

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT THE NAVY

THE POLICY OF A UNITED FLEET

THE present parliament of Canada is called upon to settle, if it can, the most important question that has come before the British people since the American Revolution of a century and a half ago. It is asked to find a form of imperial defence that is consistent at once with colonial liberty and imperial union, that combines economy and efficiency, and harmonizes the claims of naval strategy with a rational conception of Canadian autonomy. Behind it rises on the horizon the whole question of the future of the Empire.

The magnitude of the problem raises it above the narrow limits of party politics. It cannot, it must not, be solved by the cast-iron vote of a party majority in the legislature, or the artificial cohesion of party allegiance among the electorate. The man who votes for this or that solution of the navy question merely because he is a Liberal, or because he is a Conservative, or because he is neither, is false to his citizenship.

The present question is no new one. For a hundred and fifty years it has stood as the riddle of the Sphinx, defying all solution. The British settlements beyond the seas began as places of refuge, as ports of trade, and as agricultural plantations. Those in America served for certain unlicensed forms of religious worship, for the growth of tobacco, and the distillation of rum. In their infancy the colonies flourished on neglect. As they increased, they were safeguarded and protected from purely interested motives. The British people who sold 40,000 Africans every year to their own and other plantations could not afford that any other slave-raiding nations of Europe should interfere with their market. The London traders who were making colossal fortunes from the sale of hardware in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts could not tolerate the intrusion of the foreigner in their trade.

Much of what we now call Imperialism—the fine creed of union and coöperation from continent to continent—had its origin in the jingling guineas at the bottom of the breeches-pockets of the London merchants. Some of it perhaps even to-day is tainted by its original sin.

The North American colonies grew. Their protection became increasingly difficult. It involved a half century of conflict before the final overthrow of the French. It created in England a national debt, a thing unknown when the conflict began, that amounted in 1763 to 132 million pounds sterling. The debt looked ominous. In the light of the finance of the day it foreshadowed national bankruptcy. Meantime the colonial territory that now stretches from the Arctic Ocean to Florida, contained some two and-a-half millions of souls, owning some half a million slaves. The British government turned to colonial support as a means of facing the growing burden of common defence. They proposed to raise taxes in America—stamp taxes, tea taxes, and the like—to defray the cost of the king's forces in America. They did not propose that the colonies should have the remotest control of raising or expending the money or directing the fleets and armies for which it paid. The colonial temper took fright at this. Patrick Henry of Virginia said that it looked like slavery. As a slave-holder, he had every reason to know. The quarrel lasted nearly twenty years. Deep called unto deep,—the depth of aristocratic stupidity matched against the depth of colonial selfishness. No means of solution could be found. Here and there a few theorists proposed a common defence and a common government. This was thought impossible. Perhaps it was. Those, be it remembered, were the days of infinite distance. Even between Liverpool and London the royal mail was very conveniently carried in the saddle bags of a single rider. At any rate the quarrel went from bad to worse. It presently led to fighting. A farmers' crusade, musket in hand, laid siege to Boston. George Washington, a particularly loyal British subject, took command. Benjamin

Franklin, a distinguished Imperialist of the day, who had worked out a plan of permanent union with Great Britain, helped to call a Congress to settle the dispute. Contrary to expectation, the fighting when started could not be stopped. It ended in the disruption of the imperial tie. This was called, not without reason, the liberation of America. It appeared as a bright example in the annals of the history of those who speak English. It is only very recently that we are coming to doubt it. Possibly the union of the whole English-speaking world, under an American president, or even the poor substitute for such offered by a British king, would have been a brighter chapter still.

The particular controversy ended, but the underlying problem remained unsolved. Nobody yet had found a means of uniting defence and government in such a way as to guarantee the existence of the Empire. For about a hundred years, however, the problem was not acute. Great Britain soon found an empire as large as the one that was lost. India was conquered, Australia staked out as a claim, and the great war with France gathered in a harvest of colonial territory falling like ripe fruit. For a moment, appetite was sated. A huge slice of South America, that could have been had for the asking, was refused. More than all, the victory of Trafalgar established a complete naval supremacy. Great Britain, able to meet any three rivals at sea, sang "Rule Britannia" over the wrecks of its sunken foes, and advocated universal peace and the maintenance of the two-power standard.

A new day dawned. The British merchant, convinced that he could beat any foreign rival at his own game, became a free-trader. His passionate arguments convinced the British aristocratic landholder that the chance was too good to be missed. Liberty became a passion. It was held and proved that there were millions in it. It was shewn, too, that the same liberty might be extended to the colonies; that to leave them to manage their own affairs in their own way would guarantee the interests of British trade and prevent the

recurrence of such deplorable enterprises as those of Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Papineau. The colonies, it was argued, would presently attain to their manifest destiny of independence, and float away from the insular parent plant on the milk and water sea of cosmopolitan love. The old conception of the Empire—predatory, fearless, slave-catching, tobacco-planting—gave place to the newer ideal of England as the mother of the nations, a sort of incubator for hatching out the bacteria of colonial liberty. This was the middle century. And in all this, of course, the defence problem went to sleep. There was no need to talk about it. The two-power standard was assured. The Royal Navy could easily undertake the task of carrying the Prince of Wales to New York, or of bombarding the mud forts of the Chinese at Taku, without sending a bill of costs to the colonies.

Then, gradually, the horizon changed. Universal peace, universal free trade, failed to appear. Cosmopolitanism went bankrupt. New, warlike states arose. Germany closed its heavy volumes of philosophy, worked off its superfluous flesh in a few preliminary enterprises, and then "unified" itself under the spiked helmet of the Hohenzollerns. Russia declared itself civilized and ready to fight. There ensued a scramble for the open places of the earth. Africa was torn asunder by the powers. The old plantation theory was back again, and at once the frantic navy building and the era of armed peace started in its course. This began, shall we say, about thirty years ago. Since then Europe is a soldiers' camp, its seaports are naval dockyards, and its commerce a mere tenant at will of the God of War.

With this situation came again the defence problem of the Empire. To let the colonies go, became unthinkable: for the colonies, equally unthinkable, to relinquish the protection of the British government. Imperialism sprang into life again: in part it was the old, crazy creed of conquest and slave-catching, and the aristocratic overlordship of alien peoples: in part, however, it appeared as the plain common-sense creed of union and common government, as rational as the case for the confederation of Canada.

In this form it was both hated and loved in the colonies: loved, from the conviction that it stood ultimately for peace and progress, hated because its name and its current terms smacked too much of aristocratic, British overlordship and colonial inferiority. The new Imperialism tried to adapt itself. It assumed the guise of Imperial Federation. The motive was good but the means, if not faulty, were at least premature. Federation, as a sentiment, elicited universal applause: as a means of paying taxes for the British navy, it went bankrupt. For the time being (we are speaking of twenty years ago), it talked itself out and left behind only Imperial sentiment without an Imperial plan.

Meanwhile, with every year the necessity of the case became more urgent. British naval expenditure rose from £10,500,000 in 1880 to £27,500,000 in the year 1900. External danger—real or at any rate potential—loomed nearer every year. At each colonial conference, the British government hinted at, or even asked for, colonial aid in Imperial defence. "If you want our aid," said the colonial statesman, "call us to your councils." "If you wish to enter our councils," answered the British statesman with equal grandiloquence, "give us your aid." The matter reached an impasse and stuck there. The game had come to a stale mate. Certain of the colonies, indeed, did find a means of action. Australasia, quickened by the sense of its own danger, adopted a temporary arrangement for paying part of the cost of the British fleet in its own waters. Cape Colony and Natal paid in a money subsidy to the imperial chest. Canada alone did nothing. Its official creed (both Liberal and Conservative) was that the building of railways and the granting of free land to British immigrants was a form of imperial defence. It forgot to state that the railways were built very largely with borrowed British money and that the land was given away, very profitably for Canada, to any one, British, Polish, or Hungarian, who cared to settle on it.

Then came, early in 1909, certain statements in the British parliament which precipitated what is called the

German scare. The policy of the Dominions, as they now had come to be called, was changed. Canada turned its back upon its declared policy of the past. It decided, against the opinion of a large part of its French citizens, that naval defence was a necessity. It set about the buying and the building of a Canadian flotilla, and the creation of a Canadian naval college for instruction in Canadian naval tactics. The flotilla was to be constructed as a consistent unit in itself, built, manned, and controlled, under the orders of the government of Canada. The executive and parliament were empowered under the Naval Act of 1909 to place the fleet in active service, that is, to send it into war under control of the British Admiralty, whenever they might see fit. By implication they might equally well see fit to keep it out of a war. Two ships had been bought, and a programme for building others had been prepared, when the government of Canada went out of office by a hostile vote of the electorate turning largely on a trade question. There was cast against them also the vote of the French Canadian nationalists as an expression of hostility to any form of naval defence. The incoming government therefore are called upon to take up and solve the defence problem, either by accepting the policy of their predecessors or by any other method which they may see fit to adopt. On their decision are staked things of infinitely greater import than their own political existence.

Meantime a Babel of voices arises and a tumult of advice. It is proposed that we abandon naval defence altogether. It is urged that we should subsidize the British fleet with a money payment every year. It is suggested that we should have Dreadnoughts built to order and present them to Great Britain subject to our recall at will. It is urged that we should build our own ships: it is answered that we do not know how. It is pleaded that we ought to spend our money: it is indignantly retorted that if we do we shall waste it. Finally, as a last resort, we are almost driven to asking the people: they, it is said, *must* know, if only we could frame the question that we want to ask.

Now there is no better way to approach such a problem than by the method of elimination. Let us see what the plans and proposals are that can be ruled out of court. This will lead us bit by bit on to the surer ground of what is practical and feasible.

First and foremost, of course, is to be considered the claim of the Canadian Nationalist that we need no naval defence at all. If this is true the whole discussion collapses. But it needs no very elaborate argument to show the hopeless fallacy of such an attitude. Why should Canada alone among the large political communities of the world be immune from possible attack? And if attack may come, why would it not be made by sea? Why must the coast of France, or Italy, or the United States be protected and that of Canada be considered beyond any real need? We may grant to the full how deplorable such a necessity is: we may look with horror on the naval budgets of the six great powers of Europe that amount now to half a billion dollars every year; we may admit that this money would feed and clothe a very army of the poor, and that the present armed peace of Europe is a mockery of the creed it professes to hold; that war is needless, useless, and, in the long run, destructive of itself; that universal peace can come as soon as common-sense lifts up its hand and asks for it;—all of this we may admit and yet see no reason for saying that Canada alone upon all the earth is exempt from any possible attack. The navy budget of Great Britain is a terrible and appalling thing. It stands now at more than 200 million dollars in a year. That is what is paid by a people of whom one in every 22 is a pauper, and whose citizens are now eagerly debating the point whether a tax of eight cents a week for national insurance is more than the family of the British artisan can bear. Does the Canadian Nationalist think that he alone longs for peace, and dreads the burden of militarism? As he stands knee deep in the hay of his Quebec meadow and fans himself with the olive branch of peace, does he not realize that the deep repose that prevails in his quaint corner of the world has been bought for him by the war taxes of other men?

What can the Nationalist say if we tell him that conceivably Germany or Japan might attack Canada? He tries to answer that these are Great Britain's enemies and not his. But if he had to-morrow the independent Canada of which he dreams, it would be still liable to quarrel with outside nations. It might easily become embroiled with Japan or China over the immigration question. What would happen to it if it had no ships? Or, if the United States quarreled with Canada, why should not that nation attack us by means of its navy? The attitude of the Canadian pacifist on this point is hopelessly inconsistent. He believes in a Canadian militia to ward off an attack from the United States. He repudiates the idea of naval defence because he says no one will ever attack us by sea. Presumably the United States in a war with us would be civil enough not to use its battleships. The plain truth is that the attitude of the French Canadian Nationalist is one largely of historic resentment. It is the nemesis of the conquest in arms of 1763, and of the seventy years of autocratic, British rule that followed it. It is the natural product of the arrogant, intolerant attitude of many of our English-speaking Canadians, to whose minds Imperialism and race dominance are one and the same, who would fain obliterate in Canada the language, the privileges, and the religion of our fellow citizens. We owe to the French the first discovery of this country; they were the first to realize its possibilities: they were the first to occupy its soil. When the English-speaking people of Canada, actually and in their hearts and apart from the lip service of public oratory and the mere text of a statute, enter into real coöperation with the French, Nationalism will end.

But there are some of our Canadian pacifists, French and English, who frankly admit that our immunity from attack arises from the protection of the British navy, but argue that the fact involves no obligation on our part. Great Britain, they say, would have to maintain just as large a navy purely on its own account even if it had not Canada to protect. The argument is as illogical as it is contemptible. The

British navy would have to be just as large even if it had not to protect Scotland. On this ground we might exempt the Scotch or, by parity of reasoning, the Irish from any contribution to the fleet. But there is no need to waste words on this claim that the naval defence of Canada is a bye-product of British imperial necessities, which we may filch away unnoticed from the pocket of the British taxpayer.

Equally contemptible and equally illogical is the argument that we are protected by the United States. The vague idea of the Monroe doctrine as the palladium of Canadian liberty is now entirely exploded. The Monroe doctrine, laid down in 1823, denies the right of Europe to reconquer the independent states of Central and North America. It has nothing to do,—and the text of Monroe's message is very explicit,—with the existing dominions of the British king in North America. It is, moreover, at best only an expression of policy. It does not bind the United States to fight Germany or Japan on behalf of Great Britain merely because in a British war they see fit to attack the British Dominion of Canada. We are about as much protected by the memory of James Monroe as we are by that of Buffalo Bill or Alexander Dowie,—perhaps less.

Yet even if the claim were valid the position would be insupportable. To be protected by the United States would put us in the position of the vassal republic of Panama. There would be no possible recovery of our self-respect except by sending our taxes to Washington to meet a part of the naval appropriation of \$135,000,000 for the current year.

One other claim remains,—the most important and in a sense the most dangerous contention of the present controversy. It is the idea that the maritime defence of Canada must be organized on the supposition that when Great Britain goes to war Canada may or may not participate in the conflict. This is the doctrine of so-called colonial neutrality. It is intimately associated with the naval policy of the late government of Canada and is sufficient in itself to nullify whatever good features that policy may have presented. Let us under-

stand clearly just what this doctrine means in order that we may realize how disastrous its recognition would be to the future of the Empire. The claim advanced is that in a British war the dominions, Canada, for example, will decide whether they propose to appear in the struggle as the allies of Great Britain or to keep entirely aloof from it. It is not here a question of petty wars against the hill tribes of India, or punitive expeditions, naval or military, that are launched against the cannibals of the Caroline Islands or the bushmen of Borneo. Quite evidently there is no need to discuss whether or not the forty-six million people of Great Britain are prepared to undertake these enterprises without aid from Canada. What is meant is that in a real war—a war between Britain and a foreign power—Canada will only participate provided that it decides to do so in each particular case as it arises. Let us be more exact. Canada will only participate if a majority of the particular party in power votes in favour of war, no matter what may be the views of the rest of the Canadian people. Anybody who wants to verify the truth of this interpretation need only read over the Naval Act of 1909, Sections 22, 23, 24, and interpret them in the light of what was said by the Canadian representatives at the Imperial Conference of 1911, as recorded on pages 121 and 122 of the official Report.

What happened at the conference was this. In the discussion of the rules of warfare under the Declaration of London, Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressed his opinion that Canada ought not to be consulted, nor to wish to be consulted, about the manner in which the British people propose to conduct war. "If you offer advice on such a subject," said Sir Wilfrid, "it implies of necessity that you should take part in that war. How are you to give advice and insist upon the manner in which war is to be carried on, unless you are prepared to take the responsibility of going into war?" Now this responsibility, according to the late prime minister, we are not prepared to take. "We have taken the position in Canada," he said, "that we do not think we are bound to take part in every war, and that our fleet may not be called upon in all cases."

Now the Declaration of London was not framed, nor discussed, with reference to a punitive expedition against the Afridis. It referred to real wars, as between one great power and another,—Britain and Russia, Britain and Germany, Britain and Japan. What Sir Wilfrid Laurier meant, and what his Naval Act of 1909 meant, was that from such a war we might, by the action of our Canadian cabinet, ratified by the voice of our Canadian parliament, decide to stand aloof. We should be a neutral nation, looking on at two belligerents. Can any sane man think such a course possible? See what it means. It presumes in the first place that the hostile nation in its war against Great Britain would leave our citizens, our territory, our ships, our commerce, unharmed and unmolested. From the point of view of international policy, and international law—as far as such a thing exists—the British Empire is all one. Germany at war with Britain is entitled to blockade Halifax or bottle up the commerce of the St. Lawrence, just as much as it is to blockade Portsmouth or to land an army in Kent. Even if the belligerent—Germany, let us say—were willing to recognize Canada as a neutral, lying outside of the combat, reflect a moment what it would mean. We should have to observe all the obligations of neutrals. We must allow no enlisting of our young men—public or private,—to join the armies of the mother country. We must send no money, we must offer no men, we must give no shelter, we must forward no supplies. In the darkest hours of adversity we must utter, officially, no syllable of sorrow; in the moment of victory we must raise, officially, no shout of joy. A British ship, let us say, is driven, hard pressed and torn with the disaster of a naval conflict, into a Canadian port. Its powder is spent, its guns dismantled, its hold is filled with wounded men. The ships of the enemy lie waiting beyond the three mile limit that international law allows, ready for the crippled prey. We, as a neutral nation, must, inside of twenty-four hours, drive it forth unaided to its destruction, and watch it sunk by the guns of an overpowering enemy within the very sight of our cliffs. Let but such a thing

happen and the news of it come over the wires to our great cities and to our honest country-side, and see then what would happen! Government or no government, ministry or no ministry, our people would be up in arms, with the law or without it, and all the better and the bolder for the defiance of it. Let the government try to hold the people of Canada from a British war and our streets would run with blood of civil conflict, and the confederation of Canada break instantly asunder.

“ We do not think that we are bound to take part in every British war ” ! Is it possible that one who was called prime minister of Canada for fifteen years, knows so little of the temper of its people?

Now if this is a fact,—and it is,—why should we not find in it the foundation stone of our naval policy that is to be? Let us build it with the very structure of our commonwealth, that when Great Britain is at war Canada is at war, that for good or ill, disaster or victory, we share the lot of the people to whom we owe every vestige of public liberty, every moment of public security that we have enjoyed.

If I were the government of Canada, I would draft this into a resolution of parliament, that in the making of peace or war we stand or fall with the fate of the United Empire. That should be the first article of the naval programme. Take that to the people of Canada and, in the ranks of the Liberal party itself, there is not one man in ten that will lift up his voice against it.

From our argument thus far certain very definite conclusions begin to appear. Canada must be defended by sea. This defence cannot be accepted as a gift from Great Britain or obtained as a bye-product of the foreign policy of the United States. It must be borne by the citizens of this country. More than this, the peace or war of Canada is one and the same thing as the peace or war of Great Britain.

Let us turn to see how defence resting on this basis is to be organized and controlled. And here let us set aside another fallacy, long since discarded by naval strategists but

still widespread among the generality of our citizens. Naval defence is not a thing which clings to the coast. The very word "defence" is in itself misleading. The true power of defence lies in an ability and a readiness to strike the forces of the enemy wherever they may be found. England was defended under Rodney and Nelson by sinking French ships off the West Indies and the coast of Spain. Turkey with its impregnable coastal defence of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus is powerless against the Italian fleet. All of this, of course, is the A-B-C of naval strategy that may be read in full and understood in its essentials, even by a landsman, in such works as those of Admiral Mahan or in the Memorandum presented by the Lords of the Admiralty to the Conference of 1902. Those who prefer to learn it in its simplest and most memorable form may turn back to the record of Elizabethan days: "It is the opinion of Sir Francis Drake, and of Mr. Hawkins, and of others, that be of great judgement in the matter," so wrote Mr. Secretary Walsingham to the Queen, "that the best way to defend the coasts of this country from the fleet of the King of Spain is to follow that fleet into its own harbours and there destroy it."

What was true of the defence of England in Elizabeth's time is true of the defence of Canada to-day. But it is not the "defence of Canada" that is in question. It is the ability to fight at sea the common enemies of Great Britain and Canada, wherever they may be found. The victory that would defend the commerce and the coasts of Canada, might be fought in the Baltic Sea or the Persian Gulf. Coastal defences, in a certain sense, there must of course be,—naval bases of supply, building yards, harbours of refuge, mines, and so forth; all of this is a part and a necessary adjunct of sea-power. But taken by itself it is but a shield without a sword,—a sorry weapon for active combat.

The defence of Canada, then, is merely part and parcel of the general defence of the British Empire and of British commerce. It is carried on all over the map, anywhere. It necessitates the establishment at suitable points of bases

for the building of ships and the storing of supplies. But to cut it up into separate units under separate control means dislocation instead of union and does not correspond to the natural requirements of naval war. Defence must be unitary, not dislocated, and must be carried on by a unified fleet of the empire.

How can such a defence be organized? It might be thought at first sight that the natural method is that of asking all the Dominions to pay a money subsidy to the support of the British fleet. This is certainly unitary defence by a unified fleet. But the policy, as anything else than a momentary expedient, cannot stand. No people can live by hiring others to fight their battles. The only real way to do one's fighting is to do it one's self. The picture of British bravery sub-let at an annual rental to represent in figures the high courage of the Canadian people is too humiliating. What sort of monuments should be set up in our public places after a British war?—a sculptured column, perhaps, with the legend, "To the memory of \$1,000,000, lost in a great conflict at sea;" or a headstone with the epitaph, "Here lies \$10,000, the generous subscription of a Canadian citizen, every cent of which perished nobly in the late war." The policy of an annual subsidy cannot stand.

In an emergency of course the case is altered. At present, as everybody knows, war ships can be built more effectively and more quickly in Great Britain than in this country. If war should come now, or the immediate menace of it, the best way in which Canada could contribute to the general imperial defence,—and attack,—would be by paying its money and buying or building ships wherever they could be built or bought most readily and cheaply. It would not matter whether our money built ships in Britain or bought them in Brazil, so that we got them. And the amount of such an emergency vote should be measured only by our resources. If a ten million loan would not meet the danger, we should vote fifty, twenty, a hundred till our public credit broke under the strain and we fell to melting our plate, mortgaging

our land, anything, everything; for that which is, after all, the first condition of national existence. The emergency vote should take if need be our last cent. We need not count the cost of it. People with 150 years of back-taxes still to pay, need not talk of taxation without representation.

But, as the permanent and regular form of our war preparation, we must of necessity train our own men, and—as soon as and as far as possible—build our own ships. This should be done not to create a separate, automatic Canadian navy, for such a thing has no meaning, but as our share in the upbuilding of a single unified fleet of the empire. How many ships of our building, or of anybody's building, would need to be at a given time in Canadian waters is a matter that would depend on the need and circumstance of the hour. At the present moment the great majority of the British ships are massed in and near the waters of the Channel and North Sea. Under present circumstances our ships, if we built any, would probably need to be there also. Under other conditions the main force of the united imperial fleet might need to be in and around the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the North American coasts. But whether stationed on this side or on that, the whole unified fleet must be under a single control, with authority to send it to any part of the globe where it may be of service in the common interest without first taking a poll of the voters of Nova Scotia or Saskatchewan.

This single and unified control can only be that of the British Admiralty. The logic of the case is irresistible. We may, if we like, combine the operation of our Department of Naval Service with that of the Admiralty Board. Nothing would be easier than for the Admiralty to delegate to our Department, by custom and courtesy, the patronage of all ordinary appointments, and the purchase of all ordinary supplies. There would be no need even to frame this into statute law. The whole British system is dependent on conventions and understandings. It would be perfectly possible that the British government would desire a representative of Canada as one of the standing Board of Admiralty,

which would become thus imperial instead of British. But these points are details, not essentials. The great thing is that there would be only one fleet of the empire, under one single control whether in peace or war.

The plan here indicated does not in the least prevent our building ships in Canada. On the contrary there is every reason that we should do so. If we imagine all the resources of the Empire grasped in the single hand of absolute monarch, we can reasonably suppose that his plan of defence would include the establishment of great naval bases, docks, and shipyards, in every important part of it. It would be unwise to stake the future of the whole Imperial domain on the industry and safety of one single part of it, even so important a part as the British Isles. The establishment of great ship-building plants in our maritime provinces, or at Quebec, would be in the general interest of all the British peoples. Evidently, of course, we should have much to learn at first in the art and economies of ship-building. But nothing can be learned without an apprenticeship. We are willing to make sacrifices in order to establish among us the textile industry, the iron industry, the leather manufacture, and the hundred-and-one other industries which we think necessary in order to vary and enrich our social and economic life. Surely the same argument that we apply as our natural policy in favour of making boots and shoes, ought to extend to the noblest and most characteristic of all industries ever carried on by the British people. To say that we should waste our money in graft and corruption, if we attempted to build ships of war, is puerile. If so, let us sub-let the whole task of government altogether, and call in the services of Mr. Lloyd George or Mrs. Pankhurst for the task which we abandon in despair.

But our ships, when built, need not remain anchored to the Canadian coast. They should form a part, an indistinguishable part as far as control is concerned, of the united fleet. They should be stationed, as any other imperial ships are stationed, wherever they are of the most use at the moment.

This plan of course does not preclude the erection of coastal fortifications, the mining of harbours, and other works of that character. These things go without saying. They are necessary all over the map of the British Empire, in Canada as elsewhere. They should be carried out still under the advice and direction of the one supreme naval authority of the Empire, though the details of operation might be delegated to any extent. There is no need for the Canadian contractor to feel afraid.

The extent and amount of our naval appropriation year by year is a matter that we ourselves can decide. There is no fear that any one will attempt to force the pace. If we decide to spend five millions a year, very good; if ten millions a year, so much the better. No one will complain or attempt to tax us against our will. As a matter of common-sense also, a part of what we expend will go towards local fortifications and coastal defence. The rest of it will be expended on whatever forms of ships may be most needed, not for the defence of Canada but for the common purpose of a united sea power.

The fault of the plan proposed under the Naval Act of 1909 was that it dislocated the peace and war of Canada, its fighting force, and authority of its control, from the rest of the imperial sea power. It presumed that the defence of Canada was a thing by itself, organized and controlled by an entirely different authority from that which governed the British naval force. It made a so-called Canadian navy loanable at will by the cabinet and parliament of Canada, on exactly the same terms as those on which the Brazilian navy might be put at the service of the British government. Worst of all the scheme contained within itself, in its fallacious doctrine of colonial neutrality, the future disruption of the imperial tie. The valuable features of the plan lay in its proposal to enlist Canadian sailors and to build Canadian ships, rather than to be content with the policy of mercenary defence that would substitute dollars for daring.

For clearness sake the policy that has been outlined above may thus be set down:

1. When Great Britain is at war, Canada is at war.
2. The supreme command and control of all the naval forces of the empire lies with the Admiralty. The Admiralty may adopt such measures as it sees fit, to delegate to the Canadian department of naval service the making of appointments, the purchase of supplies, and the building of ships, and any other matters.
3. All ships when built are stationed where they are needed with no territorial limit.
4. The annual expenditure made by Canada will be voted by the Canadian parliament.
5. The purely coastal defence of Canada will be included in the vote.
6. As soon as, and as far as, it is possible, ships will be built in Canada.
7. At any time, now or later, for greater immediate efficiency of sea power, an emergency vote of money may be made to the Admiralty for any purpose which they think necessary.

Plainly enough, of course, the plan of a united fleet commits the ships and men supplied by Canada to the supreme control, as far as they see fit to use it, of an Admiralty Board in whose present composition we have no voice. There is no other alternative for the moment. But it is for the British people to say in how far our aid in the creation of a united fleet will lead them to consult us in the composition of the Admiralty Board. If any steps can be taken to convert it from a British to an Imperial body, it is for the British people and not for us to indicate what those steps may be. Equally clear is it that the plan commits us to participation in wars that arise in connexion with a foreign policy over which we have no direct control. But this is true even now. Rightly or wrongly the feelings of our people already so commit us. Means of political reconstruction can be devised which will allow us to have some reasonable share in the general conduct

of Imperial policy. Till that can be done, it is wiser to be taxed, if so it could be called, without representation than to be neither taxed nor represented. If we find that in spite of our voluntary union in common defence the British people refuse us any share in common government, then and not till then is the time to talk of disruption and independence. Complete reconstruction demands the unification of both the defence and the policy of the Empire. But we cannot put forward both feet at once. If we wait for that, we stick fast forever on the dilemma of taxation and representation. If the Canadian people will take this first step in the unification of imperial defence, we may safely leave the unification of our policy as a further task, the accomplishment of which will be greatly facilitated by the beginning that we shall have made.

STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE

WHEN a bargain is proposed to a man he has an undoubted right to say "yes" or "no" to it. It is for himself alone to decide whether the arrangement is or is not for his advantage; and the party of the other part has no right at all to resent his action if he rejects the bargain.

But if, in rejecting it, he assigns reasons and motives for his act, it is open to the party of the other part not to be offended, but to have his own opinion as to the validity of the reasons given.

Were the average American who takes an intelligent interest in public affairs to analyze the impression made upon him by the act of Canada in rejecting Sir Wilfrid Laurier and reciprocity with the United States, he would probably mention surprise as the first and the prevailing effect produced on his mind. The statement would be true of most persons in the States, whether they were themselves partizans or opponents of the agreement. Americans who were hostile to the arrangement—and there were many of them—had persuaded themselves that the terms proposed were altogether to the advantage of Canada and to the disadvantage of the United States, and they would naturally feel astonishment that Canadians should be so short-sighted as to reject the bargain. On the other hand, the advocates of the "pact," believing that it was fair to both countries,—certainly as advantageous to Canada as to the United States,—for there were very few indeed, strange as it may seem, who thought that the bargain was one-sided and in our favour,—were also surprised at the result of the elections. There was, and is, a third body of opinion in the States, consisting of men who, like the present writer, never regarded the agreement as likely to affect greatly the mutual trade of the two countries, but who were strongly in favour of it as tending to promote kindly and neighbourly relations and sentiments between the two countries.

So, on the American side of the line, the surprise was practically universal, and the feeling was enhanced—in the minds of those who followed Canadian opinion—by the avowed motives of the rejection. We can understand, appreciate, and make allowance for, some of those motives. It is the function of an opposition to oppose. It always does oppose. We have seen “hard money men” become advocates of free silver at “sixteen to one,” when their party demanded it, and can point to one—formerly a member of Cleveland’s cabinet—who was a pronounced expansionist until his party declared against “imperialism,” and now looks with horror upon our governing the Filipinos without their consent. And it is all right. So, also, it was all right for the Canadian opposition to oppose the reciprocity agreement merely because it was negotiated by the government; and it was all right, and perfectly natural, for thousands of men who believed the agreement to be advantageous to Canada to vote for parliamentary candidates pledged to defeat the agreement if they could.

Again, no American fails to understand the position of manufacturers protected by the tariff, and of manufacturers who hope yet to be protected by the tariff. We have them among us, have had them for a hundred years. The present writer, although he has never been interested to the amount of a dollar in any manufacture that is, or ever was, protected by the United States tariff, is a protectionist, believes that the system has built up our manufactures, that it is beneficial to the country, and ought to be maintained so long as it is necessary. He sympathizes with Canadians who wish to enlarge their own industries, regards their attitude as wise and patriotic, and has no word of criticism to hurl against the Canadians who favour protection because they have a direct personal interest in the continuance and extension of the system. Those who favour a low tariff or free trade may not, probably do not, have any sympathy with those manufacturers and their supporters, but they would, one and all, admit that it is ground neither for offence nor for surprise if

arguments which are deemed valid by vast numbers of Americans, and influences which prevail here, should be equally effective in the Dominion.

Nor do they have any different opinion on the subject of the Nationalist movement. In fact, they would be inclined to feel surprise that the movement is not more extensive and powerful than it is. We know that Canadians are loyal to the British sovereign, that they regard the British connexion as a priceless heritage, and are eagerly desirous to discharge every duty that rests upon them as British subjects. But the average American wonders why. He sees that you are a great, self-contained nation, who have proved yourselves as capable as any nation on earth to govern yourselves wisely and conservatively, and he sees also that the only points where the British connexion touches you politically are points where it limits your right of self-government. The imperial government sends you a governor-general, whereas other nations choose their own chiefs—king or president, as the case may be. It manages all your diplomatic and international relations except such as you are able to persuade it to allow you; and it reserves the right to disallow your Acts of Parliament if they contravene imperial policy, or for any other reason which seems sufficient to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The foregoing statement sounds like an argument for a much more radical policy than Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monk advocate. It is simply an American way of looking at the situation, in explanation of the remark that we are surprised, rather at the limited progress made by the sentiment that Canada should not make too great sacrifices to the imperial connexion, than at the progress it has actually made.

