

An Hour with the Editor

THE ROMAN EMPERORS

The genius of romance has never invented a more remarkable story than that of Diocletian, Emperor of Rome. He was born a slave and of such ignoble origin that he had no name. His biographers have sought to establish that his father secured the freedom of himself and wife and became a scribe, but how little foundation there is for any such pious fiction is shown by the fact that when the young emperor-to-be entered the army he had no name and was simply called after the little Illyrian town in which he was born. The town in which he was born. The town was Do-mus Doclea; the lad was called Docles. Later, when he began to make a mark in the world, he was called Docles, which was more in keeping with the smooth-flowing Greek, that he had learned to speak, than the curt syllables of his original name. Later still, when his fame spread through the Empire, his name was latinized into Diocletianus, to which he himself added the cognomen of Valerius. If one chooses to give his imagination rein, it is not difficult to imagine this nameless waif applying to be admitted to the Roman army. There seemed to be nothing about him to commend him to the soldiery, for he was not especially strong nor especially courageous. It must, therefore, have been some years before his intelligence gained him the recognition of the reigning Emperor. In the Persian war he exhibited such military skill and such powers of administration that we find him during the reign of Carus made governor of Moesia, and later receiving the somewhat empty honor of the consulship. So well did he discharge every duty devolving upon him, with such esteem did he inspire those who looked to him as their leader, that when the Emperor Numerian died, the army of the East was unanimous in proclaiming him successor to the purple.

It has been said of Diocletian that he established a new empire. He certainly gave the Empire a new constitution. He assumed the imperial office in 325 A. D., and in the following year he associated with himself, as a colleague with co-ordinate powers, Maximian, a soldier of uncommon skill and courage. Reserving the title Augustus for himself, he proclaimed Maximian Caesar. Maximian was of peasant origin, and a soldier and nothing more. He seems to have been completely dominated by the master mind of Diocletian. Later the latter gave the higher title of Augustus to Maximian. These joint emperors assumed the additional titles of Jovius and Hercules, emblematic of the Empire with his wisdom and Maximian by his strength. But Diocletian soon saw that this subdivision of the dominions of Rome was not sufficient to maintain its supremacy on every frontier, and so he appointed Galerius and Constantius, both well-born young men, to imperial positions, bestowing upon them the title of Caesar. To Constantius was given the government of Britain, Gaul and Spain, to Maximian that of Italy and Africa, to Galerius that of the territories abutting on the Danube, and Diocletian retained for himself the dominion of the East, including Egypt. Each of these men was supreme in his own jurisdiction, and there does not seem to have been any controlling power vested in Diocletian except that which his greater age and his exceptional talents naturally gave him. Yet the four emperors remained faithful to the whole Empire and presented an almost unprecedented spectacle of concurrent power without jealousy. Diocletian decreed that on the death or resignation of the Augusti the Caesars should take their places and that new Caesars should be created. This constitution was not promulgated until six years after the association of Maximian in the government. In all these arrangements the Senate was ignored. The former slave boy was giving laws to the Roman world, and he completed his assumption of the personal right to rule by disbanding the offices of consul, pontifex maximus, and the like, by which the previous emperors had preserved the form of republican government, and declared himself to be Dominus Imperator, that is, the lord commanding the state. Hitherto emperor had only been a military title, now it stood for absolute power over the nation. But this great power Diocletian knew how to exercise with wisdom. He was able to curb the martial ambitions of Maximian and restrain the ardor of the two Caesars, but, what was of even greater importance, he found them plenty of work to do against the enemies of Rome, and thus diverted their attention from the opportunities that might otherwise have suggested themselves of obtaining absolute power at home.

The whole Empire was encircled with war. In Britain Carausius, commander of the fleet of Constantius, had revolted and proclaimed himself emperor, and so well was he able to defend the title that for a time it seemed as if the island province would be lost to Rome. Along the Rhine and the Danube incessant war was being waged against the Barbarians, who were pressing hard upon the frontier. The whole African littoral was the scene of turmoil, the desert tribes not only refusing to acknowledge the sway of Rome, but disputing with the empire the right to occupy any part of that continent. In Egypt, which was then more Asiatic than African, the Arabs were in full possession, and on the extreme eastern frontier Persia was aggressive and exceedingly menacing. Success crowned the Roman standards everywhere, and in the twentieth year of his reign Diocletian felt that he had won the right to a triumph, which was accord-

ingly celebrated in Rome with great splendor. His was the last triumph which the streets of Rome ever saw, for great as was the power of the Empire, united as were its leaders, valiant as were its soldiers, it was permeated throughout with the germs of decay, the growth of which no wisdom could prevent and no courage could withstand. In the following year Diocletian resigned the imperial office.

