



THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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University Magazine

MONTREAL.

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THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is issued in February, April, October, and December, by a committee for McGill University; University of Toronto; and Dalhousie College.

Its purpose is to express an educated opinion upon questions immediately concerning Canada; and to treat freely in a literary way all matters which have to do with politics, industry, philosophy, science, and art.

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During the Editor's absence at the front the work of editing the Magazine is being undertaken by a local committee consisting of Sir William Peterson, Professors C. W. Colby and P. T. Lafleur.

In our book review section, under the management of Prof. S. B. Slack, notices will appear of such new books as may seem to deserve attention, especially those dealing with Canada and with Canadian and Imperial politics.

The Editorial and business management is gratuitous.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE MILITARY SITUATION

The bells were ringing in London the other day, so loudly and so joyfully that even Hindenburg and the Kaiser may have heard them, unless they have stopped their ears, in the same way as they have muzzled the German press, where British victories are concerned. Following so quickly the brilliant French advance on the Aisne, the news of the great British drive towards Cambrai did much to dispel the gloom caused by untoward developments elsewhere. For one thing it has confirmed our experts in their view that the war will be won, in a military sense, in Flanders and France. How far the Allied forces in these countries may be helped by increased pressure from the British navy, and by the growing economic exhaustion of Germany, time alone will show. But a decisive military victory on the Western front is evidently the great goal on which we must keep our eyes steadily fixed. The fact that in Northern Italy the redoubtable German war-machine has once more galvanized the Austrian corpse into life need not affect our ultimate prospects. In Venetia, as formerly at Verdun, the watch-word is, "They shall not pass!" And if the defensive lines hold firm, it may not be so easy for the Germans to get back across the Alps as it was for them to descend into the fertile plains of Italy. The prelude to the Italian disaster was the sowing the seed of disaffection and treachery by German agents in Italy itself. That is one of the Hun's favourite war-weapons. He tried it lately with ourselves, by circulating the suggestion that Dominion troops are being made to do more than their share of the fighting, whereupon the British War Office issued a detailed statement showing that since July 31st 84 per cent. of the men engaged in active operations were from the United Kingdom, and that these British troops had sustained 92 per cent. of the

casualties, whereas oversea troops, contributing 16 per cent. of the armies, had suffered only 8 per cent. of the total casualties. Throughout the war, nothing has been more amazing than the German methods of penetration. Their propagandists are at work everywhere, as the United States knows to its cost. The German Government seems always to be able to get first-hand information of what is going on in Allied countries. They are adepts at spying and lying. They penetrate us, and we are unable in return to get into their wooden heads anything that would help them to save their souls. Russia they have read like an open book. The so-called Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies is really a German instrument. Its impudent proposal for a three months' armistice is made at German instigation. From that point of view Bochevik is only Boche writ large. But even present conditions in Russia ought not to cause us unduly to despond. Things could not be much worse there, except for the Russians themselves, than they have been for some months past, and the latest turn of the fast-revolving wheel may prove to have been a necessary stage on the way to the formation of a strong and united Government. The political history of ancient Greece is full of illustrations of what is likely to happen when autocracy is suddenly eliminated and overthrown. One succeeding stage was often "ochlocracy," or mob-rule, with men like Lenine and Trotsky offering to "take the people into partnership" with themselves. It would certainly be strange and paradoxical if the Power which posed at the outbreak of the war as the champion of the Southern Slavs were now definitely to throw up the sponge. Meanwhile we cannot be too thankful that our new Allies in the United States are advancing rapidly with giant strides to fill the gap caused by the defection of what used to be spoken of as the Russian "steam-roller."

A CANADIAN TRIUMPH Passchendaele will be forever a name of pride in the story of Canada's share in the war—a name to be enshrined in our hearts along with Vimy and Messines. For there we did our part, in concert

with the other forces of the Empire, to wrest from the enemy all the ground from which, three years ago, he vainly attempted to launch his onward sweep on Calais. It was on October 31st, 1914, that the men of the first British Expeditionary Force—the “Old Contemptibles”—“gathered the spears of the Prussian legions into their breasts, and in perishing saved Europe.” To-day they are avenged, as also are our own Canadian dead who fell on a later day at St. Julien and Langemarck. The earth will lie more lightly on them now in their silent and solitary graves. It has been a bitter price to pay; the death of Talbot Papineau is to many of us the climax in a long list of what have been really national losses. But it has been worth the cost. We have shown that, man for man, and in grim hand-to-hand fighting, despite all the mud and the rain, we are more than a match for our German antagonists. Even their determined counter-attacks have had no success against the tenacious valour of the gallant soldiers of the Dominion. The victory will do much to enable impatient critics to appreciate the gains made by what may be called small-scale fighting and limited objectives. Even if the immediate goal of the Allied Forces in this section is only Roulers and then Ostend, that will mean much more later on. The Rhine is not really any further away than Tipperary! Meanwhile we have kept faith with those who died in Flanders’ fields, and Canada is glad and proud—smiling even through her tears.

WILLIAM THE FRIGHTFUL There is no need now to mince words about the German Emperor. For a long time after the outbreak of the war, many thought that he was to be pitied rather than blamed. He had been pushed along, they said, by his military entourage. In support of this theory there was the old story of how, after affixing the “seven letters” of his imperial name to the German order for mobilization, he had told his unspeakable son and successor that he would live to be sorry for it! But now we know that William the Frightful will go down to history also as William

the Faithless. Reference was made in our last issue to the revelations by which it has been shown that as far back as 1904-5 he stealthily contrived to entangle the Czar of Russia in a secret alliance against England, for which French adherence was to be obtained if possible. He based his argument then on the probability that the "French would have enough sense to understand that the English Fleet could not protect Paris!" Nothing but the intervention of the Czar's Minister for Foreign Affairs availed at that time to save the Autocrat of All the Russias from the consequences of having yielded so far to William's persuasiveness as to append his imperial signature to a secret treaty which aimed at drawing France into an alliance against England. M. Isvolsky knew, if "Willy" and "Nicky" did not know, that the Russo-French compact could not be treated as a "scrap of paper." And yet a year or two later the German Emperor is found protesting, in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, that his well-meant efforts for a sincere and lasting friendship have always been misunderstood and repelled by the English people, to whom he considers himself as naturally bound by inviolable ties of blood relationship! Then there came the unpublished interview in the *New York Century*, to suppress which interview a whole issue of that important periodical was recalled and withheld from publication. Now that our American allies are more free to speak than they were then, we know that in that statement of his opinions and wishes the German Emperor was making great play with the bogey of Japan! It was, in substance, an appeal to the United States to join with Germany in fighting Great Britain and her Japanese ally. In this way William thought to trade on American prejudices and susceptibilities, while keeping himself always in the limelight as the real arbiter of the world's destinies. He is a sorry creature, with the heart of a traitor, who is individually and directly responsible for a greater amount of misery and suffering to the whole world than all the rest of his kind put together. He has deceived and debauched his own people, who stand in need of a more real *Aufklärung* than they have ever known

before, if the scales are to fall from their eyes, and if they are to be detached from the false gods which their Emperor has set up for their infatuate worship. They will have to disown him and his schemes of world-domination before they can be re-admitted to that comity of nations which their blind following of him has done so much to destroy. They will know soon, if they do not realize it already, that the war which he said was "forced" on him was in reality made by him and his precious crew of Potsdammers. And if he has made Europe too hot for him, there will remain the possibility of a generous rivalry between the United States and ourselves to offer him a choice, in default of St. Helena, between the hospitality of Alaska and an asylum in the Yukon! Meanwhile Canada will do well to take up the cry, *No peace with the Hohenzollerns!*

GEMS OF AUTOCRACY Such old-world utterances as "*L'Etat c'est moi,*" on the part of a king by "divine right," pale into insignificance before the vapourings of your modern and up-to-date War Lord. If the world were only in the mood for it, some of the scenes between the German Emperor and Ambassador Gerard, as disclosed in the book entitled "*My Four Years in Germany,*" would be greeted with inextinguishable laughter. Mr. Gerard tells us how on one occasion, when William thought everything was going well with him, that mighty potentate poked his nose into the Ambassador's face and asked him to remember that he "would stand no nonsense" with America after the war! At another time, he told M. Isvolsky, whose duty it was to remind him that the secret treaty which he had signed with the Czar at Björkö was void and of no effect because of Russia's alliance with France, that his imperial master had known quite well what he was doing and that there was no longer any question between Germany and France. The matter of Alsace-Lorraine was already settled, said William. "Certainly it is settled. In the Morocco affair I threw down the gauntlet to France. France declined to pick it up. Therefore she refused to fight me. Consequently the question of Alsace-

Lorraine no longer exists between us." Surely here the wish was father to the thought! But there are other autocrats like William. For instance, there is the Sultan of Turkey, who is to-day, thanks to our successes in the East, more of a sick man than ever. William and he have lately been toasting each other to their heart's content. And do not let us forget the late King of Greece, who consistently played the part of a German spy at Athens till the Allies put their long-delayed extinguisher upon him. Tino has left it on record that he "could not have looked William in the face again" if he had behaved otherwise than he did,—promptly telegraphing to his master at Berlin all military or political information received from Greek diplomats accredited to the Entente Powers, and organizing at William's bidding bands of irregulars who were to cut General Sarrail's communications at Salonika and harass his rear. And in the papers which have recently come to light at Athens it is disclosed that Tino's royal consort, Queen Sophie, described the Entente Allies, in a letter to her brother at Berlin, as a set of "infamous pigs." This is a truly precious utterance. Of course William had already written to his sister in similar terms of endearment. "Nothing remains for Tino to do," he had said, "than to take action against these brutes." So Sophie will go down to history, along with her brother and her husband, as one who would fain have maintained the amazing system by which individual rulers, behind the backs of their responsible advisers, to say nothing of the people's representatives, attempted at their own sweet will to mould the destinies of Europe and of the world.

ENEMY There has been a great deal of peace talk during
PEACE TALK recent weeks, but most of it was "made in Germany." That is equivalent to saying that it has been altogether lacking in the qualities of frankness and straightforwardness, which have no part in the ordinary make-up of German mentality and morality. For indirectness of statement the Germans are without rivals anywhere. Take

the recent case of the arch-villain Von Luxburg, who ought by rights to be sunk somewhere in the Atlantic in such a way that he shall "leave not a trace behind." When the time came for Berlin to apologize to Sweden, did the German authorities express any detestation of his conduct? No, they simply recorded their regret "that Von Luxburg employed the facilities extended by the Swedish authorities *in a manner which might have been construed as an abuse of them!*" So with the recent attempt to initiate negotiations for a German peace. Probably because they are well aware that such a peace would not be compatible with the liberties of the world, the Germans simply will not say what they mean. One of Dr. Michaelis's last utterances, as Chancellor, was couched in these words: "I must at the present moment decline to specify our war aims and bind the hands of our negotiators." Germany's peace terms are to remain shrouded in mystery, while by various press manœuvres, and by utterances in the Reichstag which Mr. Asquith rightly characterized as "nebulous and unctuous generalities," Germany's representatives strive to "create an atmosphere in which alone," as they say, "a fertile exchange of thoughts upon concrete questions will be possible." This they think will "paralyse the war-will" of the Allies, and "prepare psychologically the peace of agreement." They refuse to address themselves specifically to the question of "restitution, reparation, and guarantees," though they know that these are the minimum terms of the Entente. Instead they fondly imagine that, if they will just hint at the possibility that Germany may agree in the end to let the rest of Belgium go and keep only Antwerp, the Allies will be ready immediately to say, "Thank you very much,"—and the war will end! We have got them on the move now, and we hope to keep them moving. When we have forced them back to their own borders, we shall be prepared to talk—not before. That will be the first step towards peace.

**CHIVALRY
AND
HUNNISH-
NESS**

In one of his recent addresses, Mr. Fisher, the English Minister of Education, told a highly illuminating story of what once happened in an Oxford picture palace. It was only a month or two before the war broke out, and the theatre was crowded with undergraduates. On the film appeared the portrait of the German Emperor, whereupon one of their number emitted an insulting observation. Immediately in front of him there happened to be sitting a German student—probably one of those Rhodes scholars, nominated by the All-Highest himself, who are now conspicuous by their absence from Oxford; and this young Teuton promptly turned in his seat and boxed the ears of the offender. Instantly the whole theatre burst into applause! Commenting afterwards upon the incident, another German is reported to have said, "You English are a wonderful people; such chivalry as that would have been quite incomprehensible in my country!" The incident just narrated occurred in time of peace, but we have had innumerable instances of how the Germans contrast their methods with ours also in time of war. Take the following expression of surprise which forms part of a letter found on a German prisoner: "Our stretcher-bearers carry a Red-cross flag and can go up to the front line unmolested. The English even let ambulances drive up without firing!" And contrast with that the experience of a Toronto Highlander, who spent eighteen months in a prisoners' camp in Germany: "When you asked the guard for a cup of water, a German Red-cross nurse would knock it out of your hand and throw the cup to the ground." By their war-methods the Germans are certainly multiplying their opportunities of seeing themselves as others see them. The Coroner who held the inquest on the bodies of fourteen victims of one of the recent Zeppelin raids on London (including seven members of one family) expressed himself in the following terms of burning indignation: "If this sacrifice of innocent life leads the English people hereafter to determine that they will have no truck, as the saying is, commercially, politically, socially and economically with the German beast

—for he is nothing else—then I say this sacrifice of life will not be altogether in vain.” Again as regards the submarine we have known for some time what to expect. But the other day the Germans went even beyond the “unrestricted ruthlessness” to which we have become accustomed from this concealed weapon. In the naval raid in the North Sea (17th October) two of their large destroyers, after disposing of the two British warships—far inferior in size and equipment to theirs—by which certain vessels were being escorted to the Scandinavian coast, shelled and sunk by gunfire in the open sea, without examination or warning of any kind, nine unarmed merchantmen—five Norwegian, three Swedish, and one Danish—and then steamed off at full speed into safety, without making any effort to save the crews of either the British destroyers or the neutral ships. No wonder that our Admiralty promptly expressed itself in an official communication as follows: “The German Navy by this act has once more and further degraded itself by this disregard of the historic chivalry of the sea.” And no wonder that the intrepid navigator and explorer Captain Roald Amundsen lost no time in giving voice to the horror and indignation both of his own country and of the whole world by calling immediately (23rd October) at the German legation in Christiania in order to return his German decorations. In a letter which he left for the German Minister, Captain Amundsen said: “As a Norwegian sailor, I beg to return my German decorations, viz., the Prussian Crown of the First Class, the Bavarian Luitpold Medal, and the Emperor William’s Gold Medal for Arts and Sciences, as a personal protest against German murders of peaceful Norwegian seamen, the latest being those in the North Sea on October 17th.” The Germans profess to be very indignant that the Allies should avail themselves in any way of the cooperation of the “uncivilized” Japanese in their conduct of the war: yet it was from the mouth of a Japanese visitor to New York that they heard, only the other day, the truth about themselves, when he described them as “pirates of the sea, assassins of the air, and violators of all decencies in land warfare.”

CANADA'S If it is true that claims for exemption have been
ORDEAL OF made by over ninety per cent. of those who are
POLITICS being called up under the Military Service Act,
the inference is obvious that the alternative policy of
making one more appeal for voluntary recruitment would
have no success except with the inconsiderable remnant of
less than ten in every hundred men. And so the gaps
which are increasing in the ranks of our Canadian forces
overseas would remain unfilled. It has been argued in
an English journal (*The Manchester Guardian*) that, rather
than allow ourselves to become embroiled in difficulty and
dispeace at home, we should accept the needed reinforcements
from the United States and elsewhere; and this view of the
case is eagerly followed by those who have always feared that
there was a danger of Canada doing too much in the war.
But such a policy would not satisfy the wishes of our gallant
forces overseas. It is to their fellow-countrymen that they
are appealing for help, not to strangers. We may safely
prophecy that the overseas vote at the general election will
show what our soldiers think of the men who, when they are
asked for reinforcements, would offer them a referendum
instead. And is it not a little odd that those politicians who
have been most strenuous in demanding a referendum, on
grounds of alleged constitutionality, do not say straight out
how they individually would vote if they got it? All they
say is that they will carry out the wishes of the majority of
the nation as thus expressed. Meanwhile some outcry is
being raised against what is described as an organized attempt
to isolate the Province of Quebec. The answer surely is that
while it would be difficult for others to isolate Quebec, it might
be a comparatively easy matter for Quebec to isolate itself.
There are many points of resemblance between the political
situation in Quebec and that which unfortunately exists at
the present moment in Ireland. The majority in Quebec is
taught to believe that those who are opposed to it have a selfish
motive for accentuating the differences which divide them,
because it pays them in other parts of Canada. So in Ireland,

enmity and discord are alleged to be deliberately fostered by certain elements of the population, in the hope of discrediting Home Rule, and hampering the Convention. But the Convention will triumph in the end, let us hope, because it is honestly striving, by co-operative effort, for the solution of a most intricate and perplexing problem. Similarly the Union Government ought to triumph at the polls in Canada because, laying aside every issue that could divide the people, it aims at uniting the whole country in what is obviously the one primary duty at the moment—helping to win the war.

W. P.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION This year a great many Canadians have felt unwonted interest in the Guildhall ceremonies of November 9th, since by experience and association the new Lord Mayor of London is himself half a Canadian. And at the same moment when Mr. Charles Hanson was entering upon the duties of his high office, the municipal affairs of New York were assuming an importance which could not fail to arrest attention here—and indeed everywhere. As between London and New York the contrast, in respect to the recent mayoralty elections, is as striking as anything can be. Our compatriot was chosen Lord Mayor of London without a murmur of opposition. In New York, Judge Hylan became head of the municipal system only after a campaign which vies in excitement and bitterness with any episode in the recent annals of the United States. From every point of view it was an election that quite transcends all the other municipal contests which have been waged in New York for a generation.

With a population of approximately seven millions and with a budget which exceeds that of most nations, it is a matter of grave concern to Greater New York whether or not it falls for four years under the rule of Tammany. There is, and *ex hypothesi*, there can be, no change in the spots of this very voracious tiger. The career and standards of Richard Croker

are closely paralleled by those of Charles F. Murphy. Hence the citizens of New York who have property and those who know what Fourteenth Street has always meant in politics, viewed with just concern the prospect that after long, lean years of exile, Tammany might once more take possession of the City Hall and the Board of Estimate. Over against the Hylan-Murphy-Hearst combination stood Mayor Mitchel, one of the ablest, most forceful men in the United States—a Democrat, but a Democrat whose administration had been such as led Colonel Roosevelt to call it the best New York had had for fifty years. On the strength of actual accomplishment Mitchel was supported as a Fusion candidate by an overwhelming majority of those who, in Canada at least, would be considered the intelligent, honest and capable citizens of New York.

But the contest between Fusion and Tammany for control of municipal policy and expenditure was not the outstanding feature of this bitter struggle. There were four candidates in the field, and issues emerged which must give food for thought to serious observers in every country. Though the dark forces for which Tammany stands are at all times a factor in modern politics, the two things which gave the New York election special significance were its bearing upon the attitude of the United States toward the war and the great increase of the vote which was cast for the Socialist candidate.

THE WAR AS AN ISSUE Leaving aside the purely local matters which were at issue between Mitchel and Hylan, both these candidates brought world politics into the forefront of their speeches and campaign literature. There were no joint meetings in which the Fusion and Tammany leaders debated face to face. Mitchel, who is a platform speaker of great force and resourcefulness, kept proposing an encounter of this type, but as Hylan is an orator who reads his speeches the proposal was not welcomed. But though oral duels of debate were lacking, each candidate held his own

meetings incessantly for a fortnight before the voting, and at each of these much was said about the attitude of the other towards the war. Mitchel, who to his finger tips is a foe of the Hohenzollerns, has been a Plattsburg "rookie" and incidentally is a long distance marksman of great skill. In all his speeches, which were very numerous and very vigorous, he inveighed against the secret friends of the Kaiser in the United States—numbering chief among them William Randolph Hearst. Here his constant assertion was that Hearst simply used Hylan as a tool to weaken the power of the Federal Government. In short, without mincing words, he resorted to Zola's method of *J'accuse*. Hylan, he declared, was not only a lineal descendant of Boss Tweed, but an active ally of those who are daily lending aid and comfort to the enemy. Hylan retorted that he was as good a patriot as Mitchel, who simply sought to capitalize loyalty for political purposes. One did not observe that he quoted Dr. Johnson's tag about patriotism being the last refuge of a scoundrel, but he said the same thing frequently in his own way.

Hillquit, the Socialist candidate, rather gloried in having refused to buy a Liberty Bond—**HILLQUIT** though he is sufficiently affluent to possess a substantial amount of property and was frequently reminded of the fact that he resides in Riverside Drive. So far as the war goes the Hillquit Socialists are quite comparable to Lenine and his followers. They are for immediate peace and doubtless look upon the reply of the Central Powers to the Pope as a highly convincing and exemplary deliverance. Hillquit, a Russian Jew by origin, seems to have found a strong following on the East Side among a dense population who are of the same lineage with himself. One needs to be familiar with Orchard Street and the circumjacent district to know what Hillquit stands for in the life of New York. Doubtless the large Socialist vote (above 140,000) represents to some extent an acute restlessness under high prices and a desire on the part of the proletariat to avoid personal partici-

pation in the war. At the same time it seems that there are now other political leaders of the poor in New York besides the Sachems of Tammany—whose loaves and fishes have at times been distributed with feudal or patriarchal largess. A fortnight before the polling one of the most experienced and sagacious journalists in the United States told me that he believed Hillquit's vote would be in excess of one hundred and twenty-five thousand, and also that, having for the first time gained the full consciousness of their political strength, the Jews of Eastern Europe now resident in New York would shortly become the strongest single element in municipal elections.

BENNETT The candidature of Bennett as a representative of non-Fusion Republicans was simply a further illustration of the phrase that the Bourbons never learn and never forget. Though all the more eminent leaders of the Republican party supported Mitchel, those of "the organization" insisted on having a candidate of their own. Bennett did not defeat Mitchel, because it was a Tammany landslide. All he succeeded in accomplishing was to set up a new landmark of political ineptitude.

HEARST It would be interesting to know how large an element in Mitchel's defeat was represented by the resentments to which he was exposed from ecclesiastics of the Church to which he belongs—resentments which go back to the Mayor's part in the famous "wire tapping" affair. But however important a factor this may have been, the strongest single force on the side of Tammany was the widespread and sinister influence of the Hearst press. Alcibiades was one type of a demagogue and Cleon another; but for ungenial, sordid, systematic perversion of the public mind, the palm can be given without an instant's hesitation to W. R. Hearst. Among all the incidents of this exciting and momentous election none is more notable than the speech which J. M. Beck delivered at Carnegie Hall (November 2nd)

in denunciation of Hearst and what he stands for, alike as an author of sedition and a fomenter of class hatred. Not only was this attack trenchant in diction but it was based upon an unanswerable documentation. Here is the gist of Mr. Beck's indictment. The spirit which "seeks to weaken the purpose and sap the morale of the American people has its fountain-head in the journalistic enterprises of one man, and his name is William Randolph Hearst. His power for evil is immeasurable. He owns seventeen newspapers and magazines, and as he controls the policy of papers in Boston, New York, Atlanta, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles, the daily influence that he exerts is nation-wide. No single influence is comparable with it in its potency of evil. His leading daily newspaper in this city claims a circulation of 450,000 copies, and if so, it is altogether probable that it is daily read by a million people in the section to which it is tributary. It is thus within Mr. Hearst's power to convey to each of these millions the subtle poison of the most seditious and disloyal utterances, and it may be said without exaggeration that the greatest menace to the part which America is destined to play in the struggle comes from this one source."

There are not a few who for years have despised the Hearst press because it revealed only the desire and resolve to make a base cash profit by exploiting the prejudices and prepossessions of the ignorant. With Hearst it is not, and never has been, a question of honest socialism, honest radicalism, or anything else honest. The evidence proves only one thing: namely, his desire to gain money and power by pretending to be a friend of the poor. If there were an off-chance that he was prompted by sincerity, one would be glad to give him the benefit of the doubt, but he has consistently written it into the record that he is a vulgar, predatory demagogue, so destitute of principle that he cannot fitly say *tu quoque* to anyone. Hence Mr. Beck's speech at Carnegie Hall will bring balm to those who have come to look upon Hearst as one of the most disagreeable, demoralizing agencies in the life of this continent.

C. W. C.

IN THIS OUR NECESSITY

IN the early part of November I came into this country with vision of a people united in heart and resolution. At the first touch of reality the vision faded, and there arose instead the spectre of a people divided in counsel, antagonistic in race, antipathetic in religion. The change that had occurred in three years was marked and painful.

Three years ago the troops marched out in an atmosphere warm with affection, and charged with enthusiasm. The scattered drafts one now sees are depressed and depressing. To ask men to adventure forth in chilly silence to lose their lives is expecting too much. That great moment was allowed to pass, and the Canadian army is now left in a glory reflected from its past achievement. That glory will fade when it is no longer illumined from the future. In this solemn moment of public danger and private sorrow even a hasty word of observation and reflection may be grateful on these once familiar pages.

Of all scenes observed during three years, the most wonderful is the creation which arose out of chaos, the creation of the Canadian Army Corps out of the chaos of Val Cartier. Out of that ooze has arisen a thing of life, of force, and beauty. There is no ground for wonder that a Canadian army should excel in courage, tenacity, resource, and invention. The German himself has furnished by categories a roll of all the effectives opposed to him; and, he being the judge, allowed that the four Canadian divisions, and one other, were the most greatly to be feared. There is ground for surprise, however, that the Canadian army should have so quickly developed a sense of beauty and form, a style of doing things, a brilliancy which comes only from a self-imposed discipline which is at once flexible and strong.

The Canadian army is a school of character and of manners. The life is one of poverty, temperance, obedience, and chastity. If lives are being lost, souls are being saved. No man comes out of the army a worse man. All men who come out will be better men, and for them the war between good and evil will have ended in victory.

Also, life in the Canadian army is a pleasant and happy life, and there is chance of a fair death. It is a life free from desire and, therefore, void of fear. It is a life of humility. When any day may be the last, the mind is free from material concern, and there is that contentment and peace which comes to those who have already lived. Men live close together. One's friends are there. One's blood relations are there—fathers, sons, and brothers; but women-kind, alas, no. The daily life is full of interest, because it is full of surprise. It is quite normal. A visit in a sheltered trench on a day of cold and wind, behind a hedge on a sunny afternoon, or in a dry cellar of a wet night, has in it all the elements of human happiness.

The life is wholesome and healthy. Care and attention is bestowed upon the men such as a father bestows upon his children. No detail in food and clothing is too small to merit attention, and men will endure in patience any hardship when they know that it is made for them as light as it is possible to be made.

Care in sickness and in health is the part of the Medical Service, and never were men, either soldier or civilian, so well served. The flower of the profession is there, high-spirited men who are content to serve according to the ancient tradition of medicine, in loyalty to their calling and to their Directors who, themselves, have served, and borne in their own bodies all the hardships of a soldier's life. They have yielded an army free from disease, and in combination with other authorities they have produced an army free from vice, and from the diseases which accompany and flow from it.

This spirit of the Front has worked its way back to the Canadian base in England; or, rather, it was carried back

by men of soldierly spirit who are now in command. The spirit of the soldier is a just and honest spirit, and there is not now in the world a man powerful enough to obtain from Canadian Headquarters in London a concession or favour apart from the merit of his case. It is also a spirit which demands, and will have, efficiency, abhorring waste, practising economy in respect of material and of men. All this the Canadian people have accomplished, and in the present moment of perplexity these things are recited for their encouragement and comfort.

Why it was that this generation should have been called upon to bear this burden and suffer this chastisement, no man can tell. The decrees of God are inscrutable. War as well as peace is of God. There need be no complaint or bitterness. There is no complaint of the tides or the winds when they have brought havoc in human affairs; and the causes of war are as profound as the influences which move the ocean or obscure the face of the heavens. The atonement has fallen upon this generation, and the victim must not object to the sacrifice. Whether the Hebrew prophets were right or wrong in regard to private morality, of national sin there is no remission save by the shedding of blood.

The present difficulties in Canada arise from the attempt to do two things at the same time, to engage in war and carry on the life of peace. For the French and Belgians the problem was solved by war itself. War imposed upon those peoples its inexorable demand for exclusive service, but we have had to work by faith and imagination alone. We have not seen war face to face. We are wasting our energies in keeping up the top-hammer of civilization, which in Europe was brought down at one stroke.

The waste of war is only a figment. Even the waste of life assumes a reasonable proportion when we reflect that in any given generation the mortality is a hundred per cent. The waste of material is apparent rather than real. In time of peace most human effort is wasted on things that do not matter. In time of war that effort is merely transferred from

the making of motor cars or pianos to the making of shells. But in Canada the waste of peace and the waste of war is carried on side by side.

Men's minds are blinded by business. They think it has something to do with the public good. Its ethic is private gain. Most of it is quite useless for any other purpose. The selling of goods constitutes the greater part of business; and these goods are sold to people who do not need them, and do not really want them. This involves an elaborate system of railway service. One illustration will serve. A train carrying sellers and others who think they must move about the country will have a dining car. It is manned by at least six stout fellows who would be much better employed carrying food to pigs. Even in England a man carries his food with him. Newspapers of forty pages are printed every day merely because war has not come within our borders to give, with its helping hand, a new direction to life.

Nor have Canadian women found for themselves a place in the public service. They are indefatigable at meetings, and tire themselves over tasks which are not essential. They help to keep the old machinery of life in motion, because war has not brought it to a standstill. Until the former things have passed away, women must spend their energy, and men must be exempted from military service, to keep up the show.

The old order yet persists, even to the trivial detail of casting a ballot,—and it would be the merest affectation, even on the part of the most casual visitor, to pretend to an ignorance of an impending event which fills the air. For fifty years men in Canada have been voting, and nothing happened. Rather, the same thing always happened. Public interest was made the occasion for private gain. In this our necessity many persons persist in the practice of voting as the automatic performance of an old function; and they still entertain the cynical belief that a public man may safely be voted for on the former assumption that he does not mean what he says.

The army leaves politics to you, but in exercising those political privileges which are being conserved to you by the army, remember that you are exercising them not for yourselves alone but for the army as well. Do not be alarmed. A soldier cannot take part in politics in a political way. The uniform which he wears debars him as effectually as the gown of the minister or the robe of the priest. All three are sacrosanct.

The loyalty of the army is to the *de facto* king; its service to the *de facto* government. But king and government must justify themselves to the soldiers. The Canadian army is not composed of mercenaries or slaves. It leaves the civil government to civilians, but its eye is upon you. When you go into your secret place on the 17th of December, and cast a furtive ballot, what you do secretly will be proclaimed before God and the Army.

Remember, too, that whilst the army is merely an instrument of government, it is also the final weapon by which any government or system of government is eventually supported, or destroyed. All history is as simple as that. In our own history it has repeatedly happened that the soldier has not acquiesced quietly in civil arrangements. The civilian no more than the king has the right divine to govern wrong. On a memorable occasion a very great English civilian-soldier strode into the House of Parliament and to the speaker in his chair he said, "Come down out of that." To his men-at-arms he said, pointing to the mace, "Take away that bauble." These things are for your recollection.