As we understand the matter, these several influences—strict party opposition, the tariff, and the Nationalist movement—all combined, would have been unable to defeat Sir Wilfrid Laurier. We gather from what took place before the election, and particularly from a consideration of the locale where the defeat was actually consummated, that there

was another cause of the overturn. Whether it be true or not that the resultant of all the forces exerted left the issue in the balance, or would have turned it slightly in one direction or the other, we know that a new and startling argument was imported into the canvass, and that it turned the scale, or turned the defeat into a rout. Appeal was successfully made to the combination of sentiments of which the patriotism of Canadians is made up,—the spirit of independence and love of their own country, modified by pride in and attachment to the British connexion. It was represented that the reciprocity agreement was “an entering wedge” to separate the Dominion from the mother country, to loosen the tie which binds them together. That might be, and would be, a perfectly adequate reason for rejecting the agreement, either if such a purpose had been in the minds of those who initiated and of those who advocated the agreement, on this side of the boundary, or if any Canadian believes that the effect of the arrangement would have been such a wedge or such a loosening. But that was not all. Canadians were asked to believe, and undoubtedly many of them did believe, that the menace to the British connexion and the prospect of a struggle against the conquest and annexation of the Dominion to this country were not remote, but a present danger, to be averted at once.

So far as we of the United States have been made aware, there were only two assigned or assignable facts to be brought to the support of the apprehension. One was the remark—a casual remark by the President of the United States—that Canada had “come to the parting of the ways”; the other an injudicious utterance of the Speaker of the House of Representatives advocating, if not predicting, the annexation of Canada. As for Mr. Taft’s phrase, it requires much straining of its sense to make it bear any reference whatever to the political relation of Canada to Great Britain and the United States; and any one who knows the character of the President knows also that it would be impossible for him to mean by it that he thought or hoped that Canada was about to break

away from Great Britain, or to say it even in veiled language if he thought it. Mr. Clark's "break" was of a different sort. He afterwards characterized it as "a joke." Let him have the credit of his statement. If it was a joke it was a bad one. If beneath his jocularities there was a real sentiment in favour of a campaign for annexation, it is still to be said that he was speaking for himself only, and that neither before nor afterwards did any person possessing the least authority or responsibility echo his sentiments. To those of us who observed the use that was made of the two incidents, the anti-annexation and anti-American campaign that ensued was amusing. It did not deceive us in the least. We had no idea that those who urged the argument—mildly sometimes but usually with violence—had the most remote belief that they were declaiming against a real danger. Their purpose was accomplished if they could instil into the minds of their less well-informed hearers a belief that it was real. We are accustomed to the same sort of campaigning. What dire results to the poor and to those in debt did not the free silver men predict unless the mints should be opened to the free coinage of silver! Some of the orators who shuddered at the prospect before the country were honest, but many others shuddered at the bidding of their party, and did not believe a word that they uttered on the subject. So, aside from a slight feeling of annoyance that our neighbours could be made to believe that we had hostile or even friendly covetous designs upon them, we were not disturbed or angry. We have a word, which the dictionaries label "U. S." to describe such inventions. The scare over annexation was a "roorback," which is, in short terms, a pre-election lie.

But what a silly "roorback" it was! Are there many Canadians who think we are a nation of fools? Do they know of more than two ways by which annexation could be brought about? The Dominion might become a part of the United States if the people expressed a desire to join us, and if the people of the United States were willing to undertake another race problem, as they must if they were to carry on

the policy of Canada towards the French population with its obligations in respect of schools and religion. Or Canada might be brought in by war and conquest. There is, by the very terms of the statement, no chance of annexation by the one method until, or unless, the Canadians are not only willing but anxious to come in. As we are not a nation of fools, nor madly anxious for expansion territorially, there would need to be not merely a majority in favour of union but substantial unanimity on the point. If there are any Americans so deluded as to think that there is even a remote prospect of such unanimity, they have the good sense to keep their opinion to themselves.

The alternative is war. And war with what nation? With the one which is our best customer, and therefore—let us put it on the low ground of the almighty dollar—the one with which every material interest forbids us to fight. It is also the one with which we have the closest international ties, the one with which, unable as we are to make alliances, we have the most friendly understanding, the one which we should most readily and eagerly stand by if it were unrighteously attacked. Great Britain has been a friend indeed to the United States in recent years on several occasions. Certainly we have an element in the population which is not friendly to our mother country, as well as yours, but it is not influential in the government. It makes itself heard, but is not listened to—which reads like a Hibernicism, but expresses a truth. Yet, if we had such an insane desire to become possessed of your territory as to go to war with our best friend to accomplish that object, and if we were strong enough to require Great Britain to cede Canada to us, do you suppose that we want Canada on those terms? A fine time we should have in governing a free and proud people, accustomed through many generations to govern themselves, and who, having governed themselves wisely, would simply come under a yoke which they detested. All this seems so obvious, so indisputable, that we Americans cannot understand how the scare, the panic almost, was created, and how the “roorback” was so generally credited.

After all it was a "roorback." Now that the Conservatives are safely in power we find their speakers and statesmen, from Mr. Borden down, assuring us and the world that they have no hostility towards us. But they ought to be hostile if they believe what they said of us a month or two ago. If they then thought that there was even the germ of a hostile design on the part of any considerable body of our public men, they were of course justified in their attacks. If they believed it then, they must believe it now. Or do they think that a war party in the United States, if it then existed, has been cowed and extinguished by the election?

It may be well to say a few words on another matter which seems to have made some impression on the minds of Canadians. Much was made of a silly move by the proprietor of several "yellow journals," who sent large editions of one or more of them into Canada, ostensibly to promote the ratification of the agreement. It was, in any event, impertinent and offensive to the last degree. Since the perpetrator of the insult—for such it was—must be aware of the estimation in which he is held, we might without great straining of probabilities suspect that his object was precisely the opposite of what it was ostensibly, that he took the surest means in his own power to secure the rejection of reciprocity by the Canadians.

Accusation has been publicly made, also, that American money was contributed and sent in large amounts to Canada to help Sir Wilfrid and the agreement. Of course the assertion can be neither proved nor disproved. But is it reasonable? Analyze, if you will, the body of American supporters and opponents of the measure. The farmers were generally against it, on the ground that Canadian agricultural products would be in ruinous competition with their own. Every "stand pat" protectionist in the land was against it, as the first step in the destruction of the protective system; and probably every textile manufacturer, every manufacturer of boots and shoes, every iron and steel man, every glass maker, and every proprietor of a coal mine—the list might be in-

definitely extended—rejoiced that Canada rejected it. Now these are the men who contribute money to maintain, not to break down, the tariff "wall." It will not be suspected that the Gloucester fish interests were enlisted on the side of the agreement.

On the other side were found all the advocates of a low tariff, except those who apprehended injury to their own special interests or industries; a large contingent of men interested in no article that would be affected by a reduction or abolition of the duty, who saw in the agreement promise of a friendly drawing together of neighbouring peoples by means of closer business relations; and a small, a very small, number of manufacturers whose wares might enter the Dominion more freely and abundantly than they do now. You can count up the classes of manufacturers who had such a direct interest in the reciprocity agreement on the fingers of your two hands. Even they had not a large interest at stake. Take the most important of all—the manufacturers of agricultural implements. They must know that they already have the trade of Canada in the articles which they make and sell. According to the last Trade and Navigation Report of Canada, that for 1910, there were imported into the country agricultural implements to the value of \$2,634,384 from the United States, against a value of \$19,956 from Great Britain. A brief consideration of the situation, as it is, would convince any manufacturer that a reduction of the duty by a few per cent. could not greatly increase his sales to Canada. When a Canadian farmer wishes to buy a reaper, if he goes abroad for it he comes to the United States. He does not buy one simply because it is cheap, but because he needs it. He will not buy one, or two, or more, because of a reduction of the duty. But when he does need one and buys it, he saves by the amount the duty is reduced, and his saving is a loss to the Canadian revenue. These facts are mentioned to expose the improbability that the manufacturers on this side of the line,—illustrating the point by the very class of manufacturers who on the surface seemed to have

the greatest interest that the agreement should become effective—had no motive to interfere, much less to spend their money, to persuade Canadians to accept the agreement. And who else could have had such a motive?

Whatever may be said for political effect in Canada, there is every reason to believe that the attitude of Americans during the pendency of the matter in the Dominion was scrupulously correct. No citizen of the United States, so far as is known, had the bad taste to appear publicly as an advocate of ratification. In the American newspapers the subject was rarely discussed. Despatches regarding the prospects of the two parties were published, of course, but editorial references to the subject were confined to expressions of opinion as to the effect of the agreement on the trade of the United States. If it occurred to any journalist—with the single exception that has been mentioned—to do missionary work in Canada, the crudest knowledge of the spirit of the Canadian people would have deterred him from undertaking it. As has been shown, almost the entire moneyed interest was on the side of the opponents of the treaty. It would be a gratuitous insult to the President and the administration to suspect that they interfered in the smallest degree with the decision of Canada, openly or secretly. Yet, on one of the last days of October, a member of the British Parliament did not scruple to ask Sir Edward Grey if the President did not say that his object in negotiating the agreement was "to break up the British Empire."

Do we, or nine-tenths of us, as our swash-buckling Speaker Clark asserts, or a majority of us, desire to annex Canada? Who knows? It may very well be that most Americans think that a union with the Dominion would be beneficial to both countries; but that is very far from asserting that even one in ten of them would advocate any movement whatever on this side of the boundary to bring about the union. History tells us that there have been many sporadic and local movements in Canada for such a union, none whatever, not even the most insignificant, in the United States.

No party has ever mentioned in its platform the annexation of Canada as a desirable political end. No poll was ever made of the smallest hamlet to ascertain whether the inhabitants desired it. Long ago Seward declared that it was the "manifest destiny" of Canada, but neither he nor any other statesman or politician has ever taken the first step to bring that destiny to fulfilment. Nor has any newspaper endeavoured to organize an agitation in favour of it. In these circumstances, if the desire exists, which is not proved, is it not harmless? Many a young man who has chosen the one whom he wishes to make his wife, is too shy, or too certain of a rejection to propose to her. Surely he is not to be blamed for coveting her as his partner if he not merely does not persecute her, or carry her off as savages do, but does not even invite her to be his.

It would be idle to deny that Americans desire to extend their trade with Canada indefinitely. The "stand-patters" would like to do it without diminishing by an inch the height of our own tariff wall, and are content to let things remain as they are rather than reduce duties on their classes of goods. Those who are not so directly interested are willing to make a give-and-take bargain. The free traders would gladly level the wall to its foundation. But a very few only among us are aware how strong a hold we already have on the Canadian trade, and consequently the number of those who overestimate the importance to us of any agreement is correspondingly large. Possibly the following figures may surprise some Canadians. They have been made up by the present writer from the Trade and Navigation Reports of the Dominion for the years 1902 and 1909. They refer to the imports into Canada from Great Britain and the United States of articles on which Canada gives a preference to Great Britain, and of those articles only, excluding, however, such articles as grain and all cereal productions, coal, and other classes of articles which Great Britain does not export, or which its distance forbids it to export to Canada.

The total reported value of such imports in the year 1901-2 from Great Britain, was.....	\$30,880,884
From the United States	38,389,263
In 1908-9, from Great Britain.....	43,657,441
From the United States.....	55,111,655

The increase of Great Britain was nearly \$13,000,000; that of the United States nearly \$17,000,000. But the increase of Great Britain becomes less impressive when it is realized that \$7,000,000 of it was in textiles—cotton, flax, silk and wool manufactures, in which the competition of the United States is practically nil—against \$1,000,000 increase in such merchandise from this country. The increase of Great Britain was from \$17,439,745 to \$24,430,671; that of the United States from \$2,329,368 to \$3,335,472.

Why should not Canada trade with the United States? You live in the same sort of houses, eat the same sort of food, ride in the same kinds of railway and trolley cars, need and use the same patterns of tools, read newspapers which—in appearance at least—are like ours, and, without extending the list, are Americans in everything except the form of your government. Little as you may like the idea, you are far more American than you are English in everything except politics. Of course you like the same things as we do—and we are very glad to sell them to you.

Much of the foregoing is a digression, and only indirectly bears upon the question, what we think of you and how we received the astonishing result of your election. The answer to the latter part of the question, those of you who have read our newspapers or speeches of our public men, have already. So far as the observation of the present writer goes, there was not from any quarter a single expression of anger, irritation, or annoyance. No American, that is to say, so far forgot himself as to think, at any rate to think aloud or to write, as though Canada had struck a blow at the United States or had in any way inflicted an injury upon this country. Many of us regretted the decision, but not one person in any public utterance has gone further than to think, and say, that Canada

was unwise in rejecting an arrangement that was clearly for its advantage and that would have drawn the two countries more closely together commercially and would have promoted mutual friendliness.

Does not the restraint implied by this attitude, if restraint was needed, and in any event the attitude itself, show clearly that the feeling of Americans towards Canadians, and towards Canada as an entity, is one of respect and good-will? If it were otherwise, some unrestrained blunderer would have proposed to "let those Canadians know" that Uncle Sam would have his way in spite of them. You can easily fancy the sort of language they would hold when they began to "make the eagle scream." But there was not a hint of such a thing. In short, Americans have acted as though they regarded the campaign, so far as it was directed against supposed hostile designs by our politicians, as a party move only. They are confirmed in their opinion by the reiterated assurances of Mr. Borden that he and his party are most friendly to us. As for the decision itself, it seems to us—however advantageous or injurious it may be to the best interests and the prosperity of Canada—an act inspired by patriotism and public spirit. It was a declaration of independence, unnecessary so far as there was any danger of attack, direct or indirect, from this side of the line, but wholly praiseworthy, nevertheless.

EDWARD STANWOOD

WHY THE LIBERALS FAILED

IT would be ascribing an excess of academic aloofness to the readers of this MAGAZINE to assume that they were inaccessible to news of the event which happened on the twenty-first of September. And something really did happen. The Liberal government of Canada was defeated, and the Conservatives gained its place in succession. Three years ago, namely, on October 26th, 1908, a previous election had been held, and the Liberals were returned to power for the fourth time. In December of that year I endeavoured to explain upon these pages, why the Conservatives failed. Now I propose with equal impartiality to set forth the causes of their present success. Many of these causes will appear to be obvious, and some trivial, to those who keep themselves informed of the daily progress of events. This writing is not for them. It is rather for those who breathe the thin air of the academic heights, although I am haunted by the suspicion that no one can really be so ignorant as professors affect to be.

The event demands explanation; but any explanation of the working of the mind of the electorate is bound to be partial, since that mind is as vast as the sea, and the elements which move it are as various. Nothing less than universal knowledge will suffice for the task, and, as Rousseau enquires: "Quel plus sûr moyen de courir d'erreurs en erreurs que la fureur de savoir tout?" The Liberals were led by a leader whose force had not abated during fifteen years of office. He was more than popular: he was beloved. He was more than honest and honourable: he was chivalrous. He had served his country for forty years in its parliaments; and he was the clearly outstanding figure amongst the statesmen of the Empire, at least amongst those who dwell beyond the seas. The government itself was strongly entrenched in

power. It was united. It was efficient. It was tolerably honest, more so than governments usually are after so long a tenure of office. The country was contented and prosperous; and for that contentment and prosperity the Liberals might well put forward a claim which had a firm basis in reason and experience. And yet it failed conclusively. It went into the contest with a majority of forty-three. It emerged in a minority of forty-six.

The failure was due not alone to those minor causes which in the mass lead to the downfall of a government. There is always a constant factor or force which makes for the decay of a party, and it grows in intensity from the moment of triumph until it ends in final defeat. There is a well-known political maxim, that a government which awards a place makes one secret ingrate and four open enemies. This list is made up of the man who gets the place and the four who wanted it. Also, an uninterrupted lease of office instils into the mind of the occupant the idea of ownership. He is apt to assume that he holds his place by an eternal decree, to forget that he is after all the creation of a mutable public; and the better he performs his duty the more liable he is to forget. The people do not like to have their support taken for granted. They resent the arbitrariness which is bound to follow so wrong an assumption. Had the government gone to the country with only these natural forces against it, there is good warrant for hazarding the guess that it would have been returned. But the government went to the country seeking approval of a specific measure, and it was defeated upon that, or rather upon the extraneous issues which were imported into it. This measure was an arrangement of trade with the United States.

There was nothing fantastic in the supposition that the government could win the election upon that issue. It was no new thing in Canadian politics. In the most specific sense it was an integral part of the Liberal policy. In that somewhat memorable document, known as the "Ottawa

platform" of 1893, it is clearly set forth "that a fair and liberal reciprocity treaty would develop the great natural resources of Canada, would enormously increase the trade and commerce between the two countries, would tend to encourage friendly relations between the two peoples, would remove many causes which have in the past provoked irritation and trouble to the governments of both countries, and would promote those kindly relations between the Empire and the Republic which afford the best guarantee of peace and prosperity."

For fifty years, from 1846 to 1896, Canada made a continuous effort to gain entrance into the markets of the United States. The movement began in the former year, when Great Britain abolished the Corn Laws, through which the colonies lost a preferential duty for their products in the mother country. The Governor-General, Lord Elgin, went to Washington in 1854 with the hope of obtaining a treaty, which he succeeded in doing by skilful diplomacy and unbounded hospitality. For twelve years the arrangement gave general satisfaction, but was abrogated by the United States in 1866. Then began the efforts for its renewal which were continued for thirty years. In 1865, when the Canadian Ministers were promoting Confederation in England, they urged the policy of renewing the treaty, and efforts were made through Mr. Adams, American Minister in London, and the British Minister at Washington, Sir F. Bruce, but the negotiations failed. The same year Messrs. Galt and Howland went to Washington and secured permission to send a delegation representing all the provinces, but they returned emptyhanded. The next negotiations were those of 1869, conducted by the British Minister at Washington, and John Rose, the Canadian Minister of Finance; but it is difficult to know precisely what offer Canada made, as the negotiations were believed to be private, and the papers referring to the subject are now lost.

Again in 1871 reciprocity made its appearance, but the American Commissioners declined the proposal, on the ground that "the renewal of the treaty was not in their interests

and would not be in accordance with the sentiments of their people." In 1873, the National Board of Trade of the United States memorialized Congress to appoint a Commission to frame a treaty, and the Canadian Government replied that the subject, if approved of by Congress, would receive their fullest consideration. In 1873 George Brown was appointed British plenipotentiary for the negotiation of a new treaty, and a draft was made of a treaty to remain in force for twenty-one years; but the United States Senate adjourned without even taking a vote upon it. Finally, in 1879 a higher tariff was enacted in Canada, but it retained the previous offer of reciprocity. The only result was that Congress passed a retaliatory law. In 1887 the Opposition in the Canadian Parliament put on record their adhesion to the principle of an unrestricted reciprocity. In 1888, at the conference over the new fishery treaty between Secretary Bayard, Sir Julian Pauncefote, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Sir Charles Tupper, a settlement was offered "in consideration of a mutual arrangement providing for greater freedom of commercial intercourse." The American plenipotentiary, however, declined to ask the President for authority to consider the proposal. The Conservatives, upon their return to power, renewed the attempt in 1892 with Secretary Blaine, but the negotiations were broken off. Finally, upon the accession to power of the Liberals, Sir Wilfrid Laurier took the matter up afresh, but he was bound to confess that he also had failed. It cannot then be affirmed that the idea of an enlarged trade with the United States was unfamiliar to the electorate; nor had any one suggested that such trade, even under a formal treaty, was undesirable or fraught with national peril.

But the proposal which was laid before the Canadian parliament on January 26th was free from the objections which are inherent in a formal treaty by which both parties are bound, and in virtue of which commercial ties which could not instantly be severed might eventually grow into political bonds. The measure was conceived solely in the interests

of Canada. At the same moment there was a similar measure before the Houses in Washington, which was conceived solely in the interests of the United States. The intent was that the people of both countries should, as in the past, purchase goods where they pleased, and pay to themselves such duties as seemed good to them. Although this legislation was concurrent, each community was free to adopt or reject the proposal, and after it had been accepted to terminate it summarily for any reason or for no reason at all. It was impossible to torture the proposal into an expression of reciprocity, and it was commonly referred to by the ambiguous appellation of a "pact." From all these circumstances then there was nothing to deter the government from going to the country with a full assurance of success.

There was one factor, however, with which the government did not reckon. It is contained in a communication which was addressed by Mr. H. B. Ames to his electors in St. Antoine Division of Montreal. Mr. Ames always speaks with truth even unconsciously, and he spoke the truth when he said: "This agreement, if ratified, spells the ultimate downfall of protection in Canada" . . . "There is to be free trade," he protests, "for half the community and protection for the other half. How long, think you, can such conditions last? Will the farmer . . . consent to go on paying protection prices for what he consumes?" Mr. Ames appeared to think that farmers would be more content to pay "protection prices" if they were prevented from selling as well as from buying in the markets of the United States. That was the head and front of the opposition to the proposal, namely, to postpone the ultimate downfall of protection in Canada. Everything else was subsidiary and merely a question of method. The nature of those methods I do not propose to discuss in detail. It is now known to all the world. The naked truth is that the government was defeated by the charge that all who dared to support it were, *in posse* or *in esse*, disloyal. And this simple ruse succeeded. "Because I am a loyal British subject," was the reason which a Liberal

of forty years voting assigned to me for his change; and he smote his hand upon his breast.

But after all there is something noble in this attitude, and something praiseworthy in this spectacle of a whole people swept by a wave of emotion and sentiment. In all sincerity many good and loyal souls were seized by a genuine alarm that their nationality was in danger. They were terrified by the words "continentalism," "annexation," and "fusion." It is all to their credit. We should think that child himself a monster, who could walk calmly, looking neither to the right nor to the left, through a brocken which by some witchcraft had been infested with phantoms, chimeras, and ghosts. By no dint of asking what they were afraid of, could those fears be allayed. Did they anticipate the possibility that the United States would exercise force to compel them to enter the American Union? No. Did they imagine an invasion by American troops? No. Were the Americans offering free trade as a burglar would offer a sop to a dog? No. As a guile to lead them captive? No, because that had been tried by the Elgin-Marcy Treaty in 1854. Well, as an offered bribe which might suddenly be withdrawn? No, because that means had also been adopted in 1865 when the Elgin-Marcy Treaty was denounced. The feeling was tense as if an army of invasion had landed upon these coasts.

Any one who fails to appreciate the entire genuineness of this feeling of alarm must miss the whole significance of the result. People really did believe that their "heritage was in danger of being filched away," and they regarded the election as a master moment in history. A piece of verse, although it did appear in *The Winnipeg Telegram*, illustrates very well this elevation of spirit, since writers rarely simulate in poetry. For convenience the lines are printed as they read: "Yet here and now a day has dawned for us, great as the morning of that glorious day when Greece was rescued at Thermopylæ. Our empire is the same as Greece, and we are at the parting, we are in the pass. Shall we, then, stand or shall we yield, alas! We're told to yield, for we had better be fat slaves

than leaner freemen of our breed. In all their talking that is all their creed." This really means that those who favoured an enlarged freedom of trade were content to be fat slaves; but readers were oblivious of the suggestion which lay in the very name of the writer, D. B. Bogle, for "bogle" means in the Scotch dialect, something that affrights or terrifies, and is used in that sense by Burns in *The Mavis*: "Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear."

The incident, however, was of value because it disclosed to us the anomalous nature of our citizenship; and all our political troubles arise from that. Our situation in the world is comparable with that of a woman in society whose status is ill defined. She is subject to the advances of those who would marry her and of those who would lead her astray, and is not free to yield in either direction without violating the claims of others upon her fidelity. One who is safe in the bond of open marriage, and one who has security, even without authority, in the parental home can both pass by serenely when they are "spoken to" in a public place, but the part of the unwedded wife or married maid is hard to play, because ambiguity is fatal to self-respect and the cause of disrespect on the part of others. Such a woman is a nuisance in the world. She is not only the victim of offence, for which she is to be pitied, but she finds offence when none is intended, for which she is to be blamed. A chance remark upon her beauty and desirability will cast her into a fit of weeping.

These terrified Canadians distrusted not the Americans but themselves, and they disclosed to the world that they had no faith in their own citizenship. In England three general elections have been held since 1906, in which the relative merits of protection and free-trade formed a large part of the issue; but no one supposed that Englishmen would lose their nationality whatever the result of an election might be. A nation which yields to anything less than overwhelming physical force deserves the fate which comes upon it; and that man would surely have been counted mad who suggested

that the people of England would pass under the domination of a foreign power if they did, or did not, adopt certain trade arrangements.

And yet in Canada there was an organized cry that we were "selling our birth-right for a mess of pottage," that we were about to become "hewers of wood and drawers of water," "satellites" of Washington, and "pensioners" for a short existence upon the mere whim of the United States. Nothing more extraordinary has been heard in this country since 1846, when the parliament of Canada passed an address, declaring that the abolition of the Corn Laws would "naturally and of necessity cause the inhabitants to doubt whether remaining a portion of the British Empire will be of that paramount advantage which they had hitherto found it to be." We have suffered many things at the hands of the exclusionists these sixty years past; but this is the worst,—to cast upon us the stain of a merely mercenary loyalty. The cause of these vagaries again lies in the nature of our citizenship; and public men are never weary of reiterating that freedom from obligation is the essence of it. This is a new thing in the world,—a citizenship which confers privileges and imposes no obligations beyond those which the whim of the moment may suggest. If this be freedom, then we have suffered the penalty in the ignominy which we have heaped upon ourselves by crying out to the world that there was danger lest we might turn traitor if we were allowed a freedom of trade.

Even in England it was commonly believed that those who favoured the arrangement were consciously or unconsciously disloyal. It was screeched in headlines from the Atlantic to the Pacific that those who urged the desirability of freer trade were engaged in "a wildly disloyal campaign." Accordingly, for the "Imperialists" it was a "noble victory," though they were not quite sure what we were killing ourselves about. But one man in England knew. That was Leopold de Rothschild. With the sure intuition of his race he sent a cablegram to a fellow financier in Montreal when the result was known. The message was ingenuously printed in *Canada*

and read: "Pray accept warmest congratulations on your great triumph. It gives us unbounded pleasure." Of course it did.

There were other minds, however, which were not so clear upon the real importance of the "victory." Mr. Balfour, who at that time was leader of the Conservative party in England, speaking at the Glasgow Conservative Club, ventured to prophesy that 1911 would be enumerated among the great anniversaries of the Empire, and that generations to come would regard the Canadian elections as an event which settled for all time the future course of the Empire. "Are you certain," he asked, "that the event isn't one whereon will depend the future of the Empire, as well as its influence and position among the nations of the world?" On October 17th, a meeting was held in the Chelsea Town Hall, "to celebrate the victory of Imperialism," and Lord Willoughby de Broke, the principal speaker, said that they were "glad Canada had decided to remain in the Empire." At that meeting Mr. Page-Croft made the unfortunate admission that "Canada had chosen to endure a great sacrifice," whilst we were being sedulously taught that our refusal to trade with the States was entirely in our own interests. "To the whole agricultural community, and to many other interests," he said, "there was enormous pecuniary gain in the proposals, but to the glory of the community, let it be said, the soul of that nation had triumphed." Finally, as an illustration of the confusion of mind which prevailed over the meaning of the election, one of the astutest business men in Canada exclaimed on the morning after, "to-day there is no East, no West, no North, no South."

And now that the Empire is saved we shall have to begin the weary task over again; for we read that on November 21st a member of the Australian parliament landed upon American shores on his way to Washington, to negotiate the primaries of a reciprocity treaty with the United States. "We have wool, and hardwoods, and other things," he said in an interview, "that this country needs and which will furnish a basis of reciprocal traffic." Let us suppose that as a result

of this simple revision of tariffs between these two countries a roar of fear should go up from Adelaide and Sydney; that "eighteen" Australian "captains of finance" should issue a manifesto; that students from Melbourne University should go in procession to hear professors proclaim their fears for the loyalty of their fellow citizens; that the Brisbane Branch of the Daughters of the Empire should solemnly declare that the sanctity of their homes was in danger; and we should then say of the Australians precisely what the world is saying about us, namely, that a citizenship which was so distrustful of itself would be a feeble thing to rely upon in the hour of real need. In no other country in the world but China could the like be seen, a nationality declaring that its existence depended upon the limitation of trade with a neighbour.

It is possible to infer too much for the result of the election. The one inference which is drawn to the exclusion of all others by those who worked hardest for the defeat of the government is that "reciprocity is dead." Even so sensible a writer as Mr. W. L. Grant affirms categorically in the *Queen's Quarterly*: "neither the Canadian farmer, the Canadian manufacturer nor the Canadian consumer wishes reciprocity with the United States." The fact is that 616,948 adult males showed by their votes that they did desire it, and in that number there must have been many farmers, many manufacturers, and many consumers. It is quite true that 660,331 persons voted against the government, and carried the election by a majority of 43,383; but it would be improper to say that all those persons voted against reciprocity, since other considerations were inherent in the election or were imported into it. Many Conservatives who believed in the policy of freer trade voted with the Liberals, and still more voted as usual merely as a matter of form, because they believed so firmly that the measure would carry. Others remained with their party in the cynical expectation that the Conservatives would find some means of accepting the measure, as the Liberals accepted the policy of protection in 1896. Again the government carried the day in all that part

of Canada which lies to the East of the Ottawa, and with the exception of Manitoba, in all that part which lies between the Lakes and the Rocky mountains. Any one who believes that all these voters are silenced is merely deceiving himself.

Much will depend upon the action of the Liberal party whether freer trade shall continue to be the chief motive of Canadian politics. It was appalled by the ugly charge of treason which was fastened upon it. It lost courage. In 1878 a similar charge was levelled at Sir John Macdonald by a band of clever writers who affirmed that his policy of protection would break the British connexion; but he met it boldly with the declaration: "then so much the worse for the British connexion." He knew then as well as the Liberals know now that nothing can sever that tie, but he had wit enough to say the thing and so parried the thrust.

The difficulty in which the Liberals find themselves is of their own creation. The Nemesis of 1896 has overtaken them, and even if they were to speak the truth they would not instantly be believed. If now they were to come out openly and declare for freer trade with the world, the Resolution of the Ottawa Convention would be flaunted in their faces, and they would be told that it is easy to profess principles when there is no opportunity of putting them in force. Nothing could be more explicit than the terms of that Resolution: "That the existing tariff, founded upon an unsound principle, and used, as it has been by the government as a corrupting agency wherewith to keep themselves in office, has developed monopolies, trusts, and combinations; that it has decreased the value of farm and other landed property; that it has oppressed the masses to the enrichment of a few; that it has impeded commerce; that it has discriminated against Great Britain; that in these and in many other ways it has occasioned great public and private injury, all of which evils must continue to grow in intensity as long as the present tariff system remains in force; that the highest interests of Canada demand a removal of this obstacle to the country's progress by the adoption of a sound fiscal policy, which, while

not doing injustice to any class, will promote domestic and foreign trade, and hasten the return of prosperity to our people; that to this end, the tariff should be reduced to the needs of honest, economical, and efficient government; that it should be so adjusted as to make free, or to bear as lightly as possible upon, the necessaries of life, and should be so arranged as to promote freer trade with the whole world, more particularly with Great Britain and the United States." And if finally they were to denounce the principle of protection as radically unsound, and unjust to the masses of the people, and declare their conviction that any tariff changes based on that principle must fail to afford any substantial relief from the burdens under which the country labours, they would be reminded that these very words were employed by them twenty years ago, and that during fifteen years they had done nothing to fulfil the promises therein contained. And yet if the Liberals abandon this policy which was endorsed by 616,948 voters on September 21st, to what other will they cling? If they do abandon it they will wander in the wilderness without principles and without a policy, as the Conservatives wandered for fifteen years until a lucky chance restored them to power again.

It is a curious circumstance that no one feels called upon to explain the action of the electorate in Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, where the principle of freer trade was endorsed, and that all the ingenuity of writers is expended upon explaining the contrary action in Ontario, Manitoba, and British Columbia. In the last-named province the issue was very clear. The people desired to retain the prairie provinces as their exclusive preserve for the disposition of their lumber and their fruit. The conduct of Ontario which gave a majority of 65,904 against the proposal requires a more elaborate explanation. From the mouths of babes and sucklings we sometimes hear unexpected truths. And in the official publication of the undergraduates of the University of Toronto it is written, "Canada was indignant, and wiped America's eye." I do

not pretend to understand fully this oracular utterance, but it seems to contain the fallacy that Ontario is Canada. Undoubtedly there is in Ontario a considerable body of voters who cherish the designation of "United Empire Loyalists," and would not hesitate "to wipe America's eye;" but gratification of hereditary hatred is not a policy sufficiently broad for the government of Canada. There is evidence, too, that a longing for a premier who was neither Catholic nor French had some influence upon the casting vote of Ontario.

