



THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE failure to arrange for another Imperial Conference at the normal date this summer may be excused, in all the circumstances, and it can be remedied later on. But it is a disappointment to those who believe that the time has come for dealing with concrete proposals. The autonomists in Canada may rejoice at the postponement, and the Liberal Government in England has no doubt quite enough on its hands already, with the war by land and sea. Amid the din of arms constructive schemes of imperial organization would stand only a poor chance. But the opportunity should be found for giving articulate expression, at the heart of the Empire, to the fact that the war has proved a great federating agency. This will be only a natural sequel to what has gone before. Two years before the war broke out Mr. Asquith went the length of stating, in the British House of Commons, that now the Dominions were participating in the active burdens of the Empire, "there rests with us undoubtedly the duty of making such response as we can to their obviously reasonable appeal that they should be entitled to be heard in the determination of the policy and in the direction of imperial affairs." The call of the Empire and the answer of the Dominions have emphasized this duty, but more than one Conference will be needed before general agreement can be secured as to the manner in which it may best be discharged. Empire Parliament, Imperial Council, or merely an extension of this present system of Conferences and Committees of Defence,—these are the issues which ought shortly to be engaging general attention. If we cannot succeed now in the task of federation, at least for defensive purposes, we shall show ourselves strangely lacking in the normal instinct of political combination. And it must not be forgotten that the Dominions will want to have a voice in

the settlement of the terms of peace. The great war has made the Empire "more conscious of itself," and it is the part of wise and prudent statesmanship to promote every movement that will help it to follow up the advantage thus gained.

CERTAIN speeches recently delivered in Montreal— notably those of Mr. James Beck before the Canadian Club, and of Mr. Esterbrook to the Canadian Bar Association— have helped to make us more tolerant of American neutrality. We were getting a little tired of the type of orator who came up from the United States into Canada—like Mr. Bourke Cockran and Mr. John R. Mott—for the purpose of emphasizing the importance of saying nothing that would prejudice any influence their countrymen might be able to bring to bear on the settlement of the terms of peace. To tell the truth, we have not quite made up our minds that we shall need the United States for the purposes of that settlement. Sir Edward Grey put the thing in a nutshell the other day when he said that if the neutral nations cannot help us to drive the Germans out of Belgium, the best thing they could do would be to stay quiet while we are doing the work. We are most grateful for American support, and warmly appreciate the fact that, in spite of official neutrality at Washington, the great heart of the people is beating in sympathy with ours. There are thousands even of German-Americans who would cordially endorse the terms of the message sent from Berlin, Ontario, where the Canadians of German birth or origin, in forwarding a handsome subscription to the Patriotic Fund, took the opportunity of stating that they "want to see militarism in Germany smashed for good and the people free to shape a greater and a better Germany." But in spite of this most welcome attitude on the part of individuals, so many of whom cherish what may be called, in deference to Washington, a "boiling neutrality," we do not quite see that the United States, by staying out of the war, has made itself, as President Murray Butler thinks, the

“first moral power in the world to-day,” and has vindicated its “right to be appealed to on questions of national and international morality.” Any importance that may attach to the rôle to be played by the United States when the war is over will result merely from the fact that it happens to be the only great nation that kept out of the war from start to finish. Virile Americans, like Mr. Roosevelt, and ex-President Eliot, will be more gladly listened to in connexion with the settlement than those who scrupled to say a single word, even as members of Peace and Arbitration Societies, in condemnation of the influences which prevented conference and mediation between the powers of Europe, and would not even raise their voices against bomb-dropping and the violation of all the Hague conventions.

THE German cause has not been helped by its advocates in the American press. For instance, in the *New York Sun* (March 14th), the notorious General Bernhardt, who seems to carry a fountain-pen along with his revolver in the General Commando at Posen, speaks of the “agreements” which Belgium, as he alleges, made with England “in case Britain should become involved in a war with Germany.” What he means is of course the informal conversations which took place in 1906 and again in 1911, between British and Belgian officers as to the steps which might become necessary if Germany should use her carefully constructed line of strategic railways for the purpose of violating the neutrality of Belgium. The German translation of the documents found at Brussels carefully suppresses an inconvenient marginal note which expressly states that “the entry of the English into Belgium would only take place after the violation of our neutrality by Germany,” and falsifies the text by substituting “conventions” for “conversations.” It is a helpful coincidence that within a few days of the publication of Bernhardt’s latest literary effort, the Belgian Government issued a statement in which it “declares on its honour that not

only was no convention ever made, but also that neither of the two Governments ever made any advances or propositions concerning the conclusion of any such convention. Moreover, the minister of Great Britain at Brussels, who alone could contract engagements in her behalf, never intervened in these conversations, and the whole Belgian ministry are ready to pledge themselves on oath that no conclusion arising from these conversations was ever brought before the cabinet or even laid before one single member of it." This solemn declaration may be set alongside the caustic rejoinder made by Sir Edward Grey to the German Chancellor's muddle-headed explanations of his famous, or infamous, "scrap of paper" speech in the Reichstag. After stating that the fact that there is no note of the Brussels conversations at the British War Office or Foreign Office shows that they were of a purely informal character, and that no military agreement was ever made between the two Governments, the British Foreign Secretary, in an official paper dated 26th January, 1915, convicts Herr von Bethmann Hollweg of holding the curiously perverted view that "a wrong becomes a right if the party which is to be the subject of the wrong foresees the possibility and makes preparation to resist it."

It should be added that the Belgian Government took the opportunity of the declaration mentioned above to dispose of another German fiction in the following terms: "Before the declaration of war, no French force, even of the smallest size, had entered Belgium, and no trustworthy evidence can be produced to contradict this affirmation."

THE reinforcement in the United States of Count von Bernstorff by Dr. Dernburg was not productive of any better results on the side of truth and justice. The only string on which Dernburg harped with any success, before he was constrained to admit that he had so poor a case, was the representation that Sir Edward Grey had expressly refused to assure Germany of England's neutrality even in the event

of Germany's refraining from the invasion of Belgium. This refers to a belated conversation which Prince Lichnowsky held with the British Foreign Secretary on 1st August, *after* the official German reply had been received in London, declining to give the undertaking to respect Belgian neutrality which had been so readily given by France. The German excuse for the misrepresentation of the facts might easily be that the incident did not escape the notice of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. But it is perfectly clear from the record (White Paper No. 123) that Lichnowsky was speaking for himself and not for his Government when he asked Sir Edward Grey if England would remain neutral provided Germany undertook to leave Belgium alone. The mischief had already been done. The German Ambassador's belated query comes under the head of unofficial and personal conversation, and the German Government has never claimed that it had authorized him to put a question which had by that time become inadmissible. It was known that Lichnowsky had lost all influence at Berlin, and the English Foreign Secretary was quite justified in brushing the question aside, as he could not possibly, as things then stood, have tied his hands by giving a pledge of neutrality during the whole period of the war in answer to what was at most a personal suggestion on the part of the German Ambassador. On the very day on which Prince Lichnowsky was still talking ineffectually in London, Germany announced to Luxembourg that she proposed to occupy her territory, and next day it was Belgium's turn. The elaborate network of strategic railways, leading from the Rhine to the Belgian frontier, had not been built for nothing! The real truth was carelessly told by the German Foreign Secretary, Herr von Jagow, when he said "They had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way, so as to be able to get well ahead with their operations and endeavour to strike some decisive blow as early as possible."

ANOTHER German performer in the American press is Professor Hans Delbrück, whose article "Germany's Answer," in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, drew a spirited reply from Agnes Repplier. Here is what Delbrück says: "The Belgians joined the Allies simply because they considered that side to be the strongest." Delbrück is a historian; but that is not how history should be written. The Belgians are with the Allies because they have a natural objection to being swallowed up by the Power which the Allies are fighting. Next, this sapient historian ignores the historical as well as the racial connexion between Serbia and Russia when he asks what right Russia had to interfere in the Austro-Serbian quarrel, and draws the absurd parallel of some European power interfering in the differences between the United States, on the one hand, and Mexico or Colombia, on the other. But Delbrück's master-stroke is his attempt to fasten on the British Foreign Office a charge of falsifying documents. This charge the publication of the French Yellow Book has since shown to be altogether without foundation. No. 106 in that series gives what is obviously the original of the enclosure in No. 105 of the British White Paper (with its mistake of "Friday" for "Wednesday") and incontrovertibly proves the very conclusion which Delbrück seeks to invalidate as a fabrication of the other side, viz.: that "Germany, four days before she began to mobilize, was already making aggressive preparations." A second charge of "falsification" is exploded in the footnote of p. 98 of the British Penny Blue Book: when the Paris enclosure said "Saturday," it meant Saturday, July 25th, the day on which Serbia made reply to the Austrian ultimatum. Another characteristically German peculiarity in Delbrück's "Germany's Answer" is the argument that the drastic tone of the Austrian ultimatum ought to have operated in favour of peace. He regards it as a proof of the "wise political foresight of Austrian policy," and Russia ought at once to have seen that the "abruptness" and "uncompromising plainness" of the note were only Austria's method not of

rendering the keeping of peace impossible, but of preventing war. Here we have the "Mailed Fist" again: don't speak civilly in case your correspondent thinks you are afraid of him! Lastly, Professor Delbrück overreaches himself in an impudent attempt (foot of p. 239) to suggest that Sir Edward Grey failed to tell the German Ambassador "that France would not violate the neutrality of Belgium and that England was ready to guarantee that France would keep this obligation." A reference to Nos. 115 and 159 of the British White Paper will enable any person of even less than average intelligence to dispose of this suggestion.

W. P.

IN the days when Gladstone was fulminating against the Bulgarian atrocities, he had the vigorous support of Edward Augustus Freeman. As it was Freeman's function to interpret the present in the light of the past, he at once plunged into the fourteenth century and set before an oblivious England the stately figure of Stephen Dushan. At that time the affairs of Serbia were wont to awaken somewhat less interest than those of Timbuctoo, but the resuscitation of Stephen Dushan proved to be a real historical novelty. Freeman himself was overjoyed at the ready response of the country to this historical allusion. Indeed he boasted that his life had not been misspent, since writers of leading articles in the daily press now showed as much familiarity with Stephen Dushan as they did with Napoleon.

Thirty-nine years have elapsed since the Bulgarian atrocities, and beneath our own eyes Europe to the south of the Danube has been remade. With Serbia at last under the spotlight, it may be permissible, once again, to bring Stephen Dushan from his nook in the cupboard, to remove the cobwebs from him, and to recognize the fact of his forgotten greatness. Certainly if ever one moment were more suitable than another for this work of resuscitation, it is now, when the bombardment of the Gallipoli Peninsula

brings to mind the circumstances under which the Turk first entered Europe.

As a grasp of chronology is unessential to salvation, it does not much matter, but undoubtedly nine people out of ten date the coming of the Turks to Europe from their capture of Constantinople in 1453—exactly as they date the revival of Greek studies in Western Europe from the same event. But in 1354, ninety-nine years earlier, the Turks had established themselves at Gallipoli, of which they have never since been dispossessed. Here, also, it is that we encounter Stephen Dushan, who, conveniently for the Turks, died in the year after they gained Gallipoli.

