

THE END OF ENGLAND?

By ALFRED CROWLEY.

ALFRED CROWLEY, the author of the following brilliant arrangement of England, is the foremost man not living. He has been a frequent contributor to the principal English magazines and reviews, and his name is known even from a distant place as beyond the sea. This article is starting in the short analysis of modern-day England, and coming from the pen of one who really knows England, can expect many to find their opinion of our mother country.

In England, mighty King

James, false! False!

None shall know her immensity

and—

The Three Justices—members of her

State

she would not know, she shall not

know;

The nation keep their meeting

caravans,

She hath not left a friend!

The banner that was raised great

hatred,

In crimson raiment and in smooth

air,

The assisted leprosy that shamed the

sun,

The gilded post that plied the

world for hire,

Her days of wealth and majesty are

done;

Men tremble for more!

The temple of their God is broken

down;

Yes, Mammon's shrine is cleansed,

The house of her,

That owned the world with her

majestic frown,

And drove the Cæsars to walls and

despair,

Is battered now—God's fire destroy-

the town;

London admires God's air.

They scorned the God that made

them; yes, they said:

"Lords of this tribe, the Saxon

race, are we;

Europe before us lies, as men lie

dead;

Britannia—ho, Britannia rules the

sea!

This night thy kingdom shall be

snailed.

Thy soul required of thee."

In these words (among others) I

prophesied the end of England fifteen

years ago, and how her poets have

warned her. Like Jerusalem, she is

already morally destroyed. All events

take place in the soul; material hap-

pennings are but the crystallization

of those forces. Let us now turn to

the present, and watch the death-

agonies of the empire.

I traveled through France, from

Pontarlier to Dieppe, during the

mobilization, and confess to infinite

pride and pleasure in the temper of

the people. "The hour had struck;

it was time to go to business. That

was all. There was no hysteria, no

crowds crying "A Berlin," hardly

even enthusiasm. But no hesitation

or regret. Determination is the word,

in its full philosophical sense; "to

had taught the French a lesson. They

did not want to fight, but they were

prepared to fight; and now war was

declared, they were fighting. Every

person automatically switched over

from the business of peace to the

business of war. Politics dis-

appeared; Socialism disappeared. It

seemed as though the people

recognized intuitively that these

were but the amusements of leisure.

(The same mental attitude was, of

course, equally firm in Germany.)

Even Belgium, betrayed by its rulers

for British gold, earned the past

subsidies manfully. The people went

to their double-cross crucifixion like

sheep to the slaughter, and as a

sheep before the shepherds is dumb,

so opened they not their mouths.)

After a week in Paris, a week of

comradeship, I crossed to England,

and had the shock that only great

disgust can bring. Imagine a son

three years away from home, who

should return to find his mother

walking the streets! I had foolishly

believed that the magnitude of the

catastrophe would have stripped off

shame, awakened everyone to com-

mon sense, awakened manhood, and

the rest of it. I am a poet, and

cannot understand stupidity! But

the English had not realized the war

at all! On the contrary, the whole

of the British press had gone madder

than ever. Only Bernard Shaw, Cun-

ningham, Graham, and Frank Harris,

of all the world of writers, even tried

to keep their heads. There was

nothing but silly screams and coarse

jeers. The Crown Prince was a

common thief; every German was a

murderer and a coward; he only

attacked women and children; he did

nothing but get drunk, and commit

robbery, assassination, and capi-

talism. The iron discipline of the

German army disappeared (on paper)

with a stroke of the pen. Men whose

very lives depended on self-control

to orders, avoidance of

every kind of excess, were pictured

as a gang of lawless bandits frenzied

with drink. This horde of raving

savages was, however, destroying

the strongest fortresses in the world

as an avalanche destroys a chateau;

these drunken baby-killers chased the

British army as greyhounds chase a

hare. Observe the time taken in the

"masterly retreat" from Mons, and

what becomes of the story of stub-

bard rear-guard actions? "A little

British army goes a damned long

way" indeed, when the Uhlan's are

behind them.

They have recovered, now, because

the gentry have enlisted as privates,

they have the traditions of every breath;

they have the traditions of courage

and loyalty, and they make good. In

particular, that moral principle of

friendship which made Sparta and

Athens famous is inculcated in

every public school, and in the

church; while, in the universities,

it is the very badge of Oxford, and

the secret fountain of the glory of

Cambridge.

This class is accordingly physically

and morally well-developed. It is a

caste of castes, and it is a fighting

caste, though only a small percentage

become professional soldiers. But it

supplies India, where 10,000 English

hold down 300,000,000 natives by

sheer moral superiority, and the civil

services, which rule the Cabinet itself

by tact and social prestige. Its

members recognize each other at

sight, and hang together to the death.

Of course, there are bad eggs, but

even in heaven Satan drew a third

of the angels after him.

Outside this class we find the royal

family, the bourgeoisie, and the work-

men. Also the present govern-

ment. And here there is nothing but

corruption. The members of the

royal family are the moral

scandal of the country.

So England, mighty King

Wotan, and Foul

Odin, and Thor, and Loki, and

Hela, and Hela, and Hela, and