He appears to have contemplated retirement for some time, for he had built himself a splendid palace overlooking the eastern waters of the Adriatic, but the nation does not appear to have anticipated his course. Probably his action was precipitated by his failing health, for although he was only fifty-nine years of age, his constitution was broken by his arduous campaigns and the responsibilities of government. On May 1, 305, he gathered his army around him on a great plain in Nicomedia, and ascending a lofty throne addressed them, relating what had been accomplished to make the Empire secure and what ought to be done to keep it so. Having finished his speech, he took off his purple robe and, amid the regrets of his associates, retired to the palace he had chosen for his resting place. On the same day Maximian, by pre-arrangement, resigned his office in Italy and went into private life, much, however, against his will. Later he endeavored to persuade Diocletian to reconsider his action, but received this remarkable answer: "Come and see the cabbages I have planted with my own hand, and you will not wonder that I have no longer wish to govern Rome." Diocletian died in 313. One historian says that he hastened his own end because of grief at the disorders which had broken out in the Empire, but this seems to have been a gratuitous assumption. There is no doubt that he went into retirement broken in health, and it is not at all unreasonable to suppose that the change from activity to ease contributed to his death.

THE NATURE OF WRONG-DOING

What is wrong-doing? To define anything with accuracy is difficult, and to define what cannot be weighed, measured or described is especially so. Whether or not a thing is wrong depends upon a variety of conditions, for what may be right under certain circumstances may be wrong under others. To stand upon the seashore and discharge a gun loaded with shot over the water may easily not be wrong; to discharge it inland and up a city street would undoubtedly be wrong, unless it were discharged with the view of preventing a greater danger. Anyone can think of a hundred instances to which this distinction will apply. You will see, if you give the matter careful consideration, that the test of wrong is, in most cases at least, the effect of the act upon others. This may appear to some persons an entire misconception of the whole matter. They were taught the Ten Commandments when they were children, and they have grown up with the idea that these form the test between right and wrong, and that they impose a duty upon humanity, which otherwise would not exist. You may remember what Kipling says of the land east of Suez, as a place "where there ain't no Ten Commandments," and possibly you may have thought that the duties and obligations of mankind would have been different if this brief code of rules for human conduct had never been promulgated. But that is a mistake. The Ten Commandments did not impose a new restraint or a new obligation upon any one. They are not anything more than a memorandum setting forth man's duty to his Creator and to his neighbor. It was just as wrong to steal before Moses came down from Sinai as it was afterwards. Moreover, there were millions of people in the world at that time who knew nothing of the promulgation of those Commandments, just as there are millions now who have never heard of them. It is important to bear this in mind, because right in this city of Victoria there are people, who look upon right and wrong as having some relation to religion, and even as being in some way connected with the Church. The thought that every one should get into his mind is that there is a fundamental difference between right and wrong, a difference which arises, at least so far as our active life is concerned—we say nothing of our relations to the Creator—out of our relations to each other.

There is nothing new in this; nothing at all adverse to the teachings of Christianity. The Founder of our faith summed the whole law up in a sentence commanding us to do to others as we would that they should do to us. This is the touchstone; this is the test of right. But the test must be applied in the light of reason, that is to say we must exercise our intelligence in order that we may fully weigh the consequences of our acts. As was said at the outset, things may be right or wrong according to circumstances. There are very few acts, if any, of which man is by nature capable which are wrong of themselves. A man alone upon an uninhabited island cannot very well do a wrongful act. He may think wrongful thoughts, thoughts which if they found expression in deed, would be hurtful to his fellows; but as long as he was alone, it is difficult to think of anything wrongful that he could do. But the moment another person entered upon his solitude new obligations would rest upon him, and the possibility of wrongdoing would become immediate.