Through the ambition of modern Serbia to be a strong state, Stephen Dushan becomes a factor in world politics at this moment; for the Serbs no more forget his imperial greatness than the Germans forget that margin of territory by which the German Empire of to-day is smaller than the Empire of Henry III in 1050. Stephen Dushan, Emperor of Roumania, Slavonia and Albania, extended Serbian power over more than two-thirds of the Balkan Peninsula. With one long seaboard on the Adriatic and another on the Ægean, the southern Slavs were ready, but for the Turks, to attack Constantinople itself. Then the dream of glory faded. Stephen Dushan died just too soon to defy Islam. After that came the tragedy of Kossovo (1389) and the downfall of the greater Serbia in battle with Amurath.

But downtrodden races have long memories. Besides the ballads of Kossovo there remained as a national heritage, through the long captivity, the record of that Serbian Empire which was the last great work to be achieved in south-eastern Europe before the coming of the Moslem. For the Serbs to cut free from the Ottoman was to dream again of the earlier state with its coasts on the Ægean and the Adriatic. Unfortunately, at the same moment, Germany and Austria began to covet the Morava valley as their highway to Salonica and beyond. In all the patchwork politics of the Balkans there is no more singular concatenation of circum-

stances than this—that when, after long centuries of thralldom, Serbia seemed at last to be within sight of her own window on the Adriatic, a monarch more potent than Amurath should be plotting for her destruction.

No one who has followed the unfolding of Pan-German policy in the Balkans can feel the slightest doubt that the possession of the Morava valley has been a capital object ever since Germany made up her mind to control Asiatic Turkey. Behind that, the resolve to control Asiatic Turkey represents a process of elimination by which Germany reached the result that Asiatic Turkey was the most desirable field for her activities outside Europe. Here the first consideration was the intrinsic value of this or that region when viewed in terms of the obstacles which must be overcome before it could be annexed. Long since Germany ceased to be enamoured of equatorial Africa. Expansion in either China or South America might have contented her, but in both cases the difficulties were too great. At any rate Asiatic Turkey seemed the best chance, quality considered. A glance at the map will show what a fine sweep of territory there is from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf.

Assured of useful, humble allies in Austria and Turkey, the effort to thrust German power into Asia has found its initial obstacle in the existence of Serbia. The Morava valley, which is the heart of that country, is also the main artery of communication between the valley of the Danube and the Ægean at Salonica. Connecting easily as it does with the valley of the Vardar, the Morava opens a great gateway to the Middle East. It would have been a splendid *coup* to reduce Serbia by diplomatic pressure alone, with the Archduke's assassination for a pretext,—to force Russia's hand again, as it was forced in 1908 by the Austrian annexation of Bosnia. But we now know positively from Giolitti's speech in the Italian Parliament that Germany and Austria were contemplating an attack upon Serbia in 1913. Undoubtedly it has long been felt by the Germans that they would be unable to get new territory of value without fighting

for it, and that on this assumption their project in Asiatic Turkey was justified, cost what it might. Fighting to suppress Serbia, Germany and Austria would be enabled to work on interior lines, with all the advantage derivable from their superiority in strategic railways.

The construction of the Bagdad Railway was an organic part of the same programme. But at the present moment we are less concerned with the motives of Germany in commencing that enterprise than we are with the bearing of the Bagdad Railway on the future of Constantinople. On March 18th the *Temps* devoted a leading article to the sentiments which France might be expected to entertain regarding the occupation of Constantinople by Russia. The view therein advanced is that "France would welcome sympathetically her ally's entry into the Mediterranean powers, while England no longer fears the Black Sea fleet as a menace to India, to which the Suez Canal, the Persian Gulf and the Bagdad Railway are now keys, instead of Constantinople." Conceivably this view may also be held by Sir Edward Grey, but if Russia is to have Constantinople there should be distinct provision as to British control of Mesopotamia. On this subject the view which F. L. Garvin stated years ago in the *Fortnightly Review* still holds good. The indifference which Palmerston showed towards the report of the Euphrates Valley Expedition was, perhaps, excusable. But we live in the days of Sir William Willcocks, and Bagdad means much more now than it did half a century ago.

THE ante-bellum despatches which have been published by the various governments are, like their covers, polychrome. Dealing with the same subject, they illustrate by a classical example the value of the comparative method. No set is to be deemed negligible, despite the fact that in all cases the ground covered is so nearly the same. Those who take the trouble to build up their own composite from the data thus made available, will find that the result rewards the pains.

The latest contribution comes to us from France and is of a character to justify all reasonable expectation, even when we recall the training which French ambassadors have received in clearness and exactitude of expression. A strong dramatic effect is created by the inclusion of despatches and reports dated 1913, which are published in Chapter I under the title, "Warnings." These close with Jules Cambon's report of November 22nd, on the conversation between the Kaiser, General von Moltke, and King Albert.

For two reasons this report is of the highest significance. Not only does it disclose the attempt which was made to "get at" King Albert, but it throws light on the Kaiser's own attitude towards the question of war or peace. There has been such a wide difference of opinion regarding the spirit in which William II entered the war. Did he act primarily upon his own judgement, or did he suffer the General Staff to dragoon him into compliance with its wish? Cambon reports "from an absolutely reliable source" that the Kaiser is thought to be completely changed, and is no longer disposed to use his personal influence for the maintenance of peace. "As William II advances in years, family traditions, the reactionary tendencies of the court, and especially the impatience of the soldiers, obtain a greater empire over his mind. Perhaps he feels some slight jealousy of the popularity acquired by his son, who flatters the passions of the Pan-Germans, and who does not regard the position occupied by the Empire in the world as commensurate with its power.....For the rest, the Emperor William is less master of his impatience than is usually supposed. I have known him more than once to allow his real thoughts escape him."

The French despatches abound with picturesque incidents and striking scraps of information, as reported by the chief ambassadors of the Republic. The account of Jules Cambon's exciting journey from Berlin to Copenhagen has already, in partial form, been made known through the newspapers, but the full story is far more graphic. Best of all are those fragments of conversation between diplomatists at every

centre which illuminate so vividly the development of the action. Take, for example, these words of M. Sazonoff to the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires at St. Petersburg, words uttered as early as July 6th, 1914: "Count Czernin having given him to understand that the Austro-Hungarian Government would perhaps be compelled to search for the instigators of the crime of Sarajevo on Serbian territory, M. Sazonoff interrupted him: 'No country,' he said, 'has had to suffer more than Russia from crimes prepared on foreign territory. Have we ever claimed to employ in any country whatsoever the procedure with which your papers threaten Serbia? Do not embark on such a course.'"

Among the many sidelights thus thrown by the French papers upon the course of negotiations, none is more valuable than a despatch of M. Barrère, the French Ambassador at Rome (July 29th). This reports separate conversations of the Marquis di San Giuliano with M. Barrère and Sir Rennell Rodd. To the French Ambassador the Italian Foreign Minister stated that "unfortunately throughout this affair Austria and Germany had been, and were still, convinced that Russia would not move." This view the Marquis di San Giuliano did not share. "He thinks that if Austria contents herself with humiliating Serbia and with exacting, besides the acceptance of the note, some material advantages which do not involve her territory, Russia can still find some means of coming to an agreement with her. But if Austria wishes either to dismember Serbia or to destroy her as an independent state, he thinks it would be impossible for Russia not to intervene by military measures."

No one in Europe had a stronger interest to play the part of the honest middleman than the Marquis di San Giuliano. Alike by virtue of his temper and his position, he was bound to do what he could for peace. As early as July 29th the Italian Government had told the other members of the Triple Alliance, in express terms, that Italy would remain neutral. At this date it would still have been possible for Germany and Austria to avoid war, and indeed the direct

communications between Vienna and St. Petersburg were becoming more pacific. Hence Germany went forward with the violation of Belgian neutrality in the full knowledge that she could not count on Italy for any assistance whatever. This statement of dates makes it clear that the Marquis di San Giuliano throughout the crisis of the negotiations was in no sense a partisan but a detached observer, anxious on all accounts to prevent the war. His opinion, therefore, is the more valuable. To both M. Barrère and Sir Rennell Rodd he indicated that the best chance of peace lay through English influence at Berlin. Undoubtedly his view coincided with that of M. Sazonoff, who wished England to say distinctly that she would join France and Russia if necessary. But for obvious reasons Sir Edward Grey was unable to take this ground prior to the attack on Belgium.

The Marquis di San Giuliano is supposed to have been as loyal a friend to the Triple Alliance as could be found in Italy. Yet even he did not consider it any part of Italy's duty to join in the extermination of Serbia. Considering the Triple Alliance only with reference to its last phase, and remembering how much it cost Italy in days when she was even poorer than she is now, one might well ask why she ever had anything to do with it. "*Que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère!*" Nor is it alone the outsider who wonders why Italy ever leagued herself with Germany and Austria. There has always been among the Italians themselves a distinct lack of enthusiasm for this association, mounting at times to frank criticism. Nor has the feeling been confined to the irredentists. When in 1889 Prince Louis of Bavaria said that the presence of Italy in the Triple Alliance meant a "reconstruction of the Holy Roman Empire," it was the Marquis Alfieri di Sostegno who asked: "Why 'Roman' and why 'Holy,' seeing that, as a matter of fact, it merely served to bring about the barbarian supremacy of the warlike German Empire?"

But Italy's part in the Triple Alliance should not be considered alone in the light of the Dreibund's collapse and

the restlessness of individual Italians beneath the yoke which joined them to Austria. In 1882 Germany and Austria were not what they have since become, and the reasons that made Italy their partner possessed a force which they have since lost. At that time Germany and Italy were casting about to establish colonies, while France was seeking compensation for Alsace-Lorraine in the enlargement of her colonial system. Expansion beyond Europe seemed the line of least resistance to all three states, at the same time, with the consequence that new sources of conflict arose to modify existing European relationships. To Italy the French invasion of Tunis (1881) seemed a blow in the face. Victor Emmanuel having won Rome, Humbert desired to add Carthage. With the French at Tunis this hope was dashed. In a moment the last vestige of Italian gratitude for Magenta disappeared. To be sure, most of it vanished after the exaction of Savoy and Nice; but what little had survived was lost forever amid the execrations which followed French success in Tunis.

Then, too, Italy required insurance against attempts to re-open the Roman question, and Bismarck's record in the Kulturkampf seemed a guarantee that he would withstand any effort to revive the temporal power. Finally, the Italians who most desired the connexion of their country with Germany and Austria were men of the south, not Piedmontese or Lombards, whose memories were of *Ciro Menotti* and the *Spielberg*. In these circumstances Italy not only consented to become a member of the Triple Alliance, but knocked on the door for admission. Once she had entered the league she found that the burdens which it entailed were almost crushing. But she has managed to bear them, and her spirit is so high that she is always ready to make sacrifices in the quest for greatness. Now, however, the lure of ambition does not draw her towards those trans-Alpine partners who, two years ago, proposed that she should join them in exterminating Serbia. Italy, like the rest of the world, hears the guns booming before *Smyrna* and in the *Dardanelles*.

C. W. C.

“LET us be an independent industrial Canada,” exclaimed an eloquent member of the parliament of Canada, speaking recently in the House of Commons, “let us feel and know that if the whole world was excluded, if there was a wall fifty feet high around Canada, we ourselves with our resources, our capabilities, our population, could go on and thrive, interchanging our products one with the other and so securing a prosperity *that would be tantamount to perfection and absolute balance.*” In the palmy days of Chinese exclusiveness, when the Great Wall was built and trade with “foreign devils” prohibited on pain of death, the Emperor Ming would probably have presented the author of the above sentiment with a monkey’s tail and three peacock’s feathers, plucked from its brightest part, as a mark of intellectual distinction. There is every sign of the times that the Emperor Ming’s views on political economy and foreign trade are highly popular in Canada at present.