Do not be too sure of the soldier's belief in democracy. He sees democracy at its worst in one of our allies. A democracy which cannot, as in the case of Russia, or will not, defend itself is to the soldier a thing of contempt. Canada has yet by sending instant succour to her own, to prove herself so worthy that the affection of her sons is not exposed to temptation. Those Canadians who went abroad as Americans are now Europeans, and Europe has many attractions, especially the attraction to that spot where one's fathers lie buried.

Get it into your heads that you cannot deceive the enemy. The Germans are not mediæval Chinese deceived by grinning masks. They know the condition of the Canadian Corps better than you do. They know its inventiveness and resource. They know its solid courage and power. They also know the ferocity of its wrath and its primitive revenge. But they also know the extent of its reserves.

An army without reserve is a defeated army. When you fail to send forward reinforcements you acquiesce in defeat. If the army continues in the line, it merely exposes itself to slow destruction. It is disclosing no information which is not public knowledge, that the Canadian casualties at the Passchendaele Ridge were at least as great as those at Vimy and the Somme. When the attack began there were in England Canadian reserves equivalent to those casualties. It requires no great strategist to guess that those reserves are now used up, that there is not now a Canadian fighting man in England, and that the Corps must live on itself until it is exhausted. It is a rash people which would willingly incur the sullen wrath of an army which has fought bravely, and finds itself defeated by lack of reinforcements which could have been supplied.

For a year we had in England a complete division with a perfect organization. That division has been eviscerated to supply its interior force, as if a man would destroy his watch for the metal it contained. The sacrifice could not be helped. Men were not offering by voluntary enlistment and means did not exist for obtaining them by other methods.

The system of voluntary enlistment was a deadly system. It sacrificed the flower of the flock. It brought into the army all the men of high spirit. It also brought in many men of low physique, who instantly became a burden instead of a support. It brought to the front men who would be more usefully employed at home, and left behind more stolid men, who make most useful soldiers. In the army good feet are equally important with good heads.

It is being hinted, but not yet said openly, that Canada has done enough. This infamous suggestion has assumed a most subtle form. A finger is pointed at another nation which is arming itself slowly, methodically, relentlessly,—a nation which is resolute that it shall not leap into the war half prepared, as we were compelled to do. With certain questions one must not palter. When personal honesty and national honour are concerned, the question is not, "Is it enough?"—but "Is it all?" In face of the temptation to hold back a part of the price the only answer is *Retro me Sathanos*.

For one who is fond of recrimination there is ample material upon which he may exercise his gift. He may recall the inexperience and waste of Val Cartier. The answer to that is the Canadian Army Corps, and its feats at Ypres, Courcellette, Vimy, and Passchendaele. He may recall the buffoonery, ineptitude, or ignorance of individual ministers. The answer is the names of the men who have taken their place. Or, if he should desire to be more specific, he might reflect the offended susceptibilities of a whole Province. The answer to that is the fame of the "Vingt deuxième," and the comment, that offended susceptibilities do not release a man or a people from their obligations of honour.

This war has been carried on by Canada's help to the present point in which success every day becomes more certain. By Canada's help we shall have our desire upon our enemy. That desire will be accomplished the sooner if Canada continues. It will be accomplished even if Canada refrains. But if Canada does refrain, and holds back a part of the price, Canada will then lie down dead as a Sapphira among the nations.

This is a new kind of war, already the longest that ever was fought. In other wars there was some cessation, summer campaigns and easeful winters. Never before did men go so far away to fight, or remain so long a time. In this war there is no discharge. The army has witnessed the stream of reinforcements drying up. They are exiles, and few will see again their native land. Already they are forgetting.

Men forget because they must and not because they will. They have abandoned hope of furlough or release. There are none to take their place. They are there until the end comes. For many this is the fourth winter; and one can hear their cry, "How long, O Lord; How long?"

At a time when the minds of public men are strained to the utmost an additional and sordid task is imposed upon them,—the business of an election. In the name of those whose life is a daily sacrifice, all those who love their country are implored, in this our necessity, to soften their asperity in this time of private sorrow, and to forget their political animosity in this solemn moment of public danger.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

HEINE, THE POLITICAL REFUGEE

IN the Appendix to the fifth volume of his "History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century," Treitschke, under the heading "The Myth of Heine, the Political Refugee," seeks to dispose of Heine's claim that he was for years compelled to live in exile, and was one of those political martyrs of which the soil of his native land has produced such an abundant and never-failing crop ever since 1813, when the Prussian people for the first time became conscious of themselves as a nation and not a mere conglomerate of obedient subjects of a king. "Heine," says Treitschke, "was a voluntary refugee just like the Polish poets Mickiewicz, Krasinski and many other revolutionaries from Germany, Poland and Italy who spent many years in Paris absolutely free from molestation (*unverfolgt*). Some of these lived in France fearing the possibility of police proceedings (*Verfolgung*), others to do their plotting all the more safely under French protection, others again to enjoy the attractions of the metropolis; they all played with highly tragic pathos the part of political martyrs, and in this frivolous sport of the radical faction Heine took part. The only wrong he ever suffered at the hands of the Prussian authorities was the foolish prohibition of his writings, but he shared this fate with many other writers, and he could, as he himself tells us, treat this all the more lightly as the sale of his works was increased rather than diminished by the prohibition. There was no need to fear for his personal safety, and, indeed, no proceedings had ever been taken against him by the police, as can now be proved by official documents." Treitschke then quotes the official reply to Guizot's enquiry relative to Heine's proposed French naturalization in 1843, in which the German Minister for Home Affairs assured the French Government that "*aucune mesure de police n'a jamais été prise contre sa personne.*" Regarding the prohibition of

Heine's works, the same German official remarks that, as Heine lived abroad and had never taken any steps to obtain any mitigation, "il n'existe pour les autorités du roi aucun motif de faire d'office des démarches dans ce but." As a final and crushing blow to the most obstinate sceptic Treitschke then triumphantly points to the fact that in 1844 Heine was able to visit his native country without being molested by the Prussian authorities. That in 1840 political offenders had been granted an amnesty and that in 1842 the decree against the works of Heine and his school had been withdrawn, our historian seems to consider so irrelevant to the argument that he does not even mention these facts. After 1844, Treitschke admits, such a visit would no longer have been possible, *i.e.*, after the poet had published his notorious "Zeitgedichte" with their offensive references to the King of Prussia. The charge brought against Prussia of cruel persecution (*Verfolgung*) of the poet cannot therefore, we are told, be maintained. "Heine," he assures us, "has no reason to complain of Prussia, which never persecuted him personally, but Prussia may complain of Heine, who never ceased to sling mud at his fatherland."

I have had some difficulty in translating "verfolgen" and "verfolgung" in the above, as "verfolgen" in German may mean either to prosecute or to persecute. Thus the venerable joke: "Trespassers will be persecuted" ceases to be a joke in Germany. From the instances of German police prosecutions I shall have occasion to give in my commentary on Treitschke's remarks we shall probably conclude that in refusing to burden their dictionary with special words for "prosecute" and "persecute" the Germans have displayed a fine sense of economy, as, in the case of political offenders, at all events, prosecution and persecution are one and the same thing to them.

Treitschke's "apologia pro patria sua" amounts to this: Prussia showed commendable forbearance to Heine, the mud slinger, by not prosecuting (or persecuting) him from 1830 to 1843; but unpleasant things might have happened had he

repeated the experiment after 1844. Incidentally we learn, on the authority of the German Minister for Home Affairs, that in the matter of the embargo on his works Heine never took any steps to have the decree mitigated, so that if he suffered loss or inconvenience as the result, this was his own fault. As a matter of fact Heine did take such steps. When the German Federal Assembly, at the instigation of the authorities, had prohibited the printing and sale of the works of certain German writers, among them Heine, the latter in a dignified and—for him—unusually respectful manner petitioned the Federal Assembly for a safe-conduct that would permit him to defend himself personally before the Federal Assembly; failing this he asked for a withdrawal of the decree of prohibition. This petition was sent on the 28th of January, 1836, but no notice was ever taken of it. The trustworthiness of the remainder of the statement of the Minister of the Prussian Home Office is thus somewhat impaired, and we may wish to inquire further into the exact meaning of His Excellency's other statement: "*aucune mesure de police n'a été prise contre sa personne.*" Even if we find no proof to the contrary, Treitschke's hymn of praise on the subject of the generosity and forbearance of the Prussian eagle will still be unfounded if it can be made to appear highly probable that between 1830 and 1843 the royal bird refrained from striking Heine merely because the latter, knowing the rudeness of the beast, discreetly kept beyond the reach of the eagle's claws.

In any normally governed country of modern Europe there would be little difficulty in obtaining direct evidence regarding the relations between the government and any subject of that government, especially after a lapse of sixty or seventy years. Not so in Germany, where a great deal of valuable material connected with the persecution of "demagogues" between 1830 and 1848 has been deliberately destroyed by the Government; reviews and newspapers edited by "demagogues" were confiscated and converted into pulp without any thought of their possible historical importance, and the partic-

ularly interesting official records of the notorious Central Commission for the Investigation of Revolutionary Agitation went the same way in 1848 on the motion of one of the Austrian delegates to the Federal Assembly. Still there remains overwhelming evidence, direct and indirect, of the treatment meted out by Prussia to all who dared to hold progressive views in politics.

It is very probable that Heine did not pass the danger mark before he left Germany in 1830 to settle in Paris, and that even then he went into exile not because he had the police at his heels, but chiefly because he was attracted by the idea that in Paris he might become a mediator between the two nations—that he might make Germany known in France and France in Germany. That he had, besides, other reasons is very likely. The attempt to obtain a professorship in Munich had resulted in bitter humiliating disappointment, and the unsavoury controversy with Platen had made things unpleasantly warm for him, especially in Southern Germany. The latter is often suggested by unfriendly critics as the sole reason for his departure, quite unjustifiably, as Heine's incredible Oriental imperturbability where his own shortcomings were concerned would have surely enabled him to brazen out this escapade without turning a hair. It is also possible that a "jumpy" condition of his nerves which was apt to manifest itself when anyone said "police" hastened his departure. His vanity magnified the significance and revolutionary importance of every one of his political utterances, even the very paltriest. For instance, after the publication of the "Harzreise" and the "Buch Le Grand," he was so impressed with the incendiary character of the few comparatively harmless political *obiter dicta* that he was glad to pack his trunk and spend some time in England. When, however, Heine left Germany for the purpose of living in Paris, the capital of the Erbfeind and a hotbed of radical agitation and conspiracy, the police took the precaution of putting his name on the official list of "German suspects living abroad." Apart from this highly incriminating sign of subversive leanings, the police had no reason to be

afraid of him. It is true Heine lived in Paris surrounded by red-hot German republicans, but they smelt of garlic and tobacco, which was for him an *a priori* reason for remaining faithful to the monarchical principle of government; this, however, did not involve a belief in the sacredness of the king's person and particularly his reputation. "All reputations are mine" seems to have been Heine's motto. He hated the clergy and the Junkers and held them responsible for all the political mischief and a great deal of the misery of this world, and he looked upon them as the one obstacle to the realization of his dream of a Holy Alliance of the Nations, *i.e.*, of all the nations. Thousands of writers had said the same thing, had dreamt the same dream, and nothing had happened to them.

It is perfectly evident that everybody, including the police, declined to take Heine seriously as a political writer in his *Reisebilder*, *i.e.*, before 1830; but they were ready enough to take him seriously when he contributed his famous articles on French Affairs to the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung* in 1832. The German republicans resident in Paris, missing the blustering, boisterous tone of their own propaganda, accused Heine of being in the pay of Austria. Metternich, on the other hand, was not deceived by a gentleness and moderation that seemed only the cloak of latent ferocity, and reminded him of nothing so much as the velvety smoothness of the paws of a cat. Metternich, having made legions of enemies during his long and unscrupulous career, was a good judge of enemies, so he got his "âme damnée," Gentz, to write a letter to Cotta, the owner of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, complaining of Heine's dangerous effrontery. The letter had the desired effect, and Heine's Paris correspondence was discontinued. This gave him an opportunity to prove to his fragrant republican surroundings that he was not a traitor in the pay of Austria. He published in book form the articles that had already appeared, and he wrote one of his most characteristic vitriolic prefaces. The theme was not hard to find. In June, 1832, a number of reactionary measures had been passed by the Federal Assembly (Bundestag) which from 1815 to 1866

presided over the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of the German Union. This Assembly was composed of the Plenipotentiaries of the sovereigns of Germany and of the Emperor of Austria. They met in a somewhat fitful manner, published their proceedings until 1824, then occasionally only, and finally not at all. According to Article 13 of the Act of Constitution as passed in 1815, representative government was to be introduced in all the States of the Union, but hardly had some of the Southern States obtained representative institutions when, through the fear of revolution, the Bundestag passed in 1819 the Karlsbad resolutions aimed against the freedom of the press, the liberty of academic teaching, and a liberal interpretation of Article 13. Lest some of the sovereigns should be so misguided as to interpret their duty with regard to this reactionary measure with reprehensible leniency, the execution of the law was placed in the hands of a Central Commission of Investigation which for many years sat at Mayence. The decrees of 1832 still further strengthened the powers of the Bundestag and the Central Commission with regard to the press; the clauses dealing with the relations between sovereigns and subjects in the individual states removed the last vestige of free institutions and were so outrageous that our indignation at the impudence of the Bundestag is only equalled by our contempt for the nation that submitted to it and then boasted of its Kultur. "Poor, unhappy fatherland!" exclaims Heine in his preface to the "Französische Zustände," "what shame threatens you if you bear the outrage, what sufferings if you resist! Never has a nation been more cruelly fooled by those in authority. I will not reproach the constitutional German princes; I know their difficulties. . . . Sooner or later they will reap the bitter fruits of this evil sowing. These fools are jealous of each other, and while any clear head can see that in the end they will all be mediatized by Austria and Prussia, they only think of the best way to filch a little corner of their neighbour's land. They are like thieves who, while they are being led to the place of execution, pick each other's pockets."

“As for Austria, she has always been an open and loyal enemy who never palliated her opposition to liberalism. Metternich has never ogled with the goddess of liberty, he has never played the demagogue in the anguish of his heart, he has never sung Arndt's songs of liberty nor wept over political prisoners, while he was leading them about by a chain. He has always acted in the spirit of a system to which Austria has remained loyal for three centuries, a system she championed against the Reformation and against the French Revolution.”

Of Prussia he speaks in a different tone. Referring to the dream of many Germans that the old German Empire should be re-established under the hegemony of Prussia, and to the longing trustful glances cast in the direction of Berlin even by German Liberals, he declares: “I, too, watched the Prussian eagle with anxiety, and while others praised him for looking so boldly at the sun, I watched his claws all the more attentively. I never trusted the Prussian, this lanky, pietistic hero in gaiters with the enormous stomach and the enormous mouth and the corporal's stick which he always dips in holy water before striking. I was disgusted, deeply disgusted with this Prussia, this stiff, fawning, hypocritical Prussia, this Tartuffe among the nations.”

Particularly effective is his attack on the king of Prussia himself. His method is that of the cat playing with a mouse: a stunning stroke of the paw, then a gentle pawing and licking of the semi-conscious animal, and as soon as it stirs again, another whack. On this occasion, he tells the king of Prussia that he ought not to mention the word constitution without blushing. Then he praises his many excellent qualities: a good husband, a loving father, of a chaste heart and patient in misfortune. “Moreover,” he continues, “the king of Prussia is a very religious man, he is a good Christian, a faithful adherent of the evangelical confession, he has himself written a liturgy, he believes in the symbols—ah! I wish he believed in Jupiter, the Father of the Gods, the avenger of false oaths!—and he gave us the promised constitution. Above all the

virtues of Frederick William they praise his love of justice. They tell us that he lent a sum of money to the son of the miller of Sanssouci to enable him to maintain the famous windmill as a monument of Prussian love of justice. . . . But as long as the king withholds the promised free constitution from her people, I cannot call him just, and when I see the windmill of Sanssouci, it reminds me not of Prussian justice but of Prussian wind." He further recalls to the king his desperate plight after the battle of Jena, from which he was saved by his people, a plight so desperate that he could find comfort in the Christian religion only, "which is indeed the best religion when you have lost a battle. He was comforted by the example of his Saviour; he could say at the time: 'My kingdom is not of this world;' and he forgave his enemies, who were occupying the whole of Prussia with 400,000 men. If Napoleon had not at the time been busy with more important things than to think of Frederick William, he would most certainly have superannuated him. Later, when all the kings of Europe banded themselves together and the Prussian donkey gave the dying lion the last kick, Napoleon repented this sin of omission too late. . . . Napoleon is dead, you need not be afraid of him any longer. The last remaining Gods in heaven, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, you need not fear either, for you are on good terms with their holy servants. You have gold and rifles, and what is for sale you can buy, and what is mortal you can kill. One thing only I should like to warn you against, the *Moniteur* of 1793. That is the evil spirit you cannot put in chains. There are incantations there more powerful than gold and rifles, words that call the dead from their graves and send the living to their death, words that crush giants and change dwarfs into giants, words that will cut your power in two as the guillotine the neck of a king."

If we are to believe Treitschke, a man could write the above and many similar things in later works in the Germany of the thirties without being molested by the police, or, if he lived abroad, he could at any time return to Germany as if he had never committed the crime of *lèse-majesté* by exposing the

king to contempt and ridicule, as if he had not conjured up before the eyes of the princes of Germany the ever-dreaded bloody spectre of the Revolution and the guillotine; and such a man could return to France without first making the acquaintance of the judges of the Central Commission of Investigation.

Let us see for a moment how little, how very little was sufficient at that time to expose any law-abiding peaceful citizen to some unpleasant "mesure de police."

I have already had occasion to refer to the Karlsbad Resolutions which were directed against the freedom of the press and the liberty of academic teaching. A German student, Sand, a perfectly irresponsible creature, a mystic and a fanatic, had committed a political murder. The Karlsbad Resolutions were the result. The conclusion drawn was that all the Universities were centres of revolutionary agitation. Indeed, Gentz went so far as to say not Sand, but the German professors had murdered the victim! The supposed conspiracy was all the more difficult to discover as it had never existed. But the Government declared after years of unsuccessful investigation that the situation was more serious now than at first, on the principle that an undiscovered conspiracy was much more dangerous than a discovered one. It was not until many years later that one of the Commissioners, Schuckmann, proposed that the inquiry should be dropped, "as it was not certain yet whether the conspiracy had ever existed." Meanwhile hundreds of perfectly innocent young men were arrested on suspicion, kept in prison for months, then released, but as a "mesure de police avait été prise contre leur personne" they remained suspects ever after. The police could enter any house at any time in search of incriminating papers. The most innocent letters or notes in diaries were turned and twisted to assume a revolutionary meaning. Two Swiss students were imprisoned for months because in the diary of one of them was found the remark that Sand's deed was sure to hurt the good cause. Schleiermacher, the famous theologian, had after the peace of Tilsit in 1807 written a letter to Reimer, one of the most respected

citizens of Berlin, in which he spoke of a possible rising of the people (obviously against Napoleon). This letter is found many years later, and as a result Schleiermacher is watched by spies for months. Prominent Prussian patriots and loyalists of the deepest dye like Jahn and Arndt were no safer than the rest. Arndt was professor of history until 1820, when criminal proceedings were taken against him for writing and speaking in favour of representative institutions. The proceedings were finally dropped, but he was not allowed to lecture again at a university until 1840. Jahn, who was ready to die for the king at any moment and for the mere asking, was arrested in 1819 on suspicion of being a demagogue, condemned to two years imprisonment, and was practically a ticket-of-leave-man for years after. Behr, an ex-mayor of Würzburg and at one time an intimate friend of King Louis of Bavaria, had written a pamphlet in which, among other things, he asked for a revision of the Constitution. His pamphlet did not contain a single word punishable by law. Yet the old man was condemned to kneel in front of the King's portrait and ask for forgiveness and to be kept in prison during His Majesty's pleasure. He was not pardoned until 1848.

I have taken all these cases not from the works of a "Vaterlandsloser Geselle," like Heine, but from Treitschke's own "History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century," and I might have given many more. What a pity Heine did not venture into Germany while the Demagogenverfolgung was in full swing! Treitschke would undoubtedly have had the pleasure of adding his case to the list: it would not have been the least interesting. Heine's knowledge of the stupid tyranny of the Government and the dietary arrangements of Prussian prisons would have become unpleasantly extensive, and as a preliminary he might have been condemned to prostrate himself before the cage of the eagles in the Berlin Zoological Gardens to ask their pardon for having referred to their claws in a disrespectful manner.

H. WALTER

THE COMMUNITY CENTRE

UNDER more primitive conditions life in a community was a comparatively simple thing. Every member shared according to his capacity in the community labour and the community hopes, and had his part in community rewards,—coming by this to a social consciousness far richer and more satisfying than that of the modern American. Indeed, these early communities of a narrowly local type are more remote from us in point of thought and action than in point of time. All of life then was intimate and personal. People governed themselves, or were governed, very intimately; industry was circumscribed in area; and the neighbours grazed their cattle on common pastures. They manufactured all their own products, and marketed them on a regular day at a common market-place. Religion was then the dominating interest, the more important customs and recreations being grouped about religious observance. Hence the importance in popular life of the parish church and the morality play. At a later stage the parochial school or the district school became a focal point. Thus in New England seventy-five years ago, although the church still retained great power, the school house came even closer to the citizen in his daily life. Around it grew up debating and sewing societies, while an intensely personal interest in politics showed itself in the use of a public property—"the little Red School House"—as a natural meeting place for discussion.

The Community Centre had its beginnings in a desire to re-establish some of these human values which have been squeezed out of life through modern conditions. For the Community Centre is frankly a creation, a device, a method of approach to the social problem. It is an attempt to answer democratically and economically some of the questions with which the settlement has been dealing for the past twenty

years. It is the outcome of a fixed belief on the part of its leaders that the people themselves must realize and know their own problems and must meet them and overcome them through their own effort. We believe that in the people lies the power to save themselves and thus the world. This is but the social expression of the most modern educational philosophy that self-expression is the only means of effective education.

There are many conditions which the rank and file of mankind must be made to realize and to feel; conditions which are accepted by the majority because they do not think beyond the actual daily wage and what it buys for them in necessities or pleasures. One great achievement of the twentieth century is the increase of leisure for all who work with their hands, but unless the perils of leisure are understood it may lead to most disastrous results through the wrong use of this time which has been wrested from working hours.

It was estimated about two years ago that the average working man of to-day has four hours to himself; four hours in which he may do as he pleases, exclusive of work and necessary personal occupations, such as sleeping, eating, dressing, etc. This is the average to-day, but it certainly must be raised in the near future to meet the just demands of labour. If plans were made for this time and it were filled by constructive recreation and amusement, it would become the greatest single agency for the education and advancement of the people, but wrongly used it spells deterioration and retrogression.

In the Welsh coal mines at one time before the war, the working period of the men was twelve hours a day. Because of hard times and lessened demand, these hours were dropped to eight per day, and the daily output remained the same, the hourly average being raised fifty per cent. The hours were then decreased to four per day, and the hourly average fell below that which had been attained when the men were working twelve hours per day, because the men were using their greatly increased leisure for all sorts of drunkenness and excess.

On the other hand the greatest creative achievements of the world have been accomplished by those who enjoyed leisure. But the simple possession of this leisure did not mean that great things were done. The use to which the leisure was put proved the determining factor. The art of Greece and the Renaissance was created by leisure classes—by groups of people freed from routine daily work by the commercial achievements of the working classes, either slave or free. And so through leisure the poetry, the painting and the sculpture of those times was created. By leisure also it has been preserved. The most horrible spectacles of decadence the world has known have been brought about by the destructive uses to which the free time of the privileged classes was put. Rome dissipated its leisure and corrupted the world. The ruling class in France dissipated its leisure and brought about the Revolution with all its horrors. Nations have waxed and waned according to the use they made of leisure time, whether that of the privileged class or of the masses. The real desideratum lies less in the possession of leisure than in the wise utilization of the opportunity which it presents.

Because of free government, through the unlimited chance it offers the individual and because of the immense size of the United States, conditions have developed which submerge certain groups of people and certain relationships without offering anything to replace them. The very size of the country has served to limit the sense of personal responsibility among its citizens. No means of registering approval or disapproval of acts of elected representatives has been developed, because there is no medium through which to act. So our elected representatives misrepresent us, as has been shown in the acts of many lawmakers during the war.

In its growth and expansion society has overlooked in its organization the boy and girl who leave school at the earliest possible moment to enter some form of industry. Five per cent. only of the boys and girls who leave grammar school go on to high school, and of these only five per cent. enter college. So that at least ninety-five per cent. of our young man-

hood and young womanhood during the most formative part of their lives are left practically free to create their own environment, with little or no advice from organized society other than fear of the courts; and even here restraint is only exercised after a crime or misdemeanour has been committed, too late to exert any real influence. And yet society expects that young people shall emerge at twenty from this uncared-for state and become effective citizens.

One might continue to name other conditions just as grave as those already enumerated, such as breaking down of family life, the maladjustment of the deficient person either child or adult, and the labour problem. It is unnecessary to elaborate these conditions. The mere statement of them brings to mind a vivid picture. But all these problems must be met and solved somehow, and the Community Centre holds the only efficient solution so far presented.

While all social agencies are conscious of these problems and many are trying to meet them by paternal organizations, a group of business interests is meeting the problem of leisure recreation in a manner most satisfactory—to themselves. The purveyors of commercial amusement are awake to the increased leisure time of the masses. They are not troubled by any desire for uplift, and consequently are appealing to the lowest interests of various classes of their patrons, with no thought for the future beyond a return in dollars and cents. They know that the young person at the most impressionable age and with little education can be attracted and held, if given what he wants. While the entertainment they offer is sometimes all that is to be desired, in far too many cases either the entertainment itself or its environment is a very destructive force in the lives of its patrons. From these commercial interests we must borrow a technique, and from them we must learn the lesson of appealing to the interest, the natural desire of people for a good time, each in his own way, before we can hope to become an influence in the lives of great numbers of people.

The influence of the moving-picture show, the dance-hall, the saloon and the pool-room has been discussed many times, but in passing it might be well to point out that the inhibition of all means of self-expression on the part of their patrons is one of the heavy counts against them. On the other hand, their tremendous educational and recreational influence must not be lost sight of for a moment, but must be studied and used in a more extended way than ever before. The saloon offers a most striking example of values which must be conserved, in its democratic freedom, welcome to all who meet its standards, and its fellowship.

The leaders of the Community Centre movement in the United States and elsewhere are engaged in a campaign of re-creation and conservation. "The re-creation of local communities, the federation of local communities, the reconstruction of political machinery on the basis of local community life and local community power—that," says John Collier, "is going to be the guiding thought of the century that will follow the great collapse that is going on to-day."

The small group, not the individual, must be the living force in every neighbourhood. The social traditions, good or bad, of a community are transmitted by groups, not by individuals. The Community Centre is trying to discover or create these groups and make them conscious of themselves and of each other. It has at its hand a means of housing them which is applicable to the city and country alike—the public school building. Because it is public property, it can be reached and used by all classes as the church and the settlement never can be.

The reason for the hope of the success of the Russian Revolution lies in the existence of a strong tissue of local life among the people—the folk life of the Mirs of the peasant and the Zemstvos of the middle class. These are the real Community Centres of the masses of Russian people. N. I. Stone, at one time chief statistician of the U. S. Tariff Board, says of the Mirs:

Through the centuries of serfdom and oppression, the Russian peasantry has preserved that wonderful institution, the Mir, or village commune, to which, in spite of all its shortcomings, history will accord some day the title of the cradle of Russian liberty. Hemmed in by numerous restrictions of the national Government, with its officers under close surveillance of the police, which became particularly oppressive in the reign of Nicholas II, the Mir has retained its character of a little republic within the ever-narrowing scope of its jurisdiction. Originally, its jurisdiction embraced practically everything concerning the life of the peasant; it is the source of such title to land as can pass under that name under a system of communal land ownership; it dispenses justice between peasant and peasant; it even elected its own priests in olden times, down to the sixteenth century, and in our own times cases are not infrequent of a village assembly voting to accept a new creed and all its members following the decision, in spite of Governmental persecution. The Mir stands between the Government and the individual peasant. Until the introduction of universal military service, it decided which of its members were to be drafted into the army, the Government merely indicating the number of recruits each village commune was to furnish. It allots the taxes among its members, for which the Government holds the Mir, as a whole, responsible; in short, it has exercised every Governmental function over its members not specifically reserved for itself by the Central Government.

This control over nearly every phase of the peasant's life is exercised by the Mir on a most democratic basis, with its officers elected by universal suffrage, and with a system of direct instead of representative government. All its legislative and judicial decisions are arrived at by an unanimous vote of its members, after free and unlimited discussion, to which closure rules and points of order are total strangers.

Of the Zemstvos, Prince Lvoff says:

The Russian Union of Zemstvos has thrown out a broad net of innumerable institutions at the four fronts of the Russian army in the numbers that have joined the union and are participating in its work. Many things which the Government was unable to do were accomplished by national strength thus organized.

It has been proved over and over again that the nation participating in a great national work displays a great latent power, and that the governmental machine is inadequate to the living force of the country. Russia can look for the downfall of the German stronghold with patience and confidence, her sons being in their full strength.

The general management of the national work is intrusted to a meeting of delegates from the Zemstvos. The delegates' meeting takes place in Moscow. The meeting elects a chief representative and a general

committee, consisting of ten members. Local business is managed by committees in the different governments and district Zemstvos, the order of proceeding being regulated by the order of the respective local Zemstvos.

Then he goes on to state how the Zemstvos have undertaken Red Cross and hospital work, and provisioning of the troops, ending by saying:

For the greater part the detachments fall in with an army unit—a corps or a division—accompanying it in days of victory and in days of grievous trials—in fact, sharing all the vicissitudes of army life. Thus a strong union is growing up between the army and the workers of the social organizations, adding a great moral prestige to the union and a great value to the help they render at the battlefields.

It is charged now with a wide series of problems, and is of great importance to the whole state. The latest legislative acts recognized the state value of the union, and its representatives were requested to attend special consultations with regard to the defence of the state, the provision of fuel, of means of transport, and to take part in other concerns created for the defence of the state and the maintenance of the lines of communication.

Unless these leaders see clearly that they are simply a means of bringing the people into new and right relationships with themselves and others and with government, we may, as Mr. Collier again says, “gain the whole world but lose our own souls.” He goes on:

We inevitably are going to lose our own souls if we do not create some kind of institution in which ordinary people can take a continuous interest, through which they can, day by day, make their contribution to the serious purposes of the state and of the collective whole, through which their personality can become infused with those great ideals which alone make a great nation. There is no people which will not passionately serve that public cause which is simple and urgent, but it must be simple, and it must need them. * * * Our problem is to make good in the great eternal war of peace, that war through which man is groping forward into the unknown; the groping that will go on after this armed war is over, this armed war which is a mere episode of yesterday, as it will be even in our lifetime. The great war against nature, the great war against unorganized

human nature, will go on. That war has no end, and our problem is to mobilize for that war the same kind of passion, the same kind of self-sacrifice, the same kind of godliness, that we can witness to-day in any of the warring countries of Europe without exception.

