave of absence with full pay. Moreover, the Dublin Corporation had just reinstated, *with full arrears of pay covering the period of absence*, all their employees who joined O'Connor in the Four Courts! "Is it surprising", the writer asks, "that revolution in Ireland should be a popular pastime?"

WE are given no hint of the identity of "MacDara" who signs the article on Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins in the *Fortnightly Review*, but may of course assume that the editor knows him to be a responsible person whose views are worth publishing. No fiercer attack could be made by any Englishman—or even by an Ulsterman—on "the De Valeristas":—

There may have to be another Easter Week in the time of our children's children. For De Valera and his followers have done more to kill the soul of Ireland and the Gaelic ideal than all the hordes of Black and Tans.

"MacDara" is an out-and-out supporter of the Treaty, and he assures us that, whatever doubt there may have been about its successful operation while Collins and Griffith were alive, there is none at all since their deaths. What was previously only a matter of expediency has now become a matter of honour, and—the writer proudly tells us—"We Irish are ever more solicitous of the honour of our dead than of our living leaders".

The death of Collins he does not scruple to call assassination, and he quotes the language of De Valera as—rightly or wrongly—believed in Ireland to be an incitement to such deeds. It seems that on last St. Patrick's Day De Valera declared at Thurles that it might be necessary in the cause of freedom to wade through Irish blood, "through the blood of the soldiers of the Irish Government, and through perhaps the blood of some of the members of the Government."

"MacDara" depicts the Free State leaders as utterly unmoved by such threats. The portrait we get of Griffith is that of a man who hated ostentation or display, who lived and died poor, who so dreaded the reproach of jobbery or favouritism that he rarely had on his staff those who were his best personal friends, whose greatest happiness was found in his own family circle with pet animals for which his affection was notorious, who worked incessantly and far beyond his strength at the duties of his office, and who seemed constitutionally incapable of fear. Like Collins, he refused to

have a bodyguard even in times of greatest danger; like him too, he was most minute and punctilious in the observances of religion. But, while Griffith was a far-seeing statesman, Collins—young in statecraft—was first and foremost a soldier. The story of his hairbreadth escapes reads like a romance. One may perhaps judge his power over the public from the fact that while a huge price was on his head, and though he was accustomed to ride alone through Dublin on a bicycle regardless of risk, he was never once arrested.

MR. Edwin W. Hullinger spent nine months in Russia, from the winter of 1921 to the summer of 1922. Within that time he saw an immense transformation in the "Red Army". He tells us that at present it has about a million and a half men under arms,—nearly twice as many as the armed forces of France, and many times larger than the army of Great Britain. Trotsky announces that under present circumstances there is no prospect of any great reduction. Last spring compulsory military service was inaugurated for the first time since the Revolution. Mr. Hullinger found that much apprehension was being felt and expressed in western European capitals regarding the use that the Bolsheviki are likely to make of this formidable force. A possible Russo-German-Turkish alliance is feared.

This observer was present at two reviews in Moscow, one in November 1921, the other in May 1922. The progress made by discipline during the interval was very obvious. The uncouth peasant boys, who could neither march with precision nor even hold their rifles properly, had become smart, rhythmic in movement, with "all the colour and pomp of a show parade in western Europe". The strict régime of the salute has been restored, although the Russian officers are by no means so careful to return the salute of the privates as are the officers of western countries! Use has been made of old officials who learned their business under the Tsarist government. The food of the soldiers is on a frugal, even a parsimonious scale, and very many of the men are not more than eighteen years old, while some are mere boys of sixteen. The police force, known as the "Cheka", is efficient. Illiteracy has been abolished in the ranks, and the military colleges of Moscow and Petrograd are very active in training officers. On the whole, Mr. Hullinger feels that the Red Army is to-day a real guardian of law and order. For the first time a spirit of genuine national enthusiasm has been awakened in the ranks. When Trotsky makes his oratorical appeals for union against all who "dare attack Soviet Russia", he arouses real

and vigorous response. He has now for some time back abandoned all other administrative duties, and is devoting all his strength to perfecting the Russian military machine. How that machine would fare in battle against the other Powers of Europe, Mr. Hullinger does not pretend to say. But he obviously feels that there is ground for the alarm which he found expressed in London, Berlin, Paris, and The Hague.

THE *Spectator* was enormously pleased by the resignation of Mr. Lloyd George. Exhausting the repertoire of its metaphors, it spoke of the country as being delivered from a spellbinder, a nightmare, a giant incubus, a "lone wolf"; of the magic circle that had been erased, the magician's wand that had been broken, the "weight of twenty Atlantics" under which the nation had long tossed uneasily, but from which it had at length been released to freedom. The vehement repetitions in the editorial rhetoric a month ago were a little disquieting, a little suggestive that a really secure freedom would not be so noisily vocal, and that—like the lady in *Hamlet*—the *Spectator* did protest too much.

It warns us that, when everything about the late Administration is known, people will realize as they do not realize yet how

Every joint and bolt and nut and screw in the fabric of the Empire has been shaken loose and requires readjustment.