The passage quoted above forms part of a panegyric in support of the Made-in-Canada movement. Preposterous though it is, it can be duplicated over and over again by a reference to the current columns of the press and the political speeches of the day. The streets of Montreal are placarded with a picture—a most moving picture—of a sorrow-stricken workman and his martyred wife—brought to ruin by the folly of their fellow-citizens who will not buy the things they make. It is not stated what it is that they make. It is very probably boots. It is not stated either why it is that the people will not buy them. But one can easily guess.

Up to the present time no one has yet drawn a set of pictures to represent the economic consequences that would follow if the Made-in-Canada movement obliterated foreign trade; the ruined home of the transport worker whose job has ended when the ocean steamers abandoned the port of Montreal;—the wholesale importer driven out of business by the prohibition of trade in English goods, his afflicted clerks clinging about his knees and asking vainly for a crust of bread;—the Canadian farmers—or no, let us say, the whole

population from Winnipeg to the Rockies, sitting in rags and misery with a huge heap of unsold wheat beside them which they cannot eat and which they must not sell. For it never occurs to the Made-in-Canada propagandist that if a country does not buy then it cannot sell. Our exports are sold in the first instance for money, but sooner or later and in the long run, goods are exchanged for goods. To go on for ever sending out wheat and bringing in gold is an economic impossibility. Even the Emperor Ming saw that.

The truth is that the workers who are busy with the transport trade and the import trade and those who are working on the farms, together with all those who are teaching school, preaching the gospel and training for the war, are far too busy to run round placarding the walls of the cities with mimic pictures of imaginary distress. Show me a man who puts up a Made-in-Canada placard and I will show you a man who hopes to increase his own private and personal profit, at your expense and mine, out of the movement.

Protection to industry is one thing. We have it already. We are not proposing to change it. But when a manufacturer in an industry already protected to the extent of twenty, thirty, or forty per cent. raises a clamour for the exclusion of foreign goods, the thing passes from protection to plunder. The proper answer to such a man is to throw at his head a militia boot with a paper sole and a hole in the side.

S. L.

THE NEW RUSSIA

WHEN Germany unleashed the dogs of war in August, 1914, the world changed abruptly. Excepting among the German people, who for years had been preparing for the struggle that was to issue in "world-power or downfall," the prevailing mood had been one of uncritical acquiescence in the permanence of peace and physical comfort. Commercial and financial fluctuations notwithstanding, the peoples of every country had, since 1886, been economically prosperous. There had been bred in them a certain mental lassitude and a tendency to enjoy the increase of leisure and luxury which material prosperity had brought to all classes in all nations. The fundamental facts of racial antagonism and of insatiability of the desire for power inherent in many races came to be neglected, and, notwithstanding frequent spasmodic attempts to rouse the peace-loving peoples to a sense of the danger to their liberties lurking in the immediate future, they could not be shaken out of their easy-going materialism. Suddenly the neglected elements "sprang into the eyes," and the peace-loving peoples found themselves confronted with reality and some of them with ruin. The localization of the war turned out to be a foolish dream, and every nation, neutral and belligerent alike, found that it had been thrust into a new world. There was a new Germany, a new France, a new Britain, a new Russia, and even a new America. Yet all of these new nations had grown out of the old; the current of their life had changed its character and direction, yet the sources of that current were as before. The new Germany, arrogant, bellicose, tyrannical, presumptuously jettisoning every consideration of national honour and international obligation, inspired by fantastic dreams of conquest and by the determination to dominate the world by sheer impact of men and metal, had been slowly shaped in the womb of the

old Germany—materialistic, meanly commercial, not merely in mercantile life, but quite as conspicuously in the fields of science, art, and letters, fearful of domestic disintegration and national bankruptcy, hastening always to acquire by any and every means not merely a place among the nations but predominance over all. What was new was the complete unmasking of scarcely secret designs and the disclosure of the fatal infirmities of the German character, now evidently wholly infected with the paganism and uncouth barbarity of Prussia which had, during the past sixty years, acquired the hegemony of the German States.

The new France, patient, alert, scientific, had also been shaped in the old democratic, intellectual, artistic France that had overcome the impulse towards political domination of the world, by which the first and second empires were inspired, and had determined to reconquer for herself the chief place in the world of art and letters, and yet to defend herself against external aggression. What was new was the immediate discarding of petty domestic politics and the stiffening of the national character. French calm at one time was matter for common jest—now it became a reality. No temporary defeat diminished the spirit of the nation or in the least altered the will to wear out the enemy by defensive strategy—a wholly new mood in the French people whose characteristic had been the *élan* with which they undertook an even risky offensive.

What shall we say of a new Britain? The character of that has yet to disclose itself fully; but we have already witnessed the collapse of the old political controversies, the coalescence of the rival political parties, and the emergence of a new spirit of unity embracing the whole empire. Yet these also grew out of the old Britain. Even the older controversies were seen to have had their uses, for they developed a keenness which was quickly applied in the military field. The negative influences abruptly lost their force, and the positive influences for unity swept over India and the Dominions as well as over the United Kingdom. The skill with which she had

developed her political system, loosely cohesive as apparently it was, and the energy with which she had organized her wide extending commerce and finance were easily turned as with the moving of a lever to the purposes of war. British sportsmanship, which had been scoffed at by German writers, not only turned out to be an effective preparation for war, but contributed to give the poise of mind which enabled the British soldier easily to withstand the shock of battle that made the German soldier insane.

The United States have changed also. Many things have become manifest that were not clear before. The pouring out of reservists of all the belligerent and even of some of the neutral countries has revealed the facts that the European immigrant has not been "assimilated" and that he has retained alike the obligations and the patriotism of his native country. The "hyphenated-American" has disclosed himself and has given, as in the Chicago mayoralty election, for example, no uncertain signs of his determination to mingle the racial controversies of Europe with American politics. The new America may ere long witness a struggle between the German and the non-German elements which may transfer to the new world the quarrels of the old. But these are merely disclosures of conditions previously existing. Close observers of the United States knew that "assimilation" was an empty phrase, and that the European immigrant had not shed his racial characteristics or abandoned his prejudices when he crossed the Atlantic. For him neutrality was an impossibility, if his native country were at war. It has become clear that the new America must realize that separation from Europe and seclusion from European conflicts is impossible. It has also become clear that America is still economically dependent upon Europe for capital and for custom, and that the movements of European life affect her as profoundly as if the Atlantic did not roll between the continents.

But here we have to deal with the new Russia, which is now being born in the stress of battle. Most of the historical changes in Russian life have appeared as consequences of war. The

consolidation of the Moscow State resulted from the attacks upon its frontier by the Tartars and by the tribesmen of the Volga and the Urals. The absorption of the free cities into the Moscow State, with the momentous consequences of that absorption, arose from the reluctance of the free cities to bear their share of the burden of defence. The period of anarchy of the beginning of the seventeenth century led to the foundation of the House of Romanov and to the establishment of the Russian Empire. A century later the struggle with Charles XII of Sweden led to the organization of a regular army, to the industrial revolution in Russia, and to the complete recasting of the national life under Peter the Great. Another century later, the struggle with Napoleon I, among other consequences, led to the withdrawal of Russia from her semi-Asiatic seclusion and to her entrance into the political controversies of Western Europe. The Crimean War led to the emancipation of the serfs and to the reorganization of the system of transport, as of the military system. The effects of these changes appeared twenty years later, when Russia was brought definitely into the field of Balkan politics, and when she showed in the Russo-Turkish War that her army under able leadership had become a formidable force. At that time Russia was only prevented by the combination of European powers, aided by Great Britain under Disraeli, from expelling the Turks from Europe. The Russo-Japanese war led, on the one hand, to the interior revolution, which at least modified the autocracy and brought into existence a quasi-constitutional form of government, and, on the other hand, led to the reorganization of the army and to the provision of equipment in order that she might be better prepared for defence than she was when she was called upon to meet Japan. The war in the Far East also led to the arrestment of Russian expansion in that direction, and therefore in a certain sense threw her back upon Europe. The fall of Port Arthur thus meant at no distant period the fall of Constantinople. The new Russia grew out of the old, not only in respect to the antecedence of historical events, but even chiefly in respect to the growth of

the spirit. It is hard to speak of Russia as a whole. In an ethnical sense the people are highly diversified, and the numerous racial groups are distributed over the immense area of the country in compact, localized, national units. Thus, although Finnish blood is sprinkled over almost the whole of Russia, it is nevertheless especially localized in Finland, where also are placed almost all the Swedes in the empire. The Russian Poles are mainly in Poland, the Ruthenians in Little Russia, the Germans in the Baltic Provinces, the Tartars chiefly in the Crimea and in Kazan on the Volga, the Georgians in the Caucasus, the Great Russians in the heart of Russia proper, and so on. This local distribution endows Russia with the character of a congeries of nations and of a country with numerous patriotisms. Yet the new Russia has been characterized by an extraordinary unity of spirit. This unity of spirit arose spontaneously, for the first time, in the revolt against the autocracy which manifested itself after the close of the Russo-Japanese war; but it appeared to evaporate in the internecine conflicts in which the revolutionary groups became involved. Again the fact of struggle has united the nation, this time no doubt more effectually, because of the larger issues of the controversy. It is not surprising that the non-Slavic as well as the Slavic elements should have united in a struggle for the relief of Slavic peoples from Teutonic despotism, for that is the aspect the struggle bears to the Russian. It is true that in the past Russia has not been regarded as a shining example of a free country; yet it must be remembered that at no period of their history have the Slavs tamely submitted to oppression. It is also true that the autocracy, whatever may have been its racial origin, was always supported and was sometimes strongly reinforced by the German element in the population, and even by German immigrants. At frequent crises in the constitutional history of Russia, German statesmen or German adventurers contrived to influence the course of events in such a way as to strengthen the autocracy. It is true also that many of the sovereigns of Russia, and even some of the

most vigorous as well as of the least vigorous of them, were of German birth. Katherine I, the widow of Peter the Great, was a Livonian peasant, her daughter Anna married the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, whose son, as Peter III, became the founder of the present Russian dynasty. Katherine II, the most vigorous, if also the most autocratic of female sovereigns, was Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst. Thus, apart from numerous German marriages in later years, the strain of autocracy is strongly German; no Russian blood has been introduced into the direct line of the imperial family for more than two hundred years. More significant, however, is the extent to which, since the time of Peter the Great, German functionaries have controlled the affairs of Russia. The autocratic method and the autocratic spirit owed much, if not nearly everything, to these functionaries. Even where the functionaries were Russian, they leaned upon German examples. For instance, in the reign of the Empress Anna, when there was a possibility of limiting the autocratic power, the tendency in this direction was opposed by Tatischev leaning upon the German jurists Puffendorf and Wolff. In the same reign the Germans, Osterman and Biron, practically governed Russia, and governed it with ruthless autocracy. Without citing more numerous examples, from the eighteenth century up till now, Germany and Germans have exercised a great influence upon the character and working of the Russian political system. The civil and military services of Russia have alike afforded careers for German natives of the Russian provinces on the Baltic, and for immigrants from Germany to Russia. These functionaries have in a great measure determined the character of Russian bureaucracy, and have to an equal degree prussianized it. This process has undoubtedly contributed to its efficiency, but it has also contributed to its ruthlessness, and especially perhaps to its severity towards recalcitrant members of the Russian nobility. The German bureaucrats have invariably been among the staunchest adherents of the autocracy, and many of them have for that reason fallen as victims of revolutionary

movements. German influence has always been opposed by the Slavophiles, and not a little of the general prejudice in Russia against Westernism has been due to the attempts on the part of many Russian sovereigns of German origin or with German affiliations to force German customs and German methods upon the people.