It is some eleven or twelve years since the movement for the wider use of the school house as a phase of militant democracy assumed a definite form in Rochester, N.Y. Since then the movement has spread all over the United States, and has become a vastly broader, more thoroughly social and educational influence in the lives of millions than the almost purely civic and political organization it was at its inception. Local environment being so different in various parts of the country, it follows that Community Centres have grown up from all sorts of beginnings to meet all sorts of conditions, and that they vary greatly one from the other. Yet there is always a conscious effort to meet the individual needs of the community in which they are located.

It is hardly necessary to describe the various forms of the social and recreational activities undertaken in the various centres and for which a quite definite technique has been developed, but some of the experiments of the past year may be of value to those wishing to broaden the scope of their work. In many school houses in the country centres are maintained which are entirely self-supporting, and are conducted by self-governing boards which carry on dances, motion picture shows, dramatic entertainments, clubs and classes of all kinds, athletics, both indoor and outdoor, and rest and game rooms, with all their local variants.

In Public School 40, Manhattan, there is a centre within a centre. The neighbourhood nucleus known as Wingate Community Centre is carried on in co-operation with the Training School for Community Workers of the People's Institute, and has all the usual departments, with some novel ones, but perhaps the most unique is Unity Centre. Unity Centre represents the first organic relationship between the P.S. and the rank and file of unionized labour, and has been conducted by the Ladies' Waist and Dress Makers' Union, Local 25.

The public inauguration of the Centre took place on the evening of February 24th, and the work has been in process six months, with an attendance of about 2,000 union members weekly, who come to the school in groups and carry out all their normal union activities and many other activities. Activities begin at 6 p.m. The young women receive a meal at cost price in the school and then hold their union session, or shop meetings, in classrooms. Afterwards they disperse to the gymnasium, auditorium, and other large spaces, where they take part in the general activities of the neighbourhood, which proceed until 11 p.m.

The significance of Unity Centre becomes apparent through a knowledge of the facts about the wage workers who have inaugurated it and through a statement of the plans which are already under way. The Ladies' Waist and Dress Makers' Union, Local No. 25, contains about twenty-five thousand members, most of whom are girls less than twenty years old. The foreign-born element preponderates overwhelmingly. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, of which this local is a part, contains over one hundred thousand members, men and women.

This union co-operates through the Joint Board of Sanitary Control with the employers of labour in a many-sided work of social and hygienic betterment and of arbitration. The union is committed to a policy of general education of its members in citizenship and the art of living. It maintains a department of education and organization through funds contributed exclusively by the workers. Unity Centre is the first massive expression of the determination of this union to minister to all the life needs of its members and to become an agent in community service.

The twenty-five thousand members of Local No. 25 have been meeting in nearly seven hundred scattered meeting places under conditions highly unsatisfactory to individuals and to the union and inimical to community interests. Contacts between the union members and their union as a

whole or between them and the community have been limited to the occasion of strikes or annual balls, or to the small summer camp activities which the union has been thus far able to maintain. Add to this fact the knowledge that these young women earn on an average not more than \$400 a year and are engaged in a seasonal trade which leaves them idle half of each year, and remember that they are adolescent girls, and the nature of their needs and the meaning of the new Unity Centre will become apparent.

The union has planned and is carrying out a complete development, educational and civic, of which the following items are being realized during the present season: First, a large week-end camp in the Interstate Park on the Palisades of the Hudson River; and, second, the institution of a wage-workers' university giving methodical courses in the several foreign languages and in English, covering several subjects, as American history, American industrial history, the English language, dramatic literature, the New York City government, the general problem of the relations of capital and labour.

Many organizations have co-operated to make this new Centre a success. The Joint Board of Sanitary Control has arranged to have a doctor and nurse at the school in the evening, to make medical examination for the workers whenever necessary and to give them advice as to medical treatment. A dentist will later be added to this staff, whose work will be supplemented by dental treatment of the most modern character at a clinic of the Joint Board of Sanitary Control. All examinations are entirely free and treatment is given at cost. Lectures on hygiene and sanitation will be given to the girls in connection with this work.

Many of the classes have been established in co-operation with the night school of the city, of which more will be said later. The Public Library has provided a library in which there are books of interest to the workers in English, Russian and Yiddish.

Probably the most significant thing about Unity Centre is that all its motive force lies within the Labour Union itself.

It is organized and carried on, governed and supported by the union members, and the institutions which are assisting it are quite truly only co-operating with expert advice wherever they are needed. Experience seems to show that this is the only way a healthy, significant piece of Community work can be developed. Philanthropists must keep their hands off.

Wingate Community Centre was also the scene of another experiment during the past winter, namely, an attempt to show what could be done to socialize the night schools of greater New York. A short account of this experiment from the yearly report of the People's Institute, written by Mrs. L. M. Hamlin, who conducted the experiment, follows:

Eighty-four Elementary Evening Schools for Foreigners were conducted by the Department of Education of the City of New York, during the season of 1916-1917, with a total attendance of more than forty thousand alien men and women, as against an estimated two hundred and fifty thousand who need the ministrations of the evening schools.

After toiling all day in shop or factory, these men and women come to evening school and, for two hours, sit wedged in between a seat and a desk built for a child of ten, and patiently struggle with the English language. No opportunities for relaxation or social intercourse are provided for them, and they go out at the close of the term almost as strange to each other as when they came in.

That many of them grow discouraged long before the year ends is shown by the statistics, which register a loss of seventy-five per cent. To meet this situation, Henry E. Jenkins, District Superintendent in Charge of Evening Schools, asked the co-operation of the People's Institute in introducing the community centre idea into the evening school. It was decided to undertake an experiment with this in view, and the evening school at Public School 40 was chosen as the field.

At the time, the school, which consisted of more than three hundred men, speaking fifteen different languages, was conducted entirely independent of the community centre maintained in the same building. A member of the staff of the People's Institute assumed charge of the experiment with a student of the Training School assisting. A Students' Council was organized and the affair put under democratic control from the start. Physical training and social dancing were introduced and, at the request of the students, a fourth evening of the week was set apart for recreation and social intercourse. A club was organized and a room assigned to its use. The school was made co-educational. On the vocational side, steps were taken to link up the school with the Public Employ-

ment Bureau, with a view to obtaining vocational guidance as well as securing jobs.

The change was magical in its effects. The Evening School was "Garyised" in the twinkling of an eye. Like the puppets in the Russian ballet, the sober, silent rows of tired men sprang into life, and showed themselves as human and likeable and interesting as one could expect them to be. They talked together in a quaint jargon of a dozen different tongues, and, strange to say, proceeded to learn more English in their recreation hours than in their classes. The attendance increased and about forty women entered the school. As the term drew to a close, the students manifested their reluctance to disperse, and a plan was worked out to continue the school under the People's Institute, on a self-supporting basis, with a fee of ten cents an evening, until the middle of June, when the free summer evening schools begin. At the request of the Chelsea Neighborhood Association, the Evening School at Public School Thirty-Two, in West Thirty-Fifth Street, was taken over by the People's Institute on the same terms, and recreational activities introduced.

Such are the first halting advances made by the Department of Education toward a better understanding of the needs of the immigrant men and women who come to the evening schools; the first attempts to extend to them the hand of fellowship, and to greet them, not only as students of English, but as human beings and future Americans.

In ancient Rome the centre of public and corporate life, which was the market-place, came to be called the forum. It can readily be understood, that a very broad and real kind of education took place when all public affairs were talked over there, and opinions were formed and then reformed after discussion. To-day we still have forums as one of the great educational instruments of democracy. The legislature of New York State has, during the last year, passed a law requiring boards of education to open the school houses to forums and Community Centres on the presentation of a petition signed by twenty-five reputable citizens. Before this, there were about forty forums in greater New York in the Congress of Forums, but since that time over 200 new ones have applied for assistance and membership.

The forum stands for free speech. It is a means of bringing the expert and the people together, and offers the widest opportunities for education through self-expression.

That it leads to a better understanding among the classes is clear from the following story, which is only one of many that might be cited:

At a church forum in New York one of the well-known financiers of to-day was present, and sat upon the rostrum. After the meeting was over, one of the audience, and a sometime member of the I.W.W., said to one of the clergymen, "Who was the little fat man sitting in the front row on the stage?" The clergyman replied, "It was ——." Said the man, "Aw, g'wan. You can't fool me. Who was it?" The clergyman still insisted it was ——. The man looked thoughtful for a moment and then said, "You don't say! I always thought that plutocrats had horns and hoofs!"

It will mean a regeneration of American life when each school house in the country houses a forum.

Charles Sprague Smith, in his book, "Working with the People," written a number of years ago, described his dream of a democratic meeting-place which was free to everyone, and called it the "People's Hall." He says: "Built by all, the People's Hall will be used by all, and in that common, fraternal gathering-place false distinctions of class foreign to our democratic spirit will cease and be forgotten, and true patriotism—first civic, then national, then universal—be fostered."

This aptly described the schoolhouses of to-day, and the uses to which they are being put more and more all over the United States. It is the confident expectation of the leaders of this movement that a fuller, more just, and more perfect democracy will come into being, promoted by that great instrument of democracy, the public school.

ANNA H. DRAYTON

THE GARDENER'S BOY

"All day I have fed on liliated thoughts of her,"
The gardener's boy sang in Gethsemane.
"She is quick, her garments make a lovely stir
Like the wind going in the almond tree.
She is young, she hath dove's eyes, and like the vine
Her hands enfold me—hers, as she is mine.
"She shall feed among the lilies where I am,
Learning their silvered names. When evening grows
One bower shall hold me and my love, my lamb.
Which shall I clasp," he sang, "her or the rose?"
When the palm-shadow barred the juniper
He lay at last to sleep and dream of her.
He saw not four who came when night was deep
Up from the city, walking hastily.
Two seemed like strong men, wan for fear and sleep.
One bore a lantern. One moved stumblingly.
The gardener's boy dreamed on the sunburnt sod,
Smiling beside the agony of God.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

MIRANDA'S TOMB

Miranda? She died soon and sick for home,
And dark Ilario the Milanese
Carved her in garments 'scutcheoned to the knees,
Holding an orchard spray as fresh as foam.
One heart broke, many grieved. Ilario said
"The summer is gone after her. Who knows
If any season shall renew his rose?
But this rose lives till beauty's self be dead."

So wrought he, days and years, and half aware
Of a small, striving, sorrowing, quick thing,
Wrapped in a furred sea-cloak, and deft to bring
Tools to his hand or light to the dull air.
Ghost, spirit, flame—he knew not, could but tell
It had loved her, and its name was Ariel.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

THE METAMORPHOSIS

EVERYONE is cognizant of the changed relations in our present army between officers and rankers. Even magazines and journals are giving up the traditional portraiture of rankers as Tommies speaking an idiotic patois. Writers of fiction do not now of necessity depict their officer heroes either as conscientious reformers, dutifully carrying themselves towards their men as patrons and fathers, or as dare-devil young gentlemen who replace all virtues and efficiencies by a rather stupid courage and narrow code of personal honour.

A new tradition of what is required from an officer is growing up. By making service in the ranks at the front a *sine qua non* for all future commissions, our higher command, represented by such men as Major General Steele, has gradually dissipated a cloud of suspicion which was darkening intercourse between our officers and men.

About two years ago, at the time of the Welsh coal strikes, the feeling was commonly and openly expressed in barrack, billet and trench, that we in the ranks were fighting for capitalist officers, as previously, it was said, we had worked to make fortunes for them. I am not of course attempting to take sides in the controversy between Capital and Labour. But I wish to point out how commonly it was believed in the ranks that the distinctions of civil life, social and financial distinctions, were being imported wholesale into the army. Officers represented Capital, the rank and file Labour. There was much friction and discontent.

I well remember my first platoon and company officers in Canada. The former was the son of a rich Winnipegger. He knew a little about soldiering and was respected for that knowledge. But he was a debauchee with a divorce suit pending, and, when sober, he was in his dealings with us men

deliberately brusque and discourteous. The company officer was his reverse, a suave young bank accountant with a highly genteel accent, and Sunday-school ideals, but ignorant both of war and of life. He lectured us upon our manners, patronized us exasperatingly, and ran a man into the guard room for swearing a little on parade when some other chap, clumsy in his new army boots, came down with full weight upon his toes.

Such officers are never really respected. Their authority rests wholly upon power delegated to them from the state. Without their military IMPERIUM they could not have maintained order in their commands. They were worse than useless. They were drags upon the enthusiasm with which we were going out to kill Huns.

When we reached England we found a similar antagonism between the so-called leaders and the so-called led. We realized of course that very many of our officers were splendid men, keen in the cause for its own sake, but so far as I could see the general opinion prevailed, whether justly or unjustly, that such officers were hampered by colleagues who wished to keep the privileges and power of command within the limits of society and finance. Upon this point Imperial troops appeared to feel even more strongly than we Canadians. I shall never forget the contemptuous, antagonistic tone in which some fine chaps of a Worcester battalion, along with whom my draft crossed to France early in 1915, spoke of their officers. It was no anarchic feeling which prompted them, for they praised their N.C.O.'s unstintedly. But their officers—"worthless nincompoops, off-shoots of the degenerate rich."

In France I was fortunate in being attached to a first-class battalion. There I had opportunity to see revealed what really holds a democratic army together. "Imperium" was in the back ground, hidden, unthought of. In our battalion the officers enjoyed a confidence similar to and in a greater degree than the confidence which is generally reposed by men in their N.C.O.'s. We did not stay in our trenches because we would be shot if we left them. We did not do our various

fatigues in the face of darkness, mud and rain because of any compulsion laid upon us. We had gone to France to fight Germans, and counted it all joy to do anything which would outmatch them. We turned to our officers for expert military advice, and when by experience we found the advice to be as a rule good, our reliance in the officers who gave it grew apace. Their authority was in the ultimate of the same character as the authority of a good doctor over his patients. Even the ritual of the army (to use Lieut. Hankey's expression) took on a new aspect. Before we went to France rites and ceremonies were exacted from us as though from servants to masters. In France our positions appeared almost to be reversed. We saluted our officers with a certain buoyancy and spirit: we, members of that sovereign nation in whose will to fight our officers' commissions had their origin, delighted to honour public servants whose work had been well done. Officers were an essential part of our equipment, as requisite as machine guns, and must needs be treated with all care. That they should receive more pay, better food and billets, and safer dugouts than we, was reasonable enough. A good soldier looks after his rifle before he looks after himself. Many lives may have to be sacrificed to save a gun, unfeeling chattel though it is. We valued our officers as living instruments, as professional experts without whom we could not accomplish the ends for which we had set out upon our war. They held their places in our battalions because they were good soldiers and not for any irrelevant virtues, above all, not because at home they had been rich or influential. The notion that there is a difference of kind between officers and men melted away. Our senior N.C.O.'s were automatically given their commissions. In their appointment nothing counted except soldierly excellence. Our Colonel's son served and fell in the ranks. A confidence of us workers in our experts, of us men in our officers was the result, and a respect amounting to a deep affection gradually grew up. "Crime" in the military sense almost disappeared. Discipline came to depend far less upon delegated "Imperium" than upon a mutual dependence in face of common needs, producing

between our officers and men an active, kindly co-operating sympathy—what Aristotle would describe as *εὐνοία* (good understanding).

That a similar process of change to a saner and more liberal relation between ranks has been going on throughout the British Army generally, is indicated by recent orders regarding promotion. Better feeling prevails everywhere. It is a long time since I have heard even after "lights out," that favourite debating hour of all soldiers, the old slurs brought up against officers. Formerly a young lieutenant assumed his command with prejudice against him. Even if he was so fortunate as to be free in himself from class prejudice, he had, nevertheless, to prove by his life this freedom before a doubting and critical throng. The new officer to-day, particularly if he wears his one or two gold stripes, has prejudice all in his favour. He is accepted almost above face value. He is not aspersed with doubts. It is not suggested of him that he has been promoted on account of some bye-excellence, such as writing good Latin or playing billiards well or dressing smartly. He is clear from the charge of owing his advancement to money or to social position. He has known the hardness of a private's life, irritation over "army ritual," lack of food and sleep and privacy. He is accepted by us of the ranks as a soldier, not as a class representative or partizan. He has no longer to combat on all sides an antagonistic animus of suspicion. The traditional attitude of men towards their officers has, during the last thirty months, undergone a great and very happy change.

Happy, however, as the change has been, there is yet a danger imminent in it. Self-made men have always been prone to overestimate themselves exorbitantly. There are indications that some of our new officers are inclined to do the like. Some of them, like the Athenian craftsmen of the "Apology," fancy that because they are passably good military officers, they are good also at everything else. They forget that T.N.T. has no intrinsic superiority over cheese, despite its greater use in war. I have no doubt there are

many better cobblers or signallers in our army than Sir Douglas Haig. In the technical sphere of cobbling or of transmitting messages such experts might justly resent even his interference. There is a danger, however, that some of our newly promoted officers may forget the certainty of such resentment, and tactlessly, through a belief that they are a kind of natural aristocrats, claim unwarranted precedence in spheres about which they know very little, or which do not concern them directly *qua* officers. It is a risky thing for any officer to attempt to lecture a man upon his conduct which does not directly affect his military duties. It would be almost more rash to try to show a navy how to use a spade. The narrower a man's domain of excellence, the more acutely does he guard his reputation of master in that domain. If I know anything of the feeling amongst our troops, I would say that nothing is so likely to disturb the even flow of our new found sympathy between ranks—of our victory-bringing *εθνοια* as an intrusion by officers beyond the limits of their particular duties.

There is diversity of gifts, but one spirit. Our army is made up of specialists in various departments, and is becoming more specialized every day. But the masterly spirit prevails, and the more this is recognized, and the more scope it is given, the better will be relations all round. Assertion of excellence, and demand for its recognition can only lead to misunderstanding and suspicion. We have travelled far from the point when belief was possible that officers alone had brains, and that the rank and file were to be used as dumb tools. As I have tried to point out, even the tradition of such a state of affairs is passing away. The metamorphosis has been far reaching. Our army believes itself to be an army of kings, and thinks that officers are privileged to serve in it. Unless officers can bring themselves to such a way of thinking also, friction is likely to follow. My own notion is that an officer may count himself highly honoured if he can acquit himself well in the difficult position of *minister ministrorum Dei*.

CORPORAL JACK

THE MAN OF FORTY-FIVE

CASTING a reflective eye over that indefinite period during which the male mammal has passed from youth to middle age, one's mind reverts automatically to a certain moment, both pleasing and poignant. It is questionable whether anything in after life produces just the same admixture of gratification and regret. I refer, of course, to the occasion on which one is addressed for the first time as "Sir" by a man whom one regards as cotemporary—at least for practical purposes. It is, alas! unnecessary to inquire whether the civility is an acknowledgment of position, means or intellect. One knows, and knows irrefutably. There is not any escape. And from this instant proceed many of our quizzical, if regretful, backward glances.

Gradually the awakening enlarges. We perceive, for instance, that there is much we have ceased to do. Not for a minute that it is no longer physically possible—but we simply do not choose to do it. We perceive also that the glances of women shift absently from ourselves to our younger companion, rawboned and unmodulated though he be. We discover contemplative interest in one time feats of strength or endurance, and openly debate whether the breed is as tough as it used to be. We find more fascination in things and less in people—as people. Our emotions partake of the nature of a King Charles spaniel, and we positively hunger for a throb of abandonment or the riot of some unemasculated impulse. Our passions have become like a dying anarchist, muttering his impotent revolt.

It is doubtless a quip of nature that in many men the mind takes on the motions of maturity long before the body. Such individuals seem to have been born at an advanced age and endowed at the start with all the poise they are destined to possess. Others, yielding physically to advancing years,

preserve nevertheless an individual fountain of youth that bubbles cheerfully, however the shadows may lengthen. It is not to these, but to the man of forty-five whose frame and intellect are synchronous, that the essayist turns an inquiring eye.

We read and read again of the silent panic of the spinster who, feeling youth slipping from her, searches anxiously for the tiny crow's-foot that marks the advent of youth's successor. But what about the bachelor? Do the insolence of the first grey hair and the lugubrious reminder of a stiffening joint mean nothing to him, because, forsooth, he jokes about them with apparent unconcern? Is there not somewhere beneath his steadily grizzling exterior a regret, deeper because unvoiced, a wistful and clumsily pathetic turning to those joyous and magnificent days which shall never be re-lived? What semi-cynical yet hungry glances we cast on the portraits of our youth! How fondly we re-create our coltish exploits! How keenly we search those smooth features to trace in them something that has fathered the person we now confess to be!

And, of all that we long for, the thing most irreplaceable is the most desirable—the capacity for rapture. It matters not what opportunities we now admit were overlooked—for, at forty-five, after-wisdom is often unprofitable. The replacement of emotion by calculation—the substitution of reason for impulse—the deepening conviction that the universe at large has, after all, a broad and general scheme of existence—do these compensate for the superb flush with which we once greeted the day, and the glory we found in the provocative unknown?

The managers of electrical central stations employ a definite term which describes the relation between the actual amount of energy the station is producing and the largest amount it can economically produce. They call it the load factor. It would appear that at forty-five a man should yield his highest load factor, because at this point the combination of mind and body has given the smallest number of hostages to the inroads of time.

But, for all this, Nature seems to embark on strange and punitive expeditions of her own. Suddenly and without visible reason she rips away the incubus of years and implants in the heart of forty-five the ardour and desires of twenty. Forgotten brain-cells yield up their marvellous heritage and the ashes of old fires redden into flame. Imbued with shallow-seated confidence, how often we discard our acknowledged limitations and set out with a step of galvanized vigour only to be brought up by the inevitable! Here lies one distinction between the sexes. Woman, however impossible her objective against age, wages nevertheless consistent and unceasing warfare. She sends out patrols and pickets, makes tentative excursions, and mobilizes whatever may prove of value; while the male mammal, though conscious of the insidious attack, merely fingers his thinning hair and regards life with deepened suspicion, till his next sporadic revolt. It is the difference between a planned campaign and guerilla warfare—one constantly recognizing the imminence and pressure of the contest, the other a series of sudden and startled raids.

In these years man begins for the first time to see himself as others see him. So far he has been striving, though perhaps subconsciously, to make himself as acceptable as possible, a smoothly fitting cog in the wheels of existence, a neat, trim pattern that blends successfully with the general scheme of things at large. But it is curiously true that up till now, having, so to speak, one eye on himself and the other on the world, he is apt to have a distorted view of both. Should he by chance have concentrated on himself, he will, at forty-five, be predatory; if on the world, he will be cynical. Such cases are extreme. But be he normal at this psychological turning point, there will be opened for him a tremendous vista in which at last he has grasped some of the proportions and values of created things, and beholds his individual self revealed in all its weakness or strength. Great moments are these, too blinding for youth, too grim and hopeless for old age. Some beneficent manager of this earthly arena has reserved them for the man of forty-five.

Now, too, do we reach the stage in which ambition, having run a varied gamut, settles down to a genial and comforting glow. At seventeen we longed above all to be a modern Samson—*puer sed vir*. What visionary feats we performed! How large was our niche in our self-constructed temple! At twenty we desired to be loved, loved as no man had been loved before. Here again our ardour flamed into prodigies of achievement. How shallow, how supremely transitory was all other devotion compared to that which animated our throbbing souls! At twenty-five we hungered for travel, picturing ourself a mysterious wanderer, silent and suggestive, a son of the seven seas who knew the bypaths of the earth like the palm of his hand.

Gradually all these hybrid yet purely natural impulses smooth themselves into an appetite for work. The physical process gives way to that more mental. We begin to smile at what we once swallowed avidly—though perhaps with not so good a grace. We are apt to pride ourselves on the discards of our youth. We exchange a multi-coloured and imaginative horizon for what we are pleased to call a practical view-point. As years pass it becomes harder to laugh. We achieve a sense of wit that involves no cachinnation, but there are times, nevertheless, when we experience a curious envy of the man who laughs outright. We begin to take things for granted, success, amusement, friendship, and even love itself. Existence borrows its form and substance from what we own or have dispensed with, and not from what we feel. Somewhere in Thackeray's "Miscellanies" occurs the verse:

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys,
With grizzled beards at forty-five
As erst at twelve in corduroys.

The essential change is that, whereas in youth we experienced rapture without perception, middle age is too often endowed with a perception robbed of rapture. And this, perhaps, is the more understandable if we reflect that while youth found

a source of inspiration in its own crescent potentialities, middle age looks continually and searchingly about to see what appraisal the world has put on the thing into which we have made ourselves. There is small room for rapture in such an inquiry.

And yet for all of this the age of forty-five is that of opportunity. We have learned conformity. Maeterlinck asks "whether life could be endurable if we did not obey many truths which reason rejects." We seem, indeed, to have passed from an earlier and more sensuous period to one in which we perceive what has been called "the stuff of life," to have travelled northward from a youthful and exotic climate of emotional existence to calmer latitudes in which the reactions of emotion are less individualistic, and therefore more humane.

Much there is in nature—in garden, grove or field—which has its counterpart in humanity. The exuberant riot, the upward rush of youthful growth, the half-formed promise of flower and fruit, the prodigal blossom, tender with suggestions of transitory beauty, the approaching harvest, as yet bitter-sweet and prophetic—through such phases humanity must advance ere achieving that rounded period when it has gathered from the soil and atmosphere of life its ultimate contribution.

Comparative values are often negative. Thus middle age is primarily endowed because it knows its limitations. But just on this account it is able to establish an *entente cordiale* impossible to more youthful years. As physical avenues become less inviting there are opened to us intellectual vistas undreamed of before. Fellow-men assume an aspect subjective rather than objective, and gain enormously in potential worth. We arrive at the point where there is possible to us a spiritual isolation, in which experience and insight establish a fecund kinship with invisible realities that, we are invariably assured, have qualities deathless and above all valuing. We explore regions where we come into silent touch with other spirits whose communicable goal we

find we are sharing. Something distinctive and essentially our own is this faculty; love cannot imperil it, nor can wealth, reputation or even ambition circumvent its remote authority. It is the birth of the inner life.

At forty-five we are more humane, and therefore more humble. We can afford to smile where once we scoffed, to condone where once, in superb ignorance, we condemned. Whatever else we have absorbed, we have at least learned the fortuitous nature of success as it is usually interpreted, and by how narrow a margin we ourselves may have escaped failure; we are less prone to over-value abnormal faculties, and, in consequence, are able to gauge individuals by their contribution to the community as a whole, and not by what they have extracted from its unguarded good nature. We have, in short, moved on through our first sensory phase to one which became successively amorous, acquisitive and finally ethical—in that at last we perceive the fundamentals of human sanity. Now, too, we are aware that we enter upon the most important epoch of all—one that determines quite inexorably whether life has anything still in store for us. This is the epoch of moral compromise. And, lest the reader forthwith scout the suggestion that morality knows any compromise, we submit that the term implies simply the establishing of some kind of relationship between the polyglot factors of existence. It is not putting a low estimate on humanity to hold that happiness is a condition of mind, and, as Lecky argues, must not be confounded with the means of attaining it. Happiness, therefore, is not strictly wedded to morality—since the latter term is merely a succinct way of implying the improvement of circumstances.

The benison of the man of forty-five is that he has reached the age of philosophy which itself is empty, if not moral—and therefore a positive rather than an ethical term. At forty-five evil does not appal us as it did twenty years before, because we have a better understanding of it. We are wise enough to see the mistake of sacrifices which are made in the pure spirit of self-immolation, and not with a sound view of their effect.

on the individual for whose sake the sacrifice is offered. We question the advantage of non-constructive, non-suggestive virtues, and ask whether a person so endowed would not be a greater asset to the progress of his fellows if he had more energy even at the cost of a little saintliness.

Newman announced that "it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail and all its many millions to die of starvation in intensest agony . . . than that one soul should commit one single venial sin." The obvious criticism of such a view is that it is totally devoid of moral compromise. It is the over-valuing of evil. Life, to be endurable to the wisdom-sharpened eyes of the man of forty-five, must be regarded as a series of compromises—he himself being the greatest of all. Friendship is rooted in this admission. Love subsists upon it. Business, internationalism, art, manners, and self-respect are based on it. Surely it were a futile thing to deny to the aggregate that which we so readily extend to the individual. Not till middle age, when the past stretches behind us like a trail from the mountains of youth and we acquire the wisdom and courage of moral compromise, does humanity weave itself into its amazing and multi-coloured pattern before our eyes.

Comes now also the period of deep friendship, relaxation, and the power of self-abstraction. We know enough of the world at large to have a fair sense of proportional value and to recognize the sign manual of intellectual kinship. Thus, we are sagely blind to what we choose to overlook as being of smaller import. We meet our friends with amiable expectation, and part from them with the comfortable knowledge that the communicable spring flows on unexhausted. We treasure them for what they suggest rather than what they have achieved or acquired—for the mental association they create rather than their virtue or knowledge. Their worth to us depends upon their ability to assist in building up some visionary edifice toward which our mind is turning.

As to the exquisite mystery of childhood, is it possible to see its profound beauty without the insight born of one's

own journey through life? In the tenderness of men for little children is a mingling of the protective instinct with the knowledge of what lies ahead of these tiny voyagers. "Too soon thy soul shall have its earthly flight" is in the minds of us all. And since all delight is the more pure when tinged with unnameable regret, so we find in the companionship of childhood, with its utter and spontaneous honesty, a charm that is the deeper because it is coloured by our own backward and wistful glances.

Sport, too, brings to the man of forty-five its own peculiar fascination. What has youth to offer more comforting than the moment in which we settle down to a long drive toward the first hole of our favourite golf course? How clear the smack of a well-hit ball! How springy the turf and fresh the air! We will win to-day, if we can—but if we do not, what matter? Actions and reactions make the game, and even while the club swings we commune with a bigger thing than golf. We are more fully conscious of living than ever before, of the poise of brain and body and relationship with a general scheme that, in the last year or so, has become of extraordinary interest. We have seen the absurdity of rebellion against the conditions of life, and in consequence avail ourselves more cheerfully of its opportunities. Our eyes, till the present, have narrowed themselves on the focus of personal ambition, but at last they swerve into a wider perspective. We recognize that all around that focus lie things of equal, if not perhaps greater, value. We become less intense and more proportional and human.

That this is the case is evidenced by a contrast of the gaiety of middle age with the joyousness of youth. The gaiety of forty-five comes of assurance—of the consciousness of success—of the ability to relinquish and to take up again. It is the quality of the man who has found himself. Our early joyousness, on the other hand, was the expression of our embryonic belief that all women were fair and true, and all men brave and honourable. Jostled rudely out of this blissful dream, we swung swiftly into a stage of dejection in

which we believed precisely the reverse; and from this again, emerging by the proportional system, arrived finally at the comforting assurance that most women are true, if not fair, and most men honourable, if not brave. Gaiety, therefore, seems a natural attribute of middle age. Gone are the mysterious and nameless depressions of youth. Looking back at them we realize that they were born of the first perception of the transitoriness of beauty and existence. We were overwhelmed, murmuring with hoydenish resignation:

La vie est brève
Un peu despoir,
Un peu de rêve
Et puis,—bon soir.