The case in Manitoba was still more complicated. That province is much like a little Ontario in its Protestantism and its dislike of French influence. In Souris and Lisgar especially this quality had due weight. The half-breed and Galician vote is ever uncertain, and for a variety of reasons went against the government, if one can judge from the state of the polls in those districts where these elements predominate. Then there was that portion of the electorate which rather inaptly calls itself the "British-born," I suppose, in contradistinction to native Canadians. They form at least one-third of the voters of Winnipeg and Brandon. The majority of them were really persuaded that freer trade with the States meant annexation, and they went to the polls for the avowed purpose of saving the Empire. Even the Scotch who were Radicals and Free Traders "at home" yielded to the spell and forgot their economic faith. It was an opportunity for emotion, such as the Scotch dearly love, and they must save their native land, the spot where Wallace bled and Burns sang.

There were causes deeper still. The movement for freer trade originated in the grain-growers' revolt of last winter, and in the small towns there is a good deal of that hostility towards the farmers such as the cook displays towards the eel which declines to be skinned quietly. The store-keepers dread co-operation. The machine agents hate it. The farmers who used to get "wheat tickets" from the elevators took them out in trade at the village shops; but since the government ownership of elevators much of the buying as well as

the selling is done in Winnipeg. This has created a hostility towards the grain-growers, and the occasion was seized to injure a cause which they favoured. Lastly, although Mr. Sifton had deserted the Liberal party, he did not lose control of his "machine," and he operated it in favour of his newly found friends. The Liberals quarrelled with the grain-growers. They refused to allow Mr. Scallion to run in Brandon, and they deprived Mr. Richardson of the nomination for Selkirk. And yet five more votes would have turned the scale in five constituencies and left the prairie country practically solid for the government.

There is nothing like defeat for purging a party and leaving it clean. The wonder is not that the government received so few votes but that it received so many, handicapped as it was by the burden of those political mistakes and misdeeds which bear upon the electorate in its finest ramifications. Indeed many intelligent persons now affirm that the government would have been defeated even if the trade issue had not been imported into the controversy. There is no necessity for reciting afresh the unpleasant details but the effect was cumulative. The voters were aware that places in the senate had been sold not to the highest bidder, as a farmer would sell a pig, but in return for obscure and mean political services; that the judiciary was used to reward a blind adherence to the party; and that toll was taken from the public money to entrench the government in power. In some mysterious way the very beneficiaries scented a change and by timely treachery hastened to bring it about. From all these influences the Liberal party will soon be free, and if they think it worth while adhering to their principles they can go into the next contest relying upon them alone and unhampered by sure omens of defeat. They may rely too upon the burden of guilt which the Conservatives lie under. If the people should come to realize that their emotions were played upon by fears which had no foundation, by hatreds and phantasies which were fabricated for a base purpose; if in short they should come to suspect that they had been made the victims of a delusion they will

look with fresh eyes upon any proposals for freer trade which may be submitted to them.

They will also look with fresh eyes upon the great imperial problem which was solving itself. They will examine the implications which are inherent in the very idea of Empire, and they will search their hearts for the inner meaning of loyalty. It will not do to assume that they will rest content with the allegation that this charge of disloyalty which, with a perfection of cunning, was fastened upon forty-eight per cent. of the voters of Canada was merely an election jest. That is mere fooling. It is too serious an affair to be punished by being laughed at. That procedure will do very well for men of mongrel breed, to whom even the idea of loyalty is incomprehensible, who cannot understand that loyalty is not a special virtue but the breath of life, an inner experience like religion, a reverence for that which appeared to our ancestors to be good and true, an inner bond which binds men together.

This charge of disloyalty is no new thing in Canadian politics. It was made upon a previous occasion under the form of "veiled treason," and it will continue to be made so long as our citizenship remains undefined. And yet it is a dangerous weapon. It familiarizes men's minds with the idea; and it is one of the commonest experiences of history that men may accept an opprobrious epithet as definitive, and eventually come to glory in it. For the essence of loyalty is self-determination. It cannot exist in the absence of freedom. It is not the fidelity of a lower race or attachment to a master. It is not unconditional. Freedom and obligation is the basis of loyalty, and loyalty is the bond which alone can keep the various parts of an empire from flying in pieces. If Empire has come to mean the renunciation of freedom, even in the matter of trade, and if loyalty to the King is inseparable from loyalty to protection, then the imperial problem is not so simple as it appeared to be before September twenty-first. Those who think otherwise have no feeling for the majesty of facts.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

A TRAGEDY OF THE CENSUS

THE tragedy of the census in Prince Edward Island is told in outline by the figures showing the number of its people at each decennial enumeration since 1871, as follows:—1871, 94,021; 1881, 108,891; 1891, 109,078; 1901, 103,259; 1911, 93,722.

Hence it appears that the population of the Island province is less by 9,537 than it was ten years ago, and less by 299 than it was forty years ago. In the meantime, population had advanced by 15,000 to its maximum in 1891, and had since that date fallen off by a like number of fifteen thousand.

The tragedy really began in 1881. In the previous decade the increase had been 14,871, or 15·8 per cent. During that period, the most part of the natural increase by the excess of births over deaths had been retained. There was practically no immigration. The exodus to the United States had begun, but was yet comparatively small in volume.

In the following ten years, 1881-91, the resident population increased by only 187 souls. The entire natural increase was lost. In the next succeeding ten years, 1891-1901, the actual decline of the resident population began, and was shown by a loss of 5,819. And, following the law of falling bodies, a swifter decline has been shown since 1901 by a further actual reduction of 9,537.

It is obvious that, while the actual diminution of population since 1881 has been 15,000, the real loss has been very much greater than this. Along with these thousands has gone all the increase which should have come from the excess of births over the mortality. How much this was can be sufficiently shown without lengthy detail. The people of the province are of hardy stock, vigorous and prolific. The census of 1901 showed that the average number per family was the largest in Canada, larger by a fraction than the large

families of Quebec province. The death-rate is low, notably so in infant mortality, which sweeps away so many little ones in the large cities of central Canada.

What the present population is we know, assuming the reasonable accuracy of the latest census. What it would now be had the natural increase been retained, as it was between 1871 and 1881, may be estimated by allowing for a 15 per cent. increase in each ten years since 1881. That would have given the province a population of 125,224 in 1891, 144,007 in 1901, and 165,616 in the present year. Deduct the present actual population, 93,722, from this estimated population and it will appear that the loss has been 71,894 persons—in round numbers 72,000.

As to the extent of this loss in population, I find confirmation in a letter of Mr. G. J. McCormac, inspector of public schools in this province, who has, during the past ten years, had excellent opportunities of ascertaining the facts in the county of Kings, where his inspectorate lies. Mr. McCormac's letter was printed in the *Patriot* newspaper of Charlottetown on October 21st, 1911. In this letter he writes:

“ I know some rural school districts from which as many as one hundred persons have gone away and located outside of the province. From my records I have picked out at random forty school districts situated east of Charlottetown, and find that there is at present an average of thirty-five persons from each district living outside the province. When we consider that a number of those persons have married and raised families abroad, we find that fully one hundred of population has been lost to every school section of this province by emigration. In other words, a loss of 60,000 population for the whole province. This I consider a very conservative estimate.”

Mr. McCormac's estimate of a loss of 60,000 in the shorter period of his observation I think may be taken to fully support my estimate above given of a loss of 72,000 since 1881.

It ought to be of interest to inquire, in the face of this appalling loss, whither the exiles have gone. Have they

directed their wandering steps to the other provinces of Canada, where they are helping to build up the Dominion and strengthen the British Empire? Or have they in large part passed from under the British flag to become citizens of a foreign country? An accurate answer, based upon official sources down to present date, is not possible for the moment. But if we go back ten years, to the census of 1901, we shall find the place of birth of the persons then resident in each province. From it I subjoin the number of those born in Prince Edward Island, who were then resident in other parts of Canada:—In Nova Scotia, 2,484; in New Brunswick, 2,740; in Quebec, 740; in Ontario, 884; in Manitoba, 419; in the North-West Territories, 644; in British Columbia, 1,180. Total: 8,088.

At that date the present provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were included in the North-West Territories. And then there were but 8,000 persons of Prince Edward Island birth who were resident in all Canada outside of their native province. At least four or five times that number had obviously gone elsewhere, and the inference is very strong that they had made their new homes in the United States.

Mr. McCormac, in his letter above referred to, which comes down to the present date, confirms the fear raised by the census of ten years ago as to whither the exiles from this province have gone and are going. He writes:

“ Emigration from our shores has depleted us of our best blood, and the greater part of this emigration movement has not been directed towards the other provinces of Canada, but towards the neighbouring republic. This is the fact that makes our loss in population doubly regrettable. About 88 per cent. of those who have left our fair province have gone to the United States, and the remaining 12 per cent. have, for the most part, gone to Western Canada.”

After recounting in detail the numbers who have in recent years gone abroad from one or other of thirty-five school districts, Mr. McCormac says:

“Of the 1,345 people here accounted for, only 270 live in other provinces of Canada, while the remaining 1,075, with very few exceptions, live in the United States. Of the 270 who left these districts for other parts of Canada, I find that 52 are located in either Alberta or Saskatchewan, 28 in Manitoba, 69 in British Columbia, 82 in Nova Scotia, 19 in New Brunswick, and 20 in either Ontario or Quebec.”

Of the facts above stated, gathered from the best official sources and confirmed by independent inquiry, this is the sum: Prince Edward Island in thirty years has lost 72,000 of her sons and daughters, and of these from three-fourths to four-fifths have gone to live in the United States! The loss is equal to more than three-fourths of the present population of the province, and it is increasing rapidly—nearly 10 per cent. in the decade last past as compared with 5 per cent. in the ten years previous to that. And this increasing disaster to the province has occurred and is going on in Canada's boasted “growing time,” when the Dominion as a whole increased its population by over 32 per cent. in ten years, and had expended during that time \$7,000,000 to bring immigrant settlers to Canada.

Most of those who have gone were young men and women in their prime, whom it had cost at least \$1,000 each to rear, maintain, and educate, and if they were worth the actual cost,—and who shall doubt it?—they represent a value of \$72,000,000, of which fully three-fourths has gone to enrich a foreign nation. It cannot be said that they have gone of free choice. Of British stock they were, and second to no other like number of people in Canada in their attachment and devotion to British institutions. How they loved their native island home is pathetically illustrated by the number who, when they sickened abroad, came home to die, and by the many hundreds who have died abroad whose bodies, by their last request, are brought back to the churchyards of the home-land.

As a direct consequence of the loss of its people, the Island province has, within the past twenty years, lost two of the six representatives it had in the House of Commons and

by the next redistribution of seats must inevitably lose another. With half of the representation already lost, with the unit of representation ever growing larger from census to census, while the Island's people diminish with increasing speed, like snow in the growing warmth of an April sun, the people are left to contemplate, with such composure as they can command, the possibility of which Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke in Parliament not long ago, that Prince Edward Island might yet be represented by a single member. This must happen when Quebec shall have a population of three millions and the population of this province is depleted to or below 68,000. A Quebec of 2,500,000 would give the Island province but two members to represent the population it has to-day.

But our losses are not limited to those of population and representation. In common with the other Maritime Provinces, we have lost three-fourths of our shipping tonnage. In 1879, Canada, with 1,333,000 tons of shipping, ranked fourth among the maritime nations of the world, and the three provinces by the sea owned more than two-thirds of the whole. The three provinces have now less than one-fourth part of the tonnage they then had, and Canada in her commercial marine has dropped to eleventh place among the nations.

To loss of population, loss of representation in Parliament, and loss of shipping, must be added the consequent losses to provincial revenue, to trade and industry, to church and school support, the diminished value of real estate and the greater burden of taxation that falls upon the diminished number of taxpayers. Taken all together it is a tragedy indeed.

Yet the people of Prince Edward Island are not poor. Their industry and thrift, together with the natural fertility of the soil, have enabled them to live and prosper under certain hard conditions, to be presently adverted to. They have seven or eight millions of dollars on deposit in the banks, and there is perhaps less actual poverty than in any community of like numbers in Canada. And the people have not, as in other provinces, left the rural districts to congregate in

the towns. By the census, Charlottetown has lost during the past decade as many people proportionately as the rural districts.

What, then, are the causes of the increasing exodus from this fair province? The causes are various, but may be summed up in one,—the lack of opportunities available elsewhere in and outside of Canada. To speak more in detail, the following causes may be assigned. The lack of paying winter employment of any sort, except the usual attendance upon farm stock. This arises from the almost entire absence of manufacturing industries. This, in turn, arises from the disabilities in regard to transportation, especially in winter. And here successive governments at Ottawa are blamed, and justly blamed, by the people. Canada has shamelessly broken her pledged faith in regard to providing “continuous steam communication between the Island and the mainland, summer and winter.” In summer the communication is regular, but burdened with excessive rates. In winter it has been most irregular and more costly.

If the Island farmer would send a carload of oats or potatoes to Sydney, one of his best markets, say at a distance of 300 miles from a mid-island point, he must pay 26 cents per hundred pounds, when a like carload would be taken from Montreal to Sydney, a distance of 900 miles, for 16 cents per hundred pounds. Express rates are loaded up in the same way. One company is given a monopoly of the service and charges what it pleases. All efforts for thirty years by the boards of trade, the legislature, and representatives in Parliament have been unequal to the task of getting a reasonable through rate such as obtains on the mainland.

The Dominion, which owns the Intercolonial Railway, the Prince Edward Island Railway, and the winter steamers, which also subsidizes the summer steamers connecting the two railway systems, must be held accountable for the exorbitant cost with which the transportation has been so long burdened. Producers, manufacturers, and shippers have borne these burdens for a generation, solely because their

appeals for justice and fair play were disregarded by those in authority. This is of a piece with the Dominion government's treatment of the province in earlier times with respect to the telegraph service between the Island and points on the mainland. The government was bound by the terms of union to maintain a regular telegraph service, but for thirty years after the union left the people to pay fifty cents for a message of ten words between Charlottetown and Pictou, or between Summerside and Point du Chêne—that is from port to port across the Straits. And messages could only be sent in the day time of twelve hours, night service being denied. Press rates were proportionately high, and a morning newspaper could not get for its readers any telegraphic news of later date than eight o'clock the previous evening. Night service is now obtainable, along with reduced rates, but there is no "night rate" or "night letter" yet for Prince Edward Island, those luxuries being reserved to the people of the mainland provinces.

It is for reasons such as these that so many of the people of Prince Edward Island regard the union with Canada as a most untoward and unfortunate event, and from like causes, when the lack of fair opportunities at home drive them abroad, they, in so many cases, seek a home elsewhere than in the Dominion. Newfoundland, with its bleak coasts and barren soil, has grown and prospered outside the Dominion, while the garden province of Canada has been blighted under the callous and cruel neglect of successive Canadian governments. It is surely little to the credit of Canada that this province, after having been taken into the union, trusting and prosperous, has for forty years since been the most stagnant in growth of any province or state on the Atlantic coast between Labrador and Panama.

Those nearest to us in condition, as in distance, are the other members of the maritime group, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. They brought with them into the union their mines, their lumber, their shipping, and their fisheries. They gave

the Dominion its only winter ports on the Atlantic seaboard. They have not prospered as they hoped to prosper, or as they should have prospered under fair conditions and equal opportunities with the middle and western provinces of Canada. From all this eastern section the exodus has been large and continuous, and is still unchecked. The young manhood and womanhood of eastern Canada has gone, is going, out, not westward alone, but, in large measure, southward, not to build up the Dominion, but to give strength and vigour to another and a rival nation. Thus the right arm of Canada has been bled white, till it has become weak, almost paralyzed.

It is for the statesmen of Canada to face the stern facts, ascertain the cause, and devise a remedy. Otherwise, the next census may repeat the tragedy of the last, and the depopulation and discontent of Ireland be repeated in maritime Canada.

J. E. B. MCCREADY

THE SACRIFICE

THE bread and wine are turned to flesh and blood,
The scent of incense steals upon the air,
And, bowed in silence by the altar there,
The hungry eyes of men cry out for food.
High, steadfast souls that once with Love had stood
Forget vain hope in ways of fruitless prayer,
And age-sought Truth's lure-hazed lovers stare
With listless gaze upon the holy rood.
Christ's kingdom falls, by Mammon overthrown;
Above the town men's souls go up in smoke;
Their flesh and blood are frozen into stone;
Their rude limbs bowed by such an iron yoke
That even this dull people will not groan,
But rise and break their rulers at one stroke.

ALFRED GORDON

WILL THE DOUKHOBOR SURVIVE

A WARM, soft, hazy day in September, flashing the light of the harvest sun on the snow white walls of the little Doukhobor houses grouped into a village which rests on the sloping banks of the Assiniboine River, where it flows past the Crowstand Indian Mission in Northern Saskatchewan, found us both, gentlemen of leisure for a fortnight, making our way up the gentle incline from the bed of the river, literally, for we had forded the stream, drawn thither by a pair of spotted Indian ponies, said by their owner to be wonders of their kind.

The trail leads directly to the village, and presently that which seemed to be a number of white-walled shanties, tumbled together on the prairie, is no longer without form, for before us are two rows of buildings which we must no longer call shanties, so perfectly in line are they that we are sure the services of a Dominion land surveyor must have been available when the lines were laid. Not a creature in sight,—which leads us to think that, if this village is not without form, it is certainly void. But as the spotted ponies drew nearer there appeared here and there a small boy apparently no less inquisitive than his Anglo-Saxon brother in the older hamlets of Canada. One by one they watched us, to determine what manner of men we were, and then, having shown us that this is not a deserted village, disappeared to carry the news of our approach to other members of the community not yet aware of our presence.

When we were fairly within the town limits, we discovered that not only were the eleven buildings on each side of the street exactly in line, but that they were in pairs, the mate of one being across the street, the same size to the fraction of an inch, I am sure, and not one of them in the smallest degree out of line with the other. We had heard

of the dignity and simplicity of the Doukhobor arts of living; and the perfect symmetry of this little town (for, of course, we are in Saskatchewan where every group of buildings is a town) confirmed us in the vague impression. But this was soon dazzled out of our minds by the glaring whiteness of the walls. How frequently they had been white-washed I do not know; but this afternoon with the September sun glaring on them they were painfully white. The windows were filled with flowering plants which rested one's eyes for the moment; and if we were to describe adequately the polished brightness of the glass through which we saw those flowers, we would put to shame the most brilliant advertisement of a "cleanser" ever written. The doorsteps were white and polished. As we glanced at them we merely thought of the mud of Saskatchewan, where mud is mud, for it was a dry year, and even a Doukhobor would have welcomed it. Signs of life were multiplying. An old man came into view presently. He was half asleep on a bench at the shady side of a house, and presently we were met by a young man with his hand in bandages, who came to enquire our business, for the spotted ponies had stopped suggestively.

We followed our introduction with a fusilade of questions, the first of them of course being, "What do you think of this country, now?" and the last, "What is a Doukhobor?" He met the volley with a prompt response, but before long grew cautious.

"Why you ask these t'ings?" asked he. "Mebbe, you put in paper?"

I assured him my interest was purely friendly.

"Lots o' papers, lots o' liars," said he. "Lots o' men make lie about Doukhobor."

With the first proposition I expressed myself as being in hearty agreement, and assured him that I would make no lie either about him or his village. Whereupon, he undertook to conduct us about. I told him I would be sorry to take him from his work and, in response, he held out his bandaged hand, telling me he would not work until his hand was better.

The community, said he, looked after the sick, the injured, and the aged. That word, "community," had come into his conversation again and again, but it was not until he explained his absence from the harvest field by holding out his injured hand that I remembered that here, sure enough, was a member of the most successful communistic settlement the world has seen. I was not long in learning from this young enthusiast that every one worked here but the sick and the aged, that the proceeds of their labour went into a common purse from which all their necessities were met, and that this they did because they believed in the brotherhood of man.

"God, the Father; all man love other man: be brother," this young Doukhobor told me. "Not hurt; not kill," he added, to explain why they had asked to be exempted from military service when they came to Canada. "God give ox life. God give man life: man not take life; that's no good. Man live: ox live: that's good." Therefore, the Doukhobors do not eat meat.

We were now half-way down the street in front of the church built of red brick burned at their fine kilns in Yorkton. I have used the word "church." The more correct term would be "meeting-house." Our guide explained as we entered the bare, mud-floored auditorium, that they had no priest, and that whoever was led by the spirit conducted the meetings. But we were less interested in this part of the building, with its little table and two long benches, than in a large room behind it, where we found two, large, beautifully ornamented beds, on each of which was a huge pile of bed-clothes, and between them a little stove polished like a mirror with a neat pile of wood behind it. Our guide, from experience, did not wait for our question. This was the community's guest chamber.

"Mebbe, man come—not like sleep in house—too many people. Sleep here. Mebbe all the house have no room. Come here. Mebbe too cold, get lost, walk, walk, walk, mebbe die. That's no good. Come here—make fire—sleep.

No one say 'What for you sleep here?' In morning, go. No one say 'what for?'—that's good." Has any people on the face of the earth anything more beautiful than that?

Across the way was the blacksmith's shop and behind that the bakeshop. When you say this place is clean from the flour bins to the glistening, white-washed, mud oven, large enough to take the whole batch at once, and the bake table laden, when we were in, with huge loaves of brown bread covered with rhubarb leaves to keep the crust moist,—when you say that all these were clean, you express yourself in the gentlest of language. If anything could be made cleaner with soap and water and brush, you feel that you would like to see it. Here, then, in this superlatively clean kitchen, the village baking was done, the women going two by two to do it, and every member of the village is welcome to all he needs.

When we reached the street, we discovered a building with a stained wall. The window had a broken pane and the door hung loose on its hinges. The thatch was ragged, but it was the cracked, dirty, stained wall that took our attention. Before we reached the end of the street we discovered two more such buildings, all of them unoccupied and all conspicuous by their broken walls.

"All men free," said my guide. "Some men go."

"Where?" I asked.

"Some men leave the community," he said, pointing across the prairie to a little homestead shanty, occupied by a Doukhobor who had left the community. But this, the first sombre note in the piece, was driven away by the appearance of a group of laughing, chatting, gay, young women tripping across the prairie.

"Where do they come from?" I asked.

"From wheat field," he said, and then I remembered a considerable fuss, a dozen years ago, produced by a photograph of a score of Doukhobor women pulling a huge breaker through the prairie of Saskatchewan. Women dragging a plough was a new feature of Canadian life and, of course,

we were horrified by it. The explanation given at the time was that the male members of this group of new Canadians had spread themselves over the older part of the country, helping the Canadians to harvest their crop, solving for them the exceedingly difficult problem of harvest help. The women, having nothing to do while the men were away, improved the shining hours by breaking the land.

"Oh," said I, "you make your women work, I see."

"Not make," he replied, in an aggrieved voice. "Not make. Work, mebbe one hour, mebbe two. Go when like, come when like." I said I had read of Doukhobor women being harnessed to a waggon and compelled to haul it.

"Lots o' liars," he said, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders. "Lots o' papers, lots o' liars."

This particular company of laughing young women did not seem to be much the worse for whatever work they did. A huge stable in the rear of the houses shed a little light on the occupation of the women. A dozen of them were here, some of them wheeling clay, others tramping it into mud plaster with their feet, others again, on platform and scaffolds, filling in the chinks between the logs and covering the walls with a smooth coat of clay. When the summer was over, here would be a commodious, comfortable shelter for the summer's increase in their flocks and herds.

I remember, one day, watching a trainload of these people at a little Canadian Northern railway station in northern Manitoba. An overdue freight train held up the special immigrant train, and curiosity led some of those at the station to walk through the cars. "Did you see a baby in the whole bunch?" said one who had gone with me. I had not thought of it, but when I let my mind run back through that trainful of people I remembered that among the hundreds there was not a single babe. But twelve years later, in this village on the banks of the Assiniboine, were little groups of boys and girls,—happy, healthy,

little fellows they were, born on the free prairies of Western Canada. It is highly significant that, during the years of peace and freedom following those of Russian persecution, there should be many babes born in the Doukhobor villages.

Is this Utopia? "In the complicated agitation of modern existence, our wearied souls dream of simplicity," I have read. The sentence came into my mind and I wondered, as I made my way through this quiet, happy, peaceful, Doukhobor village, if this were the kind of thing which was thought of. Looked at from no other point of view than that of an extraordinarily successful, commercial west, the notion which lies behind this and scores of other Doukhobor villages has worked out in a way that is, commercially, remarkably satisfactory. Emissaries, of whom one frequently reads, going into the wholesale houses of Winnipeg and buying for cash a trainload of supplies of food and implements, point to this. Driving for miles through their wheat fields you never see what you will find in any other community in the west, a half section of good land poorly farmed and casting a blight on all the farms around. The Doukhobor method makes it impossible that a piece of land should suffer, year after year, because it is owned by a farmer who does not understand his business. The community's large farm is all worked on the same principle, and one which shows that these people are not asleep. The large brick yards, the grain elevators, the handsome cement and brick stores, the mills, all built, owned, and operated by the Doukhobors on the coöperative plan, all indicate a degree of business acumen not excelled by any people in Western Canada. With all their queer ways and strange notions, it cannot be doubted that the Doukhobors are financially the most successful group of settlers Western Canada has ever received. From a national standpoint, some objections may be taken to them, their determination to colonize, made necessary for the maintenance of their principles, being only one of several which might be mentioned; but they are commercially a success.

The report from Nelson, published recently from the colony started near that town three years ago, is the latest testimony to the business sagacity of these people. They purchased three thousand acres of wild land at a cost of one hundred and forty thousand dollars, and have to-day eight hundred acres of this cleared, and forty thousand trees planted. Nearly three hundred thousand dollars have been spent in improvements, and the land itself is estimated to be worth half-a-million dollars. The Doukhobor community is one of the great business enterprises of Western Canada. And, notwithstanding this, if your wearied soul dreams of simplicity, here is your dream come true.

I do not forget that these are the people who, a few years ago, to the number of sixteen hundred (twenty per cent. of the whole colony), turned their cattle adrift on the prairie and started across country to Yorkton, and thence down the Manitoba and North-western branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway in search of the Messiah, who would lead them to a warmer country; and, although the ground was already frozen, for a western winter had more than begun, they pursued their march without winter clothing and with no food. These are the people whom the authorities have difficulty at times in persuading to see the desirability of wearing garments, who, when sent to gaol for continued persistence in going in nature's garb, refuse to eat the prison fare. An ignorant literalism, together with an immoderate amount of fanaticism, will explain most of their vagaries. But here, in wheat-growing, real-estate-booming Saskatchewan, is a group of people, some ten thousand strong, to whom the money-making spirit of the West appears to make no direct appeal. Whatever may be said of Mr. Verigin and of those intimately associated with him in the direction of the community's enterprises, this gold-heaping spirit of the West appears to make no appeal to the average Doukhobor. If you smile at the Utopianism of it, I bring you under the pulpit from which John Ruskin preaches. "Utopianism!" you may hear him say, "that is another of the Devil's pet words. I believe

that the great admission which all of us are ready to make, that because things have long been wrong it is impossible they should ever be right, is one of the most fatal sources of misery and crime." Here is a group of men, themselves not gold-heapers, happy and content in the midst of a land-mad race.

Those three houses with the stained walls, are they a pathetic tribute to the brutal power of a material age, which has proved too strong for a Utopian dream? At least one whole village has abandoned the community life, unable to stand against the insistent lure of private wealth, and every village has its house with the stained wall. Do they point to the time when Saskatchewan will have nothing but the memory of a people who thought the wheat fields belonged to all the people and cultivated them with no thought of wasting their fertility, or of melting gold from them, but thought only of the food, and clothing, and habitation they needed for the present, knowing that as they gladly cared for the aged, their children would gladly care for them? Are these empty houses the symptoms of a disease which will ultimately destroy the community spirit of the Doukhobor? The British Columbia colony, with its genial climate, will more and more draw the loyal Doukhobors. I asked one why he was going to British Columbia. "Work summer: one cold night: all gone," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. This, in itself, will weaken the ties that bind, for the power of attraction in a large body is great. The love of gold which a man may count for his own is strong, and an occasional stained wall is merely an early symptom of its strength in this Utopian community. Is the vitality of the community spirit strong enough to battle successfully with a malady already begun, curing the body by sheer force of moral power? Time alone will tell.

JOHN A. CORMIE

JUVENILE DELINQUENTS

IN 1908 the Dominion Parliament passed "The Juvenile Delinquents Act." The preamble sets out that "it is inexpedient that youthful offenders should be classed or dealt with as ordinary criminals, the welfare of the community demanding that they should, on the contrary, be guarded against association with crime and criminals, and should be subjected to such wise care, treatment, and control as will tend to check their evil tendencies and to strengthen their better instincts." With this laudable object the Act provides for the establishment of juvenile courts, the sweeping definition of a juvenile delinquent being "any child that violates the provisions of the Criminal Code, or of any Dominion or provincial statute, or of any by-law or ordinance of any municipality, for which violation punishment by fine or imprisonment may be awarded; or who is liable by reason of any other act to be committed to any industrial school or juvenile reformatory." The procedure is governed by Part XV, Summary Convictions, of the Criminal Code, whether or not the act constituting the offence charged would be, in the case of an adult, tried summarily.

All cases of children under the age of sixteen are to be tried in a juvenile court; though, by Section 7, if the child be over fourteen years of age and the crime committed is an indictable offence, the court may in its discretion order the child to be proceeded against by indictment in the ordinary way provided by the Criminal Code. This, as I shall show, is a weak point in the Act, amounting to a flaw, notwithstanding the provision that "such course shall in no case be followed unless the court is of the opinion that the good of the child and the interests of the community demand it." The Juvenile Delinquents Act further provides that the parents or other custodians of juvenile delinquents shall be

notified of the hearing of any charge of delinquency and shall have the right to be present at the hearing and to be heard in behalf of the child. The trials of children shall be private, and no reports giving the names of the children or their parents shall be published in the newspapers. This is a prudent provision. It takes the "glory" out of the offence. The lad cannot pose as a hero to himself or before his companions. A young culprit does not hear his parents admonished nor listen to the cases of other children, and the feelings of the parents are more effectively spared. No child, pending a hearing, shall be confined in jail or other place where adults are imprisoned, but in places where children only are detained. None of these wise provisions, however, applies to the exceptional proceedings under Section 7, to which reference has been already made.

A delinquent child may be fined, and the parent, if neglectful, may be compelled to pay the penalty, or the child may be committed to the care or custody of a probation officer or other similar person, or may be allowed to remain at home under supervision of the probation officer, or placed in a foster home, or be committed to a Children's Aid Society, or to a superintendent of neglected and dependent children, or to an industrial school or refuge. The juvenile court may make an Order on the parents of the children, or on the municipality to which it belongs, to contribute to the child's maintenance. An excellent provision in the Act is that the probation officer attends the juvenile court, not as a prosecutor of the child but "to represent the interests of the child when the case is heard." It remains to add that the Act comes into force in any portion of a province on proclamation by the Governor-General in Council, and an Order-in-Council has been passed setting out the requirements and facilities necessary to deal with the child as a condition precedent to such proclamation.

The Juvenile Delinquents Act is supplemented by provincial legislation for the protection of juveniles by statutes intituled "Children's Protection Acts." Criminal law being

ultra vires of provincial legislatures, these "protection" Acts profess to deal only with neglected and dependent children. Notwithstanding this restriction, the provincial Acts in many respects have wider scope than the Dominion's Juvenile Delinquents Act. Indeed, the cardinal difference between the two sorts of legislation is that, whereas the Dominion legislation deals only with criminals *in esse*, the provincial legislation applies to criminals both *in esse* and *in posse*; a child may be neglected and dependent and yet not be delinquent, whereas, by statutory definition, a child that is a criminal is regarded as neglected and dependent.

A weak feature in the Children's Protection Acts is that their operation is virtually restricted to the children of the poor, whereas children of the rich are too often so neglected and improperly trained that, in the interests of the child and of the State, it should be taken from its unworthy parents and transformed into a good citizen. A child with an improper guardian, be he rich or poor, is a "dependent" child. The reason of halting steps respecting this view of the subject is an example of the tenacity with which the present clings to usages of the past. The notion took root long ago that children were the "property" of their parents; to this day they are often spoken of as "our children," and an argument based on the phrase was and still is used in opposition to compulsory education. The slightest reflection discovers the fallacy. No one is allowed with impunity to injure or sell "his child," or even to include it in a chattel mortgage. The mistaken idea arose from the circumstance that in ancient times the question of the treatment of children seldom arose except where property interests were involved. Even now there are those that doubt the right of the courts to control the custody of children, to take a child from its parents or natural guardian. The principle, however, is as old as the hills, or at any rate as the Court of the Chancellors, who never hesitated to take children from parents that were cruel, drunken, blasphemous, or even irreligious. When the parents were rich there

was no difficulty, as the cost of the children became a charge on the estates. When, however, there was no estate, the question arose, not about the right of the State to take away the children but what to do with them when they were taken away. Hence came the notion that the law dealt with the property and not with the children, and hence also, traced therefrom, the tendency of the legislation of to-day to virtually restrict itself to the children of the poor.