While the autocracy enjoyed the full measure of its power, a struggle against Germany was impossible. The controlling influences in the state were too German in their direction. Since the Revolution, however, and since the increasing influence in the government of the Russian as opposed to the non-Russian elements, with the consequent diminution of the prestige and power of the bureaucracy, Germanism has come to be identified with the darker days of autocracy. That there still remain elements of Prussianism in Russia, there can be no doubt; but we may hope that the defeat of Prussia in Central Europe and the decay of its influence there may have as one of its consequences the decay of Prussianism in Russia. The new spirit in Russia is decidedly not a spirit of militarism or materialism. Indeed, precisely against these is the new Russia fighting within and without. The efforts of Germany to influence the current of affairs in the Balkans and to use Austria for the promotion of her designs upon the Near East brought Germany gradually to the stage when her pressure upon the Balkan Slavs must arouse the sympathies of their Russian brothers. The decay of German influence at St. Petersburg left the Russian government alike without the inducement and without the power to resist the growth of anti-German public opinion in Russia, and brought war within the range of possibility. This course of events was well understood in Berlin, as was also the fact that the Russian military system was steadily being reorganized. That the reorganization was not due to any aggressive intent on the part of Russia, there is abundant evidence. Russia by no means chose the period at which the inevitable struggle between her own ideals and those of Germany should be fought. In point of fact, she was not

ready. While her army had been reorganized, her navy remained to be reconstructed. She was thus unduly vulnerable in the Baltic. Her ports were exposed to attack by the German fleet and her Baltic commerce was practically defenceless. This has hampered her seriously in the present war. If the struggle could have been postponed for two or three years, Russia would have gained immensely in offensive, as well as in defensive, power, both at sea and on land. In arriving at an amicable arrangement with Japan in respect to Manchuria, Russia prepared herself, however, so far, for any west European complications. Such complications were steadily being piled up by Germany, whose designs upon the Near East involved the control by her of the Balkans and of Turkey. Control of these regions meant control of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, the southern gateway of Russia. Had German policy been allowed to fructify, all South Russia would have been economically at the mercy of Germany, and the interests of Russia in Northern Persia, as well as the interests of Great Britain in the Persian Gulf, would have been gravely compromised. Yet an aggressive war against Germany, even for the purpose of securing the Dardanelles and of preventing complete domination of Turkey by Germany, could not have been declared by Russia. So long as the penetration by Germany was peaceful, she might have pursued her policy safely so far as Russia was concerned. One of the diplomatic blunders of the war was the sacrifice of what had been gained for the sake of more which might be gained rapidly. This, at all events, is how it appears at present. The defeat of Germany and Austria must mean the decisive cutting off of both countries from the Near East. The common interest of Russia, France, and Great Britain lies in preventing, by the most effective possible means, the prussianization of Turkey. To allow Germany any foothold in the Levant is to prepare the way for future difficulty.

The removal of the Turkish Government from Constantinople seems to be a foregone conclusion. Two problems

at least emerge upon this removal. What is to be the position of the new Turkey now confined to Asia Minor? What is to be the destiny of Constantinople and the territory which would be evacuated by the Turks? The settlement of the first problem may probably be assisted by the annexation to Russia of Armenia and the practical restriction of Turkish rule to an area predominantly populated by a Mohammedan population. The settlement of the second problem may probably be assisted by the dismantling of the fortresses on the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus and the neutralization of the waterway. The new Turkey might be required to disarm itself, and its neutrality might also be guaranteed by the three great powers at least. There are strong arguments for a French protectorate over Syria and for a British protectorate over Arabia. The case of Constantinople and the contiguous territory is more difficult. The principal interest of Russia is in the free passage of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. If that free passage could be effectively obtained without the possession of the territory to the north, including Constantinople, it is probable that Russia would be satisfied; but if it could not be obtained otherwise than by possession of the territory in question, then Russia would unquestionably require the territory to be ceded to her. Yet Constantinople would not become a Russian city without many misgivings on the part of a large body of Russian public opinion. In the new Russia a revival of Byzantine traditions and an increase in the power of the Orthodox Church find no place. Liberal Russia would unquestionably look with dismay upon the creation of a third Russian capital in the city of the Byzantine Emperors, and upon the alteration of the political, social, and religious centre of gravity of the Russian Empire which that creation might involve. Moreover, the non-contiguity of Constantinople to the Russian area proper is a serious drawback to an imperial system in which contiguity is an important factor. Yet Constantinople cannot be left in the hands of a weak power, with the consequent dread of its acquisition by one of the great powers, and the resulting

possibility of the closing of the Dardanelles against Russian commerce. For that reason none of the Balkan powers could be entrusted with its possession. The possibility of the formation of a league of the Balkan States seems to be remote; none of the existing powers would enter such a league with the certainty hanging over them of the hegemony of the group passing to any one of them. There remains the possibility of erecting Constantinople into a "free city" with a quasi-independent municipal government under the protection of the Allied powers or under the protection of Russia, and the erection of the territory north of the Sea of Marmora into a separate state with Adrianople as its capital, without fortresses and with a guaranteed neutrality. Time alone can determine which of these methods of settling the two problems may be found possible of adoption.

It should be observed that the only method of rendering the suggested guarantees of neutrality effectual appears to be not merely the thorough defeat of Germany in a military sense, but the punishing of her by so heavy a fine for the breach of the neutrality of Belgium that neither she nor any other power would lightly infringe such another guaranteed neutrality.

Relieved of the German influence in her administration, and with the democratic influences of Great Britain and France substituted for it, the future of Russia may be regarded with equanimity. The hearty coöperation of every one of the constituent elements of the Russian Empire has entitled each of these elements to concessions which might otherwise have had to be wrung from a reluctant government. We may look with confidence to the fulfilment of the promise of a large measure of autonomy to the new Poland, which will unite Russian, Austrian, and at least a large part of German, Poland under the protection of Russia. We may look forward also to a new Ukrainian and to a new Finnish policy. The discredit which has attached itself to German methods and to German theories of the State must affect not merely the administration but also the critics of it. Together with the

falling away of German bureaucratic methods in Russia, we may notice the disappearance of the system of espionage, also characteristically German, and we may notice also the decline of Marxist socialism in Russia, a decline which indeed has been observable for several years. We may find, on the other hand, the growth of new administrative methods at once more benevolent and more democratic, and at the same time the development of the spirit of freedom which, in spite of long suppression, has never been wholly absent among the Russian people. While the tendency towards industrialism in Russia may induce a recrudescence of materialism, there is in the Russian character so great a predisposition towards idealistic *abandon* that we may hope for mutual correction of these opposite tendencies when they are left to act freely. On the one hand, there may emerge a materialism qualified by disinterested ideals, and, on the other hand, an idealism qualified by common sense. In any case the new Russian spirit may be regarded as essentially opposed to all that the German spirit has shown itself to be—opposed, that is, to desire for power, opposed to desire to conquer by military force in the fields of politics or commerce, and trusting rather in the irresistible force of the mind. We may look indeed to Russia for some great act of self-abnegation—some fine course of conduct which will earn for herself recognition as a great spiritual leader. Such surprises are so frequent in individual cases in Russia that it would indeed be wonderful if they did not occur, at least occasionally, in some great national act of which only thorough-going idealists are capable. Russia has surprised the world by the ability of her strategists and by the steadiness of her troops. She has conducted a winter campaign with astonishing energy, endurance, and success, keeping absolute faith with her allies and coöperating with them loyally. When the time arrives for the conclusion of peace, we shall find, without doubt, that she is a generous victor, but also that she is firmly determined to utilize the advantage gained by her military successes to prevent, in so far as may be possible, a renewed outbreak by

the ambitious and turbulent power which has drenched Europe in blood in a war of unexampled barbarity. In all these discussions it is necessary to realize that in speaking of the new Russia, we are not speaking of the traditional autocracy, strongly impregnated with Prussian characteristics, but of the Russian people, equally strongly impregnated with high spiritual qualities.

It would be surprising if at the close of this war there did not appear among the succeeding phenomena a great religious revival. The Roman Catholic Church, in spite of the ambiguous rôle which it seems to have played behind the scenes in the present conflict, must gain largely in this revival owing to the moral collapse of German Protestantism, to the reaction in France due to the personal devotion of devout Catholics and to the martyrdom of Belgium; but the spiritual movement in and from Russia may exercise a more profound and more positive influence upon religious thought because of its detachment from special forms of religious belief, and because of its more direct and immediate relation to the springs of the predominant mood at the close of the war. This mood in Western Europe may even be influenced by the Russian spirit to a fantastic degree. Everyone who has reflected upon the course of events during the past forty years now realizes how the success of the German military system in crushing the second French Empire led immediately to the uncritical acceptance of German dicta in every field—in science, music, theology, e.g., and especially in education, and how in more recent years the German spirit has produced in Germany and elsewhere within the range of its influence a peculiarly repulsive type of sordid, decoration-hunting pedantry in the chair and an insufferable egotism and conceit on the benches. It is no exaggeration to say that, since 1871, submission to the German spirit has blunted alike the intelligence and the moral sense of two continents. Germany has had her day and has proved herself unworthy of the place in the sun which the uncritical generosity of other nations had accorded her.

The predominance of the spirit of no race can be regarded as desirable, yet the influence of strong racial character is a great fact. The influence of Russia in the immediate future, if it is in correspondence with the spiritual character of the finer Russian types, must be vitalizing both to the intellect and to the emotions.

The antagonism of Russia and Germany is quite fundamental. It is the war of the spirit against the flesh. In the long run and in the nature of the case, the spirit must triumph simply because it is the spirit. Neither in the English nor in the French character is there any such fundamental antagonism to the Russian. Rearrangements of alliances may occur, and fresh causes of conflict may arise, but the three great powers are unlikely for any temporary dispute or possibility of slender individual national advantage to abandon the position which they hold collectively, through the suicide of Germany and Austria and the elimination of Italy, as sole arbiters of the peace of Europe. The responsibility has been thrust upon them, and for the good of the world they will have to sustain it together.

JAMES MAVOR

THE NEW FRANCE*

A COUPLE of years ago an American acquaintance of mine with Gallic sympathies, looking over my shoulder as I read the following newspaper headline, "French Parliament discusses Anti-Gambling Law," remarked in a tone of anxiety, "What is happening to the French anyway? Are they actually becoming moral? What a terrible thing if that should occur! There would be no place left to escape to from America!" I do not necessarily assent to the implications contained in this statement as to the moral status of France, of America, or of the speaker. I quote it merely to show that for several years there has existed among those lovers of

*Ernest Dimnet. "FRANCE HERSELF AGAIN." Putnam, New York and London, 1914.

Agathon. "LES JEUNES GENS D'AUJOURD'HUI." Paris, Librairie Plon, 1913.