For a period this was our calendar, and we found it sweet with the poignancy of unaccountable regret. We discovered, too, in old Omar one who understood us amazingly, and sucked him in with a bibulous appetite that equalled even his own. We resigned ourselves to hopeless love and quaffed communicable goblets of oblivion, even while the Potter thumped our own wet clay. Then gradually ceased the waste of temperamental tissue and we took hold of Franklin's "Stuff of Life." The book of verses lay mute beneath the bough beside the unlifted jug. We have moved on. We speculate now not as in former days on what men have done, but on what they yet may do—and this at a point when their course is half run. We have put away those thoughts of dissolution which tortured us in the twenties and, if we are wise, lock a friendly arm into that of Father Time and keep so perfect a step that his imperturbable stride falls unheard.

We have occasion for humour, for miserable is he who at forty-five has not perceived that humour is of the essence of his earthly contract. Intemperance has burned itself out and the echo of vain desires has ceased. There remains a workable, keen-eyed thing tempered by experience, plastic yet individual.

We confess almost with pride to certain weaknesses. We are yet somewhat callow. Our tendency still is to endeavour to make every moment count for ourselves without inquiring whether it counts sufficiently for others. Our contributions are apt to be too personal a benefit. We search the faces of our children wondering how long we will live in their minds, but how often we do little to perpetuate the memory. We are prone to smother the expression of emotion lest we be unduly like the youth to whom we continually and longingly look back. At the same time we are flattered if our exterior belies our years. Our dangers are those of suppression of that which should have free vent—of too frequent a satisfaction in our own particular faculty of mistaking cynicism for wit and the pursuit of wealth for the game of life.

Such a thing is the middle-aged man of to-day. He is at once more merciful and more ruthless than before—more merciful because of his broader faith in humanity at large, more ruthless because science has harnessed the elements in his service. Being impatient, he is also spontaneous, and his generosity is due largely to his self-confidence and the assurance that what has been given will easily be replaced, since its acquisition meant no great effort. Wise but not philosophic, and practising virtues he would blush to preach, he regards life with a quizzical interest, expectant for the unexpected and conscious that to the twentieth century all things are possible.

But to his youth he turns an eye bland with modern omniscience, and marvels that the boy he used to be should have picked out the path that has led to the man of forty-five—a man so different from every early dream.

ALAN SULLIVAN

IDEALISM AND WEALTH CREATION

IF there were ever any doubt as to the general advisability of increasing our financial resources, there could certainly be none at such a moment as the present. Unfortunately an acquiescence in the dictum by no means involves an approval of the ordinary individual money-maker, and is quite consistent with a considerable jealousy of his success when attained, as so often happens, on principles unperceived and imperfectly understood by the outside world. "Wealth-creation," as we understand it, is practically a modern affair of the last two or three centuries, intimately allied and more or less contemporary with the evolution of a new and elaborate civilization, and of the vast population who subserve and enjoy it. Economically and practically speaking there was, of course, no England, "to speak of," before the dawn of the great and glorious 19th century. It has even been estimated by some historians that the population in 1700 scarcely exceeded the probable numbers under Roman domination.

In any case it may be suggested with more certainty that, as a great wealth-productive nation and society, our country, after certain important changes and reforms in connection with popular liberty and industrial evolution, attained her first age of comparatively settled happiness and contentment with this new world, somewhere about the middle of the last century.¹

Since the eighteen fifties and sixties a yet more modern force, the "socialist consciousness" of the nation, has centred an ever more critical attention upon the ever increasing, the unique and unprecedented phenomena of modern wealth-production and wealth-accumulation. In a process of such

* Of this, as I ventured to urge in an article printed many years ago, there is considerable evidence in a great mass of contemporary literature, fiction, *belles-lettres*, poetry, etc., remarkable for its atmosphere of self-contentment, joy in life (physical and mental), and absence of troubled consciousness or *arrière pensée*.

rapid transition—from the small and largely agricultural England which fought the Napoleonic campaign, to the great empire now straining its stupendous resources in the world war—that any nation should with ease or expedition succeed in truly “finding itself” would be a very unhistoric assumption. Yet the conscientious struggle after a sound and durable philosophy of wealth is as necessary to political happiness and unity as any moral or sanitary legislation, and apart from the general danger of the extinction of all philosophy, the present stage of our national researches has a special interest.

For reasons, indeed by something of a political blunder or accident, which need not here be discussed, the last ten or twelve years have been occupied with what may—comparatively speaking—be termed “an orgy of industrial and socialistic idealism.”

Of the many excellent intentions and even attainments associated with this it is unnecessary to speak, seeing that the two leading members of the late government have recognized in recent utterances that it is possible for a nation to indulge too much in the luxury of social reform; for luxury, of course, it is, in comparison with the prime needs of national security.

Curiously enough, too, both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, after the fashion of a famous popular leader in the Old Testament, laid the blame for this mistaken course of action upon “the People.” We should be disposed to urge in reply that “the People” have in fact been seriously misled, that democracy has entered upon its present tremendous ordeal in a mood of somewhat academic self-complacence, as if not merely the politics of this country but even the general drift of external history could be controlled and directed by its sovereign will.

For this delusion professional politicians are largely responsible. Let us then at least be thankful for their exalted perception of the possibility of excess in (theoretic) well-doing. *Ex post facto* wisdom may be as valuable as any

other, though it is commonly more expensive. A light part of our national punishment may be to realize that for long years we thought too much of ourselves and the amelioration of our social system (already superior to that of most of our neighbours) and too little of the dangers and grievances (real or alleged) of what Mr. Podsnap described as the "other nations," and that we dwelt too much on the pleasing prospects of Utopian bliss and universal good will, and too little on the obvious but disagreeable phenomena—internal and external—which pointed to a very different future.

Idealism, domestic virtue, in a modern nation means, when we come to think of it, attention to its "social system," which may, at the moment, represent anything—a hierarchy of angels, a congress of ineffective dreamers (like the famous Polish Republic), or a den of wild beasts.

All that can be reasonably asked, in any case, of any given epoch or decade is a measure of progress reasonably proportioned to the other needs—and general environment—of the particular nation.

To ask more, to ask it without due regard to the state of the world in particular, to the progress of idealism elsewhere, may be to ask something impossible or fatal. These activities instil into Democracy a dangerous laxity of morale.

And the form of government which depends most of all, as Montesquieu observed, upon character, may not this come to exhibit a selfishness and stupidity equal to that of any despotism?

We are here concerned with the influence exerted by the popular leaders and demagogues of the day in one particular quarter. But in fact the chief interest of the politics of the last twelve years has lain in the fact of their close concern with money,—“other people’s money”—most fascinating of problems, “and how to get it.” It is with a thousandfold greater actuality that the demand for wealth-conscription now oppresses the nation, and in the struggle to secure it none can be surprised to perceive traces of the same impatience and the same superficiality as figured in the socialist attack on wealth—before the war.

And this though to greedily confiscate "profits"—where and because profits are visible—to snatch golden eggs and slaughter auriferous geese, is in itself, if we regard the future, no wiser now than in times of peace. "It is indeed at an immense expense"—part of which we are only now beginning to realize, "that the state has been turned into a sort of Universal Providence."¹

And in the crusade against plutocracy of the great radical protagonist (now so happily otherwise occupied) and his followers, much energy and eloquence has of late years been devoted to the darkening of counsel on the popular subject of "money-making."

Doubtless a considerable fund of impassioned ignorance was necessary to make the once famous "Limehouse" liquor go down with gusto. But the truth is that, during the political orgy referred to above, much windy rhetoric of the "East End" or "Tower Hill" species has been transplanted to the abnormally "academicized" atmosphere of the House of Commons. Not very long ago Mr. Masterman, an eminent politician of the predominant school, wrote a book on the parlous "condition of England" in which the "rich man" (as in the parables) looms distressingly large, a sort of social meteoric stone dropped upon our island from some malign planet.

The consciousness of a "great cause" may impart a needless and confusing solemnity to the most trivial ratiocination. Or is it a mistaken delicacy which restrains writers of this hypercritical caste, even when they emerge from a wealth-productive atmosphere, from asking themselves how they, or their ancestors, friends or relatives, made their money.

Vague charges, unsupported by any such "passbook evidence"—interesting as it never fails to be—are heaped up against the wealthy viewed *en masse*.

Large transactions or possessions of any kind like the "quantities of sand" in Mr. Carroll's famous poem, affect these critics to tears. The small, though no less illustrative of principle and practice, leave them cold.

¹ *Spectator*.

The weekly hire of a horse and cart or a piano causes them no distress, while the spectacle of a "lump sum" paid to a "landlord" causes them to savagely toss and trample under foot so simple and harmless an agreement as the "builder's lease."

All which seems to indicate an attitude of unhistoric prejudice if not a deliberate flattery of those whose stage of knowledge and education lays them specially open to any personal or sensational appeal. In the press, on the party platform, such sophistry has taken up a popular, even an apparently respected position.

It was but the other day—before the war—that the present writer stumbled on an excellent compendium of the new philosophy from the pen of that unquestionable authority Mr. (now Sir Leo) Chiozza Money. In this article addressed to the readers of a new and popular magazine, an endeavour was made to outline that mystic evil quality in "wealth" which other writers find so indescribable.

Does any one desire to know the true inwardness of wealth-creation?

Here may he not unnaturally look to be instructed, by one who notoriously has all the facts and figures of our economic history at his fingers' ends.

"The Rich," it appears from his account of the matter, are a pretentious and deceptive class. That their wealth is all made for them by "the poor" goes without saying, all wealth being the product of physical exertion and no other. "*La Propriété—c'est le vol.*"

The modest early Victorian platitudes of Mr. Smiles's "Self Help" are set aside with contempt nowadays. Any such helping of oneself must begin, it is distinctly implied, at the top and by a process of well-deserved spoliation.

What remains unexplained, indeed, in the first instance, is the existence of any such apex to the social system at all where, by rights, all should be basement. But let that pass.

"The upper classes," to come to our text (instead of finding some useful and humane employment), "*traffic in*

(sic) use, and play with the commodities *out-poured* by the working classes"—(the italics are our own)—and "contrive to get the greater part of them" (the said commodities) "into their own possession, leaving only for the working classes themselves little more than a bare subsistence." "So (!) there is a division between classes and masses which is formed by the *doing or non-doing* (sic) of manual work" As originally voiced by Mr. Gladstone, the distinction was, we fancy, one of intellectual ability, "the masses"—if they voted for the great Home Ruler—being reckoned wiser than their so-called "superiors." But whether that classification would hold water or not, what can be said of the conclusion here cited except that it is a preposterous *non sequitur*? Clearly, according to this social and economic philosophy, the distinction between the two classes would be that one was useless and dishonest, the other virtuous and industrious. And as this is clearly what is meant, it would have been simpler to say so, or indicate in a footnote that "manual"—moral.

But mere nomenclature—complimentary or abusive—matters little. What we are concerned with is the method of wealth-creation.

It will be observed from the passage quoted above that the "commodities" referred to, which presumably include all forms of property, already exist, having been "out-poured" (singular phrase) by the labouring classes, the true and only source, as has been already intimated, of all wealth, before the arrival on the scene of the capitalist, or whatever he is to be called.

Here then is surely a curious anachronism, viz., wealth existing before the appearance of the "rich man," who, however, already exists in some other atmosphere, or as we may say, off the stage.

This objectionable person, the wealth-accumulator (or wealth-master, as we presume he would be more exactly styled), then enters serpent-like the Eden of non-capitalist industry, to perform his dread yet familiar functions. Ap-

proaching the *ex hypothesi* innocent and contented "working classes," already happy, be it remembered, in the enjoyment of their cornucopia of "commodities," he proceeds, in his artful frivolity, to "play with" these things. True, he is also said to "use" them, but this, if not ironical, must be a slip of the pen, seeing that no utility can be predicated of the character referred to. "Play" might seem harmless recreation but that it is seen to be the play of the cat with the mouse.

The mask is soon thrown off. The "capitalist," the despotic representative of what we have so often heard described as "an odious and iniquitous system," after "using and playing with" the said "commodities," "contrives to get the greater part of them into his own possession."

"All very well," we fancy the curious reader exclaiming, but—How does he do this? That indeed is what we all want to know. If the answer, the explanation, is omitted, what is the whole story but an outburst of unreasoning petulance, a pyramid of vague invective and innuendo based upon an apex of flimsy rhetoric?

In the working man whose genuine sufferings and limited outlook may easily induce too sweeping a view even of real evils, such language is excusable. But in the mouths of ministers and popular leaders of thought it invites more serious consideration.

Hundreds of popular audiences have in the past ten years been held spellbound by even less cogent, certainly less "muddled" apologies, beginning, perhaps, with an attack upon some local magnate (for a subsequent slander-action need not affect the rhetorical success of the moment) and winding up, to a certainty, with loud cheers for the (late) keeper of the nation's economic and financial conscience, now so admirably employed in doing praiseworthy penance for the academic "wild oats" sown in his earlier career.

And who—to continue our inquiry—are the people here accused?

The "rich," it will be said, the "upper class." But, if that be so—and how otherwise are they to be identified?—they must have already "contrived" (note the damaging implication) to acquire wealth, before their theoretic descent upon the paradise of unadulterated manual industry. In that case it was clearly absurd to suggest that all wealth (however produced) was from the first in the hands of the workers, seeing that the "upper class" also possessed at least a large part of it!

To avoid making utter nonsense of the indictment is it not better to suppose—and correct—a slight mistake in the wording?

The stigmatized individuals are clearly not the actual but the prospective (predestined) "rich."

This in no way diminishes the interest of the reflection to all who are familiar with "anti-capitalist" philosophy and such controversies as the present. For we must next inquire—"Does any such class of persons exist?"

Are they hall-marked in any noticeable fashion? Could their (alleged) success have been predicted by the *ex post facto* critic, before it began? Are their heads of peculiar shape? Do the names associated with so much invidious attention always begin, for example, with an H, an M, an R, or a V, or other letters? Does any sociologist know of a class or set of people *unconnected* with the actual genesis of wealth, yet the predestined acquirers (not inheritors) of the bulk of it, only distinguishable by the fact that they do no manual labour?

Until some of the authorities referred to produce further evidence, the answer must be that such phenomena are mere "idols in the cave" of an embittered or imaginative socialism. And all this diatribe is merely an abortive attempt to give logical form to the hazy impressions of popular ignorance, jealousy, and discontent.

Such feelings, such prejudices are common to all humanity, and the mental area they occupy is but gradually "cleared" by the invasion of reason and justice.

Thus it is a thesis commonly ventilated upon all collectivist platforms that the fortunes of the rich are not "made"—*i.e.*, do not represent any addition to the existing sum of wealth—but simply taken,

Conveyed the wise it call

from the common stock. If this were so it would surely be clear that the sum of social wealth never could have increased, as it notoriously has done.

But this childish conception of commerce is securely based in many unreflective minds upon the immensely popular delusion that two people cannot both be benefited by the same transaction.

This pseudo-philanthropic fancy emerges from a misty hypercritical atmosphere, where all acquisition is regarded—at least for popular platform purposes—as a reprobable kind of usury, and the only virtuous form of trade as consisting in the exchange of twenty shillings for a sovereign, or twelve pence for twenty-four half pence.

Given the anticipated Utopia where all mankind find themselves in exactly similar circumstances and environment, there would of course be no more profit—and no more trade.

Thus, we see, it is the simplicity, the one-sidedness of modern "money-making" that constitutes its iniquity.

We hear denunciations of Mr. A., Sir B.C., Lord D.—all gentlemen remarkable for their rapid acquisition of wealth, and consequent "rise in life"—as "brigands," etc., etc., who have made thousands, or millions, "out of" their down-trodden and impecunious fellow-beings!

This is the stock capital (at normal times) of any amount of popular oratory, and even leading articles, some quite recent in date.

What does it mean? That they—the individuals referred to—were favoured from the start by some lucky chance of which they made a ruthless use for their personal advantage? No. For even the existence or outline of any such dishonestly lucky class was, as we have seen, unknown.

No one knew, in fact, that they were even destined to be millionaires of their particular generation, nor discerned in them either the virtues or vices necessary to that result—till they became such.

Their crime, their only crime, is wealth, while the nature of its criminality is left altogether unexplained.

Our authority says no word on the matter, simply echoes the parrot cry *au voleur!* The upper classes “forsooth” “contrive to get into their own possession”—the property of the mass of mankind.

Since when did it become so easy for the *premier venu*, unknown and carrying no credentials, to extract unlimited wealth from his fellow-beings?

If it were so now, then would not all of us contrive to possess ourselves of at least a comfortable fortune apiece?

And do we do so?

Alas! not as often as we could wish, and with no inconsiderable effort.

How then are fortunes “made”?

Let us expound the secret—altogether ignored or omitted, doubtless for excellent reasons, by our eminent economist.

The case stands thus:

The predestined acquirer starts his career possessed, we may assume, materially, of little or nothing. The actual money, or wealth, then, which he hopes to accumulate is *ex hypothesi* in the pockets of those “other people” whom it is his *métier*, according to the authorities cited, “to exploit” and plunder. What these authorities ignore is the normal objection of those people and of mankind in general to being exploited and plundered. It is assumed, on the contrary, that while the mass of mankind, the poor, are at once helpless and generous, the rich (or predestined rich) are no less remarkably powerful and greedy.

In the homely atmosphere of the smoking room such a thesis would provoke unquenchable laughter. It has to be translated into long-winded and sentimental rhetoric before even its own professors can handle it seriously.

How to stir the springs of this generosity in the heart of industrious, preoccupied—and perhaps rather short sighted—mankind? Such a question would appear to our theorists crude and indecent.

Yet is the answer full of human interest. “Wealth,” a pious poet tells us, “is the Conjuror’s Devil, whom when he thinks he hath, the Devil hath him;” which may be true often enough, without disproving Dr. Johnson’s maxim that “man is seldom so honestly employed as when *making money*. Can he indeed be honest, or solvent, without some occupation of the kind!

What the idealist declines to see is that the “other people” look after his honesty in the matter.

Doubtless when the successful exploiter draws wealth “out of” our pockets, the element of conjuring, of sleight of hand, is present. Not only are we quite uninterested in this (potential) rise to fame and fortune, but the last thing our egoism is likely to notice will be the fact that we have—through some agency outside ourselves—become rich enough to enrich others.

It is a pleasing convention that society is divided into two classes—buyers and sellers, sheep and goats, of the socialist—“scape” species. But, if we choose to notice the fact, not only professional tradesmen, but the whole round world is occupied in “dealing.”

The would-be plutocrat in particular (and which of us is not a would-be plutocrat, after his fashion?) has a something, a cheap newspaper, a carpet tack, a literary idea, a soap, a jam, or patent “contraption” which he desires to palm off upon his fellow citizens. With sheeplike fatuity (according to the leading economic authority of Radicalism) these silly creatures rush into the snare, hand over their ample store of “commodities” to the delight of the (predestined) millionaire, and receive in return a “bare subsistence.” And thus, we presume, a nation increases in a century from twelve to fifty million, and wealth is multiplied a hundredfold. . . Has anyone observed any such generous weakness in operation

outside the columns of the anti-capitalist press? We fear not. Have we any evidence, after all, that unoriginate "consumers," that ordinary people, in a word, are not just as greedy and self-interested as any individual "fortune hunter" we can select from their number? Certainly not. If the latter can only make his pile by selling something, let us say, for a penny, who of all the selfish horde will give him this? Only those, we fear, who believe the article to be worth a penny farthing or three half pence to themselves.

Is there, in fact, any other conceivable motive in normal worldly life—for the acquisition of anything? Can action of any kind have any intelligent object but desirable change? If we are better as we are, surely the simplest of us would, in popular language, "sit tight" and keep any "commodities" we happened to have to ourselves. But if we did this, occasionally varying the excitement by the exchange of a shilling for twelve pence, where should we be—in the course of a few years?

It is needless to ask.

Individuals and even nations have sometimes chosen the path of extinction. For even existence is not a necessity to anybody, much less active progress.

If it be suggested (as it often is) that we "must have" any given item offered us (and now recognized as desirable), this idea is based on the further assumption, "if we are to share in the general prosperity." No other compulsion is upon us, and the law of nature allows "nothing for nothing."

But we are all prepared to spend—for a "profit." A "profit!" Perhaps no term has been coupled up with more inane and foolish babble of abuse than this. Yet what is the broad historical meaning of the word?

"The advantage derived from the contributions of mankind, in their diverse conditions, to the needs of each other."

An absurd and sophistical attempt has been made to separate the successful trader or "dividend-hunter" from the mass of ordinary humanity, to impute greed and tyranny, as it were, to the shopkeeper, and none to the customer.

But all transactions are commercial, and we are all greedy, just as we are all traders. The food we eat and the clothes we wear represent as practical an exchange of commodities as any other, in that those articles are of less value to us and for our purposes than the vitality they support, and preserve.

The five shillings-worth of life we buy for three or four shillings-worth of meat and drink, the five pounds-worth of comfort and respectability we get for four guineas-worth of clothes, signifies as definite a profit as any deal, let us say, in Marconi shares; and, though it is not recorded on the stock exchange, that "profit" is none the less the core and essence of the transaction.

It is possible, though every day more difficult, to acquire wealth by force or fraud. But, in the ordinary routine of commerce, the result is clearly attained by persuasion, and persuasion (oddly enough) of the very kind to which we all find ourselves amenable. A large fortune can, in a word, only be amassed by the distribution of a much larger one among the community, whether we regard that community as composed of helpless victims or dangerous rivals.

Is the greedy "dividend-hunter," then, a philanthropist? The answer, of course, is that, whatever his natural bent, yet, in the simple sense of providing mankind with something they want, he has got to be, since he can only get his precious dividends out of you and me by giving us something we value more.

The more actual his motives and proceedings, the more certain the public benefit.

The difficulty before him is not, as might be supposed, that of extracting gold from dross, but of discovering how to give the three farthings for which the simple public is so ready to pay a half-penny, how, in a word, to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, or to perform in ten minutes the process which previously occupied half an hour.

For this is the conclusion of the whole matter. Wealth-creation is not, as it is yet represented for popular purposes,

a mechanical quantitative affair of exchange and subtraction, of depleting one reservoir to fill another.

It is only to be symbolized by some living energy, the sowing of a seed, the cultivation of a crop, the expansion of human capacity, the enlargement of the area of existence and civilization.

Wild nature will, to some extent, support man unaided. And doubtless it would be pleasant if a thousand excellent desirable things from Shakespeare and our naval supremacy down to the latest fancy adjunct of civilized existence, would come "of themselves," without the spur or alliance of a carnal individualism. As they do not, the indulgence of such academic aspirations tends to beguile simple minds into an attitude resembling that of the Mayor and Corporation of Hamelin towards the famous Pied Piper.

"What's dead can't come to life," we think, forgetful that more complex problems may arise on the very heels of those, cavalierly dismissed, when the individualist magician may "pipe to another fashion." If the common phenomena of wealth as we know it do not even constitute the gilt on the gingerbread, but are merely a superfluous wrapper which hinders hungry mankind from getting at the cake, if "large fortunes" represent, as some would have us believe, a mere deduction from what we might have had if no (prospective) "capitalist" or dividend hunter had appeared on the scene, then, indeed, the wildest scheme of profit taxation now in the air would seem astonishing in its moderation.

The tremendous pre-occupation of war has for the time overlaid all normal social and political interests, as the lava flood of Vesuvius encrusted and preserved *in statu quo* the domestic activities of Pompeii. But the simile, we have to remember, applies no further. In our case the substratum is the only basis of all national effort, our one support against the stupendous strain to which we are inevitably exposed.

Whatever energy we can spare from the material external struggle daily devouring the flower of our race, may be well devoted to the preservation and consolidation of the forces

which alone can maintain our numbers and our greatness. Wealth we must have, and a harmonious system of wealth-production free from despotic greed on the one hand and, on the other, from those fractious cavilings at the inequality of human nature, those automatic suspicions of power and wealth *per se* which make social discipline and industrial order impossible.

At the moment, "Old England," with her old world traditions, is somehow maintaining a contest against perils of which everyone seems a novel and unique destructive terror. Modern British "democracy," scarcely yet an adult force, has had, as we have indicated above, no spell of specially Spartan training to prepare its nerves and senses for so unprecedented a trial. Its friends and counsellors in the press, preoccupied as they have been by their own strategical retreat from a rapidly falsified position, have not exhibited all the courage of a candid mentor, and while condemning isolated blunders have omitted the inferential censure which would, in any parallel case, have been heaped upon a "capitalist" class.

If at such a moment the shallow and petulant economies of a long stultified "Socialism" are to be allowed to disturb the mind of a struggling nation, if "capitalism"—dignified as a "system" to distinguish it from the universal habit of mankind—is to be logically assimilated and allied to the hostile monstrosity of "militarism," the reflective Englishman must be allowed to doubt whether such an appeal comes really from the great heart of the "peuple souverain" of Victor Hugo's fine distinction, and not from that other mass,

La sombre faiblesse et la force sombre

which would use the national emergency to sensationalize the "anti-capitalist" case. For such by-play we believe the times are too serious, and the English nation too fair-minded. Misleaders of "labour" who, amid such novel dangers, can believe that the interests of the workingman are not those of the nation, like class protectionists of the

alarming type exhibited in our first labour minister, have yet much to learn. Let them realize that while there is no fear of further "Limehouse" Philippics from a patriotic national dictator, so no antiquated "Tower Hill" formula of "money-making" can be revived to explain the genesis of the wealth now sustaining half the world in its struggle against tyranny or to justify its confiscation. No novel paradox, economic or social, no wild dreams of the nightmare of war, will provide the clue to the promised Utopia of permanent organized national success; but only the old continuous moral effort demanded with a new emphasis of all classes for the benefit of all.

G. H. POWELL

THE FLAG

(From the Italian)

Our hands have wrought it in embroidery golden;
At every stitch our hearts have heaved a sigh;
Italia's angel hath the work beholden
From out the starry archway of the sky—
Italia's angel and those heroes olden
Who that their land might live did gladly die.
Defend this flag, ye husbands, sons, and brothers!
United shield the sacred shores we love!
Think of the hearts of sisters, wives, and mothers,
And of Italia's angel high above!

A. WATSON BAIN

BALLAD INFLUENCE ON THE POETRY OF SCOTT

“IN early youth,” says Sir Walter Scott, “I had been an eager student of Ballad Poetry; and the tree is still in my recollection beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy’s *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.”¹ This introduction to the worthy bishop, which took place when he was only thirteen years old, started, or at least greatly stimulated, his zeal as a collector and student of the ballads, which never waned all throughout his life. There is preserved at Abbotsford to this day a little book in his early handwriting to witness to his youthful devotion to this hobby that was to play so important a part in his literary career. In 1792, he began the expeditions into Liddesdale which became a yearly custom, to collect from the farmer folk and the cottagers ballads and legends that were still current amongst them but were disappearing rapidly before the advance of education and the printing press.

In 1796, when he was twenty-four years old, he was introduced to the study of German literature through the agency of Henry Mackenzie, author of “*The Man of Feeling*,” who delivered a lecture on that subject and aroused the interest of Scott and a number of his friends so much that they made up a class for the study of it. Some time after he was describing enthusiastically to a friend a translation of Burger’s “*Lenore*,” which he had heard, and on the spur of the moment he offered to make one himself for her. This he carried out and the version he produced was much admired. Lockhart gives the words of Alexander Wood telling how Scott had read the poem aloud to him.

“He read it over to me, in a very slow and solemn tone, and after we had said a few words about its merits, continued to look at the fire silent and musing for some minutes until

¹ Essay on “*Imitation of the Ancient Ballads*” in “*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*,” v. 3.

at length he burst forth with, 'I wish to Heaven I could get a skull and two cross-bones.'"¹

This started him on ballad translation and composition, and soon after, at the request of friends, he published a small quarto containing this translation of "Lenore" and also that of "The Wild Huntsman;" but it was not very much of a success from a sales standpoint.

The publication of the "Minstrelsy" came about through his acquaintanceship with John Ballantyne, a Kelso printer, who had been a school friend; and who took some interest in copies of ballads which Scott had shown him out of his collection. At Scott's request, he printed off a small pamphlet containing a dozen or so of the ballads, which Scott distributed among his friends. He was so pleased with the result that the idea of publishing a large collection suggested itself to him, and after talking it over with some of the Edinburgh booksellers, he decided to proceed with it. The result was the appearance in 1802 of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," as we know it, a far more ambitious and lengthy production than Scott anticipated when he first took the matter up.

We have seen, then, the closeness of the relationship between Scott and the ballads even from infancy, and saturated in their lore as he was, how great would be its influence on his writings.

Lockhart tells us in his Advertisement to the edition of 1833: "One of the reviewers of the 'Minstrelsy' when it first appeared said: 'In this collection are the materials for scores of metrical romances.' This was a prophetic critic. In the text and notes of this early publication, we can now trace the primary incident, or broad outline of almost every romance whether in verse or in prose which Sir Walter Scott built in after life on the history or traditions of his country."²

Henderson, the editor of a later edition, says in his preface: "To affirm that but for the 'Minstrelsy' we might

¹ "Life of Sir Walter Scott," by John Gibson Lockhart, v. I., p. 217.

² Introduction to "Minstrelsy," edition of 1802.

never have had the 'Waverley' novels is to state the case only indefinitely. Without his remarkable apprenticeship, Scott might, of course, have become a romancist but he would never have become the consummate romancist that he is."¹

These two statements, although made by enthusiasts, are no doubt, in the main, well justified. Perhaps Lockhart may be somewhat inclined to exaggerate Scott's indebtedness to the ballads and to overlook the influence of other and more foreign elements, the lay and the romance of which he was such an ardent reader. If Scott was steeped in the ballads from an early age, so was he in romantic poetry. He was reading Spencer and Aristotle with other boy-friends the same year that he became acquainted with Percy's "Reliques."² He was an enormous devourer of Italian romantic poetry, he tells us, and he was well acquainted with Chaucer. Indeed his capacity for absorbing and assimilating all kinds of literature to which he had access was extraordinary. For this reason, the threads of ballad influence are closely interwoven with those of other elements in his work, and it is sometimes difficult to follow them with complete confidence as to their identity.

In dealing with the subject, we shall first of all consider those ballads of Scott's published in the third part of the "Minstrelsy" as "Imitations of the Ancient Ballads."

Scott, in his essay on such imitations, divides them into two classes. "The distinction lies," he says, "betwixt the authors of ballads or legendary poems, who have attempted to imitate the language, the manners and the sentiments of the ancient poems which were their prototypes; and those, on the contrary, who without endeavouring to do so, have struck out a particular path for themselves, which cannot with strict propriety be termed ancient or modern."³ It is in the second of these classes that we must place his own work, with the possible exception of "Kinmont Willie," which some

¹ Introduction to "Minstrelsy," edition of 1902.

² See Essay on Imitations of Ancient Poetry, in Part III of "Minstrelsy."

³ *Ibid.*

authorities believe to have been entirely of his own composition. He did not place it with the imitations in the "Minstrelsy," however, and it seems reasonable to conclude that part of it at least was ancient.