The idea, however, is erroneous. In 1790 (*Creuze v. Hunter*, 2 Bro. C.C., 449) Lord Thurlow restrained a father from interfering with the education of his child, observing that he would not allow the colour of parental authority to work the ruin of his offspring. Lord Eldon, too, annihilated the doctrine that the courts could not interfere unless property were at stake (*Wellesley v. Wellesley*, 2 Russ, 1; 2 Bligh, N.S. 124). This great chancellor disposed of the contention upon the broad principle that the Crown is the ultimate parent of the child, and that where the parent by nature has by misconduct forfeited his right to have the custody of his child, the king, as *parens patriæ*, through his chancellor, will step in and protect the child by removing it from the environment that must make for its undoing. The greatest difficulty that confronted the early chancellors when the custody of a child was disturbed was how to exercise the jurisdiction so that the child could be maintained. So far as respects the children of the poor to-day, the Juvenile Delinquents Act and the Children's Protection Acts remove the difficulty. Thus the juvenile court is no usurper. The judge exercises those chancery powers of guardianship and friendly care which are conferred upon him by law. It is Mother State caring for her neglected and erring children.

Criminal law, as already stated, being *ultra vires* of provincial legislation, the Children's Protection Acts do not authorize imprisonment and do not, in general, affect to deal with young criminals. The nearest approach thereto is that a child who is found guilty of petty crimes and is likely to develop criminal tendencies is regarded as neglected and

dependent, and may be removed from its surroundings. Such children are delivered to a Children's Aid Society, which may send them to a temporary home or shelter until suitable foster homes are found for them, or they may be sent to industrial schools, refuges, or similar institutions. The parents may be ordered to contribute to the keep of the children, and, failing their ability so to do, the municipality in which the children live may be ordered to pay for their maintenance. Parents may also be fined up to a hundred dollars for neglecting or ill-treating their children.

The weak point in the Children's Protection Acts is that no provision is made to meet the cost of conducting such societies. These institutions are dependent for support entirely upon the voluntary subscriptions of good-natured people. The legislature has given the societies great powers. Their officers can take children from vicious, immoral, or criminal environment, parental or other kind, and put them on the road that leads to respectable citizenship. They can be taken from the hovels that are their homes and be brought up in a way that shall make them as other children. Unfortunately the legislatures have not provided the means of exercising these powers. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are being spent on building, equipping, and maintaining jails and penitentiaries for fully developed criminals. How much, how little, or what amount, is spent by governments that shall directly tend to keep these institutions empty, and so save the vast expenditure annually incurred? And yet it has been estimated by a competent authority that the cost of saving a child is only five per cent. of the cost of punishing a criminal. What is alone surprising is that governments spend so much to punish and maintain criminals and so little to prevent criminals coming into existence. It is from neglected children that the ranks of professional criminals are recruited. The question naturally suggests itself: What ought to be done? With a slight disregard for grammar, the answer may be brusquely given: Nip it in the bud. Criminals do not fall ready made from

the sky or spring from the earth. As the rest of humanity they are born; they have infancy, childhood, youth, and manhood. The best preventive of crime is to catch the subject while he is young. Reason, equity, and policy alike dictate that this should not be left to eleemosynary effort. It is as much an affair for the State as the detection of crime and the maintenance of our jails. When, therefore, the provinces passed the Children's Protection Acts, giving powers as above indicated, they ought to have provided means to render those powers effective. It is not too late to do so now. To prevent a child becoming a criminal is the best investment a government can make.

The weak point in the Juvenile Delinquents Act, alluded to in the first paragraph of this article, is that the idea of a crime and a criminal court is too obtrusive. True it is that the statute enacts that the juvenile delinquent is not to be treated as a criminal, but as a misdirected and misguided child needing, not punishment, but aid and encouragement. This is good as far as it goes; but the proceedings are under the Criminal Code. That is to say, the child is "charged" with an "offence;" may be "summoned to appear;" there is a "trial," a plea, a sentence, a committal, a conviction, a sentence. The Act itself even speaks of a child being "proved to have been guilty of an offence." This should be abolished. There ought to be no taint of a criminal court in the proceedings. The child ought not to be "tried" for anything. There should be no "charging with an offence," no committal, no sentence. The great thing to realize is that the affair is not the State *versus* Johnny but the State *for* Johnny, and an excellent feature in the Act is that the probation officer shall attend the Juvenile Court, not as a prosecutor but "to represent the interests of the child." The child should be regarded as a ward of the State, to be cared for by it, not as an enemy of the State, to be punished by it. The supreme question is: Is the parent a fit person to continue as the guardian of the child? If not, what ought to be done with the child? The proceedings,

I repeat, are not against the child but in its behalf. Instead, therefore, of trial, charge, committal, there should be nothing more than an inquiry into the condition and environment of the child and the conduct of its parents. If any one is on trial in the Juvenile Court it is not Johnny but his parents, the charge being breach of trust amounting to cruelty; and, though outside my subject, I may add there should be enforcement to the uttermost of the parental obligation. The point I wish to emphasize is that, instead of a trial, the duty of the Juvenile Courts should be to find out exactly how the child is being reared, and discover the best thing to do in the circumstances. The State, as a loving, yet prudent, mother, cares for her weak and erring children, and ought to see that they are not neglected or oppressed.

On what Juvenile Courts should do with the children, I can speak here only of general principles. I read recently that "no matter how far a young heart has strayed the hand of love will bring it back." It ought to be still more easy with young delinquents, because, as a rule, they have not strayed. They were born on the highway to ruin, and there they are. Surely the hand of love can lead them into the right path.

I refer again to the weak point in the Juvenile Delinquents Act; namely, the power still reserved to proceed by indictment. In Canada the matter is in the discretion of the court. In England the parent of the child can demand a jury by right. In both countries Parliament seems afraid to take the leap advocated in this article. The privilege, or power, is seldom exercised, but when it has been, there was no advantage to the child or to any one else. In 74 J.P. 484, there is a case of two small boys, aged 13, whose parents, one of them an ex-convict, had elected that the boys should be tried by jury, instead of at the Juvenile Court, where other three of the gang had been tried and released on probation. The jury refused to try the lads, and the presiding officer at the sessions declined to allow them to be put in the dock. He said: "I think it the worst thing

that could happen to them that they should have the recollection throughout their lives that they had been brought for trial to a court like this. I will at once set them free to go back home. To talk of criminal intent in mites you can hardly see, is absurd." These are wise words, and if the law were as advocated in this paper, the incident could not have occurred. All five boys would have been treated alike and two of them would not have been sent back to their degrading environment. We must get rid, so far as "mites" are concerned, of the notion that every subject has an inalienable right to be tried by a jury of his peers. Mites are not subjects, and have no right to claim that they should be "tried" at all.

Section 23 of the Juvenile Delinquents Act is a step in the right direction. It provides that a committee from the Children's Aid Society, where there is one, shall act with the judge of the Juvenile Court. This would permit ladies to act with the court. I would go a step further, and urge that some of them be appointed justices of the peace to deal with children's cases, as is done in France with good results. Naturally they would have to be experts, but there are many women well qualified for such a position. In dealing with children, women's natural sympathy would be seen to the best advantage. They might, it is true, err on the side of leniency, but that is not a very great fault in dealing with children, and certainly is better than erring in the opposite direction, as is often the case.

The subject is important from the economic aspect alone, and of greater importance from the sociological standpoint. I do not recognize the fear that obliges the Juvenile Delinquents Act to await proclamation for enforcement. What danger is there in its becoming law all over the Dominion without delay? If it be thought that fulfilment of the conditions precedent demanded by the Order-in-Council shall be stimulated by withholding proclamation, I fear disappointment will result. Governments, who always pretend to be poor, are far more likely to seize upon the absence of the

conditions precedent as an excuse for not undertaking the expense that will follow the proclamation of the Act. As far as the Juvenile Court itself is concerned, the expense is slight. No paraphernalia are required. The late Mr. T. Mayne Daly of Winnipeg, a model judge of a Juvenile Court, said the proceedings in his court were as informal as possible: "There is nothing in the court surroundings to overawe the child; everything is conducted in a matter-of-fact way, with none of the accompaniments that excite the child's mind in the ordinary court rooms. Our Juvenile Court proceedings are conducted somewhat in the line of a family gathering." In such a court no child needs fear to stand up and tell his own story.

Penologists are agreed that one of the chief reasons of ill-success in reducing crime is the failure to provide adequate machinery for the treatment of juveniles. Too much has been thought of the punishment of the individual as a warning to all other individuals, and too little of the reform of the individual, which, after all, gives the best example to the rest. The Juvenile Courts ought to prevent, as well as remedy. If their work can be perfected, the result will be to change a danger to the State into a strength to the State; to transform degraded homes into happy, clean homes; and as the homes, so the people. The influence that a child will have on its former environment when it returns there trained in decency of living will be such that not only the child, but the parents as well, will become worthy and respectable citizens.

W. TRANT

A TRAVELLER'S NOTES IN GREECE

WHEN I took my year off—my jubilee year—the *Globe* announced that I was going to prosecute research; nothing, of course, was further from my thoughts: rather I was going to leave research to search instead—for a few months—for the life, the realities which escape the scholar in a university.

“The scholar in a university,” says Callicles in Plato’s *Gorgias*, “is one who misses life and actuality; he is one who spends his life in a corner chattering with a handful of boys of right and wrong, and Greek and barbarian; an excellent training and discipline for the wits of the boys, but the very mischief for their instructor and sophist: the language of the market place is a dead language to him: the dead language of the schools is his only living tongue: the real meaning of words, as they are used in the live world, has no existence for him; for words are only counters with wise men and with men of the world, but they are true coin to the scholar, and he uses them as if they were more than counters, and is obsessed with them, and ridden by them until he becomes their slave.” This at least is a paraphrase of Callicles’ words.

And again I was going to see life in its reality and its bitterness, the life of Europe: to forget the merely local transitory conditions which make life in Canada, and in the United States, so unreal, so exceptional, albeit so much brighter, so much more happy. I was going to forget the *Globe*, and America, and anti-militarism, and the Trusts, and the N.P. and the Higher Critics and still more the crusaders against the Higher Critics, and all the talk about Canada’s greatness, and Canada’s century, and all the other shibboleths of this most prosperous city. I was going to revisit instead a people who had never heard of the *Globe*, and are only

beginning to realize the greatness of Canada, a people who liked soldiers, too, and are beginning to trust them more and to believe more not only in the necessity but in the virtues of the military training, and the military type: people who even still believed, often insistently, in Free Trade: and people who were neither Higher Critics nor yet sworn to take the lives of the Higher Critics; but who held a common place, common-sense balance between the Higher Critics and their foes, and were assured that the world had always required and always would require both temperaments.

However, since I went—according to the *Globe*—for research sake, I felt myself in duty bound to keep my eyes open during my visit to Greece—and anyhow it was difficult to get sleep there—and to collect impressions, and translate them into words; for my own benefit, but, conceivably in some faint measure I would fain hope, to the entertainment for a few moments of others also.

It was on the 24th of March, 1910, Thursday in Holy Week, that I left Rome for Naples and for Greece. The weather was perfect throughout the voyage and afterwards, as perfect as in Italy; hardly a day, only rarely even a few hours of rain: yet the very absence of rain revealed the physical and climatic deficiencies of Greece.

These are sometimes said to be of comparatively recent origin, and to be due in part to the Turks, who cut down the forests; but whatever be the explanation, the land is cursed with heat and drought. There are no rivers of any account or amount in Attica or in the Peloponnese: the Ilissus and the Cephissus—names of classic fame—are as nothing even to the Jordan, as the Jordan was nothing to the rivers of Damascus: they are the merest brooks, far inferior in beauty and in volume to the peat-bog rivulets which stream from Dartmoor and are the charm and the wealth of Devonshire. In fact one realizes when one reaches Greece that one is in a land semi-oriental in its climate and its dust. The flora has become oriental; the fauna has become oriental, and the voice of the jackass is heard in the land.

Everywhere also there are goats with the sheep. The sheep and the goats of the familiar New Testament imagery are not of Christian Greece only; they belong to the Greece of all ages. In the museum at Athens one can see a statue of a good shepherd carrying the lambs in his bosom, which dates back far behind Christianity into classical times. And the climate itself is oriental. Even at nine in the morning on my way to Sunium and the temple of Poseidon I saw these goats gathered under the cliffs, as the sheep were gathered under a spreading olive tree, to escape the oriental sun: no wonder—some scholar has observed—no wonder that the *ἐκκλησία* met at daybreak on the Pnyx, when Philip of Macedon captured Elatea; for it was already April and one could not stand the heat of an Athenian April later in the day. Personally we escaped this excessive heat except on one day, the 18th; and after all, I have been told, it was worse just then on this side of the Atlantic and in New York; but in a land without many trees and without water, when the heat is often intolerable by the end of April, if not earlier, when the only barley harvest is in April and never again, for want of water, in summer or in autumn; when the brown tiles of Athenian roofs are covered with the dust, for which they seem to have been designed by a sort of protective mimicry, in order to stifle in the choking spectator even the thought that there can be any other colour for a roof than brown; in such a land one realizes that the hand of nature has fallen heavily; that by the side of green Italy and greener England, "where ever falls the rain and the mists and fogs never leave her," Greece is a land afflicted. The wettest summer in Devonshire when all the amber waters of Dartmoor are in spate will seem better than this torrid sun of Athens: "Devon, oh Devon, in wind and rain" will be the cry of any man, Canadian or English, who has grown to love the sight of running water and "the beauty born of murmuring sound," and to abhor heat and drought.

Even all the beauty of the Acropolis, and the yet greater beauty of Delphi and the greatest beauty of all, perhaps, to the lover of water, the exquisite peacock blue and emerald green of the seas round Greece, under Poseidon's temple at Sunium, at Aegina under the temple of Aphaea, and, most of all, along the shore between Corinth and Megara, where the water surpasses even Capri and Amalfi in its hues—even these things can hardly hide the climatic handicap under which Greece struggles.

Not that there is not plenty of fine scenery; we rode through a long summer day of fine scenery; from Chaeronea to Arachoba, the little village, settled by Albanians originally, which lies on the shoulder of Parnassus to the north-east of Delphi. It was the 1st of April (by our calendar at least) and the green lizards on the low stone walls along the country roads made April fools of our dogs; while the shrilling of the frogs in the ditches, even at ten in the morning, was amazing; shrill enough to beat any band. It might have been, of course it partly was, Aristophanes' Elysium; but it was the Brek-ke-ke-kek of the small frog and not the *κοαξ* of the bull-frog.

Soon we passed the lion of Chaeronea; not an impressive lion, not a lion to be compared with the Swiss lion at Lucerne, still less with the lion of Belfort, Bertholdy's lion at the head of rue Denfert-Rochereau in Paris, or Barye's lions; it was rather indeed, as the photographer of our party called it, a grinning cat; modern art in this particular is more than creeping up to ancient art. Thence we rode on for hours over the wooded hills and through the deep gorges, where Oedipus and his father travelled till they reached the *σχιστή ὁδος* or parting of the ways, and met each other and lived and died to point the moral and adorn the tale of Sophocles.

From that point onwards the mountains, though equally fine or finer, were veiled from us almost entirely by the fall of night. The rest of the journey was perturbing: one was dimly conscious that one's ass or one's pony was crossing

narrow bridges without parapets and was descending break-neck ravines; but one saw nothing, until, at last, long after darkness had fallen, one found one's beast climbing, in novel fashion, the stone steps of a steep Arachoba lane: and we reached the two-roomed inn, the one house in Arachoba which, though not a professional inn, yet officially received strangers. The ladies were lodged here; and other unofficial guest-chambers were provided for the occasion for the men of our party;—chambers more redolent of the kindness and good intentions of the owners than of comfort or prosperity in their menages.

Arachoba will not be, for some time at least, exactly the place for the academic tenderfoot, for the languid gentleman of fastidious universities to choose for their holidays. In Arachoba life is one long camping out, except that camping—at any rate in the generous open spaces of Canada—has conveniences and even comforts beyond all comparison with the squalor of the narrow lanes and half equipped cottages of poor Arachoba. The famous dogs which assaulted Odysseus, and have assaulted every traveller since in Greece, had at least one worthy descendant in Arachoba.

The next day began, for once, in driving rain and it was difficult to appreciate adequately the site of Arachoba; a succession of blocks of small stone-houses intersected with narrow lanes, climbing up the mountain side in dense array, like the seats in a theatre, as a Greek writer says; with a couple of churches and three or four general stores; the people, though once Albanians, have long been Christianised; nevertheless one member of our party found that it was not the part of wisdom to caress the children; the doctrine of the evil eye seemed but half exorcised. In the same driving rain we descended through the clouds to Delphi, distant only a few hours' ride. In Delphi naturally civilization has made greater progress. There was an hotel of the Pythian Apollo; an hotel of the Fountain of Castalia, and the Hotel des Etrangers, *ξενοδόχειον τῶν ξένων* to which we went; the oldest and perhaps the most civilised, for it

bore in bold letters across its front the alluring welcome "Baths—Five o'clock." Some people are too exacting and never know when to stop; they ask for more than these shibboleths of civilization. Even so some of our party asked for the advertised baths and the afternoon tea; only to find, not unnaturally, that these are at present in Delphi only the watch-words of civilization, the catch-words of fashion; the language of polite society which, as such, must appear upon the prospectus of a self-respecting hotel and upon its facade, before they can be expected to materialize further; which are, in short, only another form of protective mimicry. Greek hotels are full of such protective mimicry; the majority of them are grand hotels, many are palaces; none, of course, are just common inns; it would be unworthy of Greek culture.

But the sour milk junkets were as good as tea and the view of the gorge where the river found its way to Chryse and to Itea, with the mountains rising fold upon fold behind it, was as inspiring as a bath. The limestone hills are crumbling away all around the temple site and the earth is red with their dust; the uplands might have been supposed to be clothed with heather; the sea of the Gulf of Corinth is just visible to the south, the snow of Parnassus' higher slopes to the north; the spring of Castalia comes out of the cliffs directly to the east; the scenery would be beautiful anywhere; even in Scotland or in Devonshire, the two places which perhaps it most suggests.

It proves that the Greeks, in spite of their comparative silence, were not so indifferent to Nature as their language often suggests: for here in this very place where the new god of Light and Right, the god of Humanity and Reason, Apollo, vanquished the earlier god and goddess of earth and sea, Gaia and Poseidon, the selection of this site for the chief temple of Apollo is an act of homage to the majesty of the gods dethroned by him, of Mother Earth and the dim-seen sea; nay, there is an act of homage both on the part of those

who built here the original temple of Γῆ and Ποσειδῶν and of those who superseded it with the shrine of the Pythian Apollo.

The Greeks cannot have been indifferent to Nature then, though they say so little of Nature and so much of Man: they were not blind to Nature's beauty but they found so much more than beauty in man. Nature might be perfect; but man was alive and he was terrible, alike a monster and a god: and alternately a monster and a god; and in the face of his life and speech, and thought and change, the inscrutable silence and the remoteness of Nature were less interesting.

I need hardly say that I am not going to discuss the Temple or the other ruins at Delphi. I am not an antiquarian, more's the pity; I have no talent for archaeology, woe is me; Professor Carruthers' little finger is thicker than my loins in these respects: and he knows more of Delphi than I could see there, though he is not just returned thence. I have no gift or taste for architecture, or sculpture, or painting,—ancient or modern. I am a barbarian and the son of barbarians: if I had stayed months in Italy, instead of weeks, I should not have appreciated the paintings of Botticelli or of Perugino.

For the same reason I was never able—in spite of the precedent of Pythagoras—to identify the shield I carried in the Trojan war or any similar memorial of that life: in short my stay in Greece convinced me, if I needed conviction, that it was my fate in all my earlier incarnations to belong to barbarian societies and not to Greece.

It is not for me then either to-day or any day to deprecate or depreciate the prejudices of the barbarians of all ages towards those features of Greek life which Plato and Thucydides have noticed as always abhorrent to the barbarian mind. I must be content to remain deaf, and dumb, and blind to much that is best in Greek life and art, as well as to some other things, not equally desirable perhaps but equally Greek. I have never been able to grow enthusiastic over the ancient Greek games, and I did not feel enthusiastic

in the modern stadium, which is also so ancient. If one does not like the ancient wine, one does not like it more, but less, in a new bottle. Athletics for Greeks; military training for Romans; the two were more opposed to each other than allied: and historically they have rarely run hand in hand. In our New Testament the Apostle seeks his metaphor from each pursuit, from the athlete's and from the soldier's; but his instinct and his passion take him oftenest to the soldier's life for an analogy to the Christian's calling.

Sunday fell while we were at Delphi and we saw its celebration in the little church. Perhaps the vestments and incense and the robes of the officiating priests were more akin to Delphi of old than to the apostles; but human nature is perverse, and academic nature has a double dose of the original perversity. If we had seen instead a very simple ritual, such as was good enough for the saintly Channing, no robes in fact and no ritual and just a glass of flowers upon a library table, we should have called it the baldness of Unitarianism and not the simplicity which is in Christ. The conspicuous defects of the service were of a different nature: the nasal droning of the choir was more American than pleasant, more western to English ears than Hellenic: a poor substitute for the choirs of England or even for the poor singing of French and Italian churches.

We saw also a few days later a service in honour of Independence Day, the Greek Independence Day falling in the first week of our April. The boys were all dressed in sailor suits of white and blue, the girls in dresses of blue and white, and all carried the blue and white flag of Greece—and of the University of Toronto. There were speeches afterwards from the school-house and poems in honour of the occasion.

Patriotism has a larger place in the curriculum of Greek schools than in the schools of England. The American and Canadian spirit in such matters finds a ready echo in Greece. In England there is still—even in these democratic days—

a distrust of eloquence and flag-raising: the old fashioned people do not carry their hearts upon their sleeves; they prefer silence or secret prayer; and the labour members on their side distrust these things as jingoism, and want something more cosmopolitan, or rather more suggestive of class-legislation, more promising for the masses, more redolent of social betterment. Empire Day is too new-fangled for the one class, too Imperialistic for the other; it is against the grain of the country.

And for other and more obvious reasons, of course, ancient countries, like ancient universities, are not so vocal in their *esprit de corps* as communities or universities of more recent origin. Patriotism in the ancient community goes without saying.

But though Delphi was the most interesting and inspiring place we saw in Greece, it was not the only place of interest to which the young American archaeologist, who guided us, directed our journey. From Delphi we passed by way of Itea and the Gulf of Corinth and Patras to Olympia and the ruins of the temple of Zeus. Olympia pales and palls by the side of Delphi, even as the ancient worship of Olympian Zeus by the side of the worship of Apollo, his mediator and his more human interpreter.

Olympia lies in rolling pastoral country. The Alpheus broken into several channels runs a muddy and troubled course to the neighbouring sea: the somewhat tame scenery is scarcely improved by an hotel, ambitious and pretentious even beyond the average of Greek country hotels, and hardly so much better as to justify the extra pomp and presence.

Beneath the hotel are the meadows with the ruins of the chief god of classical paganism; above it a steep hill with a forlorn little Christian church on the summit. A living creed has an interest above a dead creed, however imposing its sepulchre, so I climbed early on Sunday morning to the little church. The gravestones around it were on the slant, but there were none of the tiny wooden kennels, so to speak, which we had seen serving for gravestones at poor Arachoba.

Tomb-stone literature, like hymns, is rarely of a very high order of literature—though I found some rather quaint conceits of this kind in Devonshire—but there was one grave at least of which the inscription had its own immediate pathos; it was that of a faithful German archaeologist who had given up his life for the hard and ill-requited service of archaeology, and had solved at Olympia, unexpectedly, mysteries greater than the minutiae of the worship of Olympian Zeus. After his life of humble patient search for details of unimportant knowledge, as it might seem, in the valley below, his body lies on the hill top, like the body of Browning's grammarian, and his soul has leisure for larger questions: "Hier ruhet aus vom viel bewegten Leben," says the epitaph with the simple sentiment and the business-like brevity of his far-off German home.

There were only eight peasants in the church when I went in; then several infants entered and solemnly crossed their arms; the priest's robes were soiled and faded. There was some kissing of *εικόνας*; at 7.30 a.m. some of the ladies of our party appeared and, after punctiliously lighting candles, took standing places in the stalls at the side; which being specially reserved for men obviously could not be withheld from American women; in fact the point—which might otherwise have seemed debateable—had been already settled in their favour by the oracle of Delphi. I should have said by the sacristan of the church there. More infants, some women, and a few men arrived gradually till there were some 60 persons: the children seemed to me fairly quiet—their mothers giving them the extinguished candle-ends to devour—but at one time the priest interrupted the service to upbraid his congregation vehemently for some minutes, whether for poor responses to the service or for a poor response generally to his labours, I could not understand: however it be [*δ'οῖν*] soon after a small girl, at the instigation of the boys, advanced to the centre of the church and delivered her soul of an invocation of some sort, which appeared to be a formal part of the service and not an impromptu. At

nine o'clock it all ended and the worshippers partook of the small plates of grain or meal provided and came out.

The poverty and the tawdriness of the service and the congregation suggested a contrast with the magnificent pomp of the Pagan services of old below in the valley of Zeus Olympius: the valley full of the lusts of the eye and the pride of life: but perhaps it was suggestive also that the poor little Christian church and its peasant people were at least ἐν τῷ καθαρῷ, on the heights, with a view of distant Erymanthus on the East with its eternal snows, and on the West of the Mediterranean, where Alpheus loses its shallow and turbid waters in depth and peace, and whence are wafted "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

After Olympia we went by rail over the mountains of Arcadia and visited the ruins of Tegea from Tripolis, and thence by rail again to Nauplia; whence we made expeditions by carriage to Epidaurus and its theatre; to Argos and its Venetian fort; to Tiryns and Mycenae, and their palaces and rock-tombs; and Corinth with its fountains.

We visited also from Athens Eleusis, and Aegina. Eleusis was more imposing at a distance, as the scene of mysteries usually is, than seen more closely: but Aegina with the temple of Aphaea, a Greek Lucina apparently, was very charming. For young women soon to be mothers, oppressed with the general burdens of Greek womanhood, and the special burden of approaching motherhood, dubious of the value of the life which is here already, and still more dubious about adding to that life, a better tonic could hardly have been found than to ascend the hill to the temple of this, their special goddess, to breathe the fresh air and the scents of pine trees and sea, to behold the exquisite colouring of the water in the curving bays, and to realize that Nature has her moods of mercy and help, and can be less harsh than her own ancient and unchanging but intermittent severities, and much kinder also than the ever changing tyrannies of puny man.

I have disavowed already all intention of attempting an archaeological lecture, but there was one principle which continually recurred in our archaeological lectures which has a general interest and a wide application. It was often pointed out, in reference to the Theseum in Athens first and to other buildings afterwards, how the architecture of Greece is full of a sort of petrified sentiment, or of a mimicry which protects sentiment; nails, or the similitude of nails, bosses, guttulæ, triglyphs, and the like, appear in stone buildings because these stone buildings are the successors of wooden temples wherein at the same place, nails or bosses, guttulæ and triglyphs were used naturally for the legitimate strengthening of the building. These things have become part, that is, of the custom and convention of a Greek temple, and in deference to a curious sentiment must be retained, at least in appearance, though no longer serving any purpose.

Some persons went so far as to apply the same theory of protective mimicry—mimicry which protects the past and its sentiment—to the common wine of Greece—resinato.

I was assured that the resin, or rosin, of the resinato was first used to preserve, not the wine, but the goat skins in which the wine was once kept; that so not only the goat skins survived but a taste for resin ultimately survived the obsolete goat-skins, so that, when bottles came in, the wine of the new bottle must still be resinous. Much as some other drinkers of other lands, from storing spirits in sherry casks have come to find, I am told, that they can only enjoy spirits impregnated with sherry. I dare not pronounce on this theory as an authority on the doctrine of survivals, or as an expert in the uses of resin, or even as a connoisseur of wines; I will only venture a personal opinion that resin is very vilely used to the abuse of good wine when it is introduced therein. And in support of mere personal opinion I will add a poem inspired by looking upon the wine-cup when it was red—with rosin.

Oh wines of Greece, oh wines of Greece,
 Though epicures may cozen
 Our lips with vain Moselle Champagne,
 You frankly give us rosin.

O wines of Greece, O wines of Greece,
 —somewhat as Byron says in
 Childe Harold—so then once Sappho
 Lived, loved and burned on resin.

And “take a cup” th’apostle wrote
 “My Timothy in season,
 For stomach’s sake” and stomach ache,
 In good wine is good resin.

“O land of reason falsely called,”
 So sings a Turkish muezzin,
 “Oh wine, oh wine, oh turpentine,
 Fie Hellas land of resin.”

Fie Hellas academic land
 Of smooth speech and free thinking;
 “Water is best” thy poet confest,
 Yet hymned the muse of drinking,

Terpsichore: called Turps for short;
 Her ancient home was Troezen;
 From goat-skin bags her earliest jags,
 Hence the first use of resin.

Time passed and bottles ousted bags,
 No wine-skin needed tonic;
 And yet Greek wine still reeks of pine,
 Tastes once acquired grow chronic.

So wine, Greek wine, incarnadine,
 With resin still thy raisin,
 Turn blue one red, my shaft is sped,
 I’ve no more rhymes for resin.

The only redeeming circumstance about the custom which I noted was that it involved the camping out of the peasants in April in the pine groves while they tapped the most resinous trees. We saw them so engaged once during a long day’s drive from Athens to Marathon and back.

There are other "survivals" much more vital than the details of architecture or wine-making which impress themselves on the reader of the classics when he sees modern Greece. I was not prepared,—I have hinted it already,—to find Greece so oriental as I found it. I knew indeed from my Greek historians and from Plato how oriental had been the position of women in ancient Athens. I felt in reading of the soul's immortality in Plato how oriental was his conception of life and death; how near Nirvana his immortality; how like a cry for escape from the round of personal existence his statement of the ultimate Heaven; with what a sigh of relief he seems to contemplate the time, when, the series of incarnations being completed, "the dewdrop" shall "slip" again "into the shining sea." And yet it required the spectacle of living Greece to bring home to me the history and the philosophy of the Greek classics; the spectacle of the heavily-clad, half-veiled peasant woman, toiling at the labours of the fields, while the men were loitering in the streets, as I saw them loiter in the streets of Pyrgos: or dragging their weary steps along the roads behind the asses, whereon sat leisurely their lords and kicked their heels against the asses' sides, as one may see them anywhere; or sitting in a little hut of stone, upon a floor of beaten earth in conversation with one another, while the rest of the people feasted and danced and kept a holy day, as I saw them at Hagia Deka. Women have in truth a hard time in Greece, a harder time even, I think, than in Holland or Germany; certainly a much harder time than in England. And yet the young girls, of course, are full of happiness and high spirits, and of interest in the stranger-women and in the details of the western dress: "unconscious of their doom the little victims played."

There are other orientalisms in Greece besides the sun-dried brick houses (which explain to us the Greek burglar *τοιχωρύχος*), besides the ubiquitous distaffs and spindles in the women's hands, and the veils, or half-veils, upon their faces, and the sunburned goat-girls and the long crooks with which the

shepherds lasso a refractory sheep, and the villages huddled on the hillsides; besides all these there is even still at Delphi a camel train. Up from the port of Itea through Chryse to Albanian Arachoba daily the camel-bell is heard and the camel train is the only means of carrying freight.

All these things, or nearly all, are survivals of ancient Greece; but some of them are superficial comparatively and unimportant. What of the modern Greeks themselves as Europe knows them and as they appear in modern politics? Are they survivals also? I have met—every one has met—enthusiastic, classical scholars who, for sentiment's sake, support modern Greece in every struggle, morally, or physically, or financially; who exult in every move against the unspeakable Turk and deplore the easy defeat of Greek armies.

Their zeal, I think, is not according to knowledge either of ancient or modern Greek character: scholars with much more personal knowledge of modern Greece—men like Mr. Hogarth, that is, scholars who have travelled much in the East—strike a different note; they frankly prefer the unspeakable Turk, for his honesty and his courage, in a word, as a man.