Etienne Rey. "LA REVAISSANCE DE L'ORGUEIL FRANCAIS." Paris, Grasset, 1912.

Emile Henriot. "A QUOI RÊVENT LES JEUNES GENS." Paris, Librairie Champion, 1913.

Henri Clouard. "LES DISCIPLINES." 1913.

Agathon. "L'ESPRIT DE LA NOUVELLE SORBONNE." Paris, Mercure de France, 1911.

Pierre Lasserre. "LA DOCTRINE OFFICIELLE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ." Paris, Mercure de France, 1912.

Pierre Leguay. "LA SORBONNE." Paris, Grasset, 1910.

"Public opinion has remained calm in the presence of danger; it remains calm in the presence of victory....."

"If our satisfaction is restrained in its expression, it is, nevertheless, profound. We had been taught, for many years, to distrust ourselves; prophets of evil had not been lacking to echo the learned prognostications from the other side of the Rhine about the inevitable decadence of our race. The sordidness of our contemporary politics had sometimes obscured the work of moral and intellectual recuperation which was stiffening the backbone of the younger generation, that very generation which has been on the firing-line for a month and which does not fear comparison with any of its predecessors. This renovation was invisible to many, and those very ones who witnessed it were always afraid lest they might be allowing themselves to be carried away by a flattering illusion."

—A. Albert Petit, in the *Journal des Débats* (édition hebdomadaire) of September 18th, 1914.

France who watch with some attentiveness her material and spiritual vicissitudes, a wide-spread impression that "something was happening to the French" and that this "something" involved a re-awakening of interest in the moral aspect of things. For this reason the splendid spirit with which France met the trial of last August came to them, not as a surprise but as a confirmation of their hopes. To the uninitiated foreign observer, however, this demonstration of moral strength did evidently come as a surprise, and I am not one of those who can blame him for being deceived. We had all imbibed the doctrine of Latin decadence, and this doctrine seemed to be accepted by the French writers themselves. What respect could anyone have for a country whose citizens published books with titles like Alcide Ebray's "La France Qui Meurt," and who inside their books expressed sentiments like the following from Leon Bazalgette's "Le Problème de l'Avenir latin:" "The incompetent race, the woman society (*le monde femme*) that we are, ought, for the general good, to be eliminated. A really humane man (*un homme vraiment humain*) ought not to refuse to conceive the possibility of the downfall of his native country." Such opinions appeared not only in books but in conversation. "Of course the Latin races are in decadence," is a remark I have heard more than one Frenchman make. Those who took such expressions too seriously should have remembered that the Hamlet who in a mood of morbid self-abasement says: "What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven?" ends his life in brave and steady action. France is the Hamlet of nations.

Perhaps it may be of some interest to the friends of France now to have a solution suggested for this Hamlet-mystery of France, and to be shown that the grand national spirit we are privileged to witness is the product of quiet forces that have been working in semi-obscurity until suddenly their result was revealed by the lurid light of war. Since the outbreak of the war numerous articles in periodicals—French, English, and American—

have touched on phases of this question, but none of them attempt a general review of the matters at issue, and the value of many of them is impaired by the partisanship of their author's point of view. This latter objection is also, unfortunately, largely true of the best book that has attempted a lengthy treatment of the subject—the "France Herself Again" of Ernest Dimnet—an extremely suggestive and interesting book, but bearing on almost every page evidences of its Catholic origin and propagandist purpose. A book of similar bulk treating the question with absolute impartiality is a desideratum.

This brief paper makes no claim to fill this want. It only aims to bring to the reader's attention "the New France" that was dimly taking form before the war, that is now being forged in the burning, fiery furnace, and that may be expected to appear in all her fresh beauty when the war is over. But I hope that it may be found that there are lessons for us all in this story of the renovation of France. France, whether in her good or evil moods, has always been an influential nation. She is the Siren of the nations, and fortunate is it for us all when the songs she sings are such that we have not to stop our ears against them. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that what France thinks to-day the world will think to-morrow. For instance, "realism" in literature is quite *passé* in France; in English-speaking countries we are congratulating ourselves at having at last, with the help of Bennett and Wells and Galsworthy, caught up with the procession. Let those who would keep up with the development of French thought remember the saying of the Queen in "Alice in Wonderland," "In this country you have to keep running as fast as you can all the time in order just to stay where you are."

I

Before attempting to describe "the New France," let us try to define for ourselves the ideas that we associated with the words "France" and "French" a few years ago. And

here we may go back for a moment to the query of my friend, "Are the French becoming moral?" and its implications. There can be little doubt that, for a long time, the average Anglo-Saxon (if not the average foreigner—I heard an Italian lady denounce Paris as "the arch-corruptress of the world") has regarded the French as the "immoral" people *par excellence*, and, if he has made a brief sojourn among them, he refers to it with a proud gleam in his eye as he thinks of the delicate essence of impropriety which he has thereby absorbed into his system. I remember hearing, as a boy, a minister of the Gospel in a Toronto church justifying the ways of God to France in the war of 1870 on this ground—he pictured the pure, simple-living, godly-minded Germans trampling on the wretched French army, "rotten with the vices of France,"—one almost had a vision of an army of Sir Galahads, "in shining armour," of course, engaged in a noble crusade against a horde of Don Juans. I also had the rather painful experience of listening, only three years ago, to the complaints of a refined young French girl who had been living as a companion in some of the best families in London and who, being frequently invited to dinners at fine London houses, was distressed by the fact that her male dinner-partners insisted on regaling her with indecent stories and jests. As her faith in English virtue precluded the belief that they were accustomed to converse thus with English maidens, she could only conclude that they believed "*tout permis*" with a French girl. Anyone who knows the almost exaggerated respect with which young Frenchmen treat the girls they meet in society may imagine her astonishment and indignation. And yet her experience simply illustrates the almost universal Anglo-Saxon belief that the French always and everywhere have their being in an immoral atmosphere.

How shamefully unjust this judgement is, if applied to the rank and file of the French people, anyone knows who has lived among them and come to admire the Spartan simplicity of their cheerful, hard-working lives. But the best friend of the French can hardly deny the justice of the charge if it be

directed against the "immoralism" preached by the intellectual élite of the nation during the latter half of the nineteenth century—and particularly since 1870—preached almost constantly by theory, and all too often by practice. This French "immoralism"—which has its roots in the Romantic movement—may be defined as an abnormal insistence on the rights of the individual, whether it be to indulge his passions or his intellect, accompanied by a relaxing of the emphasis on his duties towards other individuals and towards the nation. No doubt this kind of "immoralism" has existed at all times and in all countries; but seldom have art and science and philosophy lent it all their prestige as they did in modern France.

The baneful results of one side of this "immoralism"—the freedom to indulge the passions—I am going to pass over, as they are so patent to everybody. One of the eternal stains on the name of France is the horrible propaganda of vice which her brilliant popular literature of the nineteenth century carried to the ends of the earth. What I wish to bring to your attention now is the more neglected side of French "immoralism"—the freedom to indulge the intellect—a much more subtle and pervasive form of decadence. It means, briefly, that every Frenchman felt free to regard himself as a disembodied intellect, a speculating-machine, not bound to consider the effect of his thoughts on his own moral life or on the world about him. He carried out with merciless French logic the Shakespearian, "Nothing's either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." He neglected the truth recently expressed thus by Mr. Chesterton, "Our business in this world is not merely to think but to live, not merely to live but to grow, not merely to grow but to build." And with debonair irresponsibility he proceeded to paralyse by an excessive intellectual analysis the faculties of faith and will-power which are at the root of action. He "sicklied o'er the native hue of resolution with the pale cast of thought." He reduced the militant France of Corneille, of Bossuet, of Napoleon to a kind of odalisque reclining on her cushion and puffing from her lips a vapour of endless intellectualism.

Renan is, perhaps, as much as any individual is, the father of this spirit. But the greatest living representative of it in literature is so well-known that it is hardly necessary to name him. The extraordinary vogue of M. Anatole France's works among intellectuals all over the world is the strongest possible evidence of how profound and wide-spread the influence of this French immoralism has been. It has found, of course, supreme literary expression in the English world in the words of Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde (there are premonitions of it even in Matthew Arnold), and in university circles everywhere we are familiar with the distinguished type whose exquisitely balanced intelligence is utterly unavailable for attacking the problems of the surrounding community, who sees so many sides to every problem that he is unable to champion any one of them. In such men, indeed, the intelligence has ceased to be the tool of the active life; it has become the toy, the plaything of its possessor. They forget that, in Tennyson's words, "She is the second, not the first." In fact the younger generation in France does not shrink from saying that their fathers, in exalting the intelligence to such a throne, made her not a queen but a harlot.

This extreme intellectualism had been in preparation long before 1870, but the *débâcle* gave it its chance to get a grip on the French people. For a few years after the war there were signs that the national spirit might revive; then, after 1876, it took a relapse, and the majority of Frenchmen gave up the hope that France could ever recover her political place and resigned themselves to keeping her place high in the intellectual world.

This intellectualism, mingled with the depression of defeat, appeared in pure literature in the form of irony—always a favourite form of intellectual exercise with the French, but usually hitherto employed in the service of political or social reform, as in Voltaire and Molière. But the irony that pervades the French novel and drama of the Third Republic is of a peculiarly anti-social kind; it turns itself

against everything, even against its author (*cf.* Renan's saying that "one half of his nature made monkey-faces at the other half"); it destroys faith in all the purposes of life. This irony is altogether charming and in good taste in "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" but what are we to think of a nation whose authors parody the noblest incidents in its history, as M. France did in "l'Ile des Pingouins"? In 1892, a writer in the *Mercur de France* said: "We belong to a world that is passing away and it is fitting to pass away with it. The only suitable thing there is, more than ever, to climb up again into the ivory towers, while they are still standing—it will not be for long—and to meditate there upon eternal things or upon the difficulties of grammar."

"The difficulties of grammar"—that brings me to the form this intellectualism took in the world of education. The logical French mind decided that if France had suffered defeat at the hands of Germany, it must be that French civilization was wrong from the bottom up (*cf.* the saying, "*C'est l'instituteur allemand qui nous a vaincus*"). So educational methods and institutions became Germanized. The ideal of education ceased to be the noble English and French one of producing an "*honnête homme*," "a scholar and a gentleman," and became the German one of producing a specialist. The baneful effect of this bore particularly heavily on higher literary studies in France. Philology, source-hunting, pointless comparative studies, text-editing, all the dreary treadmill of German pedantry actually invaded the fair land of France, the natural home (forever, let us hope, after this fitful fever of Germanism) of literary taste, wide and humane culture, and philosophical generalization. Why must Frenchmen write theses on these ungrateful subjects? Because, forsooth, it is their business to attain the truth. But suppose their own taste and mental powers are impaired in the process? Oh, this age is not concerned with the education of the individual mind! It is an age of disinterested pursuit of abstract truth. Many foreign students who have gone to study at the Sorbonne in the hope that surely there at least they might find a more

philosophical treatment of literature, have gone away disappointed from the last sanctuary of truth and beauty.