The imitations due to Scott's authorship in the "Minstrelsy," with the exception of "Glenfinlas," which is copied after the Ossianic style rather than that of the popular muse, are somewhat similar in scope and setting to the border ballads. We are still in the Border country. The Lady of the Baron of Smaylho'me looks out

Over Tweed's fair flood and Mertoun's wood
And all down Teviotdale:

Cadyow Castle and the scenes of the events there celebrated in song are in the same general region; and it is "to Lothian's fair and fertile strand" that the pilgrim returns to be absolved at last by the Gray Brother.

The phase of life is wider, however. The supernatural, usually absent in the Border ballads, here plays a prominent part as in the fairy element of the third part of "Thomas, the Rhymer"; the ghost of the Knight of Coldinghame with his burning hand¹; or the apparition of the murdered Margaret as she shrieks into the ear of the dying Murray: "Remember injured Bothwellhaugh."²

There is, too, a sense of moral responsibility, of a higher power that rewards or punishes the deeds of men, which is largely lacking in the Border ballads. The Knight and the Lady of Smaylho'me do penance for their sin as monk and nun; the pilgrim in the "Gray Brother" is the abject prey of remorse.

As we have a wider outlook upon life, so we have a more extended range of motives. In "Cadyow Castle," perhaps, the motivation is closest to the Border ballad. Bothwellhaugh's castle of Woodhouselea has been burned by the false Regent Murray, and his wife with new-born babe driven out to perish. Bothwellhaugh lies in wait for Murray as he is to

¹ The Eve of Saint John. ² Cadyow Castle.

pass through Linlithgow and shoots him dead, while the ghost of his wife shrieks in the dying man's ears. Bothwellhaugh then returns to the clan where they are bewailing his absence, and tells them of the revenge he has taken. They all then leap into the saddle and acclaim the deed of their clansman and the death of the tyrant:

Murray is fallen and Scotland freed,
Couch, Arran, couch thy spear of flame.

Here the motivation is much of the Border ballad type, the interest lies not with the hero alone but with the whole clan. It looks beyond that still, however, in the thought of "Scotland freed", a patriotic touch that is not so characteristic.

In "The Eve of St. John," while the setting is that of the Border, the interest centres about the individual rather than the group. The Baron of Smaylho'me has returned from a three-days' ride abroad; and though he has not been fighting the English with the "bold Buccleuch," his armour is soiled and sprinkled with blood. He calls his page and bids him tell what his lady has been doing in his absence. The page relates how she had for three nights trysted with a knight on Beacon Hill and the third night had invited him to come to her bower on the Eve of Saint John. Her husband is absent, she says, with Buccleuch and she will chain the bloodhound. The knight had at first refused, and had said that the priest would recognize his footstep. The lady had replied that the priest had gone to Dryburgh to say mass for the soul of a knight that had been slain. The knight had remarked that the mass had as well be said for him, but he had promised, however, to come.

The Baron then asks the page to describe the knight he has seen, and he recognizes the description as that of a knight he has just slain three days ago. The page has overheard the lady speak the knight's name. It was Richard of Coldinghame. The Baron says it cannot have been, as the monks are now singing masses for that knight's soul. He then joins his lady and they retire to rest. The husband sleeps, but his

wife is awake when suddenly Sir Richard of Coldinghame appears. He explains to her that he has been dead three days, slain by the Baron. However, on account of her importunity, he is permitted to keep his tryst with her. She asks him if he is saved or lost. He shakes his head:

Who spilleth life shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe;
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive.

He then lays his palm upon her hand where it "scorched like a fiery brand," and disappeared. Husband and wife then become monk and nun for the rest of their lives, and she always keeps her hand covered to hide the mark that never leaves it.

This ballad shows a marked similarity in certain points to the ballad of "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard,"¹ and it would seem probable that Scott found in this the basis of "The Eve of Saint John." Here, as with him, the lady takes the initiative in inviting her lover to her bower. The husband is informed of the intrigue by the "little tinny page" although the information is volunteered as a duty and not asked for. The husband then slays both his lady and her lover and curiously repents as soon as he has done so:

For I have slain the bravest sir knight,
That ever rode on steed;
So I have done the fairest lady,
That ever did woman's deed.¹

The old ballad, with its entire lack of moral sense, shows a marked contrast to "The Eve of Saint John" which is so completely dominated by it. The latter, of course, has the additional element of the supernatural, which we are told has here its basis in Irish tradition.

"The Gray Brother," though its setting is of the Border land, has little in common in motivation with the Border

¹ No. 81.

ballads. The narrative is light and was left unfinished. The poem is pervaded with the same deep moral sense we find in "The Eve of Saint John."

The Pope is celebrating High Mass, and while he is doing so the chalice drops to the ground. It is because of someone whose presence pollutes the ceremony. He adjures whomsoever it is to depart. A pilgrim, remorse-ridden for a deadly sin, leaves the church and returns to Scotland where he receives absolution from the Gray Brother, who has been sent five thousand miles to give it. As he lays an ice-cold hand on the pilgrim's neck, the story breaks off abruptly.

When we come to consider the style and structure of these so-called imitations, we find a marked variation from their popular originals. Scott has not attempted to follow the popular style with its virile phrasing and its persistent tang of the soil. While he has sought to retain certain of its excellencies, it is, broadly speaking, more the form than the manner that he has imitated; and it is the ballad of art he presents to us. Matthew Arnold has this to say about his style: "The poetic style of Scott is . . . tried by the highest standards, a bastard epic style; and that is why, out of his own powerful hands, it has had so little success. It is a less natural and therefore a less good style, than the original ballad style; while it shares with the ballad style the inherent incapacity of rising into the grand style . . ."¹

Whatever Scott may have really thought as to the real authorship and source of the ballads, his romantic temperament, as some one has remarked, inclined him to follow the theory of minstrel origin. So, in "Cadyow Castle," the ballad is supposed to be sung by a minstrel before Lady Hamilton, and we have a resultant subjective strain foreign to the folk ballad, not only in the harper's introduction and conclusion, but in the body of the poem as well. This is unpleasantly prominent. For instance, it wearies us when Bothwellhaugh is telling how he carried out his revenge, that he should pause to moralize in such a strain as this:

¹ Lectures on Homer.

But can stern Power with all his vaunt,
 Or Pomp with all her courtly glare,
 The settled heart of vengeance daunt,
 Or change the purpose of despair?

Passages such as this weaken the whole poem, and the considerable power inherent in the tale itself is largely negatived by the manner of telling so stilted and so artificial.

“The Eve of Saint John” keeps closer to the true ballad manner. Take the stanza:

Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!
 Now hail, thou baron true!
 What news, what news from Ancrum fight?
 What news from the bold Buccleuch?

and we are not far off the popular style. On the whole, however, there is a strong literary flavour running through the ballad. The flowing regularity of the metre and the internal rhyme occurring in the first and, more frequently, in the third lines of many of the stanzas, help to make for this. The narrative runs along easily and naturally with easy transitions and careful management of details, and the suspense is skilfully maintained almost to the end.

Turning to the long narrative poems, “The Lay of the Last Minstrel” and the rest, we find that Scott has now passed his ’prentice stage and has entered upon his mastery of the verse-making craft. “The Lay of the Last Minstrel” and the other long poems, in form at least, seem a long way from the ballad and more akin to the mediæval metrical romance. The octo-syllabic couplet offers an easier vehicle for narrative than the ballad stanza, and Scott found it excellently suited for his purpose. Saturated in ballad lore as he was, we find that the motivation is still greatly similar to that of the ballads. The viewpoint, however, is not that of the common people but rather that of mediæval chivalry. The pomp of heraldry, the pride of ancient line and colour transfuse every incident depicted, and the glamour of romance pervades the whole. Instead of rough-and-ready, off-hand

Border heroes or the shadowy kings, earls and clerks of the popular muse, we are among knights of cote-armour and many quarterings. Jock o' the Side and Jamie Telfer would be ill at ease in the company of the knights at Branksome Hall. They would be conscious of the mud on their boots.

Still, the phase of life in "The Lay" and in "Marmion" is very largely that of the Border ballads. The scene is the same and the men are the same but the social setting has been widened and made more complex. Elements foreign to or rare in the ballads have entered in. As Scott himself has said: "Romance is like a compound metal derived from various mines and in the different specimens of which one metal or other was alternately predominant."¹

We find this the case in all of the long poems; and it is often very difficult to assay correctly the character and quantity of each alloy. Especially is this so in tracing evidences of ballad sources where the romantic style of Scott has so polished and refined the rough gems of popular motive.

Some of these motives stand out so clearly as coming from the ballads that there is small difficulty in placing them. The main incident of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," for instance, the single combat between Musgrave and Deloraine on the issue of which the English and Scottish armies agree to rest the settlement of their dispute, seems to have been inspired by "The Hunting of the Cheviot."² True, in the old ballad, the single combat on which the Douglas and the Percy proposed to decide the victory, became a general *mêlée* because of their followers' refusal to stand idly by while their leaders fought; but the suggestion is there. The whole poem is reminiscent of the "Otterbourne"³ and the "Cheviot."

The tale of "Marmion" finds its broad basis in the historical period culminating with the battle of Flodden. The main story, which involves the forging of a sham treasonable letter, by which Marmion secures the downfall of De Wilton, his rival in love, is too sophisticated to have been motivated in true balladry. Certain minor features and incidents,

¹ Essays on Romance. ² No. 162. ³ No. 161.

however, suggest the influence. The devotion of Constance Beverley, the mistress of Marmion, who left her convent vows and served three years as his page, suggests "Child Waters,"¹ and other ballads where the lady acts as page to her lover. The cruelty of Child Waters, though not equalled is at least approached by that of "Marmion," who delivers Constance over to the tender mercies of the Church, whose vows she has broken. The heroine taking the dress of a page and serving with her lover is a favourite motive with Scott and occurs in many of his works, both prose and poetry. We have it with the Maid of Lorn in "The Lord of the Isles," and with Eiver in "Harold the Dauntless." It is, of course, a favourite motive in romance as well as in ballad.

"The Host's Tale" of the ghostly warrior who would appear at night upon the rampart of an old Pictish camp near his inn, and who might be compelled by any knight bold enough to conquer him in combat, to read the secrets of the future, has its parallel in "Sir Cawline"² and it is probably there that Scott got his idea. Marmion, it will be remembered, decided to test the superstition and rides out to dare the encounter; and the Palmer, travelling in his train, who is really De Wilton, his deadly enemy, borrows horse and armour and meets and vanquishes him on the rampart, Marmion taking him for the Phantom Knight.

In "The Host's Tale," Scott is careful not to be too familiar in the description of the fairy warrior, whereas in "Sir Cawline" "the eldridge king" is described with too much prosaic detail to convince us of his unearthly nature. He brings his "Ladye bright" at his bridle and he loses a hand in the encounter which is evidently of so substantial a nature that Sir Cawline presents it along with his enemy's captured sword to the King's daughter as a token of victory.

This commonplace and familiar treatment of the supernatural which the ballad public seemed to swallow with gusto, shows a strong contrast with Scott's method, or, of course, with the literary treatment in general. In his "Essay on

¹ No. 63. ² No. 61.

the Supernatural in Fictitious Composition”¹ he has very clearly set forth his views upon the matter.

“It is evident,” he says, “that the exhibition of supernatural appearances in fictitious narrative ought to be rare, brief, indistinct, and such as may become a being to us so incomprehensible and so different from ourselves The supernatural being forfeits all claim to both our terror and veneration by condescending to appear too often; to mingle too much in the events of the story and above all to become loquacious or, as it is familiarly called, “chatty.” This chattiness is a very common failing of the ghosts of balladry.

“The Lady of the Lake” has its scene laid away from the Border country in the region skirting the Southern Highlands, in the Trossachs and around and in Stirling Castle. The story, like that of “Marmion,” has its background in history, and is too well known to require it to be outlined here. From Scott’s own telling, it would seem as if what is perhaps the most important circumstance of the story, was suggested by an old ballad. He is speaking of having read aloud a part of the poem before it was finished to a friend: “He (the friend) detected,” he says, “the identity of the King with the wandering knight, Fitz James, when he winds his bugle to summon his attendants.” He was probably thinking of the lively but somewhat licentious old ballad in which the *dénouement* of a royal intrigue (one of James V. himself, by the way) takes place as follows:

He took a bugle from his side,
He blew both loud and shrill,
And four and twenty belted knights
Came skipping ower the hill.

The first part of “Tam Lin,”² the elfin lover, is suggested in the account of the curious birth of Brian, the hermit seer who spoke the augury that was to decide the victory in the coming fight. With Scott, however, the identity of the elfin father is shrouded in mystery, while Tam Lin is quite chatty,

¹ Scott’s Essays. ² No. 39.

as Scott would say; and turns out to have been caught young by the Queen of the Fairies. "Roxburgh" was his grandfather, it appears, and he comes from decent folk which tends to detract somewhat for us from his fairy qualities. In Scott, the elfin lover is delightfully vague and shadowy:

All night in this sad glen the maid
 Sat shrouded in her mantle shade:
 She said no shepherd sought her side,
 No hunter's hand her snood untied,
 Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
 The virgin snood did Alice wear;¹

It is as much, however, in the songs that are so plentifully scattered through the long poems that we can trace the ballad influence as in the narrative proper. In these again the manner of treatment is purely literary, but the motivation is largely rooted in the ballads and the style itself shows many reminiscent notes. These songs divide themselves readily into two classes; those that are principally narrative in structure, subordinating the lyric and reflective elements to the story itself; and those that deal with a situation merely and are very largely lyric in their nature.

Under the first of these classes perhaps one of the most familiar, excellent and popular is Lady Herons' Song "Lochinvar" in "Marmion."²

Young Lochinvar, whose suit for the fair Ellen has been denied by her parents, although the lady herself was willing, arrives on the very day when she is to be wedded to another suitor, more acceptable to them although not to her. He is come, he says:

With this lost love of mine
 To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine,

which he does to the great uneasiness of the bridegroom and the parents. Then with a word in her ear, he hurries her out the door to where his steed is waiting, swings her to the croup

¹ "Lady of the Lake," canto iii, st. 5. ² Canto v, stanza 12.

and mounting quickly himself, rides off with the lady, pursued unavailingly by the outraged relatives and guests.

This stirring border tale is taken direct from "Katherine Jaffarie,"¹ a ballad sent Scott by William Laidlaw. Some of the incidents have been slightly changed in Scott's poem. In the ballad, it is the bridegroom instead of the bride's father that challenges the hero on his entrance to the hall. It is the bride instead of the hero that proposes a health and she drinks to him. Her dancing a measure with him does not come into the old ballad at all. The bridegroom, Lord Faughanwood, is from the English borders, while the hero is a Scot. Contrary to the rule, we find a moral to the tale in the ballad, which Scott has wisely omitted:

A' ye lords in fair England
That live by the English border,
Gang never to Scotland to seek a wife
Or than ye'll get the scorn.

They'll keep ye up i' temper guid
Until yer wadin-day;
They'll throw ye frogs instead of fish,
An' steal your bride away.

Scott elaborates considerably on the gallant qualities of the hero while the ballad does not; and he supplies sentimental details that add much to our imagination of the scene. The bride

Looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.

The effective bit of comment that the bride-maidens make on the superior appearance of Lochinvar to the bridegroom is found in Scott alone.

Much of the excellence of Scott's ballad comes from his happy concreteness in the use of local place and family names. Where the ballad is vague he is careful to particularize. The wedding is at Netherby Hall and the hero has to swim the

¹ No. 221.

Eske river to reach it. Instead of "four a twenty bonnie boys" joining in the chase of the runaways, we are told

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan,
Forsters, Fenwicks and Musgroves, they rode and they ran,
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

This feeling for and effective use of proper names is a striking characteristic and forms one of the chief excellences of Scott's poetic style. It is perhaps not too much to say that, to some extent, he learned it from the border ballads which are so rich in nomenclature, effective both from association and from poetic euphony. Scottish nomenclature is particularly well suited for martial poetry. It will be noted that in "Lochinvar" the anapestic metre gives a different swing entirely from that of the ballad verse.

"Alice Brand" in "The Lady of the Lake"¹ draws its motivation from the fairy ballad, while its setting is the "good greenwood" of the Robin Hood cycle, although it is supposed to be in Scotland. Alice's lover slays her brother in the pursuit following her elopement; and outlawed as he is by the act, the pair don the forest green and take refuge in the greenwood. The Elfin King, however, resents the intrusion and their wearing of the fairies' colour and sends the dwarf, Urgan, who has been "christened man" and therefore fears not "cross or sign", to curse the intruder. The dwarf then appears before them and Alice conjures him to disclose who he is and what is his errand. He answers her:

It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray
And twixt life and death was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.
But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow dost sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine.

¹ Canto iv.

She crossed him once—she crossed him twice—
 That lady was so brave;
 The fouler grew his goblin hue,
 The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
 He rose beneath her hand
 The fairest knight on Scottish mould
 Her brother, Ethert Brand.

Here we have a variation of the motive we find in "The Marriage of Sir Gawain"¹ and "Tam Lin" where the spell, by which the fairies have changed the form of a mortal, can be revoked by some act of trust or boldness on the part of a fellow-mortal.

Scott has handled the fairy element very skilfully in this ballad, and the nature description is very pleasing and in suggestiveness goes far beyond that of the Robin Hood ballads which it recalls. There is added the glamour of fairyland, the "light that never was on sea or land."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in Fairyland,
 When fairy birds are singing,
 When the court doth ride by their Monarch's side,
 With bit and bridle ringing.

And gayly shines the Fairyland,
 But all is glistening show
 Like the idle gleam that December's beam
 Can dart on ice and snow.

Compare this with the description of "Thomas the Rhymer."²

An' dinna ye see yon road, Thomas,
 That lies out owr yon lilly lee?
 Weel is the man yon gate may gang
 For it leads him straight to the heavens hie.

But do you see yon road, Thomas,
 That lies out owr yon frosty fell?
 Ill is the man yon gate may gang
 For it leads him straight to the pit of hell.

¹ No. 31. ² No. 37.

Here, while the lines lack the poetic quality of Scott's and again the Queen of the Fairies is much too chatty and reminds one somewhat of the gossipy cicerone of some ancient castle rather than a puissant elfin potentate, still they are not without their imaginative appeal. It is even possible that the "road that lies out ovr yon frosty fell" inspired Scott's fine comparison of the light of Fairyland with the cold sunlight of December shining on the ice and snow, in the verses above quoted.

"O Brignall's Banks are Wild and Fair," in "Rokeby," has nothing of the fairy element but is simply the outlaw ballad in literary dress and furnished with a refrain. The maiden prefers life in the greenwood with her outlaw lover to being Queen of England.

"Jock o' Hazeldean," one of the most popular of Scottish songs, Scott made out of the ballad "John of Hazelgreen."¹ The first stanza of the "E" version, which, composed of but two stanzas, is fragmentary and imperfect, he adopted without change; the remaining three stanzas seem to be largely based on other versions but very much changed and condensed. A lady is discovered weeping by the tide for Jock o' Hazeldean. One who hears her woe offers to marry her to his son, who is described as the ideal of a gallant husband and will supply her with palfrey and jewels and all the luxuries she can desire. Everything is prepared for the wedding, the priest, bridegroom and guests are all waiting, when it is discovered the lady has eloped across the border with Jock o' Hazeldean.

In the longer versions of the old ballad, the story is different. The father who finds the lady weeping, takes her home with him to marry his son, who turns out to be the much bewailed Jock himself. The marriage then duly takes place.

Scott has handled the theme with a restraint that is lacking in the ballad, and he sustains the suspense skilfully

¹ No. 293.

until the last couplet of the poem, which comes in with fine effect of surprise:

She's ower the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!

To come now to the poems of situation merely, which show ballad influence. Under these we must include the poems dealing with the coronach or "lament," which was a favorite subject of Sir Walter's as it was one which he handled most successfully. Here again he found his originals in the ballad; but his style is literary rather than popular. However, in certain respects he inclines to follow ballad treatment. In the Lament for Roderick Dhu in "The Lady of the Lake," for instance, we find that, just as in "The Bonnie Earl of Murray,"¹ the ballad turns from the wider grief of the clan to contemplate that of the widow. Allan-bane likewise leaves off bewailing the general grief to bewail the sorrow of Ellen whom the dead hero loved.

"Glenfinlas, or Lord Ronald's Coronach," the first of the imitation ballads in the Third Part of the "Minstrelsy," takes the form of a lament but, as has been said, has more in common with the Lays of Ossian than with the ballad proper. The narrative in this is the important part.

The note of sadness so often sounded in the ballads is often echoed by Scott. The motive of the maid who has been ravished or seduced, so often treated as narrative by the popular muse, Scott has dealt with as situation merely in the Gleemaiden's song, "The Lay of Poor Louise," and in the latter half of Fitz Eustace' song which he sings to Marmion, awaking the pangs of remorse in that warrior's soul.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast
Ruin and leave her.
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingle war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

¹No. 181.

How different this with its pronounced moral and reflective tone from the ballad treatment which is absolutely devoid of it.

The little ballad which Madge Wildfire sings, expressive of the uncertainty of the pride of life, may have been suggested by "The Twa Corbies".¹

Proud Maisie is in the wood
Walking so early,
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
Singing so rarely.

Tell me, thou bonnie bird,
When shall I marry me?
When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.

Who makes the bridal bed
Birdie say truly?
The gray headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

The glow worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome proud lady!

In both ballads, there is a deep sense of the imminence of tragedy in human life. In the case of the old ballad, it has already arrived, the knight lies slain and unburied, and his lady, his hound, and his hawk have all forgotten him; in Scott's ballad, the maiden looking forward to marriage is destined rather to the grave.

In the one, "the twa Corbies" relate the tragedy; in the other a robin prophesies the maiden's coming fate.

"Proud Maisie" is one of the finest things of its kind that Scott has written, as "The Twa Corbies" is one of the most striking of the ballads. The suggestive contrasts of the first and last verses and of question and answer in the second and third are most admirably conceived.

¹No. 26.

The foregoing citations and comparisons will serve perhaps to show, in a certain degree, something of the great literary obligation which Sir Walter Scott in his poetry owed to the ballads. If the novels were examined in the same way, one would find in them, no doubt, a like indebtedness.

ROBERT ALLISON HOOD

1. The English and Scottish Popular Ballads by Francis J. Child. London: Henry Stevens, Sons and Stiles.
2. The Ballad in Literature by T. F. Henderson. Cambridge, at the University Press, 1912.
3. Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy by Andrew Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1906.
4. The Life of Sir Walter Scott by J. G. Lockhart. Boston and New York: MDCCCCX.
5. Sir Walter Scott as a Critic of Literature by Margaret Ball. New York, 1907. Doctor's Thesis Columbia University.
6. Ballad and Epic by Walter Morris Hart. Harvard Studies. Ginn and Company, Boston.
7. Domestic and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott by James Hogg. William Brown, Edinburgh, 1882.

The references to the various ballads quoted refer to the number as found in Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads as above mentioned.

PARIS IN 1871

THE following fragment, by one who writes as an eye-witness of events in Paris in 1871, was in my possession long before the outbreak of the present war, and is printed without alteration. It reveals a weak France, but its closing prophecy of a strong France to come, as all the world knows, has been abundantly verified. A second paper, to follow, will describe the author's inquiries into events of the French Revolution which he was able to contrast with those of 1871.

* * * * *

I was still a young man in 1870 when the Franco-German War broke out. The autumn of that year was to me a time of great sorrow, and the war saddened both my father and myself beyond what I could have imagined possible when our own nation was not directly involved. For this and other reasons I was restless, and before the end of April, 1871, I was eager to get to France. The Paris which my father had taught me to love was in deep misery, and it suited the temper I was in to go and share her sorrows. Perhaps I thought of being of some service, though I do not see now what useful thing I could have done. I went alone. My father was still young enough to envy my opportunities, but he could not leave his work. It was the middle of May, and Paris was undergoing its second siege within a few months—the siege by the troops of the National Government to overthrow the power of the Commune. I waste no ink on adjectives, but there is surely nothing more terrible in history than those days in the life of Paris. The armed National Guard had seized Paris after the evacuation by the Germans. The leaders had proclaimed an advanced system of socialism, and they were savagely resolved to put it in force. Treaty or compromise with the French government under M. Thiers, with headquarters at Versailles, was impossible. If Paris was again to be the capital of France this government must reconquer it foot by foot.

It would be wearisome to recount the difficulties in my path. I had excellent letters of introduction and official papers. But doors did not fly open to me. It was long, indeed, before I was able to reach the French lines, and to get past them into Paris was not easy. One thing was in my favour. Few wished to enter Paris; while, on the other hand, many were anxious to leave, for Death, short and summary Death, with no care for justice, was abroad among the Commune and no one was quite safe. To me in those days life seemed very hopeless. I well know how easily we talk of dying and how we shrink from the reality when it approaches us—unwilling but significant testimony to the goodness of life. If I know myself, however, I would then gladly have seen the end.

I can hardly explain how I reached Paris. As an Englishman I could take risks which a Frenchman could not take, and my intimate knowledge of the language enabled me to make adequate explanations when difficulties arose. At any rate, on May 20, I found myself installed in the little hotel, just off the Champs Elysées, near the Arc de Triomphe, which had so often been my home in Paris. The first thing that surprised me was that daily life was more nearly normal than I expected. There were more idle people in the streets than was usual, for most of the great industries in Paris were in a state of suspended animation. Still, what impressed me was that, in the midst of the most appalling calamities in the troubled history of Paris, the routine of life went on much as usual. An old gentleman was staying in the hotel with me, a scholar who had lived there many years. He was engaged in some work of research that took him daily to the great library which my father had haunted so much. Daily this old gentleman set out early in order to be at the library when it opened at nine. He remained all day, and returned in the evening to the hotel with the gleanings from his reading. One day he came back before noon in a state of great disgust. A fight was going on in the streets between the two opposing forces, and he could not get through to his work. This troubled

him much more than did the conflict between the rival sides. The next day he reached the library, but found it closed and an armed guard at the entrance. I saw later the book which he completed at this time. It was dated "Paris, pendant la Siège."

To know what was really taking place in Paris one needed to move about incessantly. Some quarters of the city were quiet and untouched by the tumult, and seemed unconscious of the awful events which were happening. I wonder, indeed, whether there were not people in Paris who knew only dimly of that dire crisis as one knows of things far away. The heavy boom of artillery must have told them that there was something unusual if they made enquiry as to its meaning. I picture to myself some deaf old scholar not hearing even this, living among his books, oblivious of all else, and full of mild surprise when in the end he heard what had happened.

I knew fairly well a correspondent of one of the London newspapers in Paris, and I went much with him. Those terrible days have become to me a vivid but often confused memory. I saw fascinating, tragic, horrible scenes, but the changes were so sudden that I find myself vague as to the localities where events happened. In the small hotel near the Arc de Triomphe there was a measure of disturbance; sometimes the two or three waiters whispered to each other with awed faces. Each day everyone showed expectancy as to what was happening. At night the outer doors were heavily barricaded. But in fact the tumult surged past us and left us undisturbed as long as we remained indoors. Indeed, my recollections of the evenings I spent in the hotel are memories of deadly dulness. But it was not often that I was there in the evening.

The Parisians have taken the national profession of *fraternité* in something even less than a Platonic sense; no people have shown themselves more cruel to each other. When I first reached Paris hatred of the Germans was most in evidence. The Parisians had not believed that German troops would dare to march through their streets. This indignity

could not happen to what they called "the most civilized city in the world." The Parisians would destroy any government that dared to accept terms from the enemy permitting him to desecrate their sacred city. They would raise barricades in the streets, and "behind barricades we are demons." We heard too much in those days of Paris as capable of every sublimity; of a "pact with death" to destroy the city and, if need be, to perish amid its ruins. The Germans who tried to enter Paris would find, said one orator, no city left, and future generations would wonder whether Paris had lain on the right or on the left bank of the Seine. The day had come when the Germans had marched through some of the finest quarters of Paris, and, truth to tell, nothing had occurred more startling than the fact of the march itself. I saw veils of crêpe thrown over the faces of the statues of the cities in the Place de la Concorde. This seemed rather like histrionic sentiment, and it had seemed to be a tamed Paris which the Germans had conquered. But a few weeks later the ferocity of which the Parisians talked was shown to be real enough. Some of them were in truth prepared to destroy Paris, and in doing so to destroy not the Germans but each other.

All great cities possess somewhere beneath a calm surface seething elements of primitive savagery. The checks upon these destructive passions are usually powerful, for the normal business of life is impossible if such passions are not restrained. But in Paris they were loosed during the interregnum between German mastery and the setting up again of the authority of the new republic, and I was the witness of terrible scenes in the relapse to barbarism. The Commune was a ferocious revolt against law and order. Existing governments which involve restraint and unequal opportunity must, it was claimed, be swept away in order to set up a new and real liberty. Each commune—and there were some forty thousand of them in France—was to govern itself, to take control of the land, the industries, and all other sources of wealth within its borders. Since the workmen were the most numerous element it was they who were to control these miniature states. The nobility

and the traders had had their day and were now effete; the hour had come for the working-man to rule. With each self-governing commune quite small, it was said that the problems in any one of the divisions would not be too complex for the intelligence of its members. For the larger national affairs the communes could federate with each other when action in common was expedient. There were communists in other centres than Paris waiting for the day when they should realize their ideal, but Paris seemed the fitting place in which to make the first great effort. Its former government was prostrate and, with the old order ruined, the way seemed to be open for something better. Probably those in Paris in sympathy with the Commune did not number more than one hundred thousand men—one-tenth of the male population. Most of these men had a fierce hatred of the Christian religion as the ally of the old order. One day when the rising was at its worst we heard that a Communist leader, in examining a priest, had asked his profession. "I am a servant of God," said the trembling old man. The Communist asked where God lived, and the priest answered, "Everywhere." Then the Communist made his master-stroke of blasphemy. He ordered the arrest of "this man's master, one called God," as a vagrant because he had no permanent residence. It was on a par with this that in a Parisian church the Communists dressed a statue of Jesus in the costume of a Versailles soldier, put a pipe in his mouth, and then shot at him as a target.

Well, I witnessed the scenes that took place when people of this type were in possession of Paris. There is no war so ruthless and bitter as civil war. The French Government was established at Versailles, and it found that it must besiege Paris as the Germans had already besieged it. The French troops closed in, pressing back the Communist defenders street by street. Those were beautiful May days, and spring was maturing into summer. The trees in the Bois de Boulogne were no longer beautiful, for most of them had been cut down when it had seemed that they might offer cover to the German

assailant. The verdure of the Champs Elysées was, however, but little injured, and I often contrasted the innocent freshness of nature and the radiant sunshine with the guilty, bloody and dark work that man was doing. Never again in my life have I had so strongly the feeling that God has abandoned the world as I had in those days on the Paris boulevards. From the first the Communists had shown a complete incapacity to rule the great city of which, by a strange turn of fortune, they had gained control. Some of the Communist leaders were sincere and intelligent men. They were in bitter revolt against a system that had, in very truth, crushed liberty and had brought on suffering women and children the cruel horrors of an unnecessary war. But, however good their aspirations, they had had no training in the tasks of government and were helpless before the pressing problem to be faced—the problem of waging war against the whole power of the National Government established at Versailles. Moreover, they were allied with all the worst elements in the life of a great city, with men determined to eat, drink and be merry during this orgy of power and not to mind about to-morrow. Perhaps for a week or two the decent men thought that success was possible. Soon, however, it was clear that they must fail, and then they were filled with a blind passion to destroy. In their despair and rage the Communists tried to make threats of destruction a reality, and I was witness of some of the deeds of men in this state of frenzy.