Man is a gregarious animal. The tiger stalks through the jungle alone or perhaps with his mate; the eagle lives in solemn lone-

liness, amid mountain crags; the crow, the blackbird, the pigeon seek the companionship of their fellows; the wolf seeks his comrades, and so sheep, cattle, horses and other animals. Man likewise seeks his fellows. Perhaps it is the instinct of self-preservation that makes him do so. If he did not, the race would not endure, for the human infant is the most helpless of all infants. We band together for self-preservation and for racial preservation. Hence we live and are happy in all latitudes. The tiger cub is stronger at birth than the human infant; but the tiger cub would die amid Arctic snows; the man child, protected by his fellows, grows up to vigorous manhood. Thus we will see, if we think awhile, that Society is necessary for the preservation of the race, and we will also see that the family is necessary for the maintenance of Society. The family relation puts a check upon mere animalism, and secures for infancy its necessary protection. The social relation necessitates property in things. The law of self-preservation demands the sanctity of human life.

Therefore in these three essential ideas: right of the individual to life, the necessity of the family for racial preservation and development, and the right of property in things, we have the whole basis of law, and to transgress the laws which are the natural expansion of these ideas is to do wrong. It may be added that the obligation of worship of his Creator is not herein considered. That opens another field of enquiry. The only point aimed is to show that the distinction between right and wrong in human action is not merely an ecclesiastical invention but is based on a principle upon the recognition of which the very existence of the human race depends.

TALES OF EARLY CIVILIZATIONS

Egypt—V.

Egyptian Princesses

From the time when Isis, wife and sister of Osiris, reigned with her husband upon the throne of Egypt, it had been the woman's privilege to assume the reins of government in the absence of a direct male descendant; hence, though in Egyptian history we do not meet with the names of many women, it is not because, as one might at first suppose, that they were considered to be in a class apart and inferior to man. Not because history does not record them, need we come to the conclusion that the early Egyptian civilization was not made bright by thousands of romances. Here and there we read in the accounts of the Pharaohs' wars of how princesses were brought from the kingdoms of Syria and Babylonia to take their place in the harems of the kings, and of how beautiful captives taken in battle were elevated to high positions as wives of the Pharaoh. Though only bare facts have been given, our imagination can supply the details of many a love-story.

From the twelfth dynasty downward we have accurate information which proves to us that as many queens as kings presided over Egypt's destiny. Up to this time there had been so many centuries of warfare in which the kings had played the most important part of leading their armies in person, that nearly all the males of the royal family of the sun had perished, so it was necessary that the women should keep the line of succession unbroken, and perpetuate the solar race upon the earth. The sons took precedence of the daughters when both were the offspring of a brother and sister born of the same parents, and when, consequently, they were of equal rank; but, on the other hand, the sons forfeited this equality when there was any inferiority of origin on the maternal side, and their prospects of succession to the throne diminished in proportion to their mother's remoteness from the line of the god Ra. In the latter case all their sisters born of marriages which to us appear incestuous, took precedence of them, and the eldest daughter became the legitimate Pharaoh, who sat in the seat of Horus on the death of her father, or even occasionally during his lifetime. The prince whom she married governed for her, and discharged those royal duties which could legally be performed by a man only—such as offering worship to the supreme gods, commanding the army and administering justice, but his wife never ceased to be sovereign, and however small the intelligence or firmness with which she might be possessed, her husband was obliged to leave to her, at all events on certain occasions, the direction of affairs. At her death, her children inherited the crown: their father had formally to invest the eldest of them with royal authority in the room of the deceased, and with him he shared the externals if not the reality of the power."

Two royal personages who have been carefully preserved to this day were King Ahmosis I. and his queen, Nofritari. Ahmosis I. was one of the best and bravest of the Pharaohs. He was not only a courageous soldier, constantly repelling the attacks of the invaders, and even carrying the war into Asia itself, but he loved to encourage learning in all its forms, hence during his reign we see a revival of the great arts of sculpturing and painting, old-time gorgeous palaces restored to their former beauty, cities rebuilt, and the whole kingdom in a state of happy prosperity. When he died his queen took upon herself the duty of governing, and ruled both wisely and well. She had sat by her husband's side on the throne for twenty-five years, and she continued to reign until her grandson was ten years of age, at which time, full of years and honor,