It is, therefore, not without some doubts, though with much sentimental satisfaction, that I venture to suggest that these travellers perhaps have been prejudiced against Greece by the more oriental Greeks, by the Greeks of Asia Minor and the Levant, the modern "Graeculus esuriens." I think that the Greeks of Greece proper are deserving of a better report. At any rate our party found nothing of this often-quoted dishonesty; for us it was confined, if it existed, to the Greeks of old. We found our Greeks quite honest, as honest as they were pleasant and amiable; quite conspicuously more honest than Italians. Coats and hats were left about in hotels in a way impossible—my companions all assured me—in Italy. Money was even refused—as I know from personal experience—for small services; for other services charges were moderate, and kindness and

civility were everywhere. Beyond a single occasion when it seemed to us that the head muleteer was exploiting the other muleteers, as an American or Canadian railway contractor exploits Italian labourers, we saw nothing of that Greek cunning and smartness which were proverbial in Greek and Roman times; and it can hardly have been altogether an accident that it escaped us entirely. In short the kindness and amiability, the humanity and courtesy, which always marked the Athenians of old, which endeared them, with other qualities, to their enemies, to Philip of Macedon, for example, seemed to persist still, and with less, not more, of the old commercial shiftiness.

But in some qualities more complex than these, compact at once of intellectual superiority and moral weakness, the Athenian to-day, if not the Greek generally, recalls the classical Greek type both for good and evil, and will be judged by the traveller according to his own temperament. I mean that the general indolence of ancient Athens in respect of moral energy, the general energy of ancient Athens in the expenditure of intellect, still remain, and to know everything and to do nothing, τὸ ἅπαν συνετον ἐπὶ πᾶν ἀργόν, in the words of Thucydides, is still not only the definition of a philosopher or a professor, it is also the definition of the Athenian of to-day. To leave the farm, and the land, and its distasteful drudgery, to get to the university with its lectures and debates, to get from the university into some small public position, to spend the day without exhausting labour in a government office, and the night with intellectual diversion in a café, reading interminable newspapers, talking interminable politics, and rolling interminable cigarettes, or—the quaint antidote for cigarettes affected among Greeks alone, I believe, among the sons of men—rolling interminable counting beads, the beads which relieve nervousness and yet avoid nicotine, which serve as a substitute when conversation is impossible, and let off steam generally more cheaply than tobacco;—to spend the night thus, seems to be the Athenian ideal; and it waits and waits for a new Demosthenes to uproot it.

“There seems to be something in the air of Athens,” says Professor Mahaffy, “inimical to sleep;” there always was. The Athenians were created, says the Corinthian orator in Thucydides, never to rest themselves, nor to let others rest. The form of their activity has changed since those days, the sleeplessness remains; and so it was that the evening parties beneath my hotel windows in the café opposite, lasted till 3 a.m., and the newsboys began to cry their wares at 4 a.m., and the boot-blacks to array their stands. No country produces more boot-blacks,—it has ever been the hereditary career of many Greeks, as we know in Toronto, to black barbarian boots, Roman or Canadian,—or more newspapers. No country loves the newspaper more whole heartedly.

It is something—it is much—that the papers themselves seem quite clean and wholesome; infinitely more so than the press of Paris; but the censure of Plato and Demosthenes and St. Paul must still have whatever force it had in their days; the whole population is turned towards reading, writing, and arguing about law and politics; is alienated from agriculture; is obsessed with the passion of hearing and telling some new thing.

The difference of education, as defined by Socrates and by the Romans, illustrates this feature of Greek character. Education to Socrates was an unloosening, an enfranchisement, an emancipation of intellect; with Rome education was rather a binding and a straightening and a tightening of will and purpose, the implanting of an end, an aim, an ideal—*religio*: and therefore religion still remains as the essential of education with peoples of the Roman type of mind; without it there is no guarantee for life and action; only for the intelligence and thought, which are the antithesis of action and which come to be with intellectual people their only action.

The interlude which lifted Greece for a moment from the hands of politicians, lawyers, and journalists, and gave it, like young Turkey, into the control of a few soldiers

and men of action—a part of the same disgust with the irresponsible chatter and frivolity of parliamentary government which shows itself still more strongly in France, which has appeared also in Spain and Portugal, and even in England—that interlude came to an end during our stay in Athens; and the king and parliament resumed their authority. I had no means of learning the inner history of these troubles; I only gathered that each party attributed to the other the ignominious failure of the last war with Turkey; the officers to the royal family and to Parliament incompetence; the supporters of the regime to the army itself, to its military inefficiency.

The opinion of the local English inclined, I think, to the latter explanation. They seemed to think that the Crown Prince had been made a scapegoat, *κάθαρμα*, for the cowardice of his soldiers. They took that broad general view of Athenian incapacity for action, of Athenian loquacity and ineffectiveness, which is expressed in the *Philippics* of Demosthenes and in the *Gorgias* of Plato, and in the letters of St. Paul. Athenian action indeed, what is it? It is thought, not action; and thought it has always been except for a few moments under Pericles, a later *Odysseus*, a man of thought and action equally. Apart from him Athenian thought has never had any action outside itself. With other nations ideas and ideals react upon the facts of life but are themselves also moulded by those same facts; so that there is always a vital relation between the two, so that ideal is never reduced to the level of mere facts, and yet never is permitted to become mere idea, but is the goal which at once changes facts and is changed with facts. But in Athens even Plato himself—the severe critic of Athens—held the Athenian creed that idea must ever take absolute precedence of fact; if facts do not fit it, so much the worse for facts; reason is that reason alone, thought alone, tells man the truth; if he does not live that truth, or realize, or at least approximate to it, so much the worse, not for the reason which has set up an impossible ideal,

but for the materialised human nature which fails to act up to it. The truth of things cannot be realised in brute matter, but so much the worse for brute matter; the idea represents the truth of things; the facts represent only the casual and contingent failures of matter.

To other races ideals without some substantial realization are but frivolous day-dreams, luxuries of thought, indolent self-indulgence, vain imagination, by the side of which the poorest act which shows effort and self-control is a worthier reality and a sublimer truth. As for the ideal truth that was only imagined, never lived, the ideal love, for example, that was an ecstasy of reverie, never exercised in fact, which never stood the strain of life and poverty, and the disillusionment of close acquaintanceship, and the tedium of use and wont, these things are not truth or love at all, only fancies and transports which bloom their hour and fade (as the great Cardinal's hymn has it), neither condensing into purpose, nor crystallising into will, nor justifying their easy seductions by the difficult action which ought to follow, and without which thought is a mere luxury, and knowledge a curse and ignorance true bliss. Measured by this standard of the relations of thought and action the modern Athenian seems to me to be the lineal descendant—whatever the ethnologists may say—of the Athenians of old. Take Scotland—I sometimes felt, when driving, for example, from Nauplia to Epidaurus between the rugged, barren, heather-clad hills—take Scotland and fill her with Frenchmen, and you have modern Greece. Much of the scenery is familiar most intimately, I think, to Scotchmen: the human nature is most readily comprehensible to the mind of France.

We did not leave Greece without visiting the island which is essentially Greek, though modern diplomacy finds it necessary to disguise the tie. We took ship from the Piraeus for Crete, and landed at Candia, and saw in the museum there those extraordinary female figures which have been disinterred from the walls of the most ancient

of palaces, from Cnossus and Phaestus, which represent—in the irony of Fate—at once the most ancient Art of the Hellenic race, and yet the latest type of decadent French actress. It is by no means always so, I hasten to add, with the monuments of ancient classical art. When one sees, for example, the head of Medusa in the National Museum at Athens one feels that the ancient gods and devils of the classical world have dwindled in a literal sense into mere hobgoblins. There is no thing awe-inspiring or terrible about the face: it is just ugly and grotesque, a child's night-mare, the bugaboo of a nursery.

We saw in Crete a more serious and uncomfortable portent, a Scirocco; the heat and dust of it was horrible; it made vivid for me a passage of the Antigone which I had known for years by heart and had never thought about:

Then on a sudden from the earth arose,
By whirlwind lifted, storm and stress on high,
And fills the plain and mars the foliage
Of level woodlands: heaven is choked withal:
Eyes closed, lips closed, we bore the scourge of God.

It made vivid too the verses of Omar Khayyam with their recurrent burden of the dust wherewith man's mouth is stopped, wherein his being ends.

It was impossible to appreciate in this milieu the problems of Cnossus, the animated controversy which ranges around the double-axes and the tridents of Minos' palace. Are these mason's marks, or are they emblems of the dynasty, or again, religious tokens, or two or more of these things at once?

It was more easy to appreciate the lull in the Scirocco, which followed later, especially when, like the voice of Antigone after her Scirocco, there rose the voice of birds about us. The swallow nests where Minos sat enthroned; and from the brakes close by the nightingale proceeded to discourse that afternoon a music sweeter far than issued in the great days of old from the ladies-in-waiting and from the so-called chamber of the Queen, which overhangs the hillside.

Some things there were, however, about the palace of Minos at Cnossus which strained my credulity. I saw a king's throne and a hollow chamber within ten feet of it, and I was told that this was the royal bath room, and some archaeologists there are who not only think this but are prepared to add an affidavit thereto; but they do not persuade me; for it is not likely that a Greek king would give audience to his princes amid sounds of splashings, or that a Royal Chamberlain would then rebuke their curious glances by saying, "'tis nothing, gentlemen, 'tis washing day at the palace; His Majesty is in his bath." I have heard in Oxford of a Reverend lecturer, now Provost of his College, who commenced his matutinal lectures from his bath, and punctuated each sentence with a shower from the sponge; it was considered indelicate even by Oxford undergraduates; but this would have been even more incongruous. I would rather subscribe to the theory advanced in jest or earnest by Mr. Evans that this chamber near the throne was a tank of gold fish.

The site of the palace of Cnossus is disappointing: it lies low behind the northern hills with only a glimpse of the sea towards the west; a site selected, it is supposed, to hide the palace from the view of pirates whose ships might be just over the hill side and yet know nothing of the wealth and splendour so near to them.

The Scirocco lasted only two days, and on the third we started on mules and ponies across the island, climbing the mountains in a line south by west through a long day's ride till after night fall we reached Hagia Barbara. Here there was not even a Grand Hotel. We slept more comfortably in the granary of a very hospitable farmer upon the heaps of grain and a few mice. Next day we reached Hagia Triada, where are the ruins of a palace within sight of the Southern Sea and near St. Paul's "Fair Haven," a site as pretty as Cnossus is commonplace. It was a public holiday and the villagers were keeping festival on the adjoining hills, arriving on donkeys in their best clothes, and the

women wearing their jewellery. It was Easter Monday by their calendar. Another short ride eastwards brought us to the large palace of Phaestus, the largest of the ancient palaces of Crete and with the finest site, on a broad hilltop accessible only from the west, with a wide sweep of view, but not, unfortunately, commanding the sea, which was just hidden by the last range of hills to the south. A final ride brought us to Gortyna, and to Hagia Deka, which we reached in time to see the last of the dances which had brought together for the day the young men and women of the neighbourhood; and also to visit the ruins of the little temple of Apollo. The god was represented by a late and extraordinarily effeminate statue. We had a second night in the house of a farmer who was also mayor, and archaeologist, and keeper of the antiquities, and who with his family overwhelmed us with kindness, and the next day brought us back over the sun-glinted, cloud-capped mountains to Candia and our ship.

We passed during our rides in Crete several deserted, or well-nigh deserted, villages of the Turks. We saw no evidence of the presence of Turks in any considerable number and we should never have guessed from anything we saw that the population was anything but Greek and Christian, unless it was that Candia itself had several mosques attended by a congregation differing from other congregations in their rites, and in the circumstance that the scanty band of worshippers, unlike the worshippers in a Christian church when the numbers are very small, were yet all of them men.

There can be little doubt, I think, that however the Turk may exceed the Greek in manliness and courage, he has lost his hold on Crete by voluntary emigration to Asia Minor, and to-day can only hope to obtain by diplomacy a nominal suzerainty. The fatalism of the Turk has despaired of Crete for so long, and has relinquished it so far, that the "Young Turks" will find that it is now too late for their government, however reformed and enlightened, to recover in Crete the ground lost there during the old regime.

Such at any rate appears to me the likely upshot of the Cretan question and such its main features.

These features, however, and this issue are obscured no doubt and prejudiced—for Englishmen at any rate—by a general broad resemblance between the relations of Turkey to Crete and those of England to Egypt, or England to India, or even England to Ireland.

The Cretan question, I mean, may present itself rather as one phase of the struggle between a certain broad Imperialism, based neither on religion nor race, against a narrow Nationalism which is both racial and religious; or even as one phase of the eternal struggle of the healthy normal activities of commerce and of agriculture against the unhealthy abnormal activities of the city journalist and politician, the government clerk and demagogue.

From this point of view every native in India or Egypt who is protesting against the British administration is regarded as belonging to the Greek type; he has never spent a day of honest hard work or a night of honest deep sleep. Every journalist in Greece or Crete who demands the severance of the country from Turkey seems from this point of view to be championing the political as against the natural life of man; seems to be crying for the beating of all ploughshares into printing presses, of all reaping hooks into pens; whereas to the English mind the masculine type and the masculine race have always their inherent rights against the talkers.

Such sweeping generalities are nevertheless, I think, inapplicable to Crete, where the whole population, masculine no less than literary, the labourers in the field just as much as the clerk in the city, the peasant in the hamlet as much as the journalists of Canea, feel themselves to be Greek and look to Greece for leadership. However excellent be the intentions of the "Young Turks," however manly their virtues and their scheme of life, however broad and impartial the nationality they offer to their reformed empire, they have no sufficient hold on Crete, no sufficient fraction of its

people behind them, to justify their retention of the island. Crete must belong to Greece not because it is of the Greek type but in spite of the Greek type, because it is of Greek blood and sentiment, and cannot work out happily even the normal life of labour in the fields, except under the Greek flag. That solution will come ultimately, though it will be delayed by diplomacy and by the unfortunate circumstance that the minority in Crete, though very small, represents like some other minorities elsewhere a more masculine type and a more honest and wholesome ideal of life.

The Greek festival of Easter fell on May 1st, during our visit in Candia, and as our party happened to be the only representatives of Great Britain in the city, and we occupied also the rooms of Mr. Bosanquet, the representative of Mr. Evans, we were invited to attend the Easter service in the Cathedral. It began at 10 p.m. on Easter Eve and was conducted in well-nigh darkness till midnight; boys with candles in their hands furnishing only such light as was requisite for the reading of the service. At twelve o'clock with a burst of music, military and sacred, and a flare of rockets the archbishop lighted a candle, and gave a light to other candles, and they to others; and we left the church in the company of his Grace and various Greek officers and officials, illuminated by the light of countless candles and the occasional conflagrations of women's hats, such as, in the crush of the crowd and the gusts of the Scirocco, invited by their size and quality the reeling flames. We finished the service in the open amid the pealing of church bells, much as I had been used to hear them on May-Day morning a generation earlier in Oxford, from the tower of Magdalen. After that the Paschal Lamb was eaten for supper in every household.

This service in the cathedral brought home to one how different is the clerical question—all absorbing on the continent of Europe—in Greece and Crete. There is no unwholesome artificial breach there between common sense

and common interest on the one side and the Church on the other; no division of the people into clericals and anti-clericals. The Church of Greece is the national church, the voice of Greece in religion. Every good Greek is proud of his Church as of everything else that is Greek. The old classical identity of church and state which scholars and statesmen have attempted artificially to foist on modern societies, which Dr. Arnold advocated a century ago in England, which some century before that led to the massacre of the Huguenots in France, survives naturally to-day in happy Greece without the maladroit activity of scholars and statesmen.

The endless newspapers of Greece pay homage to the Church's seasons and publish sacred pictures on their front pages in Easter week. The Church, conversely, has thrown herself with all her force into the national sentiment and has put herself at the head of the national cause.

French influence, French characteristics and the French language are very evident in Greece, but in this respect Greece is many years behind and in front of France and Italy, much happier and much healthier.

MAURICE HUTTON

BLUE ROOMS

I STAYED with Maria Buckle in the first house she furnished. She had been married less than three months. Since I was a chosen friend, Maria put me in her favourite room. Maria Buckle is a passionate lover of blue, and so am I. There have been many blue rooms in the world, but Maria's was the bluest. Using words with precision, which is desirable, there was more blue surface in Maria's blue room and less surface which was not blue than in any other blue room devised by woman.

Girls of a spiritual temperament who marry young and are happy have a tender visioning look which is an index of the way they mean to live. I did not know then that for the rest of my life I should remember Maria's face with this luminous expression. It is true that the love I have now for the people of the world has been caused mainly by the ways of young wives, the ways of old women, the ways of mothers, the ways of men in love, and the ways of fathers. But Maria's look was not as beautiful to me then as I perceive it to be now in memory. No, at that time Maria and I were absorbed in questions of furnishing and house-keeping. Almost every day she would discover one more blue article which could go into the blue room, ousting some alien structure which was not blue. In this way we discovered the blue pen and the blue pen-wiper. The blotting paper had been blue from the beginning. The carpet was blue. The walls were blue. There was some small trifle of white chairs, and a table standing about, and a brass bedstead. But except for muslin curtains, Maria's room was totally, soulfully blue. "I have always wanted a blue room," Maria rhapsodized, "and now I have it. Oh Angela!" Naturally we knew that many brides, like Maria, had blue rooms. This knowledge spurred Maria on to greater achievements. We were both earnest

furnishers. Yet I confess to an inarticulate unhappiness connected with my feeling for the blue room, which I concealed from Maria with greater intensity of concealment than if it had been a crime.

Since the date of Maria's blue room life has dealt with us both somewhat comprehensively. We have visited various parts of the earth with cheerfulness. Yet through ups and downs of life the uneasy feeling with regard to blue rooms has accompanied me. There was a mystery about the blue room which I could not fathom. Why, for instance, did I not wish a blue room of my own? Let it be granted that all colour has an inexplicable fascination. Blue has a greater fascination for some of us than other colours. Pink has its devotees. One may be merely fond of colour without being profoundly influenced by it, but to love colour deeply means a modification of character. What we love has much to do with our beginning, before we understand anything, and with the end, when we will understand all. There are days of which one remembers most clearly their colour. The colours of spring, the colours of autumn, colour in winter, summer colours, are built up into a world that glows iridescently like a great bubble which some infant angel in paradise has blown out of soap-suds and water, and then has thrown off over the ramparts of heaven so that the heavenly colours in the bubble may dance in the air. Maria in her blue room, like the infant angel, was experimenting with the colour bubble. All brides have the same instinct, and all young girls. Thus the world has thrust upon it not the blue room only, but the pink room, the yellow room, the red room, the green room, the lavender room, each furnished with wall-paper, carpets, and ornaments to match.

Last August I saw Maria Buckle in London. Buckle is Maria's maiden name. I use it with good reason, since being a famous actress she has retained her maiden name in public life, and in private life is happily married. Her look in London was as eloquent of high feeling and fine thought as her young wife's look was of devotion. That mysterious look of the young wife which cannot be described in words

has been moulded by Maria into sweet archness, passionate love, gay banter, deep despair, noble resolution, and all great knowledge of all the heart. She met me with such sincerity that her gestures were the very language of the country to which we all belong—the country of feeling. After we had talked and enjoyed each other's past history, Maria wished to show me her house. I was eager to see it. I sat down and worshipped colour in a jar glorified by a mass of bachelor buttons of a distinct impregnable blue. I poked Maria's sofa pillows of two marvellous shades of purple melting ecstatically the one into the other. We talked at length in every room of Maria's house. The moment came when the secret of blue rooms dawned upon me. It is as exact as a formula. It is, in fact, a formula. No doubt, the secret is taught in schools of applied art. But Maria Buckle and I re-discovered the secret of the blue room between us. Lovers of colour who wish to have a blue room should use the colour as if it were a jewel. The rest of the room must be the setting only, not blue, but a combining of unobtrusive colours of a sweet reasonableness against which the blue jewel rests and shines. Such colours as belong to the ripe seeds of the maple, straw of wheat, stems of timothy grass, colours like sand and clay, are for walls, floors, and coverings; and then the jewel, a blue jar, a blue sofa pillow, a blue flower, a blue hanging. I told Maria. She looked at me. "My blue room!" she said. "We all begin the same way."

I leave it with you. My hope is that I may not live again in a room furnished entirely and blankly in any one colour. One does not venture to point out how this principle may be applied to life in general, to character in particular, and to all enjoyment without exception. It is enough to have discovered, or re-discovered, the secret of the blue room. The jewel treatment of colour may lift a burden from many hearts which have been weary of their own blue, pink, lavender, or yellow rooms.

MARJORY MACMURCHY

THE FIRST SNOW

Green and crimson and gold—and white!
The snow has fallen from out the night,
And aspen and maple and birch enshrouds,
And the sun is hidden and there are clouds.

Wind in the tree-tops—a rhythmic swing,
And the snow is dropping and leaves are a-fling.
Flashes the green, the crimson and gold,
And a carpet of white is spread on the mold.

Bright gleams the sky and warm is the sun,
And the snow goes trickling down the run.
And the carpet of white is stained in brown,
Chill blows the wind as the day dies down.

Glorious sheen of the hill and the sky,
That grips at the heart and brightens the eye—
The purpling West of the setting sun,
When green and crimson and gold are gone.

BRENTON A. MACNAB

SOCIAL PESSIMISM IN FRENCH LITERATURE

- E. CARO. "Le Pessimisme au XIX siècle." Paris, 1878.
- JEAN LAHOR. "L'illusion, Poesies." 5e. ed., Couronné par l'Académie Française, Paris. Lemerre, Ed.
- DR. CAZALIS. "La Science et le Mariage." Prix décerné par l'Académie de Médecine, Paris. Doin, Ed.
- ANATOLE FRANCE. "The Penguin's Island." Paris, 1908. Colman Levy, Ed.
- DANIEL HALÉVY. "Histoire de quatre ans, 1997-2001." Paris. Cahiers de la Quinzaine, Ed.
- GEORGES SOREL. "La Ruine du Monde Antique." Paris, 1902. G. Jacques & Cie., Ed.
- GEORGES SOREL. "Les Illusions du Progrès." Paris, 1908. Rivière, Ed.
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TO doctrines of discouragement and despair, it is a point of fact that the genius of the French nation has always shown itself refractory. Even the scant interest which the theories of Schopenhauer and Hartman aroused in this country relegated them rather to the careless observation of the uninitiated before some fusty, glass-cased curiosity, than to that vivid attention accorded to some new light thrown upon a living reality.

"A pessimistic philosophy is the inevitable product of a beer-drinking people." Thus a light-hearted philosopher, Mr. E. Caro, refers to the gloom-enveloped theories of Schopenhauer and Hartman. "But, fortunately," he adds, "there is no danger of its becoming acclimatized in this land of the vine, where the red wine of Bordeaux enlightens and clears the mind, and the cups of Burgundy are deep enough to drown all night-mares." This statement of the case

may run to an exaggerated optimism, yet it is true that the philosophic pessimism of the two great German thinkers, as well as the so-called poetic pessimism, have recruited but few imitators in France.

As to the latter, apart from Baudelaire, whose poems are more essentially a strangely sombre arrangement of aesthetic harmonies than the poetic expression of a philosophic creed, there may be discovered a few neurasthenic murmurings from Alfred de Musset and a slight verse or so by Lecompte de Lisle, but neither of these ever took deep root upon the soil of the Gallic mind.

How, then, does it happen that of late years an indigenous spring of pessimism should have welled up from the veriest strongholds of intellectual France, from whence its insidious filterings have slowly but surely penetrated to many more remote and obscure retreats? Mr. Caro would doubtless hasten to explain this phenomenon by the wine adulteration which has lately preoccupied public attention, but even a slight analysis of current social phases would suggest that it may emanate from a more profound source.

The new pessimism, while it has little in common with that which impressed Germany about twenty years ago, yet had a precursor contemporary to the German pessimistic philosophers in the person of Doctor Cazalis, better known under the pseudonym of Jean Lahor, who during long years was its unique representative. Like many pessimists of his time, he was a poet rather than a philosopher, but through the life and work of Lahor-Cazalis there runs a seeming contradiction—Jean Lahor, poet, sings of "La Gloire du Néant," Doctor Cazalis opposes to it a fine volume upon "La Science et le Mariage." The poet of "L'Illusion" affirms the vanity of all life, but the doctor takes his revenge by upholding the importance of things temporal in a study "L'Alimentation saine, rationnelle, et à bon marché." Both as Cazalis and Lahor the author received recognition, for whilst the Academie Française crowned "L'Illusion," the Academy of Medicine decreed a prize to "Science et

Mariage." Towards the end of his life the man of action seems to have taken the upper hand in this singularly double personality. Creating for himself a special doctrine of "heroic" pessimism as a source of action rather than of resignation; of struggle and of work even though it be without hope or faith in any final regeneration, he combated until his death, two years ago, those scourges of great towns, tuberculosis and alcoholism, thus showing a front of firm and active stoicism even while imbued with the conviction that the doom of mankind is but chaos, suffering, and death.

This same attitude is characteristic of that of the more interesting adepts of pessimism in France. Whereas Schopenhauer saw a partial enfranchisement in the artistic and scientific cultivation of the individual, preaching at the same time an ascetic celibacy intended to hasten the extinction of that will to live which he looks upon as the source of all ills, Lahor points with the steady finger of the disillusioned to work, — work for all men, even though it be a veritable labour of Sisyphus, never attaining its end and for ever recommencing. The pessimism of Schopenhauer is universal, metaphysic; that of the French poet, though he also seeks refuge in the cool shadows of pantheism, is essentially social.

This same spirit penetrates other eminent French writers. Their discouragement finds its source and seeks its remedy in social facts, to which it is strictly limited. Making no attempt to lay blame upon some mysterious, metaphysical force, they find the canker that is eating into the heart of society in the stupid inertia and vulgarity of the masses, sunken and incapable of rising to a clearer vision.

Certainly, in generalizing upon social pessimists, we think only of that more interesting class whose dejection does not arise from a disappointed conservatism which has acquired a tendency to regard every change as an ill disguised cataclysm. That the most advanced thinkers, the audacious reformers, the revolutionists themselves, should be pessimistic,—is

not this a wrong-side-out manner of wearing the coat of many colours, or at least does it not give an ominous glimpse of a dull grey lining where we had supposed a vernal green?

Yet this apparent contradiction is remarkable in some of the most interesting writers of to-day. Let us illustrate it by a glance at the work of two men, the refined and brilliant Anatole France, and a well-known exponent of socialism, Daniel Halévy, who, if his talent be hardly comparable to that of Anatole France, so essentially a man of letters, has yet shown himself to be a close and penetrating observer of social phenomena.

Anatole France, a partizan of those theories which tend to a social transformation by the working classes, has not been content with the limited intellectual public reached by his books, but, like Bernard Shaw, Maxim Gorky, and many of the élite of other countries, has upheld his ideals in the rude brou-ha-ha of workmen's meetings, and even during the Dreyfus affair became a familiar figure upon socialist platforms. In his writings he is at once a delicate and penetrating psychologist of individual character and a bitter and apt critic of social life. Confining this latter quality almost entirely to his own country, he repays the adulation with which he may be said to be regarded there, by the most bitingly sarcastic picture of the web of crime and folly which has dragged, and still is dragging, his compatriots to a gulf of misery and death. We are referring more especially to "The Penguin's Island," one of his latest works. In it he typefies the pompous bourgeois of to-day by the solemn penguins, who, black-coated and white-vested, sat in rows like senators awaiting the transformation of St. Mael which was to elevate them to the dignity of ancestors of the great Penguin people. Lightly turning the pages of French history, the author points with an ironic finger at every foolish weakness, every secretly selfish motive and ignoble back-sliding in what his compatriots are accustomed to hear upheld as the glorious incidents of their history. Nothing escapes the whip of his satire, not Sainte-Généviève,

who, in the guise of the Penguin Virgin Oberose, subjugates the people by leading captive a dragon whom she and her lover Kraken have previously fabricated and who, "when she was no longer beautiful became the bride of heaven," while Kraken wore a dragon's crest and founded the first royal dynasty of the Penguins. Not Charlemagne, nor St. Louis, neither primitive painters nor poets, and certainly not Napoleon, who as Trinco "has conquered half the world, but, as great in his defeats as in his victories, he rendered up all he had acquired. After his fall there remained in our country only the hunchback and cripples from whom the modern Penguins are descended. But he gave us glory."

The affair of the Penguin General Chatillon (Boulanger) fomented by the priests for the reestablishment of royalty, and the Pyrot affair,—the Dreyfus agitation, in which the author himself played so prominent a part,—are overwhelmed with ridicule. It might legitimately have been expected that the hand which had waved greetings to revolutionary dreams of a harmonious future should excuse its lack of indulgence for the past by a lavish outpouring of confidence in the evolution of mankind, but the glimpse into future conditions which we are given in the apogee of the Penguin civilization is no longer enlivened by the laughter in which his light, though penetrating, satire has hitherto permitted us to indulge ourselves. We are now plunged into a sordid gloom through which no light from the free sky can pierce, for it is the smoke from the innumerable furnaces which darkens men's lives, manifestation of a murderous industry, an infamous speculation, and productive only of a hideous luxury. The great Penguin people, having lost all tradition, abandon art and intellectual culture. In their capital, as in all great cities of the time, there reigns an immense and regular ugliness. The houses could never be built high enough. Fifteen million men work in the gigantic city over which lighthouses project their fires by day as by night. Only from time to time a red, rayless sun slips like a menace through a sky rutted with iron bridges from which fall

an eternal rain of soot and cinders. Everything is subordinated to the interests of the trusts.

There developed in this environment the type of the multimillionaire, the ascetic of riches. More dry of body, yellow of tint and arid-lipped, with a more burning glance than the Spanish monks of old, they deliver themselves with inextinguishable ardour to the austerities of the bank and of the factory. Refusing joy, pleasure, rest, without other occupation than the pushing of a nickel button, these mystics heaping up riches of which they are unable even to see the material signs, acquire the vain possibility of satisfying desires which they are incapable of experiencing.

As to the workmen, their physical and mental degradation is profound. They present the certain signs of a morbid exhaustion, of low stature, the head small, the chest narrow, they are yet further distinguished by the frequent symmetry of the head and limbs. The continual enfeeblement of their intellectual faculties is not only due to their mode of life, but also the result of a methodical selection operated by their patrons who, fearing a subordinate with a too lucid brain as more apt to formulate legitimate claims, eliminate the more intelligent, employing by preference the ignorant and narrow-minded, who though incapable of self-defence are efficient enough to supplement the working of the perfected machinery. Thus these miserable producers of wealth remain plunged in a sombre apathy which nothing can enliven, nothing exasperate; a city of somnambulists moving in a semi-conscious state to the rhythm of an enormous mechanism which, created by them, has in its turn subjugated them to itself.

There remains only a handful of individuals who have retained the capacity of elevated thought, but their idealism has become an exaltation as terrible as the life which surrounds them. To dreams of happiness, progress, a better future, has succeeded one aim, one preoccupation—destruction. To give to this vile human ant heap its *coup de grâce*,—
“This city must perish.”

A succession of formidable explosions disorganizes the centres of industry; factories, banks, stores disappear. The hypnotism of the mechanical rhythm is broken; deprived of a machinery of which they had become the simple particles, the Penguins find themselves disarmed; intestinal struggles, famine, epidemics accomplish the rest, and they fall back into their primitive state of barbarism. Forests, marshes, prairies re-cover the earth, where the whirr of machinery had once drowned the throbbing of men's hearts; goats feed there, a man clothed in their skins tends them; another sows a little grain, a few vines are cultivated—it is the new beginning. Centuries fall away like drops of water from stalactites and once more rises up a giant city—the houses never could be built high enough.

It will easily be understood that such a reflex of pessimism troubling the serenity of those socialist ranks which have hitherto appeared to be penetrated with an unshakable faith that the logic of events must inevitably assure them the victory, has a peculiar significance. Yet the problem of the future, as posed by Daniel Halévy, presents an even more troubling vision. His "Histoire de quatre ans, 1997-2001," takes the form of a fantastic romance in which is unrolled the spectacle of the complete downfall of our civilization. The style of this work is dry and somewhat lacking in colour. It might even be regretted that a serious observer of this special type ventured into the field of fiction. A few shadowy individuals go through their parts like mannikins, obediently personifying the theories of their creator. Yet it is evident that the book is written by a man with a clear conception of the march of history and of the psychology of great social movements.

In "The Penguin's Island" we have seen men subjugated by mechanical toil without the regenerating influences of art or nature. With Halévy it is leisure which hastens the degradation of the race. He gives it to be understood that by technical inventions the bare question of mere existence is settled and that work is reduced to a minimum.