Nothing startled me so much as the savagery of the women. Voltaire had said long before that the Parisian woman was half tigress, half monkey, and I suppose that men who knew their Paris better than I did were prepared for the conduct of these demons. The men often showed cowardice, and one need hardly be surprised, for, during half a century, they had had little inspiration from any of their leaders. The women, however, were fearless. I heard someone say, "If the French nation was composed of women alone what a terrible nation it would be!" Even in normal times French women are, I suspect, fully the equal of Frenchmen in courage and

capacity. Often the girls acquire in the convents where they board a more complete education than the boys get during the shorter period in which they remain in day schools. The French women seem also to have a natural instinct for business affairs. Whatever the reason, they were now more determined, more relentless, than the men, and, when the Communists failed and the day of vengeance came for the Versailles troops, the women suffered stern retribution.

I remember a scene that my friend and I witnessed in that most fashionable part of Paris, the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de Castiglione. By this time the destruction of the Commune was certain, and the regular troops were restoring order. We heard the roar of a great crowd coming down the Rue de Castiglione and stepped into a doorway to watch what should happen. Presently a company of mounted men came down the street. It was not in them, however, that the crowd was interested. Just behind the horses followed two soldiers dragging between them a dark object which was, I saw at last, a human being. It would walk a few steps, but would totter and fall, only to be dragged on again by the two soldiers. A mob followed with fierce yells, and some of the men came up close enough to the object to strike it with their fists. From my refuge of the doorway I could see clearly what was happening. This object of the crowd's rage was a woman. Her bosom was bare, for her clothing had been torn off to the waist, and her black hair was streaming down her naked back. She was obviously a well-formed, even a handsome, woman. I caught a glimpse of her face as she stumbled to her feet after a fall; it was ghastly pale with red streaks of blood. The crowd believed that she had been caught spreading petroleum with a view to carry out the plan of setting Paris on fire, but I doubted, even then, whether there was not some mistake in such accusations, and many have since been disproved. The crowd halted at the corner of the Louvre. The woman, shrieking and gasping, was stood against the wall. A circle was formed. The two soldiers drew revolvers. There was a sharp report and then

only a black mass on the ground. The crowd dispersed. An hour later I saw that dark object still lying untouched where it had fallen.

In the first days I tried to keep a diary of what I saw, but I did not persevere. Even horrors become commonplace when they are seen day after day. Moreover, my mind was confused. It was hard to grasp the meaning of the multitude of things that were happening. I regret now that I did not record my daily impressions, for memory is treacherous, and I am vague as to the details of some of the events I witnessed. The Parc Monceau—perhaps the most charming spot in all the aristocratic quarter of Paris—was near my hotel, and there I often went. One morning, in the last days of the Commune, I saw the gendarmes enter a house. Presently they led out an elderly man and woman, both very pale and apparently ill. The two were ordered to march towards the Place Vendôme. They staggered along and then fell. This happened twice. The third time they fell I heard two reports. The gendarmes moved on, and two dark objects lay still on the pavement.

The Parc Monceau was a favourite place for executions. During the Terror of the Revolution the guillotine had been the instrument of death. Now the rifle was used. The victims of the Terror in Paris had numbered probably less than two thousand in all. In 1871 I saw three hundred persons in a single day marched out to execution. The horrors of '94 pale before those of '71. Nor was there any delay in order to have fair trial. Officers of rank not lower than that of colonel had and exercised the power of summary execution. One afternoon when I was at a café I saw near me an officer smoking a cigar. A group of men was passing. Suddenly two or three soldiers rushed at the group and dragged back one of the men. He struggled and protested. By this time the officer near me had stepped out to see what was happening. One of the soldiers spoke to him. He took his cigar out of his mouth, paused for a moment, and then said, "*Tuez-le!*" The man was dragged off. The officer came back and sat down

puffing his cigar. I ventured to ask what had happened. "The wretch was seen fighting in a barricade only this morning," he said, "and I ordered him to be shot." He took a sip of coffee, looked at his cigar critically, and presently rose and walked slowly down the street.

This was Paris in 1871. Death had become common, and was no more noticed than other of the incidents of a day. Bodies were left lying in the streets, and sometimes piled together. At night the streets and houses were not lighted, and I shall never forget my sense of horror when one night I stumbled over a body lying on the pavement near the Arc de Triomphe. At this central spot of well-to-do Paris I saw many strange scenes. It was within a walk of a few minutes from my hotel. One day I was lingering near the Arc de Triomphe when I saw a company of cavalry, followed by a long train, coming up the Champs Elysées from the Place de la Concorde. The train was composed of prisoners who were being marched out to Versailles. Many people were on the pavement of the Champs Elysées, and some of them shouted out curses at the prisoners as they passed. Some of the men had their coats turned inside out as a sign of their degradation. I am bound to say that they were, for the most part, a degraded-looking company. But there were exceptions. I noticed a tall girl with long golden hair falling down on her shoulders, and with a handsome, bold face. There was no fear in her eyes as she looked at the crowd. Some of them struck at her with umbrellas and walking sticks. One refined-looking and well-dressed woman near me was particularly vehement in her curses and her attempted blows. The procession halted at the Arc de Triomphe; there was a long pause; some shots rang out, and then the cortège moved on. I lingered near the great monument. Perhaps as a warning to the survivors to behave themselves in the long march to Versailles seventy or eighty of the prisoners had been shot under the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe. When I came up the bodies were still quivering. I waited and watched, and soon gendarmes began to lay the bodies on their backs side by side on the pavement

in order that relatives might come to identify and carry them off if they chose so to do. There were one or two grey-bearded old men. It was with an added sense of horror that I saw the handsome fair-haired girl among the dead.

I suppose it was for this purpose of identification that so many bodies were left lying in the streets. Sometimes carpets or cloths were thrown over the faces. One day in the Rue Rochette I saw some children go, out of curiosity, to lift the cloths and peer at the dead faces. One newspaper said that at one time eight thousand dead were lying in the streets of Paris, and that there was a real danger of pestilence. I went one day for a moment's quiet into a church near the Louvre. I think it was St. Germain l'Auxerrois, but am now not quite sure. Its dim aisles seemed to speak of repose and peace. I found indeed a peace which I had not expected. Lying on a board, stretched across two chairs, was the body of a boy, perhaps fifteen years old. He had a beautiful face, and, in the repose of death, it looked tranquil and almost smiling. His breast was naked, and there was a black spot on the white skin just over the heart which told where the bullet had struck him. I suppose I was by this time surcharged with emotion, for I remember sitting down in a neighbouring chair and burying my face in my hands. I must have sobbed audibly, for in a moment I was startled by feeling a hand on my shoulder. A man in lay dress stood by me with a kind, refined face which looked like that of a priest. Perhaps he was a priest, afraid now to wear his usual dress. He said, in French, "I thank you for your tears. I was beginning to think that men had forgotten how to weep." He moved away quickly, a little nervously, as it seemed to me. Perhaps, in those days of priest-hunting, he regretted already having revealed himself. My emotion was a surprise even to myself. I suppose it was the dead face of the beautiful boy which had touched me so deeply. As a rule the succession of terrible sights dried up the emotions, and one became hardened by horror. Death, death everywhere; that was Paris in 1871.

After Death, Fire. The Versailles troops were driving back the forces of the Commune, street by street, and the defeated rebels against society made real their plans to destroy the city. Again it was the women who were the most ruthless. They stabbed, shot, burned with incredible ferocity. A company of twenty women tied together were being marched down the Rue Royale to be shot. One of them flagged, and a gendarme goaded her with the point of his sabre. "Shame to treat a woman so," cried out a spectator. "Do you call her a woman?" said the gendarme; "she has just killed my captain, lieutenant and sergeant with three shots from her revolver." In some quarters, as the Versailles troops pressed in, the women pretended to be friendly and offered them bread, wine and cigars—all poisoned. They used feminine devices to entice men into houses and then killed them. One horrible tale was told. A young soldier was enticed into a house by a woman. Then petroleum was thrown over him and he was burned to death. Both women and men poured petroleum down gratings, especially of the public buildings, and followed this by dropping lighted matches. It was found in some places where fire broke out that the water-pipes had been cut so that the fire should not be extinguished.

During one terrible night I watched Paris burn. I had gone with my friend, the newspaper correspondent, to St. Cloud, and there, from what was called by the French (the English would not have used so literary a name) the Lantern of Demosthenes, in the Park, we looked out on the burning city. Eight or ten huge fires flamed out. Anyone who has watched a fire knows how hard it is to judge of the distance. The crowd would gasp as the flames shot up, "The Louvre," "Notre Dame," "The Tuileries," "The Hôtel de Ville"—and some of their conjectures were mistaken; Notre Dame, for instance, was not burned. As the evening wore on most of the people went off to their homes, but a few of us watched on through part of the night. I remember that there was a deadly chill in the air, and at last my friend and I walked off shivering, and made our way back to Paris. We secured a ramshackle

cab for a mile or two, but we had to walk for part of the distance, and we crept to bed dead tired in the grey of the early morning.

That was a terrible week—I should suppose the most terrible that any city has ever witnessed. The Versailles troops had to conquer the heart of Paris, street by street, and many hundreds of them were killed. Rebels taken in arms at the street barricades were stood up at once against neighbouring walls and shot. Some of them richly deserved their fate. The off-scourings of the prisons had been turned loose in Paris. Among the Commune were many deserters from the German army, men now without a country, and with the desperation of outcasts. In some cases the fugitives had primed their courage with drink. Tobacco had been put in barrels of spirits, and some of them drank this terrible mixture, which had a maddening effect. It is actually true that the fiends thus inspired adopted the devices of the women and soaked the clothes of some of the Versailles soldiers and burned them to death. They killed wounded men who fell into their hands. In one case, at least, they cut off the hands of some dozen soldiers at the wrist. One of their leaders said openly, in a restaurant, that the best ornament of Paris would be a bouquet of 300,000 heads ranged round the feet of the statue of Liberty. I only mention their murder of the Archbishop of Paris, of the curé of the Madeleine, of one of the chief judges of Paris. No wonder the attack upon the Communists was ruthless. No wonder that hundreds were shot in the Parc Monceau, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and in a dozen other places. Many who failed to keep up in the march of prisoners to Versailles and Satory were bayoneted and left by the wayside. Shooting, bayoneting, ripping up fellow-Parisians, all this after *fraternité* for eighty years in France! Trifles sometimes showed that pity had not been wholly forgotten. Among the rebels taken in arms at a barricade in the Rue de Temple was a boy of fifteen. With others he had been stood up against a wall to be shot when he asked to speak to the captain; he wished, he said, to take the watch in his pocket

to the concierge of the adjoining building, who would know to whom to give it. The captain accepted this excuse to get away and said, "Well, go, but make haste." In a minute or two the boy returned, took his place with his back to the wall and cried out "*Me voilà.*" The captain seized him by the shoulders, shoved him away with a kick—"Get out of this as fast as you can, you little imp." A moment later the men standing against the wall were shot and sank down in confused heaps on the ground.

By the end of May the struggle was over and Paris was quiet. In the Louvre the troops would suffer occasionally from shots from private houses, and, when they could, would inflict summary retribution. Some of the streets were heaped with the debris of fallen masonry. The pavement of part of the Rue St. Honoré, and no doubt of other streets, had been torn up to make missiles for the mob. Many houses and public buildings were spotted with bullet marks. Flying papers from burnt buildings, especially from the Tuileries, were blowing about in the Rue de Rivoli and neighbouring streets. One day I stood long in the Place de la Concorde and surveyed the scene. The air was full of smoke and had a kind of yellow haze. The great Place was strewn with debris, for here had been reared an immense barricade. Among the overturned carts, the broken timbers, the stones and boxes, there was still an occasional dead body. Men were hunting for them and were laying them in a row near the bridge over the Seine. The great gaunt ruins of the Tuileries, black and still smoking, made a dismal setting for the eastern side of the Place. I picked my way now along the quays, now by back streets, farther up the Seine to the Hôtel de Ville. It, too, was a great smoking ruin. The Place in front of it, the scene of so many striking events in French history, was strewn with overturned ammunition waggons, broken bayonets, splintered wood and every kind of confused refuse. In many places there were stains of blood on the pavement. Here, too, dead were lying with faces covered. There were gazing sightseers. I could not reproach them, for I was one myself, but their idle curi-

osity jarred upon me. I saw here what I had seen before—persons lifting the covering on the dead faces to look upon them. One woman of the working class seemed to be looking for someone. She went systematically from body to body. Presently two great furniture vans came up, and the bodies were piled in them one by one by half a dozen workmen in blue blouses.

It is amazing with what rapidity Paris settled down again to its normal life. In an old society there is always a surplus of those fitted for the humdrum of its daily tasks. The traces of the struggle were quickly removed. The streets were cleared, and, in some respects, Paris was itself again. But traces of the desolation long remained. A dozen years later, I saw the blackened skeleton of the Tuileries still standing. To rebuild the Hôtel de Ville was the work of years. The marks of bullets on some of the buildings will never be effaced. I was in some sense an idle man, and I decided to remain in Paris and see the nation in the task of pulling itself together after its great humiliation. I saw then that France had to relay the foundations of its national life. The structure had proved rotten. Despotism had failed, and whatever form the State should take the French people had to learn the art of governing themselves. Democracy is not beautiful in its workings, but it could not be less beautiful than imperialism had proved. Since those days I have watched France as closely as my faculties permit, and I am certain that, because her people have felt themselves in control, a new fibre has been growing in her life. On the surface there is much bigoted and noisy faction, but the real France has a deeper, stronger national life than ever it had before. In the next great time of trial France will not repeat the follies of 1870 and 1871.

GEORGE M. WRONG

CONFEDERATION IN NOVA SCOTIA

THERE is a disposition on the part of Canadian historians and publicists to regard the attitude of Nova Scotia towards Confederation before and after 1867 as mutinous, unreasonable and ungrateful. Whatever the feeling of the Mayflower Province towards the Canadian union may be, it is best explained, if not condoned, by a review of the history which produced that feeling.

The first outstanding fact is the primacy of Nova Scotia as a fully organized political unit. New Scotland was a name on the map of America from 1624, and Nova Scotia from 1634. When the French province of Acadie finally became the British province of Nova Scotia by the treaty of Utrecht, there was an honest effort to give it a civil, as opposed to a military, administration. Holding on tenaciously to this corner of the Empire in the face of countless difficulties, the officers of Phipps's forgotten regiment garrisoned at Annapolis Royal strove to provide the province with an outline of civil government. In the middle of the eighteenth century, Britain bestirred herself seriously to "plant" the neglected colony with English, or at least Protestant, settlers. The sign of that intention was the founding of a new capital on the shores of Chebucto harbour. Historians emphasize the fact that Cornwallis founded Halifax with trade-fallen British soldiers and sailors. Of their fellows who fought at Fontenoy and Dettingen, or sailed with Vernon, Anson and Hawke, Collins wrote "How sleep the brave." It is inspiring to think Halifax had such an origin, but the fact is that very soon, for reasons not all discreditable, the original settlers passed away. It is not generally appreciated that their place was taken largely by men from New England. When these New Englanders obtained from the reluctant Lawrence the local parliament they had long been denied,

they did not need to learn the A.B.C. of procedure, or to be instructed in their constitutional rights, privileges and limitations like the early legislatures of Canada. From 1758, Nova Scotia had her autonomy, thus antedating all other provinces of Canada. It is worthy of record that the first Nova Scotia assemblies served without fee or reward. I am of opinion that Nova Scotia's long training in constitutional procedure and practice had its natural outcome in the winning of responsible government, without, as Howe boasted, the shedding of a drop of blood.

This early political organization was soon followed by provincial self-consciousness and the growth of a well-defined local patriotism. Lawrence had a policy of "Thorough," like Strafford. His expulsion of the Acadians was only one half of a carefully considered plan of settlement. The other half was to replace the Acadians with New Englanders. That policy succeeded. Before the Seven Years War was over, prospectors from Connecticut and Rhode Island were surveying the vacant lands. In consequence, the western half of Nova Scotia is peopled with a folk who show to this day, in their speech, temperament, religion, in the very look of their houses, their New England origin. How comes it that every dictionary of Americanisms makes such drafts upon "Sam Slick?" My theory is that Haliburton simply noted down what he saw and heard in his own province.

Development, political and social, was arrested by the American Revolution. When the whole Atlantic seaboard flamed out in rebellion, strong efforts were made to cajole or force Nova Scotia in with the thirteen colonies. Those efforts nearly succeeded. The settlers from New England were naturally in strong political agreement with their kin and friends they had so recently left behind. Partial historians insist on Nova Scotia's loyalty during this trying time. It is what Ruskin calls the patriotic lie. The official attitude was correct. Part of the province was loyal enough, but Cumberland, Sir Charles Tupper's county, sent delegates to the Philadelphia Congress and aided the invaders

from Maine. To the westward settlers were always helping prisoners of war to escape across the Bay, to the "Continent" as it was called. The province was denuded of troops. While Governor Legge at Halifax had only thirty-six effectives, the Americans were mobilizing an invading force of ten thousand men. Smallpox, the British command of the sea, Washington's common sense and the inaccessible, quasi-insular character of the province protected it, until heavy reinforcements were thrown in, and the ramparts of Halifax remained virgin.

The peace of Versailles caused a new orientation of the province. For a century and a half, from the days of the La Tour and de Charnisay, the English in Nova Scotia had looked to their nearest neighbour, Massachusetts, for aid in time of war; for transportation, trade, food, even legal advice, in time of peace. Now Nova Scotians were cut off from their old friends and their natural market was closed. They turned their faces and their thoughts towards Britain. This attitude was confirmed by the sudden upsetting arrival of 25,000 loyalists from New York. Looking towards England for everything was most natural in those who had suffered the loss of all things for their fidelity to the King's cause. The first and most notable results of this fresh wave of immigration were the establishment of a bishop's see, a college and a literary magazine. Thus Nova Scotia offers striking proof of Moses Coit Taylor's contention, that the expulsion of the "Tories" drained the new-made republic of education, taste, talent and manners.

The isolation of Nova Scotia, its early political organization, and the incoming of a large body of educated men produced a local literature, chiefly of magazines. The models and the formative influences of these magazines were English; but from the very first there can be traced a steadily growing local patriotism. Its two most famous products were Haliburton's "Historical and Statistical Account"—the first history of a Canadian province—which appeared in 1829, and his "Clock Maker," which started in life as "Recollections of

Nova Scotia," six years later. The very centre of this movement in its "bloom period" was Joseph Howe. He embarrassed himself by publishing his friend Haliburton's history, while the "Recollections" appeared first in Howe's paper, *The Nova Scotian*. Howe knew his province as few have done. In the interests of his newspaper, he rode through it from end to end, as Cobbett rode about rural England. Be it noted in passing that he was a successful journalist until his entrance into politics; and that his paper netted him a good income. This unique knowledge of the land and the people gave Howe a unique love of his province. Nova Scotia was his passion, and like all true lovers he idealized the object of his devotion. The poet in politics is rare; but Howe had the poetic temperament. In his inward eye he always beheld his own romantic province imaged there—

In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams.

To him Nova Scotia was simply the loveliest and most desirable portion of the globe. He was never weary of singing its praises at home or abroad. His pride in its scenery, its history, its industry, its seafaring breed of men, its sturdy yeomen, was deep and unfeigned. His influence as a great orator and a great publicist in fostering local patriotism is quite incalculable. His enthusiasm was irresistible. For more than a generation Howe *was* Nova Scotia. No single leader of men in Canada, not even Papineau in Quebec, wielded the power of Howe over his fellow-countrymen. Howe is the one authentic case of hero-worship in Canadian history. To this day men dispute over his engaging, complex character, and remember as an honour that they once carried his letters, or held his horse.

Howe should have crowned his career as master architect of Confederation, for none of the putative "Fathers" had his magnificent vision of the future of British North America. Canadians are only beginning to appreciate the singular daring of that great experiment in politics. No Canadian

would dream of going back to the old condition of the unbound faggot, of which each single stick might be so easily broken; but no Canadian is so bold as to defend the manner in which Nova Scotia was brought into the union. "We have been entrapped into a revolution," wrote Howe. In truth, the status of the province was radically altered without the consent of the governed. The only possible defence is: "Let us do evil that good may come." As soon as the province recovered its voice, it pronounced upon Confederation in no ambiguous fashion. In the first Dominion elections of 1867, only one Conservative was elected, Tupper, the fighter whose unbending will had forced the new status upon Nova Scotia. Every other member was pledged to undo his work. Howe raised the storm and directed the whirlwind of opposition. Both before and after Confederation, he fought the measure in the province and in England, whence he returned a baffled and defeated man. His only alternatives to accepting the new order were armed rebellion, or annexation to the United States; and he was too true a patriot and too ardent an Imperialist to accept either. Then came his amazing *volte-face*. The man who fought Confederation tooth and nail, who told the Nova Scotians they were sold for the price of a sheepskin, eighty cents a head, who was ready to die with his boys on Tantramar Marsh in battle with the Canadians, took office in the Dominion cabinet under Sir John Macdonald. If the political cauldron was boiling fiercely before, this new ingredient of Howe's "treachery" doubled the toil and trouble. His old friends cut him dead, and overwhelmed him with obloquy; his new allies could at best be half-hearted. He ended his career under a cloud. Those who only knew Howe in his old days could not credit the legend of his great exploits and his marvellous influence.

Before condemning Howe's opposition to Confederation as factious, petty and unworthy, let us try to realize his point of view. In the first place, it was no crime that Nova Scotia was reluctant to change her allegiance to Britain. The fact that Halifax was a garrison town, a naval station from the

beginning, had brought the people of the province into closer contact with the might, power, majesty and dominion of England than any other part of British North America. The long wars with the French Republic and Napoleon intensified the devotion to England. The province prospered as never before. Nova Scotians found a career in the army or navy. A Nova Scotian officer was in the *Victory* with Nelson at Trafalgar; a Halifax boy brought the *Shannon* into port with her prize after the most memorable single-ship action in the annals of the fleet. Once more, an entirely new orientation was necessary. Nova Scotians were bidden to turn their eyes from Britain and her richly storied past, and look towards the west to a country which had only a future. Loyal Nova Scotians might be pardoned for hesitating to throw in their lot with other provinces remarkable chiefly for "deadlock, debt and rebellion." To Howe, rebellion was as the sin of witchcraft.

Again, the relative importance of Nova Scotia was far greater at Confederation than now. For the first time since the American Revolution, provincial trade flowed in its natural channels, with the United States; and for twelve years past Nova Scotia had sold all she could produce, in her natural market, at war prices. Her great shipbuilding industry was at its height. The province could boast a fleet of five thousand ships which carried the flag over the Seven Seas. Howe could truly say: "We have trebled our revenue in ten years, and with a hundred and fifty miles of railroad completed, and nearly as much more under contract, we have an overflowing Treasury, and money enough to meet all obligations, without having been compelled, like the Canadians, to borrow money at eight per cent., and to manufacture greenbacks."

Howe was honestly afraid of Nova Scotia being swamped by the Canadians, of her interests being neglected, of her tariff being increased and her power of raising revenue taken from her. All of which, as a matter of fact, came to pass.

The contemptuous phrase, "the shreds and patches of Confederation," was yet to be coined.

Unfortunately for the immediate success of the great union experiment, Confederation was followed in Nova Scotia by a long period of business depression. The weevil got into the wheat; the wooden ships, once Nova Scotia's pride, were displaced by the tramp steamer and sold to Norwegians; the high tariff did not produce prosperity. The just complaints of the local government were neglected by the authorities at Ottawa. Nineteen years after Confederation, Nova Scotia was swept by an agitation for repeal of the union.

On May 10, 1886, just before the provincial elections, the Hon. W. S. Fielding, premier of Nova Scotia, rose in his place and moved a series of resolutions, which form an epilogue to the struggle of 1867. These contrasted the state of the province before and after Confederation. Before, "the Province of Nova Scotia was in a most healthy financial condition;" now, "the commercial as well as the financial condition of Nova Scotia is in an unsatisfactory and depressed condition." The resolutions gave reasons for the "unsatisfactory and depressed condition." By the terms of the union, the chief sources of revenue were transferred to the federal government. The promises of Sir John Macdonald in his letter to Howe, dated Oct. 6, 1868, had never been fulfilled. It was also asserted roundly and without any qualification that "the objections which were urged against the terms of union at first apply with still greater force now than in the first year of the union." Taken all together the resolutions form a severe arraignment of Confederation, and justify every criticism Howe made of the pact. After giving the new idea a trial of nineteen years, the accredited leaders of the province declared deliberately that the experiment had failed as far as Nova Scotia was concerned. A remedy was proposed, the object of the old Charlottetown conference; that was Maritime Union, the peaceful detachment of the three Atlantic provinces from the Dominion. Failing this, the government of Nova Scotia "deem it absolutely necessary to ask permission from

the Imperial Parliament to withdraw from the union with Canada, and return to the *status* of a Province of Great Britain, with full control over all fiscal laws and tariff regulations within the Province such as prevailed before Confederation." Mr. Fielding and his party swept the province on this issue; and then—did nothing. No other province has manifested such decided opposition to Confederation.

One blessing of the bi-party system of government, not always perceived, is that rarely can both parties be wrong at the same time. As it is a point of honour for one party always to oppose the other, there is often a chance that one or other may be in the right. As the Liberals were anti-Confederate, by parity of reasoning, the Conservatives were ardent upholders of the union. In 1896 came the great overturn; the long reign of the Conservatives came to an end; and the Liberals were in the saddle. Mr. W. S. Fielding, who ten years before tried to take his province out of the union, became Finance Minister of the new government. His first official act was a magnificent gesture towards the mother country—the British preference. It sprung, I have been told, from the old colonial loyalty to England, and it has the distinction, unique, I should think, in the history of legislation, of having evoked a poem. "Our Lady of the Snows," though the butt of our small wits who never read it, is a genuine interpretation of the Canadian spirit, as was shown in 1899, and again in the present terrible crisis.

Those who are wise may follow
 When the world's war trumpet blows,
 But I—I am first in the battle,
 Said Our Lady of the Snows.

The accession of the Liberal party to power in the Dominion was potent to allay the official or genuine discontent of the Liberals in Nova Scotia.

Such a history accounts for the strongly marked individuality of Canada's most easterly province. The Nova-Scotianess of Nova Scotia is very different from the Ontariosity of Ontario, or the New Brunswickedness of New Bruns-

wick. Alone among the Nine Fair Sisters joining hands from ocean to ocean, Nova Scotia has a provincial flag, a provincial flower, and a provincial nickname. Holiday Halifax still flies the blue saltire of Sir William Alexander, on the white ground, with Scotland's ruddy lion ramping in gold in the centre. The May-flower or trailing arbutus, *Epigaea repens*, the darling of the spring, grows profusely and is really beloved by all ranks and classes of our people. The nick-name, "Bluenose," like other terms of reproach, has become an honour and is now worn by Nova Scotians like a plume. These are all signs of antiquity, of a settled social order, of a community which has developed a character of its own.

But I think I hear the unuttered criticism, "Surely this person is a long time in coming to his subject; surely the topic was the feeling at present on Confederation in Nova Scotia." Pardon me—I have sketched its rise and progress; its decline and fall. There is *no* feeling about Confederation in Nova Scotia at the present time. Some old man may yet be found who will grow vehement about Tupper or Howe; but the present generation, while not lacking in local feeling, is Canadian. A Bluenose student was reading his essay on Goldsmith in class, and turned aside at one point to say: "But while Goldsmith was returning from his European vagabondage, events of far greater importance to us as Canadians were happening in this country." He referred, of course, to the opening of the Seven Years' War. "To us as Canadians" is a striking expression on the lips of a Nova Scotian; as Carlyle would say, "significant of much." It is perhaps equally significant that the same man, though over military age, should have relinquished a good position to go to the front. An experience of twenty-seven years in Nova Scotia leads me to believe that the attitude of my Dalhousian is typical.

One reaction of the Confederation struggle in Nova Scotia, and also of the Repeal agitation, was to reinforce the provincial individuality. The Ontario person is startled by the question often put to him in Nova Scotia: "You come

from Canada, don't you?" His natural impulse is to retort: "Where do you come from?" But the query only shows the questioner's latent consciousness of a time when Canada and Nova Scotia were the only two provinces in British North America. A certain sectional feeling in Nova Scotia is historical and inevitable. It shows itself in criticism of the Upper Canadian accent and Upper Canadian manners. It is not a bad thing. Colourless uniformity seems to be the doom of democratic communities. Nova Scotia is an exception. Our most celebrated woman author, revisiting her country after a prolonged exile, called Nova Scotia "the real Canada." Nova Scotia's history—her very faults—have given her a distinction she is not soon to lose.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

PENSIONS

THE United States call pensions "War Risk Insurance;" theirs is the better name.

An article on "The Problem of the Disabled Soldier" appeared in the April number of *THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE*. It discussed the subject in general terms. It reviewed the circumstances under which men engage in war; it discussed the obligations of a state to its returning and disabled men; it mentioned the aims and nature of the means by which the replacement in civilian life of discharged sailors and soldiers may be ensured. In doing so, incidental allusion was made to pension provision. Because pensions occupy an unmeritedly important place in the measures popularly associated with the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers there seems to be room for a discussion, which this article attempts, of the principles upon which pensions legislation should be based and of the provisions which pensions legislation should make.

Before discussion of pensions commences it will be well to review the conclusions established in "The Problem of the Disabled Soldier." It is of national importance that a sound understanding should be general among us of the precise circumstances under which our disabled sailors and soldiers return to their homeland.

Sailors and soldiers, in war, are citizens delegated by their fellows to perform a public service; that service is the destruction of a public enemy. Therefore, sailors and soldiers incurring detriment to their persons through service are rehabilitated so that they may suffer no more severely than any other citizen by reason of the enemy's action, or other risk of war. Above all things, each Canadian will remember that Canada has an obligation to rehabilitate generously and justly those of her citizens who have suffered through their war service. But there is also an obligation upon returning

men to continue, within the limits of the capacity remaining in them, to be good citizens; a record of honourable service, and a pension, are no licence for an effortless life.

The war has produced many dislocations; the problem of the disabled soldier, like the finding of employment for demobilized armies, constitutes but a part of the work of reconstruction which the war will leave behind it. The experience, at home and abroad, of three years of war permits very definite assertions concerning means by which broken men may be mended, and concerning the methods through which the mending can be done best:—

1. Disablement is removed as completely as may be. No source of possible benefit is left unexhausted in bringing the unfitness of disabled men to an "irreducible minimum." All that medical knowledge can do by treatment, or by the supplying of artificial limbs or other devices, is done.

2. If, after treatment is finished, his disabilities make it inadvisable for a man to follow his former employment, he is fitted for another occupation by appropriate vocational training.

3. Compensation, by a pension, is given, when men leave naval or military service, for any war disability persisting in them. The amount of the pension varies in accordance with the extent of the disability, and is sufficient, together with the sailor's or soldier's remaining capacity for work, to secure "decent comfort" to him and to his dependents.