The dislocation on which the *Spectator* chiefly dwells is in the realm of finance. It makes much of the revolt of Mr. McKenna from his old party, explaining this by the alarm which a first-rate financier feels at the prospect of that national bankruptcy which must come unless "the Lloyd George system" is replaced by saner methods of budgetting. It looks for the downfall of extravagance, and for a policy which—while keeping faith with the nation's creditors at home and abroad—will take care that there is no needless expenditure of one penny.

The contrast, as this weekly sees it, between Mr. Bonar Law and his predecessor is pointed with sharpness and force. We are told that the new Prime Minister is a man who has never played a selfish game in politics, never intrigued for place or power, rather seemed too ready to efface himself and too little willing to accept responsibility. He represents just now the mood and the desires of the nation, liking quiet and sensible and unimpassioned ways in public life. "He wants to see things well and orderly done, and not in a scrimmage of exaltation aggravated by guile". But the *Spec-*

tator rejoices at the same time that the new Ministry has not had a complete walk-over at the polls. It feels glad that there is a strong Opposition, glad that the Independent Liberal Party has been able to reconstitute itself, and that Labour is well represented in the House. This it regards as essential to the best working of British institutions. "Unless we are to forfeit the spirit of the race, there will always be among us a strongly progressive element as well as a strongly cautious element." And the *Spectator* has had its joy made full by the defeat of Mr. Winston Churchill at Dundee. It recalls those dangerous plans which he was always hatching during the war, and informs us that the "flaming and most inopportune manifesto on the Near Eastern crisis" was written by him. It looks upon the verdict of the polls as a mandate for the evacuation of Palestine, where the Arabs—tired of appealing to Great Britain—were having recourse to Mustapha Kemal and the Angora Government. *The Jewish Chronicle*, it appears, has a story about a projected deputation from Turkish Jewry to the Lausanne Conference, with a request that Palestine should be entrusted to the Turks!

MR. Sisley Huddleston has very interesting things to tell us about M. Clemenceau. That fiery old Frenchman was mayor of Montmartre at the time of the great French defeat by Germany in 1870, and he was among those who tried to prevent the conclusion of the ignoble peace that followed. With Victor Hugo and Gambetta, he signed a memorable protest against the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine. Before the Franco-Prussian war he had been teacher of French for four years in a school at Greenwich, Connecticut, so he knows the United States of old.

After 1870 M. Clemenceau had seventeen years of strenuous parliamentary life, with the usual vicissitudes of popularity and collapse. Mr. Huddleston reminds us how during the storm that raged round the figure of General Boulanger he was made a target for the most malicious attacks, how he was involved in the notorious Panama affair, how he was accused of receiving bribes from England, and how his enemies made such effective use of forged documents as to drive him from the public stage. This opened for him a new career, that of the man of letters, and the products of his journalistic pen have swelled to almost incredible proportions. It is estimated that his articles would fill more than a hundred volumes, each of 350 pages! Some of his writings on art are among the finest appreciations which Mr. Huddleston knows. But he is

essentially "the great polemist", and his work alternately vibrates with passion and blazes with "the cold flame of irony". His admirer admits that some of M. Clemenceau's political measures when he was in power have been "shocking", but looks back upon his dauntless fight on behalf of Dreyfus and Zola as a glory "which no subsequent blunders can efface."

As Minister of the Interior, M. Clemenceau incurred his share of reproach for harsh measures towards striking workmen and in the wine-growers' revolt of 1907. Mr. Huddleston thinks that he showed notable powers as a conciliator on such occasions, but questions very much the propriety of the coercive and punitive measures adopted when he was virtual dictator of France in the Great War. At least, however, one must acknowledge that these were prompted by an ardent, even a desperate, patriotism. He became the most popular hero in France, worshipped by the soldiers, the idol of the public, the great enemy of "Defeatism" and the great inspirer of national morale:—

Clemenceau was omnipotent and omnipresent. He was everywhere exhorting Parliament, soldiers, people, to supreme efforts. If any one man can be said to have won the war, certainly it is Clemenceau. His discourses are models. They vibrate. His rough pleasantries were in every mouth.

Mr. Huddleston thinks he would have been well-advised to resign when the war ended. But he took a hand in framing the terms of peace, and "the disastrous Treaty of Versailles is largely due to him". He is to-day blamed in France for all the misfortunes and disappointments and disillusionments that have followed.

Mr. Huddleston wonders whether he will ever recover his lost prestige. He suspects that the present American tour is a venture, not by M. Clemenceau, but by the *Clemencistes*, who hope that if he traverses America triumphantly he will return in triumph to France. It will be an immense asset to have restored Franco-American concord. But, "It may be that his vision is limited. It may be that he is wrong in attempting to divide the world into hostile camps and to preserve the anti-German league."

Much of the article might have been written, *mutatis mutandis*, about Mr. Lloyd George. The downfallen dictator of England and the downfallen dictator of France are even writing "at each other" in the public press. And the prophets are busy with the name of each alike. But it must not be forgotten that the Frenchman is eighty-one years old, while the Welshman is not yet sixty.