But the most obviously harmful results of this intellectualism have, of course, been those that revealed themselves in social and political matters. France, giving up hopes of territorial power, devoted herself to working out social utopias. And she soon became the champion of some noble ideals—socialism, humanitarianism, cosmopolitanism, pacifism, and of some less noble ones, as, for example, anti-clericalism. All these ideals—the realization of which in practical politics was pursued with all the logical fervour of the nation—had this in common, that they weakened more and more the national idea, "*l'idée de patrie*." The idea of loyalty came to be attached to the class or party or religion to which a given individual belonged; and the idea of hostility came to be connected, not with a foreign foe, but with the opposite class or party or religion. Socialist was arrayed against capitalist, Radical against Monarchist, anti-clerical against Catholic. The central fact that all were Frenchmen was forgotten, as was the bond that alone could hold them together—the hope of a *revanche*. In 1891, the *Mercure de France* published an *enquête* on the views of the young Frenchmen of that time regarding Alsace-Lorraine. Rémy de Gourmont wrote: "I would give, in exchange for those forgotten lands, neither the little finger of my right hand—I find it useful to support my hand when writing; nor the little finger of my left hand—I find it useful to knock off the ashes of my cigarette." He added: "If we must, in one word, express the fact frankly, well, we are not patriots." About the same time Jules Renard was saying: "I hope that soon the war of 1870-71 will be considered as an historic event of less importance than the appearance of the "*Cid*" or of a fable of La Fontaine."

I have no space here to even outline the political history of France within the last twenty years, but if my reader will simply recall events like the Boulanger affair, the Fashoda incident, the Dreyfus case, the Comhist persecution of the Church, culminating in the Separation Law and the dispersal

of the religious orders, the dismissal of M. Delcassé from the Cabinet at the command of the German government in 1905, the great railway and postal strikes of more recent date, the constant collapse of Cabinets, he will realize that the moral and intellectual disorders I have tried to describe above bore fruit in practical disasters, and that, after all, the casual foreign observer could not be greatly blamed for thinking that France's day as a great power was over.

II

I have dwelt with some length on the moral portrait of the France of 1870-1911, because the new spirit consists largely in a reaction from the ideals that governed that France. Before relating the event which brought the existence of this new spirit to light, I shall mention a few causes which had been quietly preparing it, even during the decadent period. In one case, the error of that period went far to effect its own cure. There can be no doubt that the Church has gained greatly in prestige in France since the Disestablishment. The dignity with which the priests and nuns behaved themselves, the sympathy and interest which were suddenly aroused in the people for their spiritual pastors when they realized that the latter depended on them personally now for the means of existence, the reaction that always sets in after persecution, all these causes have quickened the religious life of France. The policy of *apaisement*, which is connected mainly with the name of M. Briand, has been welcomed with relief by the people who were tired of the turmoil and ill-blood caused by the *guerre à outrance* against the Church.

Then, the growing acquaintance with England and her customs resulting from the *entente cordiale* has quickened the interest in sports and athletics in France, thereby encouraging the active rather than the speculative life. I had the privilege of inspecting, while in France, a very interesting institution which had its origin in this English influence—a large residential school for boys modelled on the English "public

schools" like Eton and Harrow. This school is situated in the beautiful seventeenth-century grounds and buildings of the La Rochefoucauld family at Liancourt, in the department of the Oise, about sixty miles north of Paris. It is called "L'Ecole de l'Ile de France." Anyone who is familiar with the cold, barrack-like comfortlessness of the French *lycées* could not help being impressed with the home-like cosiness of this French Eton. A lady-superintendent—an innovation in a French school—looks after the comfort of the *internes*. There is an English director, Mr. Hawkins, who, while in France, pronounces his name *à la française*, and there is also a French principal. There are English as well as French boys in attendance. The important point is that this school lays great stress on sports. Instead of the programme of study filling practically the whole day, as in most French schools, every afternoon here is sacred to athletics. I witnessed myself a large party of boys disporting themselves in the *piscine*. I had the good fortune to lunch, on the day of my visit, at the house of one of the boys whose home is in the town of Liancourt. The walls of the dining-room were covered with group-photos of football and cricket teams of the college, which had won championships. My young collegian, partly in polite deprecation of my praise of his school's athletic prowess, but also largely from conviction, opined that he thought really "too much time was taken from study by athletics" in this school; I smiled as I thought how strange such a remark would sound on the lips of an English or American schoolboy. This school is not an isolated phenomenon; there are at least two other schools on its model; one, I think, near Rouen and the other near Bordeaux. Interest in games is not confined to these schools. A stroller in the park of St. Cloud may see football-practice going on on any fine Sunday afternoon. Young girls often are enthusiastic members of tennis-clubs in Paris and other large towns. All this has been increasing the healthiness of the moral and mental, as well as of the physical, life.

Another factor in preparing the new spirit has been the renewed interest of the young Frenchman in foreign travel, after a long period of sedentary isolation. A few years ago M. Kahn, a Parisian millionaire, founded a number of annual travelling fellowships of liberal income, both for men and women, at the Sorbonne. The holder of one of these fellowships is required to spend from eighteen months to two years in a trip around the world. He bears letters of introduction to distinguished citizens of all the countries he visits, and is expected on his return to make a report embodying his impressions. I had the pleasure of meeting, at the delightful cosmopolitan club which this same M. Kahn has founded in his own beautiful property at Boulogne-sur-Seine, several of these *boursiers* and *boursières*. They are of the *élite* of young French manhood and womanhood, and it was quite evident how their travels had broadened their horizon. Most of them had visited the United States, South America, Japan, and China, besides the other countries of Europe. Closely related to such fellowships in their broadening possibilities are the exchanges of professors between the French universities and certain foreign universities—especially those between the Sorbonne and Harvard and Columbia Universities and the University of Buenos Ayres. It is probably well known how the great American universities have profited by the presence of men like Lanson, Bédier, Diehl, Legouis; but perhaps we have not realized how much these men and their country have profited by their visit to their great, energetic sister republic. In all the books of impressions they have written on their return to France, they have emphasized the existence in the United States of qualities which it seemed the French might be under-valuing: the love of action and practical achievement; decision and pragmatism; above all, active patriotism, a sense of reality, and a distrust of theorizing. A Frenchman who had travelled in America told me how he was impressed by an incident which occurred at a banquet which had been given in his honour by a business men's club in an American city. All

the guests had assembled, but the chairman had not arrived. He came in a little later and excused himself briefly and almost casually by remarking that his factory had been completely burned down that day and that he had been busy arranging for its immediate reconstruction. My Frenchman was much struck by this cool promptness of thought and action. "If such a thing happened to a Frenchman," he said, "he would say, 'Tiens, ça, c'est embêtant. What will we do now?'" and then spend days in revolving all possible alternatives." Perhaps the growing French familiarity with the progressive republics of South America has stung French pride still more, as there the question as to who shall have the hegemony of Latin civilization has been revealed to them as a living one. And, not to go beyond Europe itself, has not the firm, progressive policy of Italy, both at home and abroad, in recent years been ominous to a dilatory France? To mention only one aspect of this question, it is well known that since the Separation Law, France has been losing to Italy her traditional place as protector of Christians in the near East, and, along with that, her political influence in those regions.

A bookish people like the French are bound to be greatly influenced, even in a reaction against intellectualism, by the writings and teachings of intellectual men. And, therefore, we must not forget to add to the more pragmatic stimuli we have mentioned, the great influence exerted, even in the heart of the decadent movement, by the writings of certain men, of whom perhaps Paul Bourget, Maurice Barrès, and Charles Maurras are the most important, and by the teachings of the great master of contemporary philosophy, Henri Bergson.

When Bourget published "Le Disciple" in 1889, Taine, who represented as completely as anyone the pure intellectualism of the preceding generation, was deeply perturbed. In this novel Bourget sets forth the moral responsibility of the writer and thinker, shows how pure speculation and disinterested pursuit of the truth may be turned into practical immorality by less purely intellectual hearers of the word.

Taine, whose indifference to the moral consequences of theories is well-illustrated by his answer to Royer-Collard's question: "Aren't you afraid of making Revolutionists of the French?" "What do I care? Are there any people called French?"—wrote a bitter letter to Bourget, in which he said: "I conclude just one thing, that is that taste has changed, that my generation is done with, that I must hide myself again in my little corner of Savoy. Perhaps the path that you are taking, your idea of the unknowable, of a beyond, of a *noumenon* will lead you to a mystic port, to a form of Christianity." Victor Giraud, in his "Maîtres de l'Heure," says that "Le Disciple" marks the exact moment at which the generation to which M. Bourget belongs breaks away from the preceding generation.

Maurice Barrès' name is connected more definitely with one aspect of the new spirit, the revival of patriotism and the idea of the *revanche*. Barrès was able the more easily to influence the younger generation in this direction, as he had been in his earlier books, like "Le Jardin de Bérénice," an apostle of that very dilettantism in which the youths of the time found the greatest satisfaction of life, and against which all his later books protest. Ernest Dimnet says that M. Barrès is almost an epitome of the progress of France, in these latter years, from dilettantism to pragmatism. He is therefore, a better guide for the foreign observer than the much-read M. Anatole France, who remains faithful to the older ideals to such an extent that Frenchmen are beginning to warn his foreign admirers that he is a "fossil" in France. In his later books such as "Les Déracinés," "Le Culte de la Terre et des Morts," "La Grande Pitié des Eglises de France," Barrès shows that a man can get away from morbid self-absorption by devotion to that *milieu* to which he owes most—that is to say, his home, his family, his environment, the traditions of his province, his *petite patrie*, and, working outward thus, his country, France. It is not surprising that, the *petite patrie* of M. Barrès being Lorraine, the revival of the idea of the *revanche* should be mainly his work. Though he is

not a Catholic, a similar train of reasoning has made him the champion of the village churches against demolition merely as shrines of the national tradition. But his main work has been to reduce the vast world-home of the cosmopolitan to the modest but more definite dimensions of one's own native land.

The exact place of M. Charles Maurras in this development is more difficult to assign. He is the special prophet of those who blame the republican régime for many of the evils for which a more impartial analysis would find a more complicated origin. M. Maurras and his collaborators on the *Action française* look quite frankly to monarchy and catholicism as the only way out of the chaos of contemporary France. And it cannot be denied that he has drawn to his side a number of enthusiastic supporters from the younger generation. But the greater number see that Maurras' political system is the result of pure intellectual speculation, and has hardly anything of that pragmatic spontaneity which would show that it had sprung from a deep sense of a real need; and it is, of course, just this rationalism, this spinning of formulas and then attempting to cramp the complex realities of life into them, that they are most strongly opposed to. Maurras' real influence, like Barrès', has probably been in the direction of stimulating the *idée de patrie* as opposed to humanitarianism and cosmopolitanism.

Lastly, we cannot overlook the great and profound influence of M. Bergson's philosophy. It is obviously, to a large extent, a protest against intellectualism and scientism. It makes truth relative, not absolute. It encourages the love of action. It places the source of action not in a conviction attained by a course of reasoning, but in those convictions that come to us by a flash of insight, of intuition. A professor of the *École Normale* conducted not long ago with his students an investigation into the question "whether patriotism is a reasonable sentiment and whether it can stand the test of facts." Bergson would reply that its "reasonableness" is not a test of its truth, which is proved by its necessity in the

present state of the world and the intensity of the feeling for it in the human heart. Of course M. Bergson is a source of some embarrassment to the Catholic part of the *jeunesse d'aujourd'hui*—they feel that his support is very valuable, yet his substitution of a relative for an absolute standard of truth is about as anti-Catholic as anything could well be. On the whole, however, he is one of the undoubted “*maîtres de la jeunesse.*”

III

One fine day in July, 1911, there burst like a thunderclap upon France, the news that a German gunboat had appeared off Agadir on the Atlantic coast of Morocco. It is from that incident, known since to the French as the *coup d'Agadir*, that “young France” dates the conscious conversion of the national spirit which bears its name. Everyone remembers the feverish summer which followed that event, and how near many thought France and Germany were to war. Out of that fiery ordeal “young France” claims that it was born. I was fortunate enough to arrive in Paris early in the autumn of that year and to remain in France until late in the next summer; so that I may claim to have been on the spot during what is affirmed to be the whole period of gestation of the new movement, including the publication of the “*enquêtes*” which will be referred to later. If a fairy had asked me during what year I should prefer to live in France, giving me at the same time a vision of what was to happen in the coming years, I should have chosen that year on which I stumbled by a lucky chance.