4. Employment bureaus, with widely-spread affiliations, assist discharged men in finding positions.

5. Arrangements are made by which disabled men are relieved from any increase, occasioned by the existence of their disabilities, in the cost to them of accident and life insurance, for reasonable amounts.

6. Advances of land, tools and capital, are matters requiring arrangement in the re-establishment of sailors and soldiers in civilian life.

7. To rehabilitate returning men and replace them in independent positions in civilian life is a national obligation; pri-

vate benevolence may assist, but may occupy no essential place, in its realization.

8. Delay in replacing disabled men in independent positions, after their unfitness for further naval or military service is evident, is inadmissible.

9. Armed forces exist to fight; therefore, they should not be impeded by a necessity for giving prolonged attention to men who have become permanently unfit for fighting.

10. The problem of the disabled soldier, though complex, is a unit. It is met best by a single administrative authority controlling requisite executive agencies; the executive agencies must be each closely connected with the field of its activities, and provide intimate individual contact with the disabled men.

11. The re-establishment of men in civilian life is a temporary operation; existing Institutions and Services perform it wherever possible, and permanent machinery is not created unless there is a permanent use for that machinery.

In Canada, the responsibility for the replacement of discharged sailors and soldiers in civil life rests with the Federal Government. The Canadian Medical Services give treatment to sailors and soldiers; the Military Hospitals Commission assists the Medical Services and provides artificial limbs and vocational training. The Board of Pension Commissioners has jurisdiction over the awarding of pensions. To these bodies is entrusted the liquidation of Canada's obligation to her returning men. They are the sailors' and soldiers' trustees. To them application should be made in all matters affecting disabled sailors and soldiers. From the nature of its functions, it is probable that the pensioning body, through its District Offices in each of the more important towns, will ultimately become the accustomed channel of communication between the ex-sailor or ex-soldier and the Government.

Experience permits another assertion. Public opinion became aware of insufficiencies in our social system when injured men and their dependents were affected; in requiring

remedies for the defects of organization to which those insufficiencies are due, public opinion is amending matters of national importance. Examples of matters of more than naval and military interest upon which ameliorating action has been forced, in Canada and elsewhere, are certain public health questions and the right of women and children to State support. Thus, if a soldier, permanently unfit to fight and about to be discharged, is distrainted to accept treatment for tuberculosis, it is done on social grounds; advantage, for such a purpose, cannot properly be taken of a citizen because he has been a soldier. Again, if a civilian is hanged for murder, his wife and children have to shift for themselves; if a sailor or soldier dies, as a result of his own improper and wilful act, pension to those who were dependent upon him may not properly be awarded because their support was a soldier, but on the social ground that it is to the advantage of a community to train and maintain children and mothers who are insufficiently provided for.

The foregoing exposition of its salient features suggests the importance of the problem of the disabled soldier to warring nations; it is of vital interest to two, if not three, generations, and it touches every aspect of social organization. The problem has received the attention it deserves. Striking is the similarity, not only in broad organization but in detail, of the measures adopted by each of the nations in replacing discharged men in civilian life: in organization, the necessity for a central, controlling, administrative body is universally recognized; England's "Ministry of Pensions" is fast becoming as comprehensive in fact as the Prussian "Ministry of Discharged Soldiers" is in name: in detail, the principles universally recognized have been enumerated already. It will be of advantage to expand the statement concerning some of them before going further:—

1. In the training of disabled men and in the finding of employment for them, care must be taken to avoid suggestion that they are a special class requiring special treatment. They must be taught standard trades—not pastimes; in

each community careful, expert survey of industrial conditions must make a sound selection of trades to be taught. They must obtain, and keep, employment, in competition with men who are whole, on their own merits as workmen and not through favour. Public gratitude, sympathy and pity towards disabled men cannot provide a permanently stable, economic basis for the support of broken soldiers and their families. Already, in France, administrative difficulty has arisen through the competition of disabled and pensioned workmen with others who are whole and unpensioned. Sympathy soon goes from normal men for a fellow-workman who, through disability, does less work than his mates; but, with his pension, has more money coming in than they have.

2. Men may be discharged from naval and military service when the disabilities which have made them "unfit" for duty have been brought to a permanent minimum by appropriate treatment and appliances. Sometimes it is desirable to discharge men before their disabilities have been brought to a minimum. The physicians and surgeons who decide when a man is "unfit" consider his physical and mental condition, his need for treatment, his character, his opportunities and vocation in determining whether he is to be retained for treatment or whether he is to be discharged and permitted to pass under his own control. Thus a disabled man of good character, with a home and a position waiting for him, may be discharged when he still requires minor medical attention; the circumstances make it certain that treatment will be received and that it is of advantage to the man to be under his own control. On the other hand, an erratic, dissipated fellow, requiring similar treatment, who has neither home nor employment, is not discharged; if he were not retained under official control, treatment would probably not be received and his disability would be augmented, with disadvantage to himself and to his country.

3. Pension is awarded, at their discharge, to sailors and soldiers as compensation for the disability then existing in them. The amount of the pension varies directly with

the magnitude of the disability for which it is held to compensate.

4. A nation makes good, by treatment or pension, disablement incurred during service by its sailors or soldiers; but it has no obligation to make good detriments incurred by men through wilfully improper conduct. In injuring himself, or in unreasonably refusing to accept simple treatment by which his disability might be reduced, a soldier is at fault; he has no right to compensation for the detriment which exists through his improper act.

To recapitulate: nations endeavour, by three sets of measures, to prevent a disabled man from suffering more by reason of war than does each of his fellow-citizens; by one set of measures an injured man's disability is made as small as may be; by a second set, an independent civilian position is put within his reach; and by a third, periodic payments of money—pension—compensate him for the limitation of capacity occasioned by his persisting disability. These measures constitute an attempt at distributing equally among a group of citizens war losses which have fallen unequally. To distribute losses is the essential nature of insurance; a military pension cheque is really a war-risk insurance payment.

Before discussing the provisions which naval and military pensions should make, it will be well to consider the nature of the losses to which our citizen sailors and soldiers are exposed.

When a civilian leaves his normal occupation for war service, his business relations are disrupted and economic loss may ensue. To protect him from such losses, the advancement of processes which would injure him is rightly prevented by moratoria and by other devices. How far economic war losses will be made good by the various governments is uncertain; by marine insurance Great Britain and the United States have done much towards distributing civilian losses at sea among their citizens; Great Britain offers cheap insurance against air-raids; France says, out and out, that all

property losses caused by the enemy in the war zone will be wholly made good. Up to the present, no nation has compensated individuals for economic loss occasioned to them through their alteration from civilian to military status. There are two possible exceptions to that statement; one is a wise provision of war-risk insurance law under which the United States take over and continue existing life insurance of their soldiers; the other is the system of gratuities through which Great Britain compensates men, who are discharged for various reasons without disability or pension, for the dislocation of their business connections caused by enlistment. The policies of some American life insurance companies are unlimited and permit no increase of premium when a policy-holder becomes exposed to war-risks; other companies, not so bound, have raised the price of insurance for enlisted men to a point (e.g., \$58 per \$1,000) where it becomes impossible for recruits to maintain insurance when they most need it, and surrender of policies and sacrifice of rights is forced. The United States tell their recruits, who are policy-holders, what they should do with their policies, and offer them life insurance, up to \$10,000, at \$8.00 per \$1,000. Wherever compulsory service exists, means should be provided, up to limited amounts, for relieving conscripts from loss to life insurance investments threatened through increase in premiums occasioned by their military service.

When a recruit enlists he brings to the service of his country, and exposes to loss, not only his person but the training, often representing a considerable investment (e.g., student, lithographer), which his person has received. It may be true that his military value is advantaged only by his person and that his training does not enhance his worth as a soldier; but, if he is disabled, and thereby becomes unable to use his training, is it just that he should bear the entire loss of the capital invested in his acquirement of a special capacity, and that the State should share only in the loss occasioned by the disability to his person? Great Britain

attempts to meet the situation by an expedient of alternative pensions; the United States, by offering cheap life insurance up to the maximum of \$10,000, provide an effective means of protection for those whose personal training represents a capital investment. Canada, like most other countries, holds the position that sailors and soldiers with similar disabilities must receive similar compensation (with often an exception of differences consequent upon varying rank) irrespective of previous training, status, or income. This position is supported by two assertions: first, that the State has an obligation to compensate only as it fails to return to each man, or to his dependents, that by which it benefited through him—a healthy person; second, that in fighting against a public enemy a citizen is defending not only the State, the social organization of which he is a part, but also,—and this for himself—the privileged position which his special training assures him among his fellows. It is certain that a Canadian special training would have a lessened value under Teutonic domination!

While a soldier is serving, his person is subject to losses, not only through the ordinary risks of existence, but from the added risk of war. In civilian life each citizen bears the risks of existence for himself; in some countries he does so through payment of premiums under a comprehensive scheme of social insurance. In military life, the burden of war risks should be shared equally between soldiers and their fellow-citizens. In theory, therefore, a military pension should compensate only for losses resulting from war-risk. In practice, it is impossible to realize that administrative ideal owing to the insuperable difficulty of determining, indubitably, in every instance, whether or not a given loss resulted from a risk due to military service. The tendency for modern military pensions regulation is, increasingly, to make the State bear all of a soldier's personal losses, resulting from risks of any sort, occurring during the period of his service—Great Britain, excepting only losses from a soldier's wilful design, has practically arrived at that point; the United

States is in a similar position. The change, though accelerated by expediency and by difficulty in administering pensions compensating only for military losses, is probably induced, in part at least, by the rapidly-spreading acceptance of some form of Health Insurance as a necessary part of modern community organization.

When a soldier is discharged, he is exposed to losses resulting from personal disabilities incurred during his service. His disabilities may prevent him from obtaining life insurance for the protection of his dependents, at normal rates, because of a lessened expectation of life. Most countries give free, but restricted, protection for dependents by definite provisions describing the relationship and need which may be pensioned. The United States War-risk Insurance arrangements are more reasonable. They give power of election to the man whose dependents are to be protected and accept a contributory premium-payment from him for the protection given. Again, disabilities may prevent him from getting accident insurance at normal rates; his disabilities make him more liable to accident and their presence may make the consequences of an accident to him abnormally severe. For example, a one-eyed man is more liable to accidents than is a normal man and the loss of his remaining eye makes him, not one-eyed but, blind. Employers, with workmen's compensation laws before them, hesitate to engage such a man. France, Great Britain and the United States have all, more or less directly and adequately, met the situation by schemes under which the pensioner is relieved from any abnormal cost, due to war disabilities, for personal insurance services up to limited amounts.

It is correct, for Canadian purposes, to say that pension is money given by the Dominion in compensation for personal disabilities, sustained by members of our forces, during war service. The intention of a pension is to ensure "decent comfort" to its recipients. For that reason, the number of monetary units in a pension should vary with the power of those units to purchase "decent com-

fort;" the amount of the pension should be raised or diminished in accordance with fluctuations in the purchasing power of money. Changes in the amount of pension might well be governed by an index figure based upon the actual budgets of a sufficient and selected series of families living in "decent comfort" and representative of Canadian population. (The distribution of population by provinces and in rural (53.7%) and urban communities would necessarily be considered in selecting the representative families.) Pension amounts also vary in accordance with the extent of the disability for which they compensate. The incapacity for securing "decent comfort" which results from a given injury varies from period to period in accordance with changes in economic conditions; therefore estimates of the extent of disability resulting from a given injury should be revised from time to time in the light of recorded experience. The United States have provided that their disability pensions are to be granted in accordance with a schedule of disability rates for named injuries, and they require their pensions administration to maintain and revise that schedule as best experience may dictate.

The amount of money which, on a given date, should compensate for total disability may reasonably be determined by a knowledge of the cost of "decent comfort" obtained by an examination of representative family budgets and by other means. The phrase "decent comfort" may be held, in Canada, to describe a standard of living equivalent to that which may be earned by a healthy, human, male body of military age; no State is sound in which the usual wage of an average man of ordinary training is insufficient to ensure "decent comfort" for him and for those normally dependent upon him. It follows that "decent comfort" may be secured for a totally disabled soldier by a pension equivalent in amount to the earnings of an average man. The pension awarded for a partial disability compensates only for the percentage of total disability existing in the pensioner; his remaining capacity for occupation should, with a properly proportioned

pension, give him an income adequate to purchase "decent comfort." This argument agrees with the Canadian practice of taking no account of former trade, training or social status in determining pensionability. There is no doubt that public opinion in Canada wishes compensation to be equal for equal disabilities without consideration of any factor other than the extent of personal injury for which pension is awarded. (See recommendations 7 and 9, pages 3 and 4, of Special Committee's Report on "Soldiers' Pensions." King's Printer, Ottawa, 1916.) In both Canada and the United States, the tendency is to make pensions for equal cause, equal for all soldiers, irrespective of rank. Equality of pension for similar injuries has much to commend it, particularly in a closely-organized community where universal State service in time of war is compulsory. In communities of another sort, it is difficult to see how a claim for compensation can be ignored from those who, through personal disability, have lost capital invested in training. (Allusion has already been made to the British alternative pensions, by which partial consideration for very limited amounts is given, and to the effectiveness of the United States War-risk Insurance in providing protection against such losses.) Necessity for maintaining the dignity of an officer or of military prestige may make it expedient in some communities for officers to receive larger pensions than do common soldiers, and for common soldiers to be assured a better living than an ordinary civilian can obtain; consideration of such things and of the nature or duration of service cannot be permitted to influence pension amounts under a system which considers naval and military pensions to be a means of distributing equally, among a nation of citizens, personal war losses which have fallen unequally.

Factors of widely differing nature are to be considered in discussing reasons for variation in amount of pension:—

1. Cost of living varies in urban or rural districts, and in different provinces; Canada follows a usual custom in maintaining that Federal pensions, though they pretend to secure

“decent comfort,” like Federal taxes, must be uniform throughout the Dominion—especially since a local high cost of living is often due to causes under local control. Something may be said to justify the reduction of pensions paid to those who leave their country to live, and spend their income, abroad.

2. When medical treatment is unreasonably refused, pension should only be awarded for the proportion of the disability which would persist were treatment received. The British provision on this point is not so radical as that outlined; it is understood that the United States will grant no pensions for disabilities which can be removed by operations as severe as that of radical treatment for inguinal hernia.

3. Some countries make additions to military pensions for great heroism or other exceptional acts; these, like payments for long service, are rewards for matters which are best left quite distinct from the “personal losses” for which pensions, strictly speaking, are intended to compensate.

4. Since sailors and soldiers cannot choose the nature of their service, the pension awardable for an injury should not be influenced by the nature of the occasion on which the injury was sustained; equal disabilities should obtain equal compensation.

5. The earning power of an average man is definitely limited; since that earning power is considered in determining the amount of a pension, it is reasonable that a maximum should be set to the sum of the pensions awardable in respect of a single individual. If it is desired to provide State support for an indefinite number of each pensioner’s dependents, it would be better for national harmony to do so under a general “Old Age and Health Insurance Act,” and under a system of “Paternity Allowances” for the children of large families.

“Proven dependency” is fast becoming the sole test of the right to compensation of individuals who claim pension in respect of a member of the forces disabled, or killed, during war service; the restrictions which sought to limit pensionability to certain set relationships are lapsing. An allowance

for a wife, once omitted or held to be included in the husband's pension, is now usually provided for, and a married pair receives a larger pension than does a single man; moreover, if a woman has been a regular consort, legal marriage is not necessary to make her pensionable. The whole tendency is an extension of the feeling, evident in maternity allowances and elsewhere, which recognizes women's right to State protection in return for the community service which they only can perform. (It is interesting, in this connection, that the British Ministry of Pensions provides free occupational training for soldiers' widows who are in need of it.)

In general terms, pension replaces the earnings which a pensioner would have made were he not disabled, or dead; like his earnings, pension should be distributable in accordance with his election, or responsibility, without restriction, if dependency is proven and the maximum amount for which he is pensionable is not exceeded.

The drafting of legislation giving effect to this general direction is difficult; legislation becomes hopelessly complicated, and often ineffectual, if an attempt is made to define those who may be pensioned and under what circumstances they are pensionable; (the United States meet the situation easily and effectually, in part at least, by a blanket insurance provision). The operation of measures of so comprehensive an intention must be safeguarded by appropriate restrictions if abuses are to be avoided; thus, pension systems, attempting detailed definition of pensionability and permitting pensions to wives marrying pensioners after their disabilities were incurred, are careful to state that such wives are not pensionable if the marriage is made, probably to obtain the pension, between persons of greatly differing age or when the soldier is moribund. Similarly, under the United States insurance laws, precautions are used to prevent policies from being taken out on behalf of speculators and others who have no right to profit by the law's provisions.

That wife and children should be pensionable so long as their dependency endures is acknowledged by all nations;

wives are pensioned until they die, or having become widows, remarry; children are pensioned—often with a special educational allowance—until they are able to support themselves. The extent of the obligation upon children to support their parents varies in different communities; it is, therefore, natural that there should be considerable variation in the regulations under which pension is provided for the ascendent relations of injured soldiers. In Canada, proof that dependency actually existed justifies pension to parents; but pension is not awardable in cases where need for support eventuates after the death, or injury, of the man upon whom a father or mother would otherwise have become dependent. Some method, possibly by insurance facilities, of providing against “prospective dependency” would be welcomed, especially in the Provinces of Quebec and Prince Edward Island, where indigent parents have a legal right to support from their children.

Pension payments are made to a disabled man only when he is discharged; payments to a soldier's dependents commence at his death. Pension is intended to provide subsistence, “decent comfort,” for those receiving it; it is confined to that purpose by regulations forbidding its attachment, assignment or commutation. In France, strict laws with severe penalties forbid the lending of money upon pensions. Pension payments are best made monthly, at least, since they go to persons who often are accustomed to receiving their income at short intervals. Although a pension is a debt owed by the State to its recipient, there are instances where the scandalous conduct of a pensioner makes the continuation of pension a matter prejudicial to public order and justifies its cancellation.

Disability resulting from war service gives right to pension whenever and wherever it appears. In estimating the extent of a disability resulting from a given injury, the physicians and surgeons, whose duty it is, establish and record by appropriate means, first, the exact nature of the detriment present, and then, guided by a table of disabilities established by

the Board of Pension Commissioners, the percentage of total disability present. In estimating the disability no account is taken of occupation; the damage to the human machine—to the normal body and mind—is alone considered. The disabilities resulting from the loss of use of an organ or member and from the loss of the organ or member itself are equal. If a disability unnamed in the table exists, its extent will be estimated by comparing it with the value given for a similar disability mentioned in the table. In a similar way, the loss resulting from a number of disabilities will not be estimated by adding together the values given for each in the table, but by an estimation, assisted by a comparison with disabilities mentioned, of the total incapacity present. In estimating disability not only injuries but every detriment is considered, such as need for rest, etc. The disability table used by pensioning bodies should be based upon past experience, in the communities to which they refer, of what actually happens to men suffering from the injuries listed. As a matter of fact, the tables are influenced both by such experience, of which there is very little recorded, and by the practice, through a century, of compensating bodies in Europe and America in awarding damages to workmen injured in industrial accidents.

The principles underlying modern workmen's compensation legislation and those recited as the basis of pensions legislation in this article are, with appropriate limitations, identical; consequently, it is inevitable that pensions administration should, in many things, follow lines found advantageous in the administration of workmen's compensation acts. Accident hysteria and pension hysteria both exist; but experience shows that there are comparatively few attempts at deception, and deliberate malingering to obtain unjustifiable pension or compensation is rare. It is better to safeguard against such attempts by sound administrative machinery—*e.g.*, good medical advice and thorough local investigation—than by restricting the circumstances under which claims may be presented by those asserting that they

have disabilities meriting compensation. Just as bodies compensating for industrial accidents have found it necessary to be responsible for medical attendance under certain circumstances, so the pensioning bodies in Great Britain, largely, and in Canada to a limited extent, are responsible for medical attendance and treatment to pensioners who require it for war disabilities.

A pensioning body acts as a trustee for pensioners; it sees that pensions reach those to whom they are due without effort on their part; it assists those whose claim to pension is difficult to establish, in procuring necessary evidence; it administers the pensions of incompetents and minors; it furnishes the last means by which a government keeps in official contact with its disabled sailors and soldiers.

It is early, yet, to speak of the possible number of pensions. Estimates made in the United States expect that fifty out of each one thousand soldiers engaged will be totally disabled and seventy-five will be partially disabled; the guess is interesting. Already Great Britain counts her pensions by the hundred thousand, Canada hers by the thousand. That the cost of rightful pensions will be great is certain. That the cost will not be unreasonable, that it can be borne by a healthy nation, and that it must be borne in justice to those who are pensioned is also certain; this article endeavours to set out the reasons for that statement.

Though all the warring nations have recognized the principles upon which rehabilitation should logically proceed, prejudice and national precedent have often prevented the realization of ideal legislation. It is regrettable that it is so. The past unfortunate experience of the United States with war pensions arose, more than from any other single cause, from the inadequate and incoherent nature of pensions legislation initiated at the close of the Civil War. In order that there may be no such danger after the European War, the United States have adopted a War-risk Insurance-Pension-Act that is comprehensive in its plan. The ground has been well studied. The United States measure is the most effective

and clear-cut pensions law which has yet appeared. It leaves little ground for future attempts to change pensions legislation in order to provide relief for persons obviously entitled to it. A necessity for relieving distress not provided for by initial civil war pension legislation was a main cause of the many subsequent changes in United States pensions law; the same cause permitted the establishment of an imprudent system of granting pensions to individuals by Special Bills brought before the House of Representatives and Senate. It is expected that the generous and comprehensive War Insurance Act will leave no room for such things, and will always make unreasonable any suggestion that a "service pension" should be given to all who have served, even though they have incurred no detriment; (not long before August, 1914, "service pension" money was paid in Canada to men who, at the time of the Fenian raid, did no more than attend a few drills in their home towns, far from any fear of fighting!). Those who opposed the Act suggested that, while through it many men would be in comfort, there would be unfortunate cases of hardship among men who had neglected to protect themselves fully by the insurance offered; the Act's supporters answer that it is possible for all enlisted men to benefit by the provisions offered, and that if a man spends his money instead of investing it in insurance premiums it is his affair, for which he alone is responsible. By the Act, the Government makes thrift easy, remunerative, and, in part, compulsory for its men on service. It can do no more; improvidence must always bring its own punishment.

As yet, Canada has no Pensions Act. One will doubtless be considered by a future parliament. - It will be an important law. General public opinion, as reflected by parliamentary representatives, ultimately determines the nature of Canadian legislation. Therefore, each of us who has Canada's well-being at heart should do what he can towards making universal among us a right appreciation of matters concerning naval and military pensions.

JOHN FOX

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DURING the past summer I had the privilege of spending three months in England and in France on the invitation of the Executive Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and with the consent of the Canadian Army authorities studying whether it would be possible to undertake a definite educational programme among the soldiers of the Canadian Army, and, if so, what sort of programme could be carried out.

I assumed from the beginning of my study that it would be useless to prepare a plan for educational effort unless I found at least a willingness on the part of the persons whose benefit was sought to participate, or better still, a strong desire so to do. In order, therefore, that I might acquaint myself at first hand with the question, I visited all the Camps in England and the Divisional Centres in France. I had the privilege of discussing the matter with groups of officers, with individual commanding officers, with representatives of the Divisions in France, called to Headquarters for the purpose, with large numbers of men, both in private and by means of public addresses, with the Chaplains' organizations, both in groups and in personal conversation, with the Y.M.C.A. officers in connection with the little groups at work at present in study classes, and with small groups of thoughtful men who are at the moment doing something beyond army routine work to maintain their intellectual life.

As the result of these observations and discussions, which extended over a period of a couple of months, I came to the conclusion that I was justified in making the following statement as a basis for considering the kind of work that might be done.

There is a strong desire on the part of the men of the army, particularly among those who had previously been following intellectual occupations, to undertake any work that would bring them again into connection with the problems of civil life. The excitement associated with the beginnings of army service has passed away, and the social and civil instincts are again asserting themselves. A considerable portion of them are not only willing to take advantage of opportunities for intellectual improvement, but are anxious so to do. This applies not only to religious men who have been interested in Bible study and corresponding subjects, in association with the Y.M.C.A. and Chaplains' Service, but to those whose thought and interest run entirely to ordinary secular occupation. Two illustrations of the sort of evidence gathered will serve to show why I came to this conclusion.

I met a group of two hundred men, who came together after a religious service, on an invitation to discuss with me the possibilities of their taking advantage of an educational scheme in order to prepare them for their life at home after the war. As these men had been at a religious meeting, naturally a large percentage of them were men who were thinking in the terms of religious effort. Personal enquiry among them showed that fifty-seven of them wished to take up the study of agriculture, forty had their minds turned toward the Christian ministry, thirty to get a business education, eighteen to take up work of the character done by the Y.M.C.A., fifteen the study of practical mechanics, several the teaching profession, while the remainder simply desired to improve themselves.

In order to get information from a more representative group of men, a brigade was selected representative of Canada as a whole, in which there were one battalion from the eastern provinces, two from the central provinces, and one from the western provinces. An officer was appointed to determine what would be their attitude toward an educational programme, especially for the demobilization period. Eighteen hundred and sixty men were interviewed. Of these, thirteen

hundred and seventy expressed a desire for, and a willingness to participate in, an educational programme. A large number of them wanted instruction in engineering; an almost equal number in agriculture; and a considerable number in subjects of the ordinary academic type, such as economics and history.

Since my return to Canada the soundness of the judgement expressed above has been more than demonstrated by the growth of the work in the places where it has been organized. Classes were formed at Whitley Camp, before I left England, and already upwards of one thousand men are receiving instruction and a faculty of forty teachers has been organized, headed by Dr. Clarence MacKinnon, who was left in charge. Further, the call has come for immediate organization in every camp in England and also in France.

When I came to consider a definite programme, it was clear that the problem had a twofold aspect:

- A. How to meet immediate needs.
- B. How to deal with the period of demobilization.

The following extracts from a report made to Lieut.-Col. Birks will serve to show how the immediate needs can be met:—

A. How to meet immediate needs.

There are four definite ways in which educational effort may be directed in the immediate future:

1. By means of an organized scheme of popular lectures of an educational character.
 2. The promotion of small study groups.
 3. The promotion of reading groups in billets and tents.
 4. The development of a definite library system.
1. With regard to the lecture scheme this can be said: the success which has attended the lectures already given is the best possible guarantee that such a scheme, if more definitely organized and made a part of the regular systematic programme carried out in the Huts, would not only be greatly appreciated but would be exceedingly helpful. Further, by this means a splendid foundation could be laid on which to build the more intensive scheme of the demobilization period.

After a great deal of consideration and consultation with the men of your force who have been promoting this work up to the present, I beg to submit the following as an organized course of lectures to be given in the Huts during the coming winter.

Lecture Topics:

(a) *The Nations at War—*

The Allies: France, Italy, Russia, Japan, China, Portugal;

The Central Powers: Germany, Austria, Turkey.

The lectures should consist of an historical sketch with special reference to racial peculiarities, political institutions and educational facilities. Lantern slides should be used to represent persons, occupation, communities, and the arts of the people.

(b) *The Campaigns of the War:* The Balkans, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Italy, Russia, Western Front, At Sea.

The lectures of this group should tell how each campaign came to be undertaken, the significance of each in the whole course of the war, and the details of progress to date. They should be accompanied, if possible, by lantern slide-maps.

(c) *The British Empire:* Trip around the Empire, Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Other Possessions, Ireland.

These lectures should give a description of each country in relation to the British Empire—that is, how it came to be in our possession; its resources, its people—aborigines and modern—and its public institutions.

(d) *Canada:* What Canada is doing for her wounded.

Life in Canada after the war.

Plans for land settlement:

(a) Provincial Governments:

(b) Dominion Government;

(c) C.P.R. and private enterprises.

Thrift, its meaning and significance.

A clinic in life.

Economic aspects of education.

Canada—a comparison with the unsettled portion of the world.

- (e) *Agriculture*: Comparison of ancient and modern methods of agriculture, with the slides showing the use of ancient and modern implements. Modern agriculture, showing the complete operations from the sowing of the seed to the delivery of the bread to the householder.

These lectures might be helped out by slides showing the methods in use in various countries:

Types of Canadian farming operations—slides to illustrate types of farms from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.

Cattle rearing—types of breeds and their special value.

The latter should be abundantly illustrated with lantern slides showing the finest specimens of various breeds and typical herds as seen in England and Scotland.

Poultry Farming: A biological lecture; slides showing the process of the development from the chicken in the egg to the day of marketing.

- (f) *Scientific Subjects*:

Electricity and Magnetism.

Gyroscope.

Liquid Air—the four states of matter.

The Chemistry of Explosives—practical demonstration, where possible, showing guns, bombs, etc., in which explosives are used.

The Submarine—history and possibilities.

The Aeroplane—history and possibilities.

Wireless telegraphy.

The Solar System—map; how it came about, using the nebula to illustrate; photographs of planets; photographs showing moons of each; photographs of surface of our own moon; possibilities of life, etc.

General Astronomy—fixed stars, planets, nebula, double stars, spectrum, substances, etc.

It is not intended that this should be a stereotyped course, but rather suggested groups of consecutive topics to be followed as closely as it is found possible. Additional subjects and topics could be used as lecturers are found who have material of their own already prepared. The idea behind such a course is that the whole of the Huts both in England and France should be working on some broad scheme with a common interest and central idea, the central idea being to steadily promote an interest in educational and intellectual effort with a view to the larger plan which would be put into operation on demobilization. The idea of entertainment and general improvement that would be necessarily associated with such lectures should never be lost sight of. The lectures should be fully illustrated by lantern slides or moving pictures. Where possible, a fair proportion of the slides should be coloured to make them more attractive. The topics chosen make this possible.

2. *The Promotion of Small Study Groups.*

Already good work has been done by means of small study groups in many of the Huts, particularly in connection with Bible study. The groups meet under the direction either of the Hut leaders or persons specially appointed. This work could be greatly extended not only with respect to religious subjects, but more particularly in connection with those of historical import. Further, the group associated with Canada will offer an abundant field for reading and thought in the study of problems connected with social science, and particularly with reconstruction. A large body of material has already been produced relating to the latter subject. It is hardly likely that any work of a real constructive character can be accomplished, but a foundation might be laid in the minds of many men upon which constructive work of the future might be made to rest. The more men can be made to face the problems of reconstruction as a matter of national import, as distinct from the selfish motive, the better. The problems connected with our Empire in general, and of Canada in particular, offer a splendid field for reading and thought.

The topics in all probability will spring out of particular occasions, but I would recommend that, where departure is made from the religious topics and the historical subjects suggested by the lectures, selection should be made from the following:

- (1) Biographical studies—men who have made the Empire, their life and work.
 - (2) Literary subjects—our men of letters and what they produced.
 - (3) Political studies—comparing the modes of government of allied and enemy countries.
 - (4) Reconstruction work—what we can do to help Canada to get upon her feet again after the war.
 - (5) Education—its significance and value.
 - (6) Science—its place in industrial development.
3. *The Promotion of Reading Groups.*

If the men who are interested in the study groups could be made centres of helpfulness among the men in huts and tents, a great deal could be done to implant the idea of better education as a means of promoting a good life, and particularly to stimulate better thinking among the men. While the conditions favouring reading in the huts and tents are bad, they might be made more helpful by one man reading aloud to a small group. This could be made a means of spreading a knowledge of healthy literature. The movement at present being organized to encourage clean speaking and clean thinking among the men might in this way be helped. The influence of such effort would be far reaching, if the right sort of men became interested.