she died, and was greatly mourned. The story of this queen is particularly interesting to us, because we have a perfect likeness of her in the gilded mummy case which bears her body. In the two boxes which held the embalmed remains of these royal personages, were found garlands of pink flowers which had retained their color and something of their fragrance through all the long centuries since they had first been placed upon the breasts of the dead Ahmosis and his queen. We will quote from Maspero's History of Egypt, in which a description of the mummies may be found: "Beside the queen were piled the jewels she had received in her lifetime from her husband and her son. The majority of them are for feminine use; a fan with a handle plated with gold, a mirror of gilt bronze with ebony handle, bracelets and ankle-rings, some of solid and some of hollow gold, edged with fine chains of plaited gold wire, others formed of beads of gold, lapis-lazuli, cornelian and green feldspar, many of them engraved with the cartouche of Ahmosis. Belonging also to Ahmosis we have a beautiful quiver, in which figures of the king and of the gods stand out in high relief on a gold plaque, delicately chased with a graving tool; the background is formed of small pieces of lapis and blue glass, cunningly cut to fit each other. One bracelet in particular found on the queen's wrist, consisted of three parallel bands of solid gold set with turquoise, and have a vulture with extended wings on the front. The queen's hair was held in place by a gold circlet, bearing the name of Ahmosis in blue paste, and flanked by small sphinxes, one on each side, as supporters. A thick flexible chain of gold was passed several times round her neck, and attached to it as a pendant was a beautiful scarab, partly of gold and partly of blue porcelain striped with gold. The breast ornament was completed by a necklace of several twisted cords from which depended antelopes pursued by tigers, sitting jacks, hawks, vultures, and the winged uræus, all attached to the winding-sheet by means of small ring soldered on the backs of each animal. The fastening of this necklace was formed of the gold heads of two hawks, the details of the heads being worked out in blue enamel. Both weapons and amulets were found among the jewels, including three gold flies, suspended by a thin chain, nine gold and silver axes, a lion's head in gold and of most minute workmanship, a sceptre of black wood, plated with gold, daggers to defend the deceased from the dangers of the unseen world, boomerangs of hardwood, and the battle-axe of Ahmosis. Besides these there were two boats, one of gold and one of silver, originally intended for the Pharaoh Kamose—models of the skiff in which his mummy crossed the Nile to reach its last resting-place and to sail in the wake of the gods on the western sea."

After the death of Nofritari, she was ranked among the goddesses, and her cult spread until it became a sort of popular religion.

THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM

"Animal, vegetable or vegetable?" is the question which young people ask in some of their games. The terms are in their wrong order, if we follow the processes of nature, for the mineral came first, then the vegetable, and then the animal. This is in reference to geological development; but there is daily going on about us an evolution from mineral to vegetable, from vegetable to animal, and then back to the mineral again, or, to put it another way, from inorganic matter through organic vegetable matter and organic animal matter back to inorganic matter again. The grass of the fields takes from the soil and the air their mineral constituents and forms food; cattle eat the grass, which builds up their bodies, but the product is slowly transformed in their bodies to mineral again, and in the fulness of time the cattle die and the constituent parts of their bodies return to the condition of mineral again. And this process has been going on for more centuries than we can hope to estimate, and so far as we can tell, will go on forever. In this series of articles a few things will be said about the second stage in the evolution, the vegetable kingdom. Perhaps many things will be said which most readers know already, but that will do no harm.

Let us begin by trying to imagine the earth as it once was, if the theories of geology are correct—a globe with a water surface everywhere and the water, at the boiling point, flowing over rocks; which had not yet grown cool, and nowhere a single living thing. Centuries passed, and then a wonderful thing occurred. Somewhere in the sea there was something new, something that attached itself to the rocks and began to grow. It was endowed with the power to take some of the matter, which the water held in solution, and make something unlike anything that had ever existed before. There is no date so important in all the ages that have passed since the earth was formed from chaos as that on which life first appeared, albeit it was only in the shape of a humble sea-weed or, perhaps, a mushroom growing beneath the water. The beginning had been made of a new era.