What then happens? The people, no longer disciplined by labour, are yet ill-prepared for a life of idleness. A mere handful of men know how to profit by the ease gained for the cultivation of their intellectual and moral faculties, creating for themselves a voluntary discipline by application to occupations chosen by them as best suited to their temperaments. The rest throw themselves with avidity upon the brutal or vulgar amusements to which turn to-day the uneducated masses of our large towns in the pursuit of pleasure. But that which was once the miserable privilege of a holiday has now become a daily round. We see again the lazy, noisy plebeians of ancient Rome whose unchained instincts drift them through a series of diversions which become more and more bestial. A cold-blooded debauché, stimulants such as morphine, opium, and others unknown to-day, at one time the secret vice of the few, now penetrate to every class. The lunatic asylums, filled to overflowing, become colonies and entire towns, humanity seems to be on the march towards a universal madness. Contagious diseases propagate, the pest which was thought to have been left in the darkness of the Middle Ages springs from its old lair more than ever hideous, mowing down by millions a race enfeebled, poisoned, degenerated. Entire countries become deserts. As the social organism perishes, the terrible apparition of famine uplifts itself among men who have lost both the will and the capacity to fight against it by labour.

The rare groups of the élite who had the wisdom and restraint to bind themselves to certain rules of hygiene and work, constitute isolated colonies as self-sufficient and shut in as the monasteries of the Middle Ages. Inside their walls are preserved the last vestiges of intellectual culture and civilization. The outside world appears as though on the morrow of an invasion of barbarians. All must be recommenced.

The dominating idea of this book is easy to perceive. The social question is far from being a "question de ventre."

Modern democracies have shown how little benefit the masses are able to draw from universal suffrage and political liberties. Freedom from the economic yoke would be still more dangerous without a decisive change in the moral life. That is the fundamental reform which, before all others, must be attempted.

A somewhat similar conclusion has been arrived at by a profound and original thinker, Georges Sorel. The name of this writer is very well known in France, his works less so. The general public find them difficult and obscure, and are apt to accuse him of a confusion of style. It is true that the reading of his books implies work, "a condition necessary to their salubrity and usefulness" remarks the author himself. But it is a mistake for journalists and critics so frequently to accuse him of being the inspirer and fomentor of strikes and revolutions. His books will never reach the working classes, and even should that be possible they are capable rather of discouraging rather than of exalting, so formidable are the heaped up doubts and difficulties which they present. Active revolutionists will always prefer the doctrinary pamphlets of which unimagivable quantities are absorbed by the people, and which to a simple and clear exposition of the subject-matter join the certainty of the necessary and imminent triumph of their ideas.

Georges Sorel gives to this sort of literary production the name of "apocalyptic literature." It does not follow that he treats it with disdain, and although he distinctly refuses to it any scientific value, he none the less admits its social importance. In point of fact, that which distinguishes Georges Sorel from most socialists is his manner of crystallizing social ideas into social facts. Instead of appreciating and discussing them according to their logical construction or their intrinsic value, either social or moral, he forces himself to establish what conditions gave birth to these modes of thought and what place may be assigned to them in the course of events. Thus he puts himself,

as it were, above all those social theories and political parties which divide so bitterly the minds of his contemporaries. The term "apocalyptic literature" is a side issue of Mr. Sorel's theory that every great historical movement must necessarily make use of "apocalypses" or "myths." Every time that a people, a class, or a party, upholds a moral or social ideal of which the realization implies a complete overthrow of existing conditions, it evolves a fantastic image of the great changes which are awaiting it. This image is a condemnation of all the hopes which animate the movement, and thus creates a source of energy and aspiration capable of resisting every check and of supporting every sacrifice. It is useless to add that this myth is never realized in the proposed and hoped for form. But the tension of will which it produces amongst those who aspire to see it realized, often brings changes not less complete and profound than those which the imagination of the people had beforehand inaugurated.

Yet the "social myth" cannot in itself assure the triumph of the movement. It is only, as it were, a light reflected from the minds of its creators upon the impenetrable veil that hides the future. By its hypnotic effect reacting upon them, it concentrates effort and stimulates will power. The veritable motor of the movement lies in the economic structure of society. It is economic development which determines the conditions of the combat, the position of the combatants; in it is contained the germ of those transformations which will be the outcome of the struggle, solutions probably very different from all preconceived notions.

Historic movements which have been guided solely by even very powerful myths of apocalypses and whose march has not been sufficiently seconded by the economic tendencies of the epoch, have brought about changes more apparent than real. The myths have then lost their fecundity and become Utopias.

A great example of such an ideological revolution, as opposed to an economic and social one, is, in the eyes of Georges Sorel, the victory of Christianity over the ancient world in decadence. In "La Ruine du Monde Antique" Mr. Sorel leads us through all the peripatetics which had permitted the "glad tidings" of the Galilean fishermen to conquer and to continue the Roman Empire, a triumph which was only made possible at the price of innumerable concessions and compromises. Contrary to the general belief, the author points to many proofs that the morals of the period did not undergo any appreciable change under the influence of the Christian doctrines. That there were martyrs and saints is true, but they represent only a small number of those who drew their moral force from the myth of the fast-approaching Day of Judgement; as to the saints, they existed on both sides. Amongst the Pagan philosophers of Alexandria, there were men who led lives worthy of the apostles of Jesus of Nazareth and who preached an altogether evangelical morality. And if among the élite it was thus difficult to distinguish a Christian from a Pagan, the distinction becomes completely impossible in ordinary circles. Amongst politicians, courtiers, soldiers, functionaries of all sorts, the number of Christians increases incessantly; but in these self-converted and corrupted circles, Christianity became a simple accessory without importance and without efficacy. The barbarians who encroached with more and more audacity upon the frontiers of the Empire also became converted with a surprising facility, without in any way diminishing the atrocity of their mode of warfare.

The moment when the Christian church became official and dominant, was thus only an apparently victorious period. The true Christians remained only a small minority, continuing their efforts amongst varying currents of mysticism and reform, inspired by a faith which left the mass of its adherents coldly indifferent. After two thousand years, Christianity remains that which it always has been, an ideal soaring high above poor humanity, but from which

no vivifying light has ever been able to penetrate, still less to transform the hard, social reality. Yet never has the world been encircled by a flood of ideas, so vast, so enduring, so well armed for action upon the minds of men.

It will be seen that, in opposition to the greater number of contemporary French writers, Georges Sorel has a high opinion of the ethical value of Christianity, and it is precisely because of his comprehension of the greatness of its idyllic force that its final powerlessness, in face of existing economic conditions, leads him to assert the social inefficacy of any purely ideological movement.

In "Les Illusions du Progrès," Mr. Sorel criticizes a great, modern myth which has also given free play to many enthusiasms and deceptions, yet how poor that idea of human progress seems in comparison with the upspringing of the Christian faith. The Christian has a highly developed sentiment of the necessity of a continual struggle. He feels all the weight of original sin, and of the hostility of Satan barring the road to safety; the presence of these inimical forces sustains the ardour of his faith, and he comes out of the war strengthened and purified. Thus the Christian doctrine is essentially pessimistic, inasmuch as pessimism is a conception of a march towards deliverance closely allied to the knowledge of those obstacles which oppose themselves to the satisfaction of our imagining and to the profound conviction of our natural feebleness. "Ce qu'il y a le plus profond dans le pessimisme c'est la manière de concevoir la marche vers la délivrance. L'homme n'irait pas loin dans l'examen, soit des lois de sa misère, soit de la fatalité s'il n'avait l'espérance de venir à bout de ces tyrannies par un effort qu'il tentera avec tout un groupe de compagnons."

The idea of progress, contrary to that of Christianity, is essentially and naïvely optimistic, and therefore dangerous to society. "Le pessimiste n'a point les folies sanguinaires de l'optimiste affolé par la résistance imprévu que rencontre ses projets; il ne songe point à faire le bonheur des générations futures en égorgeant les égoïstes actuels."

The optimist, dazzled by the brilliancy of his projects, is unable to take into consideration the difficulties which they present; they therefore seem to him to possess a vital force which will certainly lead to their realization with a facility which is in direct proportion to the amount of happiness which they are destined to produce. The inevitable disappointment which follows upon such a course is calculated to throw him into a violent revolt against the perfidy of his fellow-creatures and the blindness of destiny, thus disposing him to regard himself as a bitter pessimist, whereas he is in reality merely a disgusted optimist. True pessimism is rare to-day, because courage and force are generally lacking and most men prefer to accept a quiet and joyful philosophy.

That faith in an automatic and indefinite progress in the name of which religions have been attacked, has no more scientific a foundation than have those religious beliefs. The only real progress which is being made to-day is that of technical and industrial development. But are material conquests, however indisputable, sufficient in themselves to render humanity happier and better? The great capitalist production accumulates riches, augments the variety of the sources of well-being, but what conditions has it brought into existence for souls? Who can reasonably affirm that the growing opulence of society ennobles human nature? This question is here posed in a manner analogous to that of Daniel Halévy but with that spirit of ironic criticism which is so characteristic of the personal style of this brilliant writer. The "myth" of the universal strike which he ascribes to the workmen's movement, is doubtless as calculated to offend "*beaucoup de gens sage*," as were some of the doctrines of Christianity, "*le monde actuel est très porté à revenir aux opinions des anciens et à subordonner la morale à la bonne marche des affaires publiques, ce qui conduit à placer la vertu dans un juste milieu.....mais ce qu'il y a de meilleur dans la conscience moderne est le tourment de l'infini.*" Is not this the repetition in modern phraseology of the words of the Nazarene, "man cannot live by bread alone"?

If exalted ideas had a force sufficient in itself to subdue men and to direct their conduct, it might be hoped that a religious renaissance might give fresh life to the spirits of men. But Georges Sorel is, as we know, inclined to reduce to a minimum the efficacy of the pure idea which, no matter how healthy and how beautiful, will never wear itself away to the conscience of men whom exterior conditions render deaf and blind. If the structure of society in the epoch at which we have arrived favours selfishness, indifference, self-indulgence, our contemporaries will always prefer to embrace some soft illusion, such as that of universal progress, than to follow the rough path to a moral renovation.

In the past it was war or family life which gave a solid basis to society, for war, in spite of its monstrosities, was for centuries a school of heroism, of honour, and devotion. The march of industry has more and more disintegrated the family, above all in the poorer classes, where the woman abandons the hearth to take her place in the office and the workroom, whilst war, having lost its chivalresque character, has become a methodical carnage of the peaceable masses snatched away from their tasks and disguised in uniform. War is also repellant to our humanitarian sentiments and tends to become more and more rare. And let it not be said that this last fact constitutes a moral progress, for if violence and brutality disappear it is merely to make room for calculation and cunning. The sense of honour which once demanded reparation in force of arms, to-day submits itself to a financial compromise. Brigandage and organized looting expeditions are replaced by carefully planned fraudulent enterprises on a larger or smaller scale. Present day society is thus undermined by the slow but continual empoisoning of its purest sources of energy and morality, while the ruling classes betray marked symptoms of weariness and decay. Retreating before every serious effort, absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure, they rest in their green pastures ruminating old conceptions served up in

new forms, to which might be applied the old adage, "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."

This ageing of the capitalist class has a serious economic repercussion in France where capital has lost its spirit of audacious enterprise and become timid and lazy. Abandoning production it takes refuge in rents and loans, thus avoiding all output of activity. Even industrial progress, the only thing which could be measured and demonstrated, is found to be in danger. Must the degeneracy of the bourgeois inevitably drag all else with it to an obscure twilight similar to that into which descended the Greco-Roman civilization?

Whoever dares to look with sincerity into the wide horizons of the future must be obliged to recognize the importance of the workmen's movement, the only widespread conception which seems to contain within itself the possibility of a renewal of social forces in that future towards which it alone is stretching out eager hands. Will it be capable, as it pretends, of creating a new, fresh organization of society, of turning the march of civilization into untrodden paths? That is the question posed by Georges Sorel in his latest work, "Les Réflexions sur la Violence." He sees in the accomplishment of such a programme a multiplicity of almost insurmountable obstacles. That the workmen should be capable of playing the part to which they look forward, it is essential that they should re-discover that which is most wanting in present-day society—a new source of moral energy. To do this they must avoid all contact with the upper classes, who might inoculate them with their own decadent habits. They must shut themselves as closely within the barriers of their own class as did the people of Israel, in order to preserve their faith when surrounded by the Pagan world.

To realize such a separation, only one means presents itself, that of adopting the most extreme, the most intransigent attitude, that of attacking without ceasing the most cherished of the ideas of to-day, the state, patriotism,

the army. Little matters the actual value of these ideas, extreme and negative in themselves. It is a question of digging an uncrossable ditch, of separating the dying from the generating world. It must be a merciless combat, a social war which, besides giving to the proletariat those superior qualities which the old time warrior drew from the battlefield, may perhaps in provoking the resistance of the capitalist class awaken in it also the remains of its energy and arrest the progress of decay with all the infectious miasmas which it spreads.

But as we have already pointed out, to arrive at a definite triumph the working class must discover a source of heroism more durable than that which their constant struggle against the old social system will afford. The pioneers of the new countries of America have demonstrated that work, considered as a continuous attack upon the forces of nature, is capable of bringing into play a courage, endurance, and abnegation similar to that of the heroic ages. If the proletariat be capable of reconstructing the family, if above all they are able to find in work, purified of all commercialism, a force sufficient to elevate and ennoble human nature, the basis of a new culture, then they may open up a new country of the spirit for humanity. In the contrary case, the workmen's movement will only serve to accentuate the present degeneracy, rendering it more laborious and more complete. So slight as may be the chance of renovation by this new element, it seems to be the only one in which lie dormant forces which can save society from a total eclipse.

It hardly enters into the scope of the glimpse of the pessimistic tendencies which we are here presenting to enquire into their motives and causes, and yet, for those who are of a like manner of thinking as Georges Sorel, social ideas present their greatest interest from that point of view. What social phenomena brought them into being and what may be the effects—very conditional these last—which they may in their turn exercise upon their environment?

A few words we may therefore add upon a society which, taken as a whole, seems so singularly unquiet and ill at ease and whose unrest appears only to augment and to become more profound as it advances. Lacking faith in itself, not daring to look into the future, each step, every movement, has something of the uncertain provisional character of a man haunted by the presence of some unseen danger to which he must sooner or later fall a victim. It is not impossible to suggest the origin of this state of things. A backward glance at the France of the nineteenth century will easily discover it. There we find a date as sinister as the "Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin" written of old, that of 1870-71. The recollection of the Franco-German war may appear to have weakened, but the incalculable consequences of that already distant catastrophe are stamped upon the national life of to-day. That war and the Commune of Paris must not be placed on a like footing with any other event. They were not only a lost battle, a revolt drowned in blood; two faiths, two great legends, crumbled under those shocks;—that faith in their military glory as upheld by Napoleon, and which in spite of his final reverses had lost nothing of its brightness; and secondly, the republican tradition which the popular imagination had contrived to attach to the first. France was to be, not only the most powerful but the most enlightened, the most free and united,—the nation amongst nations. Thirty thousand workmen fallen in the streets and squares of Paris, under the very eyes of the triumphant Prussians, brought a fierce awakening from that patriotic dream.

As a man advanced in age, having lost the illusions of his youth, has no longer either the force or the courage for a re-adjustment of his mental attitude, an intimate re-creating of himself, so goes to the end of his days repeating hollow phrases, empty formulas, so France on the morrow of her catastrophe has drifted upon a sullen inertia, her one desire appearing to be that of deluding the world and herself into the belief that nothing is changed, nothing

diminished. She has desired to assume her ancient rank among the powers, but her diplomats have lost their superb assurance, that frankness backed by force, which has ever been the most efficacious of diplomacies, exists no longer for them. Her army, numerically more powerful than ever, is but "an army in mourning," as a French writer has said, the most perfect military outfit cannot give it back its aureole nor restore confidence in its arms.

The interior politics of France ring with a still false note. All the rhetoricians of Parliament with their sonorous and pompous eloquence are powerless to revivify the republican idea. The republic has lost its charm, "*Comme elle était belle sous l'Empire*," cried one day Henri Rochefort, the veteran of French journalism. Nothing can efface the fact that the present republic is born in a fratricide struggle. In the bloody suppression of '71 lies the original sin of the Third Republic. Of that fact the people have a particularly tenacious memory. In the poorest part of a great Parisian cemetery, there is a corner at the foot of whose wall fell the last rebels of 1871. Once a year, on the last Sunday of the month of May, the cemetery and the surrounding streets are invaded by troops of all arms, bayonets scintillate in the spring foliage, guns lean upon the tombstones, while between two lines of soldiers a crowd a hundred thousand strong presses through the cemetery, flooding silently towards that fatal corner whose wall soon disappears under a mass of flowers and obituary wreaths. Then the people disperse in silence as they came, to return faithfully the following year. Thus a solitary corner in a cemetery testifies yearly to the presence and to the progress of a malady mortal to all democracies—division.

Every government, from the most conservative to the most liberal, has vowed to the souvenir of the Commune an implacable and cruel hatred. The people, above all the people of Paris, surround it with the most tender veneration. During forty years, the authorization of any commemorative monument, even of a simple inscription, was always

refused. The people have taken the wall for their monument. Historians and official pedagogues have attempted the impossible in trying to root out that souvenir. Vainly they have represented those revolted thousands as so many criminals. The people have made of them their heroes. In vain they speak of "les incendiaires de 1871." "Nos aînés de la commune," replies the man, and his eyes flame.

The unrest, the lack of firm foothold of present day society in France is most clearly indicated by its attitude towards the workmen's organizations. Though this movement has grown very considerably of late years, it is still much weaker numerically and financially than in England or in Germany, yet it has repeatedly sufficed to throw the press, the Parliament, and the entire ruling class into an almost hysterical state of nervousness. A strike, rather more important than those that preceded it, is cause enough for many otherwise reasonable people to cry out: "Nous sommes perdus," for others to demand a saviour of any sort, a king, a dictator, an executioner, a pope: but nobody is prepared or inclined to assume responsibility. The judge dares not discriminate, the functionary is unwilling to administrate without a formal order from the government, but these orders are as incoherent and changeable as the government itself. Its proverbial methods are "la manière douce" and "la manière forte." In reality they are both "la manière faible," because inconsistent and capricious. Condemnable actions are often tolerated, whilst a peccadillo may call down upon the offender years of exportation to the hard labour colonies, or even a death sentence. The conception of men's rights is fading,—the reign of fear has begun.

France has arrived at a point when her finest spirits turn away from public life, leaving its emoluments to the self-advertiser and the unscrupulous. Art, science, religion, are the great refuges always open, always hospitable. The necessity of religion seems to be growing every day. University and intellectual circles find their way to it by the

spiritualistic interpretation of the intuitive philosophy of Henri Bergson. In less enlightened classes religious anxiety takes the form of mysticism of all sorts. All the religions which have ever existed on the face of the globe, from Buddhism and Brahmanism to the humanitarian cult, find their priests and their chapels in Paris. Sensational crimes, political squabbles, and financial scandals, dominate the attention of the enormous majority. Ministerial declarations and electoral harangues boldly affirm that all is for the best in the best of all Republics. Those who, like Anatole France, like Georges Sorel, observe from their dispassionate retirement the life which surges round them, look out with profound anxiety towards a To-morrow full of enigmas.

MAY HOUGHTON and JULES BRUNN

SHELLEY'S DEBT TO PLATO

THE person of ordinary prosaic temperament can give, off-hand, several definitions of poetry; but in all these he is careful to connect poetry with the imagination, thinking thereby to give the term an unmistakable connotation. Indeed, most of us have a feeling that however various the themes which poets may treat of, however different their outlook upon life, they have in common a certain elemental faculty which makes them poets. On closer view, this common faculty will be found to be less common. No two poets even have the same conception of imagination. Wordsworth's, for example, is wholly different from Lessing's, and these are two of our greatest poet-critics. Keats's idea of fancy (we need not here follow Coleridge in distinguishing fancy and imagination) is well known from the lines beginning:

Ever let the Fancy roam.

In the first four lines, all the senses, touch, taste, sight and hearing, are appealed to, and on the whole it is one of the most sensuous poems ever written.

Compare that with the following passage from Plato (Phaedrus, 247): "For those which we called immortal go outside when they are come to the topmost height [the figure is of a large hollow sphere in revolution] and stand on the outmost surface of heaven, and as they stand they are borne round by its revolution, and gaze on the external scene. Now, of that region beyond the sky no earthly bard has ever sung, or ever will sing, in worthy strains. But this is the fashion of it—for sure I must speak the truth, especially as truth is my theme. Real existence, colourless, formless, and intangible, visible only to the intelligence which sits at the helm of the soul, and with which the family of true science is concerned, has its abode in this region." Shelley would be the last to claim that he had sung worthily, yet it was

of this region, "real existence, colourless, formless, and intangible," that he sang.

There are those who will tell you that this is out of the range of humanity, and Shelley's own disclaimer: "You might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton as expect anything earthly or human from me," has confirmed the opinion in his case at least. But the "outmost surface" of that sphere, "the back of the sky," is only another phase of human thought and human life—Plato is the most human of the Greeks, to use the term in a slightly different sense from that in which it is applied to Euripides. Nor does it prove Shelley more non-human to point out that he lacked many of the so-called human qualities which Plato possessed, and possessed so richly, his humour—his delight in portraying character, his zest for the everyday things of life as such. It is human, also, to "stand upon the back of the sky"; only Shelley stood there more continuously than most of us. Besides, we see the full development of Plato; it is quite certain that Shelley had not attained the height of his powers. Plato set out as an artist, reached his full development as philosopher-poet in the greater dialogues, and became, finally, a mere abstract reasoner. Shelley began as a metaphysician; his artistic powers were still crescent when he died. There is an unmistakable tendency in his later work, notably in "The Sensitive Plant" and the "Hellas," to bring the "back of the sky" into closer relations with the things of daily life. That is, he does not propose to leave the "specular mount," or to turn a commoner clay upon his wheel, but he recognizes more frankly the limitations of art, which, indeed, can transcend only by carrying us along with the transcendence. No one would say, I think, that the "Prometheus" is more mundane than "The Revolt of Islam"; in the earlier piece a definite attempt is made to give a human form to the great progressive ideas; in the later poem Earth and Moon chant love-songs to one another. But, whereas no effort is required to enter into the spirit of the "Prometheus," the most sympathetic reader could not keep up his interest in "The Revolt of Islam."

The perfecting process that was going on in Shelley's art during the last two or three years of his life cannot be assigned to any one cause. From his friendships in Italy he had learned to be more tolerant of various types of men. He had gained in experience. He had survived great sorrows unembittered. Add to this the fact that he had shown from the first rich poetic gifts, a darting fancy, an extraordinary command of language, an almost unrivalled genius for mastering difficult metrical forms. These considerations might perhaps be thought sufficient to explain the ripening of his powers. But we must not forget that Shelley was a student, one of those rare students who absorb into their own bone and sinew the teaching of a great master, and can never again look upon the world in quite the same way as before. Shelley knew this to be the case with himself, as will be seen from the peculiar self-defence which he makes in several of his prefaces regarding plagiarism. Now, as we know from various sources, and as could be surmised from his writings, there was no author whom he read and re-read so thoroughly as Plato. He was by temperament a Platonist, that is, one of those divinely-gifted mortals capable of appreciating Plato's position, and, after long study, of understanding it. With every advance that he made towards a fuller comprehension of the Greek, the greater artist did he become. For not only is Plato himself an artist of the highest standing, but his very philosophy, in which Truth, Beauty, and Love are inseparable, and Righteousness is represented as the capacity for the "synoptic vision" of them all, is the most poetical general principle ever laid down. It is a charming inconsistency on the part of Spenser to say in his preface to the "Faerie Queene": "For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one in the exquisite depth of his judgement formed a Commune-Wealth such as it should be; but the other, in the person of Cyrus and the Persians, fashioned a government such as it might best be;" and then in the poem to follow Plato implicitly in a long work of high idealism. So is it ever, Plato is criticized in prose and followed in poetry.

I have spoken of Shelley as having a bias, by temperament, towards Platonism. And first of all, we might notice that in some ways Shelley is very like a Greek. He lacked utterly the Puritanic distinction of right and wrong. What strikes one in reading a Greek ethical discussion is the entire absence in it of any moral element. Not that the Greeks did not distinguish vice and virtue, crime and good citizenship. But conscience did not enter into the consideration; the distinction was made to some extent on the ground of expediency, but was settled chiefly by asking the question: "Is this thing becoming?" It is a commonplace that the Greek hated sin because it was ugly, not because it was wrong. Like the Greeks, also, Shelley has no deep sense of awe; mystic as he is, he never quails when brought face to face with the terrible and the sublime. Greek, too, is his faculty for endowing all objects in the universe, and in truth all abstractions over which men's thoughts can range, with human attributes. "The Witch of Atlas" and "Adonais" may be cited in illustration.

Proceeding to characteristics more purely Platonic: Shelley cordially disliked history, and yet had a wonderful intuitive grasp of a political situation. When Plato is prophesying a chain of political events, he argues from metaphysical, not from historical, grounds; for example, in the passage in the "Republic," where he describes the decay of states. That is why Plato carries the world forward, and is the Bible to original speculators. Aristotle, with his historical proofs and his allusions to other races and institutions, causes one to say: "Ah, well, history goes the same round ever, we must not look for too much from human kind."

Akin to this common attitude towards history is the parallel between Plato's political career and Shelley's,—Plato trying direct reform with the Sicilian tyrant and falling back in later days on the doctrine that men must get a conception of the Idea of Good, Shelley giving up the methods of the "Dublin Campaign" and saying that his publisher need print only a few copies of the "Prometheus Unbound," because

there are perhaps only a half-dozen people in the world who should attempt to read it.

Then, too, Shelley was naturally a mystic. One of the first glimpses we get of his childhood reveals him telling ghost stories to his little sisters in the nursery. Now Plato is the prince of mystics. Sometimes there is a touch of the Master-Assassin in a mere phrase, *τρόπον τινὰ πάντων αἴτιος*. Those who read carelessly may think him doctrinaire, think him always confident that he is just on the edge of the wood. To the same minds, Aristotle, at first sight, appears sublimely uncertain in his investigations. But in truth the exact opposite is the case. The poetic mind is essentially mystical, the analytic mind hopelessly un-mystical; and Plato is a poet, Aristotle an analyst. So Plato says all the evils of the state could be cured—if the kings were philosophers. Let us have a clean slate, he says, to found a model commonwealth,—and we realize at once that the Morpheus of romance has flung his spell over us. Our system of education, says Plato, is to lead to the great goal, the Idea of Good,—but then, but then, what is this Idea, where found, who has seen it? On the other hand, when Aristotle says: "Let us now discuss the best life, both relatively, and absolutely," our feet never leave the ground, yet we feel as we proceed with the tireless examination, analysis, and definitions, that we are covering the whole field. The world lives by Aristotle, it progresses with Plato.

Being a poet, Shelley could not be an Aristotelian. No poet ever has been, except where he has attempted for the nonce to inculcate a workaday lesson. There is much of Aristotle in Wordsworth. But for their sustaining inspiration, Wordsworth and all other singers have been fed on something quite beyond, if not antagonistic to, the spirit of Aristotle. Yet few poets have been so platonically mystical as Shelley. Spenser was but a Cambridge Platonist.

There is a certain common-sense type of person to whom the spirit of Plato and of Shelley makes no appeal. He turns his back on all of it, condemning it in the lump as visionary,

unhuman raving. Perhaps we may turn our backs upon such critics. For the truth is, there is no converting them from error; they are predestined to be blind. The spirit which they do not appreciate, and do not appreciate because they do not comprehend, is the spirit of poetry. This is the difference between Plato and many of the contemporary dialecticians, between Shelley and Godwin,—Plato and Shelley are poets, the others mere doctrinaires. A poet is a creature of order; the spirit of the sonnet may seem to stray like a lost fancy, but it is really an imprisoned spirit, pent up voluntarily in a hard and fast form; the vision of the poet always hovers over cloud-capped heights, if you will, still it does hover about some peak whose roots sink deep into the base of things. So I take it, that however abstruse many of Plato's mathematical digressions may be, and however thin and elfin certain of Shelley's verses are, they are not unhuman for all that; they have their fundamentals deep somewhere in the heart of man; though their soarings traverse a more ethereal element than most of us attain to, and we must fall back to watch the eagle spread his wings about us, yet the higher flights, also, are a testimony to certain aspects of the human soul.

In further illustration of what I mean, let us notice one of the distinctions commonly made between Plato and Aristotle. It is that Plato is root-and-branch in politics and morals, whereas Aristotle is a steady conservative. True, Aristotle is a safer guide for the practical statesman, because he insists at every turn on the value of permanence in institutions, whether political or moral, but it is not correct to say that he understood more fully than Plato the necessity of order. The latter uses the expression, *πίνακα καθάρων*, to be sure,—the poet will speak in figures, and he will not suffer temporary policy to cast a shadow over the far vista of progress that he sees, and wishes other men to see. In outlining his scheme of education, however, Plato warns us of the dangers lurking in dialectic, because the students of it “no longer honour and own the affinity of” the old principles

of morality, and the unsettling effect of the new system is apt to be vicious. The whole passage I refer to ("Republic," 538) is as cautious as anything in Aristotle, and far more modern in tone,—offering a curious comment on our present mode of religious teaching. If we are to compare Plato with Aristotle on this score then, we must say that Plato emphasizes progress, Aristotle conservatism, and that while the former is not blind to the latter's provisos and safeguards, the more earthly critic fails to catch the poet's vision.

It is characteristic of Shelley that he hated Aristotle. Perhaps we should not lament that he did not come under the Aristotelian influence sufficiently to get a balance of view. He got his balance from Plato, and at the same time his wings were strengthened for a higher flight. To pass from "Queen Mab" to the "Prometheus," is to pass into another world, from Godwinism to Platonism. The "Prometheus" too is not an orthodox poem. It is not prim, precise, or workaday. But it is not an opiate dream, like the "Queen Mab," which is unhuman and doctrinaire.

There are many sides to Platonism; probably what first attracted the young metaphysician was Plato's theory of Knowledge, which finally leads him and those who study him to the theory of Ideas. Plato seems to have set out with the Socratic dictum, "Virtue is Knowledge," that is, only those who are able to define a virtue exactly really possess it. But, as has been said, the Heraclitean doctrine, "All being is becoming," which Plato had also imbibed, necessitated something more stable and universal than the Socratic definition. It always came to the Greek as the mystery of mysteries that types are continuous. The blades of grass that sprout day after day are for ever coming into, and passing out of, existence; and yet a blade of grass is always a blade of grass. Its form and colour and size are fixed. Why is it, asked the curious Greek, that a blade of grass does not shoot as high as an elm tree? To us these questions never occur. At an early stage we learn from botany text-books that a certain plant belongs to a certain genus and species, and that

settles our curiosity for all time. The Greek was more elemental and introspective. With him the universe had not yet become a vast array of pigeon-holes. Homer would have settled such questions, had they occurred to him, with a myth. Plato is not sufficiently primitive for that, nor has he reached the classifying stage. The result is a curious metaphysical poetry. The doctrine of Ideas was not invented by Plato, he speaks of them in the "Phædro" as "those words in the mouth of every one," yet he worked out the theory to a nobler form than his predecessors had done. Nor did it become the mere formal theory that we generally think of when the expression, Platonic Idea, is used. With Plato such expressions as "the region of Ideas" are generally poetic imagery. His successors reduced the metaphors to laws. With Plato (the observation is commonplace) philosophy is always *ἡ Μοῦσα*. With most philosophers since, it has been a mirage, inveigling them and their readers over arid wastes of sand. Formal theories Shelley soon outgrew. Those who know his habits of mind will see how fascinating Plato's doctrine must have been to him. From his infancy he seems to have been unable to contemplate anything without enquiring the cause and antecedents of it. Plato's answer, if not sufficient to the free-thinking metaphysician, was at least adequate for the poet.

There is a peculiar ardency in the reforming spirit of Plato which attracted Shelley—the ardency of the man who is confident that the application of his theories will result in immense human progress. We feel repeatedly, as we read the "Republic": "Here at length we are on the high road to the final goal." Sober common-sense may object: "But you never do reach the end, it is all visionary, nothing is accomplished." Plato himself admits as much occasionally. Yet the repining note is rare; the general tone is sanguine; even where the reformer's schemes are brought to a full stop, he hopes against hope. This was exactly Shelley's temperament. Ardent hopefulness was his prevailing mood. Was ever mortal man so sanguine as that young Shelley who set out

to emancipate Ireland! The question which had baffled statesmen for centuries! Now this incident may be taken to illustrate Shelley's impracticability, inasmuch as he knew nothing of Irish history and neglected to inform himself of even the details of the contemporary situation. But surely the interesting feature of the situation is the fact that Shelley, by a swift intuition, grasped the key to the whole problem. Equally unerring was his prediction of certain English political events. One is reminded of Plato's comparison of the man who has grasped the Ideas and the man who has not; the former may be helpless for a time in the face of hard realities, dazzled, like one descending from the sunlight into a cave; yet with time he will be the more masterful, even in the shadow under-world,—he has the Vision.