4. *The Development of a Definite Library System.*

Up to the present moment, the library facilities offered in the Huts have consisted very largely of old books sent by friends. Too often, these books have been of little value, being old and unattractive. This, of course, is not always so, but I think I am justified in saying that not more than twenty per cent. are of any use. I would strongly recommend that this practice be not encouraged further, but that the library scheme be carried out along the following lines:

- (a) A definite reading library to be put in the study rooms provided in the Huts. This library to be made up as follows:—
- (1) A distinct set of books covering the topics prescribed for lectures.
 - (2) Additional works on current history.
 - (3) Special books on topics of the day, particularly books relating to the political problems created by the war.
 - (4) An encyclopædia of the type of Nelson's or Everyman's.
 - (5) The Home University Library and books of a similar character.
 - (6) Books to be added from time to time as called for.

In this connection, I would strongly recommend that there be an understanding that any book asked for, if not in the library, be obtained by the officer in charge of a Hut, by applying to Headquarters, when the book will be purchased and forwarded. In this way every reasonable request could be met.

In addition, of course, a reasonable selection of novels, poetry, etc., should be made. I will submit later a list of books which I think will serve the purpose.

(b) I would extend the system at present in operation of handling books through the canteen. In France, the plan has been adopted of letting men have the 9d. novel for one franc; the money is refunded to them if the book is returned. I would suggest that a supply of good novels (say the shilling editions) be kept on hand, and be either sold outright to the men or a deposit taken upon them; that the good second-hand books now on hand be utilized in this way; that the libraries, as at present constituted, be reconstructed and the useless books thrown out.

(c) I would put in the reading room a limited number of the current magazines, giving the men an opportunity of keeping themselves conversant with what is going on in the world around them.

(d) In many ways the man most neglected to-day is the officer, owing to the peculiar condition under which he carries out his work. I would strongly urge that small officers' libraries be established wherever possible, and in any case the privilege of securing books under library arrangements be given to the officers, and that this fact be made known to them. I have had definite enquiries from officers at Headquarters for books suitable for their use. This could be made not only the means of promoting healthy reading and study among the officers, stimulating them as against the intellectual stagnation which their life has a tendency to produce, but would also help to bind them more closely to the Association. This is a matter that would have to be worked out by the officers at the Huts, as required, and should be handled with great care.

The definite promotion of educational effort along the four lines here presented seems to me to offer the best opportunity of meeting the requirements during the days of active war. In addition, it might be found possible to make some special effort in special localities to meet the particular needs.

In carrying out of the lecture course scheme it was arranged that a special officer should be appointed to each Division in France and to each army area in England. The chief duty of this officer would be to organize classes, and to secure as far as possible from the army itself, including the Chaplains' Service and the Y.M.C.A. Secretaries, the teaching forces necessary to carry on the work. The confidence that I had that sufficient help for the immediate needs could be found in the army has been more than verified.

Already the work has taken on a more definite form than I had deemed possible when I was in England. It has been found that classes can be organized along definite academic lines, especially in the classes where small groups of men meet for study of special subjects. I feel confident that the results of this work as shown by examinations which will be conducted at the end of the course will be found deserving of academic recognition.

B. How to deal with the Demobilization Period.

With regard to the demobilization period I think, perhaps, the following extracts from the report previously referred to will be a sufficient indication of the judgement I formed in the matter:

While the day for demobilization may be far off, yet it should be thought about, and plans should be made for that time. From the point of view of the soldier this will be the most critical period in the whole history of our army. Necessity for rigid discipline no longer remaining, in spite of all that officers will be able to do, there will necessarily be a relaxation of discipline. According to the best judgement obtainable the time taken may be extended to cover a period of approximately one year. It seems to me the greatest possible service could be rendered, therefore, by planning a definite, concrete, educational programme suited to the practical needs of the men. I would strongly recommend that plans be put on foot to plant an educational institution in one central camp, a University in Khaki—say the Khaki University of Canada—where practically all branches of study that could possibly be required would be offered, with an Extension Department going out to every other camp in the country. To be specific, I would have:

(1) *An Agricultural College.*

In this college I would offer the equivalent of a full year's work as set forth in the calendars of our Agricultural Schools in Canada. I firmly believe that 5,000 to 10,000 men could be got together to study agricultural problems under such conditions. I would include the following subjects: Animal Husbandry, Field Husbandry, Dairying, Farm Mechanics, Operation of Tractors and Motors, and, if possible, Elementary Chemistry and Physics.

As I have previously stated, in a group of two hundred men to whom I spoke about this matter, fifty-seven definitely gave their names as being willing, first, to attend such a course; secondly, to remove from their own units for the purpose of getting the course; and many of them agreed to remain

behind, if their units were sent home, for the purpose of finishing such a course.

(2) *Matriculation Course.*

There are, I found, a considerable number of boys of the high school age in our army, who would have attended college had the war not broken out. To-day, many of them are wondering when, if ever, they will be able to go back to the old grooves again. I would make this course a means of bringing these men together and promoting an interest in the studies which they left on enlistment. The least we can do for them is to seek by every means in our power to save them for intellectual work in the future. I am confident they will respond to such an effort. I would also use this as a means of promoting interest among those who have not had early educational advantages, if they so desire.

(3) *Business College Course.*

There are also in the army a great many men who have not had the advantages of an early education, who had begun a business career. In this course, I would offer opportunities for the study of arithmetic, business correspondence, stenography and typewriting, telegraphy, etc., etc. Here again I found large numbers of men anxious to undertake such work.

(4) *Work of College Grade.*

I would offer for undergraduates of the universities such subjects as History, Literature, Languages, Economics, Political Science, etc. For men who have only partially finished their course an effort should be made to get the universities of Canada to agree to the acceptance of such work so that time would not be lost even from the point of view of academic recognition.

(5) *Engineering.*

In this course I would offer to engineering students subjects like Mathematics, Mechanics, Descriptive Geometry, Drawing, etc., the work generally covered in the first two years of engineering schools. There are in the army a great many men who had just taken their course for entrance to engineering. These men should be encouraged to go forward

and not to take any lower work in life than that which they had planned. A reasonable stimulation would, I believe, bring most of them back into line.

(6) *Normal Training Course.*

Repeatedly I have been asked the question whether opportunities would be open to men to go back to the teaching profession. When we consider that there are vacancies for nine hundred teachers in one province of Canada alone, I think a sufficient argument is found for seeking to give such men as wish to follow the teaching profession an opportunity of making the necessary preparation. The matter would have to be taken up with the Departments of Education to get recognition, but I am confident such recognition could be obtained, in any case in Western Canada.

(7) *Medical Instruction.*

A careful enquiry has led me to believe that there has been during the war a vast accumulation of medical experience which has come to a limited number of the medical men, but that a great many of the men who are doing the medical services in the battalions have lost ground rather than gained it as medical practitioners. It seems to me that it might be possible to organize medical instruction among such men, using as teachers the best and most matured of the profession, for the purpose of making the knowledge that has been acquired during the war the possession of the whole medical profession—practically a graduate school. I have reason to believe that if a definite effort were made some of the choicest men in the profession would, while awaiting their return to Canada, cooperate in such a plan. The matter would require very careful study and consideration before a final judgement could be passed, but I am strongly of the opinion that a definite effort should be made to give the full benefit of this accumulated knowledge to the medical profession as a whole, otherwise it will take years before it becomes the possession of the average practitioner. I would further seek to promote a series of medical conferences across the whole of Canada after the war, for this purpose.

(8) *Legal Studies.*

Classes for the discussion of legal problems should be organized for lawyers and law students in which topics could be dealt with of the following character:

- (a) Recent Advances in Law.
 - (b) The position of International Law following the war.
 - (c) Formally organized classes for law students who have not completed their courses.
- (9) *An Extension Department.*

The Extension Department could be organized on a basis similar to that existing in some of our modern universities. The aim would be the organization of lecture courses in every camp, which would be accessible to every soldier. It would be administered from the University centre and would use the very best men obtainable in England and Canada. In classes formed, great subjects like the British Empire problems, the growth of the Empire in comparison with other nations, after-the-war problems, co-operation as a means of promoting public welfare, and especially agriculture, Canadian History and resources, the promotion of social and economic well-being, would be discussed. Debating clubs for the discussion of current topics would also be organized. An almost unlimited development is possible in connection with such work. In this Department I would have, as part of the programme, concerts and cinemas as a means of promoting a healthy, disciplinary spirit among the men. Further, short courses of agriculture along the lines now in operation in Short Course Schools in Canada could be organized in all the camps among the men who did not care to attend a fixed curriculum. As there are said to be over forty thousand farmers in the army, the significance of such work could hardly be over-estimated.

(10) *Department for Religious Work.*

This department would be made practically a theological college where men who desired to enter the ministry or the religious work of the Y.M.C.A. would receive preparatory training. That there will be a need for such work is indicated

by the fact that, of the group of two hundred men referred to previously, forty wished to study to enter the Christian ministry and a small number to enter the work of the Y.M.C.A. I can hardly conceive of a greater service being rendered to Canada than that we should gather in to such an organized course a body, say of five hundred to a thousand men, who would be made available after the war for the promotion of the religious, moral and social life of Canada in that spirit of comradeship which the war has produced.

(11) *Physical Education.*

The machinery is at hand in the organization of the Y.M.C.A. for starting a good scheme of preparatory training in Physical Education, Gymnasium Management, and many other forms of community service.

The above statements show only the departments of work for which the demand is apparent. Technical education in many practical branches could also be organized, in addition to engineering and agriculture. Plans for such work can only be made after the needs of the men are more closely studied.

As to the carrying out of the plans, the following extracts from the report already referred to will show in a general way what is involved in the scheme:

With regard to the plan for the Demobilization Period, it is necessary to consider five distinct matters:

(1) *The Location.*

If it were possible to get the military authorities to set aside one camp in England and to bring all the men who wish to take intensive educational work to that camp—that is the work described under all the departments above except the Extension Department—it would greatly facilitate matters. I would strongly urge that an effort be made to secure this arrangement. This would necessitate during the demobilization the breaking up of units as they now exist, which might present difficulty. Provision could, however, be made to restore the men to the units to which they belong, when the time comes for them to go back to Canada. Should it be found impossible to work the plan in that way, and intensive

instruction become necessary at more than one camp, it would, I am sure, be possible, if the camps were placed sufficiently near to each other, to use a common staff repeating the instruction in different places. In all probability it would be necessary to give instruction for a short time at a camp in France as well as in England, but this is a matter that cannot be decided until the scheme for demobilization has been agreed upon. In any case it would be necessary to adjust teaching plans to meet military requirements. In the meantime the military authorities should be urged to give us as great a concentration as is consistent with their general scheme. With regard to the extension work, the intention would be to have it organized and carried on in every camp where men could be reached in any considerable numbers.

(2) *The Staff.*

In carrying out the plan a large staff of men would be necessary. I have not been able to determine what staff would actually be required, nor how many would be available for the staff from the army itself. The size of the staff would depend naturally upon the number of men anxious for intensive study, and I am suggesting in a later part of this report a mode of determining approximately what this number would be. The details of this matter cannot be worked out until that information is obtained. With regard to the number of staff available in the army, I know that there is a large number of men who are acting both as officers and common soldiers who, during peace time, were following teaching as a profession. All the universities of Canada have given quite largely of their staffs to the army, and in addition high school teachers, business college instructors, and graduates of agricultural schools are scattered everywhere through the army. It would enormously diminish the difficulties of the plan, if the military authorities would place at the disposal of the teaching organization such men of the above standing as were willing to serve. I am sure they will do so. I had the privilege of speaking to university professors, to college graduates, to agricultural school graduates and to many clergymen who

had been in the teaching profession about the matter, and without a single exception all with whom I spoke stated not only their willingness to help with such a plan, but expressed a strong desire to participate in it, believing that this would be the greatest service they could render to the army.

In addition, I would lay the whole matter before the universities of Canada to secure from the universities such additional teachers as can be made available. I am confident that every university in Canada would be willing to share its teaching powers with the Khaki University, to help in the emergency. Further, for particular subjects I feel sure that some of the choicest men in England could be obtained to assist, particularly in the giving of short courses on special subjects in which they are expert. I would also lay before the universities, colleges and schools the question of recognizing the work done in the academic courses as being the equivalent of a part of the courses offered in their colleges, so that all the time spent in such study would be recognized as a part of the regular course and as preparation for the particular walk of life concerned.

(3) *The Equipment.*

Under Equipment the first thing is the lecture-room accommodation. If one camp could be set aside for our purpose in England, then the whole problem would be solved, as the Y.M.C.A.'s Huts could be concentrated in that area and other huts owned by the army could be made serviceable. As there will doubtless be much material suitable for temporary huts available, the question of buildings, I think, may be regarded as very simply solved, as the buildings used for army huts would be perfectly suitable for the purpose of class rooms and laboratories.

With regard to library facilities, an abundant supply of books is available in England within a few hours' call of any centre.

The question of scientific laboratories would require a little more consideration, but I would not expect that other than elementary classes would be called for, and the difficulties would be very easily overcome.

In agricultural equipment, machinery could be obtained, I have no doubt, from the agricultural implement companies, who would, I think, regard the advertisement as worth the effort involved. I would take the matter up at once with the big agricultural implement companies and see if this could be arranged. With regard to the motor mechanics, there will be an abundance of material in the possession of the army suitable for all purposes, with, perhaps, the single exception of farm tractors. I think it is hardly necessary for me to go into further detail. If it is decided to put the plan into operation, after the information regarding students and staff has been collected, it will be necessary for some one to immediately assume responsibility for the completion of the plan and make ready the organization in order to be prepared for any emergency.

(4) *The Cost.*

It is exceedingly difficult to make an estimate, at the moment, of the cost of carrying out the plan, as it will depend very largely upon the amount of teaching power that can be obtained from the army itself. Once the information as to what the army can give in the way of teaching power is available, I think the cost could be estimated very closely. I would suggest that no public statement as to cost be made until this information has been obtained. I am sure that the amount now paid by Canada for one day of the war will be sufficient, and that the Canadian people will be willing to supply that sum.

(5) *The Administration.*

If in the judgement of your committee the plan herein suggested should be undertaken, then I would strongly urge that an Educational Advisory Board to the Y.M.C.A. be called into existence (incorporated, if necessary). On this Board I would have a small group of men in England for executive purposes, whose interest would be in promoting and carrying out the plan, and in addition a group of representative men in Canada. The Board should be composed of men who would carry weight with the Canadian public. They would

give confidence as to the educational soundness of the scheme, and would be the medium for securing the public support necessary to put the plan into operation. It is hardly necessary for me to go into further detail with respect to this until such time as a decision is reached concerning it.

Since my return to Canada, the scheme has received the endorsement of all the universities consulted. It will, in the course of a few weeks, be laid before the remaining universities of the Dominion. There is every reason to believe that the fullest co-operation will be given. The Board of Management is being organized. The plan had received the unqualified approval of Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada. I have not the slightest doubt that we shall carry the scheme to a successful issue.

I close this article by quoting the concluding words of my report on the subject:

“In conclusion, permit me to say that it has given me personally the greatest pleasure possible to have had an opportunity of studying this question at first hand. I am firmly convinced that no greater service could be rendered Canada, looking toward the reconstruction days, than that the educational programme proposed should be carried out in a generous spirit. In the first place, a feeling of gratification would be created among the men in the army by the knowledge that the people at home were thinking and planning for their future in a practical way. This feeling, I am sure, would be reflected very strongly in the relations of the returned men to the public at home during the re-settlement period, a period which will certainly be a very trying one for Canada. In the second place, it would help to settle in a definite groove a considerable number of men who to-day are in doubt as to their future by giving them a start along the line of their future life before they return home. In the third place, as the army contains a great body of the choicest men of Canada, brought together from all parts of the country, no greater opportunity could ever occur for the educational forces at home and in the army to make themselves felt in the

development of the national spirit and the promotion of the national and imperial ideals created by the war.

“In a word, the University in Khaki might be made the starting point of a great forward movement, not only in agriculture and industry, but in the spiritual, educational and political life of Canada.”

H. M. TORY

“CANADA FIRST”

Strange years ago you grudged to say—“Before
You are citizens or fathers, you are men!”
And we that at your beck laid store to store,
Little had we for our allegiance then.
But that brave day when from beyond your seas
Claims heard you far above your native good,
And gave your instant loyalty to these—
Then felt we first your sovereign Motherhood.
Therefore for these, dear country, found at last,
Spend of our best, and still be strong to spend!
Life, freedom, all our harvest of the past—
What are they but as ransom for that end
In whose sure triumph your true pride disdains
That you should gain save as the whole world gains!

WARWICK CHIPMAN

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

PHASES OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

Six Lectures by J. Estlin Carpenter, D.Litt. (American Lectures on the History of Religions). G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. \$2.00.

The Announcement at the beginning of this volume makes the following statement: "The American Lectures on the History of Religions are delivered under the auspices of the American Committee for Lectures on the History of Religions. This committee was organized in 1892, for the purpose of instituting 'popular courses in the History of Religions, somewhat after the style of the Hibbert Lectures in England, to be delivered by the best scholars of Europe and this country, in various cities, such as Baltimore, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia.'"

The 12th volume in this series is the one now under review, the special period covered being the century and a half from 100 A.D. to 250 A.D. The committee selected as the Lecturer on this subject Dr. J. E. Carpenter, who was already well known as a writer in this and kindred fields. Thus our hopes are raised at the outset, but the general feeling left on the reader when he lays down the book is one of disappointment.

In a series of lectures which aims at reaching the highest standard we expect either some original contribution, or, at all events, a complete mastery of the most recent literature and a grasp of the subject in all its bearings. Judged by either of these standards, the lectures are not strikingly successful. In fact there is very little that might not have been said eight years ago by anyone with a tolerably comprehensive knowledge of the literature.

To begin with, a certain apologetic tendency is apparent in many places; for example, when he calls Irenæus—the most orthodox of all the many personalities of this period—the "profoundest theologian of his age." Again, the writer does not always clearly define his position. To take an example: on page 143 we read of the "man of exalted vision, the healer who could cast out demons and work cures, the speaker with tongues and his interpreter;" this list is introduced by the remark, "imagination readily soared into an ideal realm," and lower down we read, "*In the language of religion* (our italics), their various services were the manifestations of the Spirit." Such observations seem to indicate an absence of conviction of the reality of these divine gifts. Yet lower down this reality seems to be assumed in the sentence, "From church to church this wondrous experience was repeated." As a matter of fact, the author is in the presence of a dilemma.

If the Church really possessed these gifts in the beginning, then what becomes of the continuous progress which he claims for the Church? Most of us, in this case, would be inclined to look wistfully backward rather than forward, as the writer would have us do. On the other hand, if these spiritual gifts had no existence, then the documents which attest them are seriously discredited; yet these same documents are freely used as reliable sources, where they serve the writer's purpose. It might have been better if he had defined his attitude to his sources in detail at the outset. That he does not accept the traditional "inerrancy" of the Scriptures, of course, goes without saying. On page 5 he rejects the Petrine authorship of the Epistles ascribed to him, and elsewhere we read of "Peter"—the inverted commas indicating that he is not the real author of these letters. But the average reader asks: "If Peter was not the author of these letters, how do I know that Luke wrote the Acts, or that Paul wrote any of the letters attributed to him?" Yet both of these assumptions are made by the author without comment. Again, a good deal has been made in the Lectures of the Epistles of Ignatius. Seeing that their genuineness has been challenged and that an admission of their spuriousness would make an immense difference in our conception of Christianity in the early part of the second century, Dr. Carpenter might at least have given this matter some discussion.

We have stated above that justice has not been done to recent work. We may illustrate this by one example. One of the elements that make for progress in recent New Testament criticism is the realization by scholars of the importance of a study of the later Hebrew literature. Yet the author still retains, with regard to this literature, the attitude of indifference which belongs to the earliest years of the century. In fact, he still seems to remain entirely under the spell of Bousset and Harnack. In the present book, for example, on the same page (p. 309), we read of the "brilliant treatise of Bousset" and Harnack's "bold and original view." We should like to dwell on this subject longer, for it is important. The educated classes on this continent get their religious ideas mainly from the weekly sermons which they hear on Sundays. The preachers in their turn have received their instruction in the theological colleges. Now the professors in these colleges—taken as a whole—depend for their inspiration mainly upon German theologians, of whom the most eminent are Harnack and Bousset. In fact, these two enjoy in the field of theology a supremacy which hardly has a parallel in any other branch of study. Now we wish to point out that all Harnack's work is marred by the absence of an adequate knowledge of the Hebrew literature of which we are speaking. Bousset, as befits a leader, is so far in advance of his followers that he has realized the importance of the subject, and written a book called *Religion des Judentums im Neutestamentlichen Zeitalter*, which

reached a second edition in 1906. Rarely has any book been written by a scholar of note so defective, so unsatisfactory from every point of view. All this apparently remains unknown to the author of these Lectures. We may add that early Christian Art receives inadequate recognition, as well as recent work in the field of Comparative Religion. In the account of Baptism, for example, no mention is made of the writings of Eisler. Or again, on p. 309, where Bousset and Harnack are quoted as authorities on Gnosticism, reference might have been made to the work of Bolland.

Finally, in the case of a subject that requires scholarship, we have a right to expect unusual attention to the accuracy of minor details, yet the present book is so far from being perfect in this respect that it may almost be described as slovenly. On p. 20 we read that the worship of Asklepios had been introduced at Rome in 290, although he already had a temple there in 291; the dates 111 (p. 1) and 61, 62 (p. 69) are given as if they were certain, which they are not; Tiberinus, Jubilees, Hierapolis, Colossae, Pandateria are mis-spelt. On p. 221 we hear of a temple erected to Isis, probably in the year 38 A.D., which won for the goddess a "permanent place in aristocratic favour." This result is to be credited not so much to this attempt of Caligula as to the much later one of Caracalla. To say that Juno was the special patroness of the Phoenician city of Carthage might mislead without a note of explanation. The word "college" has no connection with "ligo," as is implied on p. 173. We are told that the bishop must only be married once, on the ground of Titus i, 6, but this is not a necessary inference from that verse. It is quite incorrect to make Herodotus responsible for the statement that the Greek belief in immortality is borrowed from Egypt. Herodotus is speaking of the doctrine of reincarnation, and he says that not the Greeks, but certain Greek teachers, had borrowed this belief. Moreover, we are allowed to believe that Herodotus is a perfectly sufficient authority on the subject, which he is not. The translations "arrogant" and "sang in turn" are hardly satisfactory equivalents of the Latin words in the translation from Pliny (p. 1). We are told (p. 2) that the Christians retired to Pella, as though it were an undisputed historical fact. On p. 287, we are left under the impression that Hadrian was the first emperor to give public recognition to academic education; the measures of Vespasian are overlooked. The date of *De Præscriptione hæreticorum* is said on p. 210 to be about 199, but even this qualified statement is open to doubt. On p. 395, the verse Ep. 1 John iii, 9, is misunderstood. "Legate Proprietor with consular power" (p. 1), sounds awkwardly in English. On p. 308, Manichæism is called a heresy, as though it were merely an offshoot of Christianity. We must object, too, to the statement on p. 289 that the Johannine contrast between earthly and heavenly things, like that of the Apostle Paul between the things of time and sense, can be traced ultimately to Platonic idealism.

In addition to this we notice a want of consistency in matters of detail. For example, the author is anxious to give a precise transliteration of Greek words, yet the Greek k is sometimes k, sometimes c; the practice of marking long syllables is sometimes observed, sometimes neglected; we find the name of the same Pope as Callistus or Callixtus; in quotations of Greek words in the original—in spite of the fact that these are not numerous—we have noted eight errors. The book, therefore, cannot be said to be without blemishes.

S. B. S.

MY FRENCH-CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS and other Sketches.

Q. Fairchild. *Quebec Telegraph Printing Co., 1916.*

Under the title, *My French-Canadian Neighbours and other Sketches* Miss Q. Fairchild presents a collection of essays, some dealing with historical subjects, others pictures of modern life in French Canada. In the historical essays—"Benedict Arnold," "From Quebec's Ramparts," "Historic Cap Rouge"—the author gives us a spirited narrative and a vivid description of certain phases of Canadian history. It is evident that Miss Fairchild has a thorough knowledge of her subject and an intense feeling for the poetry of the past as well as a veritable love for Canadian soil.

"The Going to the War of Jean-Baptiste Lachance" combines Miss Fairchild's story-telling ability with humorous and sympathetic descriptions of the French Canadians below Quebec. It is a modern war-story of real pathos in an unusual setting.

To the average Canadian reader, the sketch which lends its name to the series and that entitled "Monsieur le Curé" are perhaps the least interesting, as they consist mainly of descriptions of well-known French-Canadian customs and characters, and give one the effect of reconstructed jottings from a notebook rather than that of a continued narrative. For those who are familiar with the tales of Fréchette and Beaugrand and such a masterpiece as Louis Hémon's "Maria Chapdelaine"—works written in French by writers who have penetrated to the heart of their subject—these essays have no new message. Many readers, however, especially those to whom the French language is a closed book, will welcome Miss Fairchild's descriptions of life among the French-Canadians. It is to be regretted that, in the French expressions occurring in these sketches, the mistakes are as numerous as they are unnecessary. When one reads of "la grâce du rôti," "l'Infant Jésus," "mon petit chou," "un cage," one feels that the authoress might reasonably have taken the precaution to eliminate these errors before publication.

L. M. K.

FAITH IN A FUTURE LIFE.

*A. W. Martin. D. Appleton & Co., New York and London, 1916.
Pp. 203. \$1.50.*

This, in the best sense a popular discussion by one of the leaders of the Ethical Culture Movement in the United States, will doubtless be welcomed by many who have been led by the terrible events of the last three years to consider anew the perennial problem of human immortality. Mr. Martin is on the side of the believers, but in no easy-going way. He is well aware of the misuses of faith. He gives no support to the undisciplined research that is being actively carried on at the present time into certain obscure phenomena. He discusses comprehensively and critically the possibility of a definite answer, either of a negative or affirmative character; and only towards the end does he seem to lay himself open to a charge of undue assumption.

In a brief opening chapter the arguments for immortality, derived from the alleged universality of the belief, from instinctive desire, and from transcendent intuition, are considered and dismissed as insufficient. The dicta of materialism and evolution, which exclude survival of conscious personality, are then dealt with. A discussion follows of the contrary claims of spiritism and allied forms of occultism and mysticism, which purport to offer experimental evidence therefor. This evidence is examined and declared to be inconclusive. The author shows, however, a certain sympathy with the spiritistic hypothesis when he declares that it explains certain irreducible phenomena better than any other and has established a modicum of probability of its correctness (p. 110); a statement which appears to go beyond what is tenable, since it is difficult to understand—and Mr. Martin has not entered into details to show—how an unknown something acting in an unknown manner can serve to explain anything. Moreover, spiritism, even if true, would find it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to prove that mind is independent of bodily association; a most important point in its bearing on the question of immortality. The author, who recognizes this difficulty, attempts to escape it later by saying, "it is conceivable that some form of matter may exist, imperceptible to us, and which, associated with spirit, fulfils the seeming requisite for the latter's persistence" (p. 159), which he considers demanded on other grounds. These grounds consist in certain aspects of moral experience (Chap. viii).

At first sight, the moral arguments for immortality appear to be strong. They have been considered the strongest by some of those most competent to pronounce a judgement and best entitled to be regarded as amongst the individuals, if any, worthy to survive. The author discovers in a twofold moral experience, which is in reality one, "the surest and most satisfying

ground for the belief in personal survival after death" (p. 153), "It is that the more deeply and intensely we live the moral life, the more fully persuaded we become that there is in us something which cannot perish" (p. 152). And he cannot but believe "that anyone who is satisfied to pass into oblivion at death has somehow missed the moral experience that compels the conviction of continuity for his spiritual selfhood," and "has never experienced deeper and intenser moral living from one year to the next" (p. 155). It might be reasonably disputed that Mr. Martin's statements are in accord with all the facts; and it might well be asked whether his argument does not represent a disguised form of *petitio*? Is there not also an ambiguity in the phrase "passing into oblivion at death"?

A man may believe that at death his individual psycho-physical self, and with it his personal identity, ceases, and yet hold, like Goethe, that his influence and the memory of his personality by others will persist indefinitely. Plato and Cæsar, Shakespeare and Michael Angelo have not passed into oblivion. We think that Mr. Martin has not sufficiently investigated the relation of a "conviction of the continuity of spiritual selfhood" to the basis of an ethical system. Socrates and Spinoza refused to accept immortality as an indispensable foundation or postulate of moral endeavour; and the general trend among thinkers at the present time and for some years past has been to regard the belief as devoid of significance for the moral life. Mr. Martin himself admits that the belief is on the wane among all those who honestly face the difficulties; a statement which receives recent support from Professor Leuba's *Studies in the Belief in God and Immortality*, 1916, a book containing fresh and interesting statistical material. The argument that without this belief the goal of our strivings and highest aspirations cannot be fully attained and the moral life completed, raises the question whether there is warrant in the discoverable characteristics of the Universe for supposing that it cannot be otherwise. Is the contemplated goal more than an ideal which man has fashioned for himself? Are the attributes of goodness and justice ascribable to reality, and the evolutionary process in any sense intelligible to human beings? This extremely difficult problem must be faced and answered before the value of the statement that "the best within us, our own true being, cannot perish," can be appraised; or even before it can be determined whether it has any meaning at all.

The fact that many who believe in immortality seem to be unworthy of it, that the demand for it in their case is a bit of moral effrontery, and that some who appear to better merit survival do not demand it, goes to deprive moral arguments of their force. An universal and indiscriminate immortality seems to be *repugnant on moral grounds*: on the same grounds a conditional immortality, provided that the above-mentioned question were satisfactorily solved, might be intelligible and acceptable. To argue

that since nothing in nature is incapable of change, therefore every human being is capable of it, and hence *may* improve, and that consequently we are compelled to think even the most demoralized *may* possess a residuum of a capacity for improvement sufficient to lead us to *hope* in their immortality, is to adopt an attitude that is both useless and precarious (Chap. ix). For what is there so sacred in the desire to preserve such beings? In some cases, all that can be observed is a capacity for change in a downward direction, and to say that it *may* after all be otherwise, and that this would be grasped from a deeper or higher point of view, from which some thoughtful people are strangely excluded, is simply to take refuge in one of the many forms of the asylum of ignorance. At least, it has no interest for any attempt to place ethics on a scientific and philosophical basis. If it be said that mankind cannot get on without a belief in immortality, which we dispute, this, as a well-known Oxford thinker has said, *may* be a mere detail in the Universe; and such a race of beings may have to give place to another more in touch with the ascertainable conditions of moral life and the facts of existence.

Mr. Martin is quite scientific in saying that we do not and cannot *know* that we are immortal; but, like Kant and Mr. A. J. Balfour, he holds to "the faith which begins where knowledge ends," and regards this faith as rational.

W. H.