It happened that I had spent a summer in Paris just five years before; and certainly the change in the temper of the people since then was very striking. On my previous visit I had been shocked by the listless acquiescence in the doctrine of the inevitable “decadence of the Latin races” which frequently was expressed in conversation; now there was nothing but confidence in France’s ability to meet a redoubtable foe successfully. Many young Frenchmen were

confident that a conflict with Germany would break out before the next spring, and though they did not minimize its formidable nature, they were perfectly serene in their belief that they would win out. There could be no mistaking the fact that the rank and file of the people were ready and eager for a fight. The French people are well aware that Rabelais' saying: "When the French attack in their first heat, they are more terrible than devils; if they wait they become weaker than women," has still much truth in it, and this made many of them feel that a pretext for war with Germany ought to be sought in 1911 or 1912 when the national warlike spirit was fully aroused. I shall not soon forget an evening at the theatre when this renaissance of the French military spirit was impressed upon me. I was witnessing a performance of the "Cid" at the Odeon and scarcely had Chimene, in the *tirade* of the fifth scene of the fourth act, uttered the first words of the couplet:

" Mourir pour le pays n'est pas un triste sort,
C'est s'immortaliser par une belle mort "

when the whole house, as by one impulse, broke out into a storm of applause. The spontaneity of the act precluded any suspicion of its being organized by a *claque*. It was evidently an ebullient spirit of patriotism responding almost automatically to the external stimulus of a chance verse in a play. French women were as responsive to this reaction as Frenchmen. One lady who had spent the tense summer of 1911 in a village of the Vosges near the German frontier told me that the women were ready to shoulder the rifle with the men if war had been declared. The ugly reverse of this noble revival of patriotism was the inevitable intensification of Germanophobia, extending this time to personal as well as national relations. One of the most shocking remarks, humanly speaking, that I have ever heard, was that of a young girl whose brother—like an increasing number of young Frenchmen—was spending two years in an office at Mannheim in order to learn German and to get an insight into German ways. I asked her inno-

cently if he had any German friends. Her young brows darkened as she answered vehemently: "If he made any friends among Germans, I would disown him." A Southern American could hardly regard with more horror intimacy with a negro. How different all this is from the easy-going humanitarianism and cosmopolitanism of the last generation in France. And that behind these words and emotions there was a will was soon evidenced to the world by the cheerful acceptance of the new law requiring an additional year of military service. An eminent Sorbonne professor said to me that the passing of such a law would have been impossible if there had not been a profound moral change in the heart of the people. In the words of a French college-boy writing to me soon after the passing of the bill: "In reality the whole country accepts this necessity just as one accepts the rain and the wind."

The first manifestation of the new spirit then was the revival of active patriotism and of militarism, the attaching of loyalty to the soil of France instead of to a humanitarian Utopia. This necessarily involved an insistence on the part of the people that a truly national government should be formed, that Parliament should cease its petty squabbles over theories and look to the defence of the country in the competition with other countries. What satisfaction there was when a "national" ministry, with M. Raymond Poincaré at its head, was at last formed in the spring of 1912! Since then, on the whole, both as premier and as president, M. Poincaré has shown himself a strong head—though many regard the coming-in of the Doumergue ministry a year ago as a defeat for him. But he has brought again into places of power true patriots and men of character and ability like Millerand, Delcassé, Ribot, Briand, Barthou, and has at least held in check the rout of international financiers with Caillaux at their head.

Anglo-Saxons may pass through a moral re-awakening almost without noticing it. Not so the French, who are nothing if not self-conscious. Compare the way in which a British "Tommy" and a French "piou-piou" relate a

battle in which they have taken part. So during the winter of 1911-12 the tapping of the moral barometer of the nation began in the form of elaborate *enquêtes* on the "state of soul" of the younger generation, conducted by several prominent periodicals. Some of these *enquêtes* were later published in book form, notably "Les Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd'hui," consisting of a summing-up of the *enquête* conducted by what may almost be called the organ of "young France," *l'Opinion*.¹

The editorship of this book—which is a perfect thesaurus of opinions on "young France"—is attributed on the title-page to a certain "Agathon," which is a pseudonym covering the collaboration of two young men, Henri Massis and Alfred de Tarde, who the previous year had produced a scathing attack on the Sorbonne under the title of "l'Esprit de la Nouvelle Sorbonne," and who have been, since its inception, regular contributors to *l'Opinion*.

The book consists of two parts, "l'Enquête sur la Jeunesse" and "Après l'Enquête." The author describes the form of the "enquête" as follows in the introduction: "The reader will not find here a sequence of replies to a *questionnaire* fixed upon in advance and distributed at random among acquaintances and friends. . . . We have seen and questioned a large number of young men in professional schools, in the universities, in the *lycées*, selected as the most representative of their group. We have verified their statements by the observations of their teachers. Finally, we have read the pages in which certain of them express themselves. And upon this living mass of documents we have tried to impose some order. A system, it may be said. Perhaps; at all events, it was necessary to simplify in order to be clear. We have omitted many secondary points, but we have tried never to destroy the essential points." An attempt is made in the second part to offset the disadvantages of this method by introducing, *in extenso*, letters from young men indicating

¹ The contrast between the "young France" of to-day and that of twenty years ago is well brought out by a comparison of *l'Opinion* with the organ of the young *intellectuels* of that day, the still prosperous *Mercure de France*.

personal divergences from the general principles set forth in the first part as the essence of the philosophy of the youth of to-day.

The first part is divided into five chapters, corresponding to what the editors believe to be the five main strands in the moral life of young Frenchmen: "The love of action," "Patriotic faith," "The moral life," "A Catholic renaissance," "Political realism." I have already touched on some of these topics, but others are set forth with a special clearness in this book.

The first chapter begins with a quotation of Goethe's saying, reported by Eckermann: "At all periods of backsliding or of dissolution, souls are concerned with themselves, and at all periods of progress they are turned towards the outer world." "Our time," he added, "is a time of backsliding, it is self-centred." The authors feel that this excessive self-centredness was the characteristic of the French generation that came to maturity about 1885. Its text-book was Bourget's "Essais de Psychologie." I have outlined above the moral view-point of this generation. The authors go on to say: "The sick men to whom this book was addressed, have given place to healthy men who discover in these pages what they are most opposed to." They find in the announced purpose of this book (the "Essais" of Bourget), "to define some of the examples of sentiments which certain writers propose for the imitation of young men," something repellent. No imitation of any writer, no "literature" in *their* view of life. They want not to *taste* life but to *live* it. They quote Emerson's: "If a man, instead of eating his bread, set his attention only upon the pleasure of tasting it, he would die of hunger." This quotation from Emerson is significant. American life and American philosophy are explicitly recognized as strong influences on the "*jeunesse française*" by the authors of this book. They quote again approvingly from Emerson: "Life is not a dialectic It is neither intellectual, nor critical, but vigorous." Some may fear that this depreciation of the intelligence is not in the best

French tradition. The answer is: "Less intelligent? it will be said. No, but less infatuated with the intelligence." The only speculation worthy of interest, to their thinking (*i.e.*, to the youths of to-day) is the one which says: "What is there to be done?" and "How can it be done?" While their elders lost themselves in sceptical subtleties, they know that they are *here*, and *here* means that they are living in France at a certain period of its history and that everything ought to be considered from the present-day, French point of view. Compare this with an extract from the *Mercure de France* in the '90's: "I only recognize the value of intelligence; it knows no frontier, and I would fain sacrifice the lives of a hundred French fools to that of one intelligent man from anywhere. The vaunted integrity of the national soil is no concern of mine; the little nook where I meditate is enough for me, and the territory around it may well be conquered; it will leave my thought exactly what it was."

The chapter on "the moral life" in this book is an interesting one. The authors claim that the younger generation of Frenchmen is showing a new readiness to make personal sacrifices in order to take up both domestic and national responsibilities. The older ideal of Bohemian celibacy and artistic idleness is giving way to early marriage and prompt choice of a career. Just as intercourse with Anglo-Saxon civilization has encouraged the love of sports and active life, so it has introduced the idea of comradeship between young men and women. The young French girl is no longer held in a semi-Oriental seclusion; and the young Frenchman no longer is dependent on the boulevard and Bullier for feminine companionship. Some Frenchmen are not quite sure that these innovations have yet produced the nation of Sir Galahads that the authors of "Les Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd'hui" would have us believe in. On the other hand, a Sorbonne professor of middle age told me that he was sure, from his own observation, that the young Frenchmen of to-day show a readiness to take up domestic responsibilities that is worlds asunder from the self-centred ideals of his own generation.

When this book was first published, the authors felt it necessary to point out that it represented only the views of the young *intellectuels* of the country, but they stated their belief that these new views of life were penetrating to other classes. The whole world can see now that this was so. France as a whole nation is giving the world a wonderful exhibition of faith and steadfastness which must have a deep moral basis. An American friend who used to be contemptuous of the French writes me that his ideas have entirely changed, adding that he has just seen a private letter from a British officer at the front stating that "very often it has been a French regiment that has shown the way to a British regiment." And I have just received a letter from a French lady who has been visiting the military hospitals in Paris; she says: "Yes, I think that our soldiers are really amazing (*épatants*); the wounded whom I go to see in the different hospitals are wonderful in their endurance, courage, and high spirits." Not much sign of Latin decadence on those sickbeds, evidently!

I have hardly space left to do more than indicate in a general way the reflection of this new spirit in recent educational reform and in literature. Those interested in these subjects should consult, for education, the books dealing with the Sorbonne I have mentioned at the head of this paper; and for literature, the little literary *enquête* edited by Emile Henriot as well as parts of Ernest Dimnet's book, "France Herself Again."

The demands made by the *jeunesse* that there should be a reform in education proceed from two elements of the new spirit—its patriotism and its pragmatism. They feel that the spirit presiding over the higher schools especially has been not a French but a German spirit, and that it has had no practical aim, such as that of producing a cultivated man, but a visionary aim of serving the ends of a metaphysical abstraction known as Truth (with a capital). For a long time before the war the opponents of the official education were voices crying in the wilderness—though the *Ligue pour la*

Culture Française, founded in 1911, had great names on its membership list; I remember hearing Dean Croiset of the Sorbonne, in his *cours d'ouverture* in 1911, refer with disdain to the outcries of a few youths who had been unable to get their degrees and state that the university intended to take no notice of them. Now that these youths are in the trenches, their elders have made *amende honorable*, and have admitted that the youngsters saw more clearly than they did. René Doumic, in a notable article in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, entitled "Le Retour à la Culture Française," says: "For too long a time French culture has retreated before German culture. We ask the heads of our educational system to drive back German culture as the leaders of our army are driving back the German army." He points out that the highly prized *esprit français* is not merely a racial gift (which cannot be lost) but a product of education. And he breaks out into this eloquent appeal: "So, give us back a French cultural education, all of you on whom the destinies of our education depend. This is a request, and, if you like, an entreaty. I address it to the Minister of Public Instruction, to the Directors of the Educational Department, to the members of the Conseil Supérieur, to the professors of the Sorbonne and a few others. If you have made a mistake, as I believe, I know that you have souls generous enough to acknowledge your error. To err is human, to persevere in one's error is the only unpardonable fault. Deliver us from the pedantic, mediocre and formless education *à l'allemande!* Give back to us the education of clearness, nobility and beauty *à la française!*" The young men themselves hold "that there is no truth which is worth the dehumanizing of a soul."