I do not mean to give the impression that Shelley could ever have become a practical reformer. Much stupid platinizing has been done on the "value of ideals." The man who has once stood "on the back of the sky" will never count for much on the public platform. That is not his function. But as Macaulay says finely of Bacon: "He moves the intellects that move the world." It was one of Plato's "noble lies" when he said that philosophers must become kings. Shelley would have said: "Philosophers are Kings," as he called poets "the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Or, as Mrs. Browning has it:

"It takes a soul
 To move a body, it takes a high-souled man
 To move the masses . . . even to a cleaner sty;
 It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off
 The dust of the actual. Ah! your Fouriers failed
 Because not poets enough to understand
 That life develops from within."

Shelley's Platonism underwent a development; in the later work it has lost its school-boy crudity, but the poet was a Platonist to the end. Even Spinoza, who so influenced Shelley, could not tinge him on that side. The great central ideas of Plato form the substance of much of Spinoza's phil-

osophy. The "Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione," for example, is in many ways a résumé of Plato's theory of Knowledge in the "Republic." He calls the supreme good the striving after the innate human conception of perfection, a striving which involves the desire that others should so strive, and thus demands the reform of society, attention on the part of each one to moral philosophy, education of children, medicine, and mechanics; these things being all means to the great end. This is all very like the "Republic," which involves political excellence in individual justice, outlines a model scheme of education, with various propædeutic studies, and insists on directing everything towards an adequate conception of the Good. At the same time Spinoza discards just those things which Plato deemed most essential. He brings Plato's theory of Ideas from heaven to earth at once when he says that Ideas are the same as the "objective essences of things." The seventeenth-century scholar, who had mastered all the mathematics, science, and mechanics of his day, doubtless felt that he could dispense with Plato's conception of Knowledge, bound up seemingly with antiquated Pythagorean theories of numbers, harmony, and astronomy. Accordingly, while Spinoza seems very Platonic in the outward forms of his philosophy, he never trod the heights of Platonism as did Shelley. Spinoza's refusal to accept all illogical statement, his patient, scientific method, his almost mathematical proof of ethical propositions, delighted the boyish logician with his triumphant Q. E. D. Shelley, too, with the pride of a modern, was for taking short cuts in Plato's theses with chemical and galvanic experiments. But then, Shelley was a poet, and the poets fall back always on Platonism. He was inherently unable to sink to Spinoza's "objective essences of things." Mary Shelley, in one of her letters to her husband, remarks on how he idealized their mutual affection; and all his biographers insist on the fact that in his everyday life an object interested the poet precisely as it spoke to him of things beyond the object.

After saying this much as to how Spinoza did not influence Shelley, a word must be added regarding the effect which he did produce. Spinoza softened his harsh dogmatism. We feel, as we first read the Jewish philosopher, that he is plunging us into a dark night of scepticism, but gradually we become aware that we are treading in a purple twilight, in a world of Shapes and Ideas with subdued outlines and tender hues. Doubts are there; Possibilities are there. To pursue the Doubt is to be haunted by it always; to pursue the Possibility is to lose it for ever. Why repine at the uncertainty, asks Spinoza; is not the lesson rather that we who know so little should make allowance for every "perhaps" that others may adduce? The outcome of all which is: "That ye love one another." There is surely nothing fanciful in tracing the widening of Shelley's sympathies to this source.

I have spoken of Shelley's passing from Godwinism to Platonism. Godwinism and all the other doctrinaires on which the young Shelley fed himself tear things up by the roots, and destroy the glamour and loveliness of life. They are incompatible with poetry because they will not tolerate illusions, of which poetry consists. The early reading of Shelley at no time rendered the poetry in him absolutely dead. But his earlier works, despite their fine descriptive passages, especially those descriptive of a highly imaginative geography, are uniformly cold and repellent. If they interest any one, I venture to say that they do not interest any one in quest of poetry. Though it is easy to pick beautiful passages out of "The Revolt of Islam," if one reads the poem through at a sitting one cannot escape the conclusion: Here is an author who has two or three ideas, which he is endeavouring to foist upon the world by a tremendous circumlocution. For the ideas stand out so nakedly, and are so dissociated from all else in the poem, that the context does not help us to believe them. They are like fence-posters that stare us in the face, the more staring the less persuasive. In a word, the piece is not a work of art.

It would be an endless task to quote all the passages in the later work which show how Shelley had given himself up to Platonism; had ceased, that is, merely to dress up here and there a Platonic theory, and had finally imbibed fully the spirit of the old master, coming to recognize it as a profound and poetically sufficient interpretation of life and the universe; with which settled, he could live his life and sing his song, "do his work," as Carlyle would put it. One passage may be cited to show how "deeply interfused" Platonism had become in Shelley, not because it is the most striking or beautiful passage of the kind in his works, but because, illustrating his Platonism so finely as it does, it is among the very last lines the poet penned:

"Of him, whom from the lowest depths of hell,
Through every paradise, and through all glory,
Love led serene, and who returned to tell
The words of hate and awe, the wondrous story,
How all things are transfigured except Love;
For deaf as is a sea which wrath makes hoary
The world can hear not the sweet notes that move
The sphere whose light is melody to lovers."

On the other hand, Godwinism was fading from Shelley's mind and work. It is sometimes stated that this never left him. If so, it is, in the later days, a Godwinism of a strangely altered kind. I do not think that anything more doctrinaire can be found among the later works than the "Mask of Anarchy (written late in 1819)." But though institutions are assailed there in Godwinian fashion, it is Anarchy that is represented as the arch-fiend. And surely we have left mad radicalism far behind in the lines:

"And if then the tyrants dare,
Let them ride among you there,
Slash and stab and maim and hew
What they like, that let them do;
With folded arms and stately eyes
And little fear and less surprise,
Look upon them as they slay
Till their rage has died away."

The change from Godwinism to Platonism is not less noticeable in the prose works and private letters.

I have said so much of Platonists, or Idealists, carrying the world forward, that something must be added regarding the progressive idea in Shelley's work. Here, again, the man who abominated history stumbled on the key to all history. We may say perhaps that his idea is not original, for in the last analysis it is the germ of Christianity—the return of good for evil; or we may trace it to that proposition which Spinoza arrives at by a strange mathematical logic: "Hatred is never a good." Great ideas never are wholly, or even largely, original. The greatness of a theory lies in the application of it. Shelley applied his profoundly and universally, not only to individual conduct, as Christian writers have been content to do, but to all the affairs of men collectively, to nations and races; and, with Platonic audacity, to the worlds and planets beyond our own. If any one thinks that a mere International Peace Tribunal fulfils Shelley's scheme, he has missed the greater part of the poet's teaching. Shelley was deeply impressed with the great Law of Motion, that no motion or energy is ever destroyed; and in energy he included all activity, not only in physics, but also in morals and politics, in short, in every field. This is the lesson Carlyle draws from the French Revolution,—tax exemptions will be followed by Meudon-tanneries, and Lyons-noyades; and these later wrongs must be followed by counter iniquities. Shelley does not stop with political injustice, he applies the principle to wrong of every kind, to imperfections of every kind, to error, whether voluntary or involuntary. Viewed negatively, the principle is a melancholy one; for example, in the "Euganean Hills":

"Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge."

Even more poignant are the concluding lines of the "Hellas":

"Oh, cease! must death and hate return?
 Cease! must men kill and die?
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy.
 The world is weary of the past,
 Oh might it die, or rest at last."

The tragedy in the "Cenci" turns upon the failure of Beatrice to recognize this principle. But the principle has a positive side as well, which Shelley loves to emphasize; namely, To ensure real progress we must, in our reforms, avoid injustice, imperfection, and error. The regeneration of the Universe in the "Prometheus Unbound" begins only when the hero has accepted this law:

"For I hate no more
 As then, ere misery made me wise."

Shelley would probably have given the idea a more complete expression in the poem on which he was engaged at the time of his death. The simplest allegory in which the poet enforces the lesson is to be found in "The Sensitive Plant":

"And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
 And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
 She bore in a basket of Indian woof
 Into the rough woods far aloof.
 In a basket of grasses and wild-flowers full,
 The freshest her gentle hands could pull;
 For the poor banished insects whose intent
 Although they did ill was innocent."

We may bring this digression to bear on the central theme by observing that the "lady fair" who accomplishes this blessing is but another form of the Ideal Love, Venus Urania; so inseparable is Shelley the Emancipator, Shelley the Poet, from Shelley the Platonist.

CARLETON W. STANLEY

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE SELF

PHILOSOPHERS, as a rule, have not been loath to profit by the results of science. This is as it should be, for all science originated in philosophy, and present day science can be regarded as a more articulate philosophy. From one point of view, science may be defined as that part of philosophical problems which has been more or less solved, so that the remaining region of unsolved problems would be the proper working ground for philosophy in the curriculum sense. The solution of the problems which philosophy raises would seem to be accomplished with more success by the use of what is called scientific methods, methods which, when properly used, mean an adherence to fact, to the concrete, and the postulating of no unnecessary hypotheses. Hence it has been well defined as an economic theory of knowledge. It is only after this stage of inquiry has been reached that we can speak of an applied science, so that all such expressions as "applied philosophy" and "applied ethics" are meaningless.

An apparent conclusion from the foregoing would seem to be that philosophy would profit by a freer and more extended use of empirical methods, but not "empirical" as understood by the ordinary man of science, or indeed by some philosophers, for whom the word is synonymous with materialism. As used here, empiricism will imply and mean much more. It will mean an adherence to fact wherever found, in the mud, in the rocks, in the clouds, in the mind of man, in art, in religion, in short in whatever region man is active. It means an acceptance of fact wherever we find it, so that for this attitude towards the world the ravings of dementia are just as much fact as the observations in connexion with the law of gravity. As William James has said, it is a thorough-going or "radical empiricism." The

old empiricist, often called the scientist, saw fact in the material world only; the new empiricist sees fact everywhere, because for him there is no cleft between mind and body. For him there is no question of materialism and spiritualism, except in so far as these are mental aberrations, because mind and matter do not exist as separate entities.

This much may be called an introduction. We wish to deal with ethics, but with no intention of getting into any of the classical quibbles. We would seek a partial cause for the present barren state of ethical discussions. Frankly, this is to be sought in a deficient and defunct psychological analysis of the self, and the postulating of unnecessary entities endowed with the most wonderful and remarkable qualities. Although all the qualities which these hypothetical beings possess are derived from sensory experience, yet they are somehow conceived as superior to, and above, experience. It would be difficult to find two ethical writers who agree as to what the self is, or what will is. The reason is at hand,—lack of analysis, the tardiness to adopt the results of psychology, the adherence to scholastic modes of thought, which consist in the lazy method of postulating instead of analyzing. In the concept of what it is dealing with, modern ethics, especially in idealistic quarters, has not progressed far beyond where Kant hung it. Ethnology tells us that the idea of a soul, of some entity apart from the body, is the product of superstition. To idealists in general this will be refreshing, as it will afford some basis for its conception of personality. Idealism is on a par with the beliefs of certain tribes of Indians who say man has two souls, in addition to the body; for idealism has body, mind, and soul, or transcendental ego.

It is proposed here to follow the empirical method and give a brief summary of what has been done by psychologists in the way of analyzing the self. This does not mean that all psychologists will agree, for those who are infected with the idealistic or thing-in-itself principle will still insist that the self, as we know it, is only the superficial self, and

that the self which we do not know and about which we can say nothing, is the real self. Our problem is to define the ego in a concrete way, to see if we can have self and personality without any cumbersome and blinding hypotheses. The thesis to uphold is that there is no dualism between mind and body, to say nothing of the idealistic triadism. Mind and body are one and the same, not abstractly, but concretely and actually. It is intended to show that soul, noumenal self, are unnecessary, wasteful, and pernicious hypotheses, which do not explain human nature but tend to bury it, and leave us nothing but the hypotheses. The history of idealism shows that although allegory may be picturesque, it does not explain.

If we analyze our own mental life, we find there sensations, ideas, thoughts, emotions, and feelings. These make up what we call our mental life, and even the conception of an absolute and of a permanent substance called a soul takes its place along with others in this experienced flow. We can further analyze all ideas, complexes of ideas, into sensations, and further analyses will no doubt bring emotions and feelings into the same category. We call them sensations, for want of a better word. The important thing to note is that mental life can be reduced to one class of elements with no remainder beyond what we experience.

In the next place, if we examine what we call our body, there too we find certain complexes of sensations. We have just so many touch sensations, pressure sensations, visual sensations, kinæsthetic sensations, organic sensations, from heart, lungs, and other organs. Nothing else can be found. On further consideration it is found that these very sensations make up what we call mental life. An absence of all body, that is, an absence of all sensation, would either mean that we were dead or not there. There must be some sensation in order that there be consciousness at all, so that the smallest amount of self which is possible is, as William James puts it, "I breathe."

In the same way, an analysis of the outer world reveals only a bevy of sensations, for we know the outer world in the same way as we know our body, in the same way as we know our mental life, that is, in so far as we experience it by sensation; these sensations are the ego. If we assume anything else, we are making a hypothesis which we can neither prove nor disprove, and which is not of any use by way of explanation, as all hypotheses should be. The self then, to repeat, is nothing but the continual progress of sensations along with certain feelings and emotions. It is just so many touches, smells, tastes, sights, sounds, etc. Never is it the same at any two instants of time; the sensations and feelings come and go, but the same sensation or feeling never returns. There is no such entity as a permanent self, unchangeable in all time; but in place of that we have a dynamic self which grows, develops, and evolves, as the environment may require. In short, the self is what we experience as the self.

This is but the first cut of the chisel; the details remain to be filled in. In order not to leave things too bare we will consider some objections which are likely to be raised:

1. Our idealistic friends will be inclined to call this materialism, for they say it makes mind the same as body. Quite true, but it makes body the same as mind, if they will use such terms. The objector fails to see that making mind and body the same stuff is not the same as making mind depend on body, which is the procedure of materialism. The materialist can say with equal reason that the whole affair is spiritualistic, for body is the same as mind, and in saying so he would be as much in the dark as the poor benighted idealist. The fact is that the theory does not make mind and body anything, for it does not conceive mind and body existing as two different entities but as bits of experience, so that the whole world can be called a "world of pure experience." To speak of mind and body as different, is to be a dualist, either as a materialist or as an idealist, and to misinterpret and misunderstand the doctrine of identity.

2. Some will say that its flavour is too empirical. To many that is its best point. It is empirical through and through, but not an empiricism which is identical with materialism, although large enough to include both materialism and idealism. The empirical way of looking at things has won its spurs and requires no champion. It is only an old and defunct school of thinkers who will conjure up any difficulty here.

3. It will be objected that the soul of man is destroyed. We frankly and gladly admit that a soul, in the sense of something invisible, flimsy, ethereal, and hypothetical, is hereby abolished; but in its place we have a real soul (if you still cling to that word), one which is empirical, growing, changing, dynamic, and not static. The soul in the old sense is something which cannot be demonstrated, cannot be experienced, and is merely an hypothesis. Now this does not mean that hypotheses are not useful, for they are; they should be retained, however, only so long as they are useful and while they aid us to order the world in which we live. When they cease to be of use, banishment is the proper sentence. Hence, in doing away with the "soul," we are only setting aside a useless hypothesis which has served its day and is no longer of value in explaining our mental life. All we lose, then, is a hypothetical nothing; but we gain the whole world and do *not* lose our own soul.

4. A permanent self is destroyed and mental life becomes a mere conglomeration. Such an objection implies a belief in substance as a supporting medium, whether it be spiritual or material. Materialism is no longer seriously discussed; we can therefore give our attention to the idealists. It requires no great insight to see that idealism is dualistic, for it starts with the assumption that mind and body are different and distinct entities, and hence one of its perpetual and everlasting problems is to get mind and body connected. Further, on idealistic principles, mind itself is made up of isolated bits of experience. In a word, they agree with Hume's analysis, and postulate an ego, a noumenal self, and such

barbarous things, to give order and stability to mental life. They fail to see that experience itself furnishes the links between other bits of experience, that our mental life is continuous, and not broken up, as some thinkers would have us believe. Even if there were a gap, there would be an experience of that gap. If you assume that there is a gap between the sensations, then you may as well say that you are dead between the sensations. Overlooking this piece of introspection, for which we must thank William James, idealists have brought in a super ego to connect mental life. Now the present position holds that it is more rational, more in keeping with experience (for that is all we know), raises fewer difficulties, to start with mind and body as identical, so that the mental life is as permanent or as little permanent as our body and the so-called outer world. No permanent self, in addition to our actual experience, is necessary. The self is an ever-changing series of processes and, this change being slow, some of us are wont to believe in a permanent self. Continuity would be a better word here than permanence, for there is no doubt that the idea of permanence is based on the continuity of mental life, a fact which no one denies. As Ernst Mach says, what we dread in death takes place every day, for we are always losing part of the self; for some of us this is perhaps a relief. Mental life is not disjointed, for we do not find it so in experience. Then why should we say so when we come to discuss it philosophically? There is no reason. The hypothesis of a static self is entirely superfluous.

Some of the chief objections have been considered, and it may now be in place to state some of the good points about this position.

1. It simplifies the discussion of the self by bringing it down to a region where it can be handled in an empirical way, thus giving ethics a real empirical starting-point. The old idea was due to superstition and a deficient psychological analysis. In a definite sense we now know what we mean when the term "self" is used.

2. It does away with the dualism and, in case of idealism, with the triadism between mind and matter. No thing-in-itself and no absolute is required to bridge the "epistemological chasm" between mind and object.

3. It renders unmeaning the old strife between materialism and idealism. Both are based on a dualistic assumption, and the one solution is just as good as the other. Remove the dualism and the old antithesis disappears.

4. It gives full value to our life as experience, which must be the final court of appeal after all our bickerings. Both idealistic and other conceptions ignore experience or else falsify it by a multiplicity of hypotheses.

5. It is economical, because it only postulates as much as is necessary to explain and rejects what cannot be of use in that way.

Many other questions remain to be considered which had better be left to a genuine philosopher. The relation of the identity theory to pluralism, panpsychism, pragmatism, science, is all important. More urgent still is the question how we come to call one complex or context of sensations mind, another context body, and another context the outer world.

Berkeley did away with what he called crude matter, but the spirit which he left performed the same function, and, to our way of thinking, is fully as crude. Both he and Hume, as well as later thinkers, made the mistake of conceiving mental life as made of discrete, isolated patches which required some needle and thread to hold them together. The idealistic school in particular has failed to rid itself of the old substance idea and can not take experience for what it actually is.

WILLIAM D. TAIT

DAVID HUME

1711-1911

DAVID HUME, the younger son of a landed proprietor of very mediocre estate in the south of Scotland, was born in Edinburgh in April, 1711. Owing to his studious and industrious disposition he was destined for the law, "but formed an insurmountable aversion to anything but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning." "While my family," he relates, "fancied I was poring over Voet and Vinnius," "Cicero and Virgil were the authors I was secretly devouring." "I was seized very early with a passion for literature, which has been the ruling passion of my life, and the great source of my enjoyments."¹ It was also a weakness in Hume's otherwise well-balanced character and the source of his keenest disappointments. No sale of his works, however extensive, was sufficient to satisfy it. It was because his greatest work, "A Treatise of Human Nature," which contains the most complete exposition of his philosophy, was not a literary success that he was foolishly led afterwards to disavow it; although the later "Enquiry Concerning the Human Understanding" shows that his views had not undergone any essential change.

The study of law becoming unbearably distasteful, Hume, after a brief commercial experience at Bristol, departed, at the age of twenty-three, for France, determined to push his way as a scholar and philosopher, and to work out the "Treatise of Human Nature," which, as he tells us, was planned before he left the university. Of slender means, he aimed at an existence free from care and anxiety (he actually attained it by his own literary efforts) in which

¹ From the short "Life of David Hume, written by Himself," which with the "Life and Correspondence of David Hume," by J. Hill Burton (2 vols.), and a volume of "Letters," edited by J. Birbeck Hill, form the most important sources of information.

he would be able to satisfy his taste for critical investigation and enjoy the society of a few chosen friends. He was also desirous that his literary activity should bring honour both to his name and to his native land; for Hume was intensely Scotch in sentiment. His feeling against Englishmen, reflected in his constant references to the "barbarians who inhabit the Thames," and in such utterances as "you might as well think of Lapland as of England for an author," "it has been my misfortune to write in the language of the most stupid and factious barbarians in the world," and which he could not suppress even when acknowledging a presentation copy of the first volume of Gibbon's "History," had its source, to a certain extent, in the slight notice that was taken of his works in England, whereas on the continent of Europe, he was already, by the year 1760, a celebrity. It was, however, stimulated by other factors. One of these was the feeling of hostility excited against the Scotch by the undue influence of Lord Bute over George III., which greatly enraged Hume, and which found expression in the words of that arch-intolerant Dr. Johnson that "the pity is not that England is lost but that the Scotch have found it." Another contributing factor was Hume's belief, shared by many others, that Pitt was running the nation into bankruptcy. "Notwithstanding my age I hope to see a public bankruptcy, the total revolt of America, and the expulsion of the English from the East Indies." (Letter to Strachan, 1769.) Hume died a few months after the Declaration of Independence by the American colonies.

In Hume's character there were united intellectual ardour and ambition with good nature, forbearance, and generosity towards human prejudices, and a certain easiness of temperament that prevented him from being drawn into literary or philosophical discussions of a purely polemical nature. "His temper, indeed," declares Adam Smith, "seemed more happily balanced than that perhaps of any other man I have ever known. Even in the lowest state of his fortune his great and necessary frugality never hindered him from exercising, upon proper occasions, acts both of charity

and generosity. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his mind or the steadiness of his resolutions. His constant pleasantry was the genuine effusion of good nature and good humour, tempered with delicacy and modesty and without even the slightest tincture of malignity. . . . Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit." Such is the well-known and generous tribute paid to David Hume's character by his great countryman and contemporary whose place in the history of economic science is not less distinguished than is Hume's in the history of philosophy.

In addition to the testimony of Hume's life itself, supported by observations of friends and enemies, nothing is better illustrative of his singular strength of mind and moral elevation than the manner in which he entertained and conversed with his friends during the last days of his life. Although aware for some time that he was afflicted with a fatal disease, so great was his cheerfulness, so keen and lively his conversation, that, notwithstanding the numerous bad symptoms, many of those who visited him could not believe he was dying. A certain Dr. Dundas, on leaving him one day, said he would tell one of his friends that he was on the way to recovery. "As I believe you would not wish to tell anything but the truth," replied Hume, "you had better tell him I am dying as fast as my enemies, if I have any, could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire." Adam Smith relates how he found Hume a few days before his death reading Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead," and unable to find among all the excuses that are given to Charon for not entering his boat any one that would fit his case. "He then diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses which he supposed he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very surly answers which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them. 'Upon further consideration,' said he, 'I might say to him, "Good Charon,

I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time that I may see how the public receives the alterations." But Charon would answer, "When you have seen the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses; so, honest friend, please step into the boat." But I might still urge, "Have a little patience, good Charon, I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition." But Charon would then lose all temper and decency. "You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term——?"

This Socratic serenity, which was incredible to the unphilosophical Samuel Johnson, Hume's singular detachment from life, ("although I see many symptoms of my literary reputation breaking out at last with additional lustre,") his insight into the fact that his life's work was accomplished, are in keeping with that extraordinary intellectual vigour and moral tranquillity which enabled its possessor to pass through the greatest disappointment of his life—"the falling of his 'Treatise' deadborn from the press," and later in life the experience of the most outrageous treatment from Rousseau, whom he had befriended, without his feelings becoming embittered, or his equanimity more than transiently disturbed. How different from the unmanly wailings of a Schopenhauer! Like all truly superior and aristocratic souls, Hume realized that only those who have attained self-mastery are free. His death, said the physician who attended him, was truly an example "*des grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant.*"

Hume has been sadly misunderstood by his own countrymen. The real aim and significance of his philosophy have been overlooked until very recent times. Thirty years ago Hume figured in almost every history of philosophy as a pure sceptic, with regard to whose views there was not much to be said. Metaphysicians of the Hegelian school of stereotyped

rationalism and frightened theologians have united for different reasons to create the impression that it was possible, owing to their thinness or inherent absurdity, to pass over Hume's teachings very lightly. A juster appreciation of Hume as the founder of critical positivism, in contrast to the dogmatic positivism of A. Comte, is due to the labours of German critics and historians of the Neo-Kantian school, who have been the first to grasp the significance of Hume as a link in the general philosophical movement that, initiated by Locke, culminated temporarily in Immanuel Kant. No one has more clearly understood Hume's importance in the history of thought than Kant himself.

In the "Enquiry" there is a condemnation of excessive scepticism, the Cartesian doubt is caricatured, and a certain mitigated scepticism is recommended under the title of "Academic Philosophy." In the sane spirit of Locke, it consists in the limitation of our inquiries to such subjects as are best adapted to the capacity of the human understanding. Hume grows eloquent in setting forth the work of this sort of philosophy. In words that found an echo in the "Critique of Pure Reason" he declares: "Herein, indeed, lies the greatest and most plausible objection against a considerable portion of metaphysics, that they are not properly a science, but arise either from the fruitless efforts of human vanity, which would penetrate into subjects utterly inaccessible to the understanding, or from the craft of popular superstitions, which being unable to defend themselves on fair ground raise these entangling brambles to cover and protect their weakness. But is this a sufficient reason why philosophers should desist from such researches and leave superstition still in possession of her retreat? Is it not proper to draw an opposite conclusion, and perceive the necessity of carrying the war into the most secret recesses of the enemy? The only method of freeing learning at once from these abstruse questions, is to inquire seriously into the nature of human understanding, and show, from an exact analysis of

its powers and capacity, that it is by no means fitted for such remote and abstruse subjects. We must cultivate true metaphysics with some care in order to destroy the false and unadulterated." This had been already recognized by Locke, the initiator of the critical philosophy, as the business of the theory of knowledge. The campaign was conducted with much more vigour by Hume, who forged some bolts calculated to penetrate the thickest skulls and to stir even the dullest minds. Locke and Hume are the founders of the branch of modern philosophy known as epistemology, as distinct from metaphysics in the traditional sense of a science of being.

If one desired to sum up in a sentence the general philosophical attitude of Hume, it could hardly be better expressed than in the proposition that Blaise Pascal, a thinker with whom Hume has no real connexion, made the motto of his philosophy: "*la Nature confond les Pyrrhoniens, et la raison confond les Dogmatistes.*" While denying a rational basis of knowledge, while denying, for instance, that it was possible to demonstrate two of the main propositions of a knowledge of external reality; namely, the logical necessity of a cause for every change and the existence of external objects, Hume saw clearly that the sense or experience of an external reality was too strong to be overthrown by logical doubts. "First existence, then thought; first life, then knowledge." Without this sense or incontrovertible experience of reality there would, according to Hume, be no choice between false knowledge and none at all. "If any one asks me whether I am one of these sceptics who hold that everything is uncertain, and that our judgements are not in any thing possessed of any measure of truth and falsehood, I should reply that this question is entirely superfluous, and that neither I nor any other person was ever sincerely and constantly of that opinion. Whoever has taken the pains to refute the cavils of this total scepticism has really disputed without an antagonist, and endeavoured by arguments to establish a faculty which nature

has antecedently implanted in the mind and rendered unavoidable." ("Treatise," iv. 1.) Hume puts forward as the natural remedy of scepticism what seems to be a kind of pragmatism, when he says: "The great subverter of Pyrrhonism, or the excessive principles of scepticism, is action and employment and the occupations of common life." (Inquiry 12.) As a matter of fact, modern pragmatism is more sceptical than Hume, since it tends to find the test of truth in action and feeling to the exclusion of cognition.

Since Hume never denied the possibility of human knowledge, he was no sceptic in the ordinarily accepted sense of the term. Had he been so he would never have exercised the stimulating influence he did. What he was sceptical of was the pretensions of a dogmatic rationalism which had its representation in Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and, in later times, Hegel, and from which Kant, under Hume's influence, broke away without adopting his conclusions. The consequences of Hume's teaching were in the main decidedly sceptical; but its aim was positive knowledge that could stand the test of experience. Hume called scepticism a disease, "a philosophical melancholy and hypochondriac mood." But "fortunately Nature herself has taken care to cure me of my philosophical melancholy and delirium." Every strong sense-impression destroys the cobwebs of the imagination; they disappear like smoke, and awakened from his dream, "the sceptic is the first to join in the laughter over them." Thus was Hume the "kaltblutig zum Gleichgewicht des Urteils wie geschaffener Denker," as Kant knew him. The reasons of the sceptic, or anti-dogmatist, and of the dogmatist are, according to Hume, of the same kind and of equal weight, although contrary in tendency. There would be no end to the dispute between them had not nature itself intervened to break the force of all sceptical arguments. Thus, the sceptic has to believe in the existence of external bodies even though he cannot pretend to maintain the veracity of this belief by any philosophical arguments. "We may well ask: What causes us to believe in the existence of body?"

But it is in vain to ask whether there be body or not. That is a point which must be taken for granted in all our reasonings." ("Treatise," iv. 2.) Here is an undeniably realistic factor in Hume's philosophy. And in the same vein we are told: "As nature has taught us the use of our limbs, without giving us the knowledge of the muscles and nerves by which they are actuated, so has she implanted in us an instinct which carries forward the thought in a corresponding course to that which she has established among external objects; though we are ignorant of the powers and forces on which the regular course and succession of objects totally depends." ("Enquiry," Sect. v.)

Hume wished to free our knowledge of nature from dependence on logical arguments which, in his opinion, were of doubtful value, in order the better to found it on reality itself. He never denied the possibility of knowledge; what he denied was that human knowledge was of the *a priori* demonstrative character that some philosophers before him had supposed and some thinkers since have tried to prove. Thus, it is quite incorrect to suppose that Hume denied causality in nature, a point in regard to which the "Scottish school" displayed a singular opaqueness of thought. What he denied was that the character of the causal relation was rational. In denying *in toto* any logical elements in knowledge, and in limiting experience to sense-impressions and their connexion through association based on habit, he hoped to render experience not the less but the more secure. To accomplish this he fell back on instincts and mechanical tendencies, "which may be infallible in their operations, may discover themselves at the first appearance of life and thought, and may be independent of all the laboured deductions of the understanding." But instincts are not necessarily infallible, and, at best, are so only so far as the species, not the individual, is concerned. Moreover, no theory of instincts can ever explain the work of a Galilei or a Newton. Hume's "Theory of Knowledge" renders the human mind far too passive in the investigation and interpretation of nature, just because it underrates the

importance of the scientific imagination and ignores the intellectual factors in experimental science. It would bring scientific induction "within the range of rats and swine." Hume is a most consistent upholder of, in reality the creator of, a biological theory of knowledge which in recent times has received many adherents (Ernest Mach among others), and which ends, as must all biological theories that purport to be philosophical, in irrationalism. His moderate "academic scepticism" was simply a means to this end.

The fundamental proposition of Hume's theory of knowledge relates to the dependency of our ideas on sense-impressions: all our ideas and concepts have their source in corresponding preceding sensations. This proposition is not dogmatically assumed, for Hume endeavours to establish it experimentally, although, as we think, inadequately. If we entertain any doubt as to the correctness or validity of an idea, we have only to enquire what is the corresponding sense-impression from which it arose. And if we are unable to discover these sensory elements or "originals," then we may be certain that we have to deal with a spurious, not a genuine, idea, that is, one which has no basis in reality. Philosophers are, for instance, continually employing the term "substance" as if it indicated some real thing, just as poets are inclined to believe in the reality of their Jupiters. But unless the sense-impression can be discovered whence the idea of substance is derived, our suspicion becomes confirmed that the term "substance" is devoid of real meaning. This proposition, which Hume puts forward as furnishing a criterion for distinguishing between true and false knowledge, is the foundation stone of empiricism in its most radical form. What is its value? Must it be accepted without limitation?