Now just what is a plant? It is something that breathes, feeds and grows. In short, it is something possessing a mysterious property which is called life. There is nothing in a plant which does not also exist as mineral, and if everything going to make up a plant could be separated from the others with which it is associated under sufficient pressure or sufficient cold, the bouquet of flowers, which stands upon the table, would become a tiny

heap of particles of greyish metals. It is not difficult to take a plant apart. Every time you light a match you convert a piece of vegetable matter into its original mineral constituents, not in their metallic form, of course, but in the form in which the plant received them. This is so simple that any child can do it; but all the science in the world cannot put the ingredients together again and re-form the plant. Only that mysterious force, which we call plant-life, can do this, and it can only do it by forming another plant, which may or may not contain the ingredients of the first one. Of course you all know this already, but perhaps you never thought of it in just this way; perhaps you never reflected upon the existence of this wonderful power. If you ask whence it came, science cannot answer. Do not believe the man who tells you that science has found out the secret of plant-life. It can only tell you some of the things which this force does.

It is thought by some that all vegetation, from the most minute lichen that fastens itself upon the rocks to the lordly firs of British Columbia and the giant eucalyptus trees of Australia, from the simplest mushroom to the dense growth of tropical forests, is the direct descendant of the plant which first appeared in the cooling water of the primeval ocean. As the centuries have passed and conditions have altered, the later generations from this remote ancestor adapted themselves to their environment, and so we have the poisonous nightshade, and the luscious apple, the long streamers of leathery kelp and the delicate tracery of the orchid. This may be so. No one can say for certain that it is so, but such wonderful results may be achieved by cross-fertilization that the hypothesis of the evolution of all plants from a common ancestor appears tenable.

The diversity of plant-life is incomprehensible. There are scores of plants on our hill-sides that no one has ever classified or identified with known species. A mining engineer, who studies botany as a recreation, told the writer of this article that every year he publishes a little book telling of new plants he has found in British Columbia, and it is possible that some of these are new, not only in the sense that they have been hitherto unknown, but in the sense that they are recent productions of plant-life. A wandering bee has carried the pollen from one blossom to another of quite a different species, and the result has been a new plant. Hybridized plants breed and, what is more, breed true to the hybridized type. The loganberry is a hybrid, but it breeds loganberries, not blackberries and raspberries, which were its original ancestors. Here we have a very extraordinary feature of plant-life, namely, its power of reproduction, but this must be spoken of at another time.

MR. ZANGWILL AND MRS. WARD.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, speaking at the International Woman Suffrage Club, said: "Anybody who will go and look at the harem scene in that popular play, 'Kismet,' may not look upon absolute realism, but he will get a pretty good insight into what lies behind the Anti-Suffrage attitude. Women and men alike—have got to shake off the notion that the male is to stride about the planet throwing crumbs of love or chivalry to the female. The old story against the Englishman that he sold his wife at Smithfield is no mere myth; according to Baring Gould, wives were sold in Devonshire as late as 1860. The husband led his lady to the market place by a straw halter, while the town crier rang his bell. Thus, Mrs. John Codmore was sold for £5, which, says Baring Gould, was large as the price of wives went. A Mrs. Broucher only fetched 5s., thus realizing the verse of Proverbs that 'a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.' A Mrs. Thomson went for 20s., and a Newfoundland dog."

"So many centuries of Turkish delight do not die easily, and even Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the most academically accomplished woman of her day, has to cry out when academical committees are formed which ignore women. What a strange head for the Anti-Suffrage Society is this busy lady politician! She is as much out of place there as Mr. Bernard Shaw would be at an Irish wake. In her latest letter to the Times she runs down our success in San Francisco; she urges that after all suffrage in one of the United States is only equal to the local government suffrage here. That may be true. But with what force does the argument come from Mrs. Ward, who is such a strenuous supporter of the local government suffrage for women?"

"There can, in fact, be no better argument for suffrage than Mrs. Ward in her true activities. You find in her books, as in those of George Eliot, that element of religion and that feeling of scholarship which are almost entirely absent from British male fiction. She shares with Mrs. Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell that sense of form in which Thackeray and still more Dickens are grossly lacking. While British male fiction as a whole is shamefully slipshod and devoid of the finer essences of life, our best female fiction is polished and spiritual."

"But we have got beyond theoretical arguments. We are in the thick of the campaign. Women's Suffrage is an issue so clear that even Mr. Balfour cannot escape having a decisive opinion about it."

"When love begins to sicken and decay it useth an enforced ceremony; there are no tricks in plain and simple faith.—Shakespeare."