And a corresponding change has come over the tone of French literature. Nothing could illustrate this better than the cold reception that was accorded last year to Henri Bataille's play "Le Phalène," when it was played on a Parisian stage. This play concerns a young woman who learns that she is doomed to die within a short time of a disease that has

already secretly fastened upon her. The question is what use is she going to make of what of life remains to her. She decides—quite in the decadent French tradition—to devote it to the unbridled satisfaction of her passions. The critic of the *Temps*, in his severe review of this play, said: "If M. Bataille has decided to remain faithful to the out-worn conception of life as having its highest purpose in the satisfaction of the desires of the individual, he is quite within his rights; but he must not blame a public which finds greater satisfaction in sacrificing selfish desires to a sense of duty, if it receives his plays with indifference or even with disapproval." Nor need the sight of a yellow-backed French novel terrify Mrs. Grundy now as it used to do. Yellow covers never enclosed sweeter moral doctrine than is to be found in the novels, for example of Henry Bordeaux and René Bazin. The works of these and many other French novelists taken together seem sometimes to form one vast Ode to Duty. Especially do they preach the sacredness of the affections which bind the individual to his family and to his country. Surely anyone who knows how fundamental a principle in the French social structure the integrity of the family has always been will see that at last the French novel is becoming a true picture of French society.

Such, then, briefly outlined, are the tendencies of young France. One cannot but be struck with the general similarity of its outcry against the "phraseurs" and "politicailleurs" who misled its elders with the long battle of Thomas Carlyle against the "hearsays and formulas," the dilettantism of his time in England; and the frequent mention of Carlyle in "*Les Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd'hui*" is probably not fortuitous. I can think of no parallel that can bring home better to the Anglo-Saxon reader the real meaning of this movement. It is a plea that life be taken seriously, not as a thing to be toyed with. The alarm of foreign lovers of France, like J. E. C. Bodley,¹ lest France should be losing her idealism,

¹ See the essay "On the Decline of Idealism in France" in Bodley's "Cardinal Manning and other Essays."

is unfounded. I put this difficulty frankly to a young French correspondent of mine; this is his answer: "Do not think that under the pretext of seeking practical reality, we are abandoning the intellectual battle-field. One cannot make a nation over again. Chase nature away and she comes back on the gallop. Under the sporting and practical surface of the young Frenchman of to-day, you have no difficulty in discovering the *sentimental* who raves about the classics at the age of fifteen, about Marot, Villon, La Fontaine and Musset at eighteen—or, to speak for those of us who have a scientific bent, in spite of our admiration for Edison, Marconi and all these great practical scientists, our preference is for the great geniuses of Euclid, Newton, Poincaré who mark scientific epochs and determine the direction of thought, and for the unknown inventors like Papin who only saw without applying." But the *jeunesse d'aujourd'hui* sees that, first of all, before you talk about France's rôle in the world as an intellectual leader, you must make sure that France is going to remain a strong nation. For the death of the body is the death of the mind. In the words of Dumont-Wilden, contained in the "Annexes" of the "Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd'hui": "France will never be Prussianized. She instinctively worships ideas too much ever to fall into the excesses of German matter-of-factness. But her friends abroad, the most enlightened at least, must realize this fact: in order that she may continue to represent brilliantly the most refined, the most aristocratic and the most humane culture that there is in Europe, she must keep her rank among the strong nations. And it seems to me that the movement you have so well described aims at nothing else."

A. F. BRUCE CLARK

EXILED

WHAT care I for Life's passing joys,
When I have drunk of Grief's old wine ?
What care I for such tiresome toys,
When heartaches bitter-sweet are mine ?

Why should I mingle in the dance,
And clasp Queen Pleasure's luring hand ?
Or sing a song of love, perchance,
Whilst waiting words of Love's command ?

Why should I sit where Memory's voice
May make low music in my ear ?
Why should a lily be my choice
When roses, passion-red, are near ?

Nay, I shall stand outside the gate
Where Pleasure revels day and night,
And there, alone, content to wait,
As any beggared exile might :

Again I'll drink of Grief's old wine,
And follow where the roses led.
The joys of life ? They are not mine ;
Give me the bitter-sweet instead.

M. AILEEN WARD

THE MUSE IN KHAKE

For first you write a sentence,
And then you chop it small;
Then mix the bits, and sort them out
Just as they chance to fall:
The order of the phrases makes
No difference at all.

IF the writing of verse has been fairly described as the literary measles of the youthful aspirant, it is clear that the German measles of second childhood is the plague prevalent among English men of letters at the present time. Moreover, the disease would seem to be fatally and sadly contagious. Novelists, writers of *belles-lettres*, critics, super-critics, even dramatic critics, have fallen victims with the poets, major and minor alike, to this sole successful raid that Germany has so far perpetrated upon the shores of England. Volume succeeds volume, anthology anthology, with all the fevered persistence of an ammunition column rushing up supplies. To say that each is worse than the last would be both unjust and hypercritical, since all that I have so far seen maintain the splendid mediocrity of the fundamentally second rate.

But, you say, in time of war—and such a war!—why worry? Literature is at a discount. Books are a drug in the market. The only works the British people read are those fat, sturdy, official tomes revealing to us the depths of our lamentable ignorance and our colossal uselessness. Who cares what these people write? Has not Maeterlinck himself declared for action rather than for words? Is not Anatole France, the immortal, suffering such poor consolation as he can derive from writing for the *Petits Bleus*, his active services refused by a sternly efficient country?

In one degree the argument is sound, but in another false. That war affects literature is an accepted fact based

on historical precedent. That the literature of war cannot raise its head till some long period after the events themselves, until in fact a perspective can once more be obtained, is equally indisputable. That English men of letters may yet achieve in time to come their share of the immortal record is food for reasonable hope. But that is not the point at issue. Granting that, and making due allowances, why should they be so complacently persistent in their present unpardonable sins?

To each of us his own ideal of the most that war may accomplish, but the least that it should achieve, is to cleanse the mind from cob-web thinking, to sterilize our sentimentality into purer sentiment. "Hot air" is already a less profitable commodity than in the balmy days of peace. The maximum of efficient action, the minimum of superfluous chatter, should be our standing orders. With this spirit abroad upon the waters one had hoped for better things in the English press. The pen, we know, is not always mightier than the sword, but it is somewhat sadly entertaining to find the tired business man rising to the occasion far better than the professional Philistine hunters.

Before coming to my selected gems of national inspiration, I feel it incumbent upon me to give my readers the benefit of such mental and spiritual preparation as is afforded by the exquisitely illuminating preface to Mr. John Lane's anthology "Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time:"—

In the stress of a nation's peril some of its greatest songs are born. In the stress of a nation's peril the poet at last comes into his own again, and with clarion call he rouses the sleeping soul of the empire. Prophet he is, champion, and consoler.

If in these later times the poet has been neglected, now in our infinite need, in our pride and sorrow, he is here to strengthen, comfort and inspire. The poet is vindicated.

What can so nobly uplift the hearts of a people facing war with its unspeakable agony as music and poetry? The sound of martial music steels men's hearts before battle. The sound of martial words inspires human souls to do and to endure. God, His poetry, and His music are the Holy Trinity of war.

Not always the greatest songs that have sent men on to victory. Sometimes it has been a modest verse that has found refuge in the heart of the soldier ready for the ultimate sacrifice, cheered on his way by the lilt of a human song. Who else, indeed, can take the place of a poet?

So our anxious hearts are stilled, our broken spirits healed, our weary souls led on to greater things. From this fair garland, so modestly foredoomed to fame, let me cull a flower or two for your delight. It should be added that the authors are not responsible for the occasional italics that follow.

From Mr. Stephen Phillips, renowned author of "Marpessa," springs the following tender bud—

He looked for silence, but a thunder came
 Upon him from Liege a leaden hail.
 All Belgium flew up at his throat in flame,
 Till at her gates amazed his legions *quail*.

Surely such hyper-platitudes should be concealed by some felicitous phrase, should take cover behind some chaste expression, some subtly chosen word. They should not be crucified naked upon the sky-line against the dawn of English grammar.

The finest example of the novelistic poet is Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "To England: To Strike Quickly," taken from Messrs. Chatto & Windus's publication.

Fight, since thou must; strike quick and fierce,
 So when the tyrant for too long
 Hath shook the blood out of his *ears*
 He may have learned the price of wrong.

Let him learn this, that the due grief
 Of his own vice he cannot ban
 By outrage of a highway thief;
 Let him remember the Corsican.

As representing the prize specimen of second rate sentiments expressed in third rate verse by one popularly considered a first rate author, this seems not unworthy of an iron cross.

The gross rhyme alone would justify such recognition. Whatever vision of patriotic inspiration it was intended to convey, the nett impression left upon the mind is that of a London cab-horse stumbling wearily through the final pre-Oxo stage of his existence.

Mr. William Watson, on the other hand, is nothing if not breezy in his bright little, tight little hydrophobian effect placed to the navy's credit—

As rose the misty sun,
Our men the North Sea scanned,
And each rejoicing gun
Welcomed a foe at hand.
And thundering its delight,
Opened its mouth outright,
And bit them in the Bight,
The Bight of Helgoland.

One can picture Gilbert writing just such a verse for the mock-heroic chorus of a song in *H.M.S. Pinafore*. How the old Savoy chorus would have revelled in "Bit them in the Bight," snapping it from lip to lip across the solemn stage, always with half an eye upon the beat of Cellier's baton guiding some inimitable gravity of Sullivan. For such a destiny it would be nearly perfect; but that the grand fleet in the hour of England's greatest trial should be perpetuated by comic opera can hardly be considered opportune: yet much may be forgiven to the delicious author of the "Tara" verses to Lord Aberdeen.

Perhaps this seemingly unaccountable phenomenon is not so difficult of solution if one keeps in the mind's eye the basic mental attitude of many present-day writers, a large number of whom have indulged for years in the grossest form of literary sectarianism. Consciously or unconsciously taking their time from the arch-inopportunist, they have followed across the stepping-stones of their self-esteem to the islands of the high select. The strength, weakness, and foibles of the large, non-artistic majority has afforded such a self-evident basis for work that criticism has supplanted

creation. When you have become habituated to the production of intolerant propagandism, invariably at the expense of one section of the community and to the glorification of your own minority, mental sectarianism is the inevitable result. It has often been said of the Londoner that he is the most truly provincial type of Englishman, but only Max Beerbohm the great, with one or two others, has dared to expose this literary snobbishness in its true colours.

Owing, to a certain degree, to the same dire influence, the "New Drama," so called