This simple criterion would indeed be adequate, and therefore exclusively applicable, were there no necessary ideas except sensory ones, which, however, is not the case. For the human mind, not without sense-experience, of course, develops concepts which are not derived from sense impressions, but which go beyond these. Hume, himself, recognizes such concepts, which he, unfortunately, always calls ideas;

amongst others those of identity and causation, which he declares to be not sensible but intelligible ideas. Far from discarding such ideas, Hume recognizes them as indispensable for experience; the relation of identity being involved in our concept of an object at all, that of causation being necessary for our inferences from experience. He had, therefore, to attempt to bring them into harmony with his fundamental proposition, which he is able to do only by resorting to the work of the imagination, and calling in subsidiary hypotheses to help out his original thesis. It is significant that Hume when speaking of the activity of the mind means always only the operations of the imagination. He is unable, as was Berkeley, to distinguish between ideas in the psychological sense of mental imagery and concepts in the sense of abstract notions; or rather he fails to recognize the existence of concepts as a product of logical analysis, as distinct from sensuous imagination. Such concepts as those of empty or pure space and pure or absolute time, which underlie those of matter and energy, are, owing to their very character, not capable of being derived from sense-impressions. In attempting to show the dependence of such concepts on sensations, through the medium of the imagination and association of ideas, Hume runs into difficulties which he admits are thoroughly insurmountable. He is even obliged to attack some of the fundamental propositions of geometry, such as the infinite divisibility of space, and to declare geometry itself, which has always been regarded as a pattern of cogency and exactness, to be inexact, because its theorems are not based on the actual measurement of real lines and angles, etc. J. S. Mill, who followed Hume here as elsewhere, landed in similar absurdities. Hume's proposition is adequate as applied to empirical ideas and concepts, that is, to such as relate to matters of fact or reality; and no further. It is not applicable to concepts of relations which are not immediately derived from, because not contained in, sensations; but which are, nevertheless, necessary for the connexion of our perceptions in the system of experience. This is the great

point made later by Kant, from whom we have learnt that no experience is "pure experience" for intelligent beings.

The most important application of his general proposition was made by Hume in connexion with two fundamental concepts of science—substance and cause. If Hume did not actually discover the "problem of causation," he at least was the first to formulate it in such a way that it has served as the starting point of all subsequent discussion. The principle of causation is the fundamental principle of all inferences concerning the connexion of natural phenomena. It enables us to argue from the past to the future connexion of certain events, as also to infer backwards from given changes to their causes. Now, what is the basis of this principle? Hume showed by an analysis, which has never been surpassed for acuteness, and the result of which cannot be well disputed, that this principle is not susceptible of logical demonstration, since its denial would not involve a contradiction of thought as would the denial of the principle of identity. He showed further that neither is the relation itself between cause and effect of a purely logical or rational character, nor is the supposed necessity with which a cause produces its effect a datum of experience. The knowledge of a particular causal relation can in no case be determined *a priori*. The nexus between cause and effect, if there be any, is not perceivable. How any cause produces its effect is not intelligible. When one billiard ball in motion strikes another at rest, to use Hume's classical instance, and the motion of the first is communicated to the second, we perceive the fact of the transference of the motion, but not how the motion is transferred. The *modus operandi* of the cause remains incomprehensible. Those who think they experience a necessary connexion between their will and their bodily movements have still to learn from Hume's penetrating analysis that the connexion of changes here is not more, but rather less, intelligible than in the case of the relation of mechanical phenomena with one another. For in the first place, the will is not the immediate antecedent of the bodily

movements; secondly, an individual may will to move a paralysed limb, which nevertheless *ipso facto* remains inactive; and, thirdly, we may now reinforce Hume's argument by an appeal to the principle of the conservation of energy, which excludes any causal connexion between mental and physical phenomena. Hume's brilliant criticism of the traditional, and in some quarters not yet exploded, conception of force must not be overlooked. It is a permanent contribution to the theory of knowledge. Force is not something we know of in itself; we know of force or forces only through their effects, which are the measurements of the causes that produced them. These statements of Hume form some of the few propositions of the "Theory of Knowledge" that are no longer debatable. Hume has the merit of having rid science and philosophy of a metaphysical concept of force, which has too often served as the muddy refuge for obscure thinking.

The inadequacy of empiricism discloses itself, however, when Hume proceeds to his own positive theory of causation, and seeks to explain the nature of a causal relation as well as the basis of the principle itself. I say empiricism generally, for it has never had a more consistent expositor than Hume, whose later followers have produced, as is usually the case with imitators, only weakened editions. Causation objectively considered means regularity of succession, contiguity of the related phenomena in time, priority of the cause; subjectively, a feeling of necessity, arising through the operation of custom on the repeated experience of similar phenomena. This feeling is, of course, irrational; that is, it cannot be logically defended. Epistemologically considered, causation is the foundation of all experimental inferences; psychologically, it is only a special case of association through temporal contiguity. Now, since cause and effect are different phenomena, and any objects in nature may, so far as we can see *a priori*, constantly succeed one another, it follows that anything may be the cause of anything. If we reason *a priori*, for aught we can see to the contrary, "the fall of a pebble may extinguish the sun, or the wish of a human being

control the revolution of the planets." This extravagant and easily combated consequence is the last word of a theory which neglects all quantitative determinations, and which is unable to distinguish between the mere occasion of the introduction of an event and its real and complete cause.

And yet Hume recognized clearly elsewhere that cause and effect must be exactly proportioned to one another, and that not more qualities are to be assumed in the cause than are necessary for the explanation of the effect. Indeed, a large part of his brilliant argument in the "Dialogue Concerning Natural Religion" would fall to the ground on any other basis. As regards the principle of causation itself, which maintains that every change has a cause, while asserting its indispensableness for science, Hume is really obliged to admit statements which conflict with its validity. "That impious maxim of the ancient philosophy, *ex nihilo, nihil fit*," he ironically declares, "by which the creation of matter was excluded, ceases to be a maxim according to this philosophy. Not only the will of the supreme Being may create matter but, for aught we know *a priori*, the will of any other being might create it, or any other cause that the most whimsical imagination can imagine." But if something can arise from nothing, then the proposition that something can arise without a cause is not absurd, as Hume elsewhere declares it is; and the basis of experimental science is invalidated.

The weakness of Hume's position is well brought out in his historically famous discussion of the possibility of miracles. Leaving aside his definition of a miracle as a "violation of the laws of Nature" as unsatisfactory, because unintelligible, we may accept his criterion by which reported miracles are to be judged—"that no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle unless the testimony be of such a kind that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavours to establish"—as sufficient to render any reported miracle, whether of a religious character or otherwise, unworthy of acceptance. For all the evidence on behalf

of them is, when examined, much less probable than would be the non-occurrence of the reported events. A miracle cannot, argues Hume quite rightly, be proved by any rules of experience; but why might it not occur in the future? Why might not the course of nature change? It might be urged against Hume, and the argument has actually been put forward more than once, that just because there are no logical grounds against miracles, therefore they are possible. Since they are not impossible they may occur. Unfortunately, this argument is often illegitimately pushed further in order to render plausible the probability of miracles. On his principles Hume cannot really show that miracles are excluded; and this some scientists who have adopted his theory of knowledge, have failed to perceive. When he asks: "Why is it more than probable that all men must die: that lead cannot of itself remain suspended in the air: that fire consumes wood and is extinguished by water?" the reply is in the first place, that no matter of fact, no causal relation, can be more than probable. The laws of nature cannot, according to Hume's philosophy, be more than probable; although their probability may reach such a high degree that in ordinary speech their contravention may be called impossible, that is, not worth considering for practical purposes. Hume overlooks this important limitation of his theory of knowledge in discussing the question of miracles.

An alternative definition of a miracle, logically not different from the former and partially accepted by Hume, is "a suspension of a law of Nature by a particular volition of the Deity." This is essentially the theological concept of a miracle. It involves a conflict with the concept of law in general. And it is obviously not possible to prove a miracle in this sense to any one who does not antecedently believe in the existence of a physically superior and morally irrational agency, or to anyone who believes that the character of the Being whom he recognizes as supernatural is incompatible with his having seen fit to interfere on the occasion in question in the manner alleged. And upon what

kind of evidence would it be justifiable to infer that a given event is the result of a supernatural activity or the interposition of some invisible agent? If it be said, "because the event exceeds the power of natural causes to produce," what is the justification of such a statement? If a piece of lead when thrown upwards remained suspended in the air, no one trained in scientific methods would suppose that the fact of gravitation had been thereby violated or suspended. He would set about investigating the natural conditions which had brought about so unexpected an event, and doubtless thereby enlarge his experience of the laws of nature. Those who appeal to extra-mundane causes must be requested, if it is considered desirable to enter into a discussion with them, to state in precise terms the marks by which they know that an event not yet explained is essentially insusceptible of scientific explanation. This requirement would involve the production of a treatise on extra-mundane methodology.

That many very unusual and even extremely wonderful events are possible, the progress of science is constantly attesting. Our knowledge of many natural processes is still very incomplete. Some generalizations have to be revised. But these facts do not involve acceptance of the view, as the pragmatists are now trying to make out, that there are no laws of nature in the sense of constant and mathematically expressible relations between changing phenomena. These modern sceptics attempt to reach, strangely enough, a criterion of truth by generalizing from the concept of a working hypothesis, to which all cautious thinkers give but a qualified assent, because it is uncertain whether in such a case we have to do with truth at all. If a miracle be defined simply as an event depending on the introduction of an antecedent, the existence of which has not hitherto been suspected, the event may easily be shorn of its supposed miraculous character. The question then becomes one of ascertaining whether, in the particular case under discussion, the existence of the assumed antecedent and its operation in the manner alleged,

are or are not probable: a problem for observation and experiment to solve. But if the supposed new antecedent be conceived as supernatural in character, and capable of effecting a contravention of a well-known law, like that, for example, of gravitation, then no matter what the agency may be which is conceived as concerned in it, whether the Deity, Beelzebub and his followers, or lesser devils, like some of our modern spiritualistic mediums, it need not be seriously considered; because, first, it conflicts with the conditions of scientific knowledge, and because, secondly, all we know of the order of nature is based on experience of the course of events of which the alleged miracle itself is a part. Whoever sees in this argument a dogmatic assumption, or worse still a *petitio principii*, must be requested to pursue his analysis a little deeper.

Miracles, even in the theological sense, can be asserted only from the standpoint of a crude dualism which sets the Deity and Nature in opposition to one another, and which either involves a quite savage conception of the Deity as a purely capricious being, or has to regard Him like an incompetent architect trying by constant tinkering to keep right an originally imperfectly planned machine. When, therefore, that universal scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, with characteristic lack of philosophical insight, recently attempted to make the occurrence of miracles seem plausible by resorting to a specious, analogical argument, the final answer is quite obvious. Arguing on behalf of a sort of theism, which scarcely rises above the primitive animistic conception of nature, he puts forward a purely hypothetical argument to the effect that the relation in which human beings stand towards the Deity may be similar to that in which some of the lower animals, for example ants, stand towards man. Now, just as many human activities probably appear to these lower animals as lawless, although the outcome of method, so it may be with the ways of the Author of Nature towards mankind. A disturbance of the laws of nature by some unfathomable cause need not thus indicate absence of order.

But this analogical reasoning is not only weak; it misses the main point. Comparative psychology does not afford any ground for the supposition that an ant can formulate the concept of a law or can reason about human activities in any way similar to that in which human beings can analyze and discuss the order of the solar system. The concept of law is the product of a rational activity which is capable of grasping the interconnexions of things and of formulating a general postulate of science. But it is not necessary to pursue Sir Oliver Lodge's doubtful psychology and logic any further; for it is sufficient to say of his conception of the Being whom he places at the foundation of things, that it is of no value for philosophy or science. With Laplace in his answer to Napoleon's criticism of the "Système du Monde" it may be said: "*Nous n'avons pas besoin de cette hypothèse.*" Galilei and Kant have seen much further in respect to the possibility of science than Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. A. J. Balfour.

Hume's examination of the concept of substance, though not so well known as his theory of causation (it escaped the notice of Kant), is, within limits, masterly. Hume is chiefly interested in the question as it relates to the existence of an immaterial substance, which was, and often is considered as affording the indispensable basis of the consciousness of personal identity. Adopting Berkeley's argument against the existence of an unperceived material substance, matter, as the ground of all extended things, Hume with remorseless logic extends and applies it to the idea of an immaterial substance which Berkeley had illogically retained. He shows that we do not know the soul as a separate entity any more than we know matter as a thing in itself. Neither is an object of perception; and hence not an object of experience. Psychological analysis reveals no such permanent thing as the soul. Herein agreeing with Hume, Kant showed further that the argument of Descartes from the *Je pense donc je suis* to the *substantia cogitans* involves a pure fallacy. What we know through introspection is not

a soul but a series of mental phenomena. "Our internal intuition has no permanent existence, for the Ego is simply the consequence of my thinking." "There is no means whatever by which we can know anything respecting the constitution of the soul, so far as the possibility of its separate existence is concerned." (Kant.)

Since nothing can be established regarding the separate existence or permanence of the soul, the question regarding its durability appears to fall to the ground. Nevertheless, Hume discusses with great dispassionateness some of the arguments that may be advanced on behalf of the belief in human immortality. The sentimental arguments which are now so much in vogue amongst our popular philosophers are not considered; probably because Hume did not regard them as worthy of notice, since, as he says very truly, "all doctrines are to be suspected which are favoured by our passions;" and the view, that because we would like to be immortal therefore we must be so, is of extremely doubtful force. To the moral argument based on the "justice of God," which is supposed to be further interested in the future punishment of the vicious and reward of the virtuous, Hume presents the following dilemma: If there is justice in this life there is no reason for us to seek another; and if there is no justice in this life, we cannot suppose that it was created by God; and hence there is no ground for supposing another in which the injustice of this world will be rectified. The metaphysical arguments for immortality proceed from the supposition of the immortality of the soul. But even admitting that the soul is a substance and hence indestructible, it may still lose its memory or consciousness. "The soul, if immortal, existed before our birth, and if the former existence noways concerns us neither will the latter." Moreover, those who contend for the natural immortality of the soul have to admit that their arguments apply with similar force to the immortality of brutes, if not also of plants. For brutes, at least, display mental phenomena similar in kind to man, though in a more imperfect way.

Not less than his dislike of the English was Hume's dislike of religious dogma. His aversion to all professors of dogmatic theology is everywhere apparent. "Errors in philosophy are only ridiculous: those in religion are too often dangerous." In his "Essay on Miracles" and "Natural History of Religion" the good-natured man is stirred to an unusual acerbity in speaking of priests, theological enthusiasts, and religious fanatics.¹ With biting sarcasm he ends the "Essay on Miracles" by the following characteristic utterance: "I am the better pleased with the method of reasoning here delivered, as I think it may serve to confound those dangerous friends or disguised enemies to the Christian religion who have undertaken to defend it by the principles of human reason." By "religion" in this passage, Hume obviously, as the remainder of it shows, means theology. "If it did not exceed the capacity of human nature to foretell events, it would be absurd to employ any prophecy as an argument for a divine mission or authority from heaven." He is roused to vehemence at the thought that theological competitors should endeavour to supplant philosophy by aid of the snares of superstition. A union between philosophy and theology can only result in the former being perverted to serve the purposes of superstition. "For besides the unavoidable incoherences, which must be reconciled and adjusted, one may safely say that all popular theology has a kind of appetite for absurdity and contradictions. . . . Amazement must of necessity be raised, mystery effected, darkness and obscurity sought after, and a foundation of merit afforded to the devout votaries who desire an opportunity of subduing their rebellious reason by belief of the most unintelligible sophisms." Hume had in mind more particularly scholastic theology, which is still by no means extinct.

¹ Hume is careful to distinguish between priests as "pretenders to power and dominion, and to a superior sanctity in character distinct from virtue and good morals," and clergymen "who conduct our public devotions with greater decency and order," and than whom "there is no rank of men more to be respected." Hume was on most friendly terms with the younger clergy in Edinburgh, whose liking for his company was a source of anxiety and scandal to the orthodox.

After the "Treatise," and its briefer edition, the "Enquiry," the most important work of Hume is the "Dialogue Concerning Natural Religion," written in 1751, and published in 1779, three years after Hume's death, by his nephew; Adam Smith and other friends having been unwilling to assume the responsibility of its publication. As a literary production, perhaps the most finished of all Hume's work, it places its author, in my estimation, above Berkeley as the manipulator of the philosophical dialogue in the English language. Too little taken account of by Hume's own countrymen, who have found in its brilliant pages inconvenient arguments which they have ignored with a golden silence, it is worthy to rank in its masterly treatment of the fundamental problems of theology with Galilei's great "Dialogue on the two chief Systems of the World," a work which gave the death-blow to the Ptolemaic system in astronomy. It contains the unanswerable reply to the trivial and self-complacent optimism of Leibnitz's "Théodicée." Mill's "Essay on Theism," while identical in its treatment of the problem with Hume's "Dialogue," falls far behind it in critical force.

While not denying the existence of God, Hume subjects the question as to the character of this Being to a searching criticism, and shows, in the first place, that the problem is insoluble when the moral attributes of the Deity are considered. "For in what respect do his goodness and benevolence resemble the goodness of men? Is he willing to prevent evil but not able? Then is he impotent. Is he able but not willing? Then is he malevolent. Is he both able and willing? Whence then is evil?" "Allowing you what never will be believed, at least what you never possibly can prove, that animal, or at least human, happiness in this life exceeds its misery, you have yet done nothing. For this is not, by any means, what we expect from infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite goodness. Why is there any misery at all in the world? Not by chance surely. From some cause then. Is it from the intention of the Deity? But he is perfectly benevolent. Is it contrary to his intention? But he is

almighty." ("Dialogue," Part X.) These questions have remained unanswered to the present day, because from the standpoint which Hume is criticising they are unanswerable.

The argument from design, which both Kant and J. S. Mill afterwards considered worthy of respect, and which is based on analogy with human workmanship, is shown by Hume to be capable of proving, at most, a limited architect or director of the universe. And this, too, only on the presupposition that the world forms a unity or a whole. But the argument from effect to cause, based on the principle of causation, does not necessarily require a single cause of the totality of things; it might equally well be satisfied by supposing a combination of causes or several directors with different plans. "When we see a body raised in a scale, we are sure that there is in the opposite scale, however concealed from view, some counterpoising weight equal to it; but it is still allowed to doubt whether that weight be an aggregate of several distinct bodies, or one uniform united mass." ("Dialogue," Part V.) "In tracing an eternal succession of objects, it seems absurd to inquire for a general cause or first author. How can anything that exists from eternity have a cause, since that relation requires a priority in time and a beginning of existence? The Whole, you say, wants a cause. I answer that the uniting of these parts into a whole is performed merely by an arbitrary act of mind and has no influence on the nature of things. Did I show you the particular causes of each individual in a collection of twenty pieces of matter, I should think it very unreasonable should you afterwards ask me what was the cause of the whole twenty. This is sufficiently explained by explaining the cause of the parts." That the concept of the Whole is so arbitrary as Hume assumes, may be doubted; but clearly he here puts his finger on the weakness of the cosmological argument with as much force as did afterwards Kant. Indeed, scarcely a point that is urged by Kant in his famous criticism of rational theology is overlooked by Hume; for the latter even goes on to cut at the root of the final argument on which, as

Kant showed more systematically, all the other arguments have to fall back. This is the supposed ontological proof, which, as applied in theology, infers from the very concept of a Supreme Being His necessary existence. But "there is an evident absurdity in pretending to demonstrate a matter of fact or prove it by any arguments *a priori*. Nothing is demonstrable unless the contrary implies a contradiction. Nothing that is distinctly conceivable implies a contradiction. Whatever we conceive as existent, we can also conceive as non-existent. There is no being, therefore, whose non-existence implies a contradiction. Consequently there is no being whose existence is demonstrable." ("Dialogue," Part IX.) "The words 'necessary existence' have no meaning: or, what is the same thing, none that is consistent." And if they had, why may not the universe itself be the necessarily existing Being "according to this pretended explication of necessity?"

The argument from design with the cosmological and ontological arguments are thus all insufficient either to determine the nature or prove the necessity of a Supreme Author of the world. Taken together they are no stronger than a "rope of sand." "Our ideas regarding reality reach no further than our experience. Experience affords us no knowledge of divine attributes or operations. I need not conclude the syllogism," says Hume, "you can draw the inference yourself." Hume meets the argument adduced from the general adaptation perceivable in the organic world by saying, that unless these adjustments existed the animals and plants could not subsist: as we now have learnt from Darwin, they are the result of a series of natural causes, not the final aim or purpose of the development. Discarding, finally, the supposition of the world as a "work of art," Hume himself puts forward a suggestive cosmological hypothesis worthy of notice, which he probably hit upon through reading Lucretius. He supposes that the matter of the universe instead of being, as is frequently assumed, infinite, is finite; not an inherently improbable hypothesis, even if space be regarded as unlimited. Now a finite mass or finite number of parts is

capable of only a finite number of changes or disintegrations, and given sufficient time every possible form of arrangement must appear. In less, therefore, than infinite time, an order will be produced resembling the present one we perceive, which will be capable of supporting itself for a certain length of time, and which can produce the appearances of purpose and art even though the outcome of purely physical causes. Let us suppose that matter were at some time in the most chaotic condition, and did not possess the slightest similarity with the present state of things; yet, in a long period of time, which would exhaust the possible variety of combinations, an arrangement of its parts would take place according to which it could preserve some uniformity amidst the continual motion and fluctuation of its parts, such as we at present observe. "Many worlds may have been botched and bungled ere this system was struck out." "It is in vain to insist upon the uses of parts in animals and vegetables and their curious adjustments to each other. I would fain know how an animal could subsist unless its parts were so adjusted? Do we not find that it immediately ceases, and its matter immediately perishes, whenever this adjustment ceases?" ("Dialogue," Part VIII.) Hume, without having any ideas on the origin of species, had an inkling of the significance of the "survival of the fittest" for organic as well as inorganic matter.

In company with Hobbes and Spinoza, Hume is one of the most enlightened upholders of the view regarding moral action that is now known as determinism. He calls it the doctrine of philosophic necessity as opposed to the doctrine of free will, which, as he rightly points out, is unintelligible and its assertion probably due to confusion of thought. "Beyond the constant conjunction of similar objects and the consequent inference from one to the other, we have no notion of any necessity of connexion." Since our concept of causation, and hence of necessary connexion, depends altogether on the observation that similar objects are conjoined and the determination of our minds, based on experience, to

infer the one from the other, and since these two circumstances take place in voluntary actions, all mankind, argues Hume with thorough consistency, must have agreed in the doctrine of necessity, had they not misunderstood its purport. Hume quite naturally points out that the value placed on experience in the conduct of practical affairs involves the acknowledgment that our expectations of what men will do is based on our experience of what they have done; and to the objection that human actions frequently appear capricious and unaccountable the prompt reply is forthcoming: "The internal principles and motives may operate in a uniform manner notwithstanding these seeming irregularities: in the same manner as the winds, rains, and clouds, or the varieties of the weather, are supposed to be governed (now known to be) by steady principles: though not easily discernible by human sagacity and inquiry." "From the operation of several cognate instances philosophers form a maxim that the connexion between all causes and effects is equally necessary, and that its seeming uncertainty in some instances proceeds from the hidden operation of contrary causes." An excellent example shows how natural and moral causation may be linked together in the case of a prisoner who has neither money nor interest. "He foresees the impossibility of his escape as well when he sees the obstinacy of his gaoler as the walls and bars with which he is surrounded; and in all attempts for his freedom chooses rather to work upon the stone and iron of the one than upon the inflexible character of the other." In such a connected chain of natural causes and voluntary actions "the mind feels no difference between them in passing from one link to the other. The same experienced union has the same effect upon the mind, whether the united objects be motives and volitions or figures and motions." ("Enquiry," S. viii.) Thus human actions do not stand apart from, but form a part of the course of nature. Those, who with better reason than Hume are convinced of the universal validity of causation, recognize it to be a necessary consequence of a first postulate of knowledge that human actions are, like all other

changes, subject to law. They can, therefore, at most take an interest in the psychological question how the feeling of freedom or liberty arises; how it comes that mankind has a tendency to deny the doctrine of determinism.

In attempting to answer this latter question, Hume approaches the last fortress of the libertarian; namely, the assertion that he has an ineradicable consciousness of the freedom of his will. But this consciousness, which need not be denied, proves nothing, and is worth nothing for the purpose for which it is invoked. "By liberty," says Hume, "we can only mean a power of acting or not acting according to the determination of the will, that is, if we choose to remain at rest we may; if we choose to move, we also may. Now this hypothetical liberty is universally allowed to belong to any one who is not a prisoner or in chains." But what determines the act of willing to remain at rest or to move? The statement "I can will what I choose," which is said to be based on a direct deliverance of consciousness and is often advanced as a decisive argument on behalf of liberty in the sense of contingent choice, is in reality a mere tautology. It proves neither that I am a *causa sui* nor that my will is a sort of spontaneous generation, which issues forth independently of predetermining conditions. For an important condition has to be added; namely, "when I will or can will." And as to what determines this fact, consciousness says nothing, as Schopenhauer in his admirable discussion of the problem has shown. The assertion of self-consciousness relates merely to the freedom of doing on the assumption of having willed or being able to will. Spinoza (not influenced by Hobbes), from whom Hume might have learned something had he taken the trouble to study that sublime thinker, and the same remark applies with still greater force to Kant with his superfluous third and fourth cosmological antinomies and impotent and shuffling doctrine of a noumenal will, the alleged freedom of which amounts to nothingness, had already pointed out that men consider themselves to be free because, while aware of their desires and volitions, they

remain ignorant of the causes that determine their impulses. Hence these impulses seem to them to be uncaused. Their belief in freedom depends on their ignorance of the causes that determine them to will. Thus "the loquacious man *imagines* himself to be free when he moves his glib tongue, in the same way as a stone, if it could think, might imagine that it fell 'of free will' to the ground." But our consciousness does not say of itself and immediately anything regarding the causes of our willing, and cannot declare anything [directly on this point, as Riehl has proved in his illuminating discussion of this problem and incidental exposure of the sophisms of libertarians. The assertion of consciousness on which these thinkers support themselves is and must remain an incomplete declaration of the actual conditions, because of the very character of these conditions; because of the fact, that the causes which determine the will do not fall directly within the sphere of consciousness.

To invoke, therefore, as some philosophers do, the sense of spontaneity as a ground for free-will, shows no great acumen, since it only affirms that we can do what we choose. It does not and cannot affirm that our choice is not caused, not determined, by a complex of motives, character, and environment. Any one who decides on a course of action because he believes it to be his duty, admits implicitly that his decision is caused, that it has a motive, and is not free in one of the most important senses in which a determinist need be concerned to deny freedom. Freedom is not a psycho-physical fact, but a moral ideal.

"When any opinion leads to absurdity, it is certainly false: but it is not certain that an opinion is false because it is of dangerous consequence." With this characteristic and weighty remark, Hume proceeds to show how illogical and reprehensible is the attempt to refute determinism by pointing to its seemingly dangerous consequences to religion and morality. It is well in this connexion to remember that many respectable theologians have supported a determinism of the most inflexible order; nor is this remarkable since it is

the only consistent position for them to take up. Hume has no great difficulty in controverting a well-known objection urged, even up to the present time, against determinism,—that it renders human accountability unintelligible. For so far is this from being true that the very opposite may be asserted,—that free-will would be subversive of ethics, and that human responsibility is only intelligible on the basis of determinism, which is, moreover, the scientific foundation of any sound system of education. On the hypothesis of libertarianism, of which I have yet to see a positive and unambiguous definition, there is no subject of responsibility.¹ A madman, who certainly seems to display in an eminent degree freedom of will, cannot be made to appreciate human responsibility; nor is he held accountable for his actions, just because he is unable to appreciate the importance of the relation between cause and effect. There can be no intelligent willing out of a mere mental blank of inchoate and unfathomable indeterminateness.

Lastly, to the well-known theological difficulty resulting from determinism, that it makes the Deity answerable for all evil as well as for all good, Hume has no answer to give. Nor is any satisfactory answer possible from the premises of pure experience. This inference is a consequence of any form of (popular) monotheism, and cannot be escaped even by the libertarian. It seems to be avoidable only by adopting some such view as Spinoza's, which, in dissolving the premises of a "massiver Gottesbegriff," would make a part of Hume's criticism superfluous; namely, that the moral categories are not ultimate like the metaphysical. They are valid and real only within the limits of human life and conduct. From the standpoint of empiricism, however, the Manichean hypothesis, which involves a dualism of moral principle, seems the most plausible.

¹ The most recent attempt to maintain the freedom of the will as a psychophysical actuality consists in a refusal to define it (M. Bergson). It is thus erected into a sort of occult quality. This attitude opens the door to an uncontrollable licence of assertion.

The above necessarily brief sketch, which I hope to supplement elsewhere, gives no adequate picture of Hume's many-sidedness as a thinker and a man. In economics, he is the predecessor of Adam Smith; as a writer, the rival of his contemporary, J. J. Rousseau. In his "Political Discourses" he displays striking originality and acumen; while his "History of England," though sharing in the weakness of all historical writings of the time in not being impartial, is one of the first in English to add to a mere chronicle of events an inquiry into the progress of the people, of their arts, literature, manners, and general social and political condition. As a psychologist Hume stands, I think, notwithstanding his atomism, among the greatest in English literature; and only the desire to avoid technicalities in this paper has restrained me from entering further into this side of his work. In his moral philosophy, which expounds a judicious utilitarianism, Hume makes too much of the mere instinct of sympathy. His ethical writings, over-rated certainly by himself, fall behind his other philosophical achievements. They "bear the mark of a clear head and a warm heart." Although far removed from being a stolid mass of imperturbability, Hume's temperament seems to have prevented his feeling any deep ethical crises; and it is in vain that one seeks for a discussion of these in his "Principles of Morals."

"The importance of Hume," says the late Professor Adamson, "consists in the vigour and logical exactness with which he develops particular philosophical views." He continued the work of Locke, and with unsurpassed lucidity thought out empiricism to its logical end. "The inconsistencies to be detected in his works, result from the limitations of empiricism itself, not, as in the case of Locke and Berkeley, from an imperfect grasp of the general principles, and attempts to unite them with others that are radically incompatible. The English School of Empiricists has made no advance in principle over Hume" (Adamson). The rise of pragmatism has not, I think, rendered this pronounce-

ment obsolete. The original element in pragmatism is not so much its empiricism, as its attempted identification of truth and utility.

Knowledge of reality is dissolved by Hume into a flux of unconnected impressions, held together by the merely subjective force of habit or custom. Experimental knowledge is tested by an appeal to "pure experience." But this test is inadequate, if, as we think, experimental science itself involves logical factors. Hume's philosophy suffers from two deficiencies common to all empiricism, from Francis Bacon to the present time,—an undue depreciation of logic, through failure to grasp the element of constructive reason in experience; and, what is connected therewith, neglect of mathematical knowledge. That these deficiencies are less apparent in the case of Hume's subtle expositions than in those of his less expert predecessors and successors, make them none the less radical weaknesses of a theory of knowledge. His empiricism underlies and limits even his historical writings, which, in consequence, either take too slight account of, or leave out of consideration, the racial peculiarities of different nations.

Hume is a thoroughly modern thinker. When one reads his works one forgets that they are over one hundred and fifty years old. He was able to formulate philosophical problems in a way in which they can be treated with advantage even at the present time. His hope that he might "contribute a little to the advance of knowledge" has been surely amply realised; for his work led directly to the production of the "Critique of Pure Reason." Some competent thinkers in Germany at the present day consider Hume as great a philosopher as the criticist of Königsberg.

Hume cannot be regarded in any sense as representative of Scottish philosophy. Neither his true predecessors nor successors belonged to any "Scottish school." In their attack on Hume the members of this school relied on too blunt an instrument, "common sense," of which he was endowed with at least as large a measure as were Thomas Reid or Dugald Stewart. In addition, he was the possessor of something they

conspicuously lacked; namely, a "sifting humour" that could see a philosophical problem hitherto overlooked. Their appeal to the *consensus omnium* against Hume was simply an anachronism.

In England Hume has not been done full justice; and it is not difficult to explain why. Theological modes of thought that were sufficiently powerful to exclude him from a position in Edinburgh University have long dominated the English and Scotch universities. In addition, of recent years we have been overwhelmed by a stream of Hegelian *Kauderwälsch*, which would have excited the caustic wit of the Scotch criticist. But many of our recent metaphysicians seem to be devoid of humour, otherwise they would hardly keep on repeating sentences which, both in their very formulation and in the fact that no proof of them is, with rare exceptions, even attempted, remind us of the scholasticism of Nicolas of Cues or the semi-poetic metaphysic of Giordano Bruno. It is not necessary at the present time to imitate Spinoza's method in order to do honour to his memory.

On the continent of Europe and especially in Germany, where philosophical speculations have been less trammelled by either utilitarian or religious considerations, there has been a renewed and deepened interest in Hume, whose reputation is now more securely founded than ever before. There Hume is recognized as the greatest name in English philosophy. And, indeed, Hume's is one of the freest and most supple minds that has ever undertaken philosophical speculations. Only two philosophers of the modern period can, in our opinion, be placed on a par with Hume: they may be held to surpass him either in depth or originality of thought. The one is the "excommunicated Jew," Spinoza, who represents the philosophical antithesis of Hume: the other is Kant, who attempted to combine in his "Critical Philosophy" the sound elements in both empiricism and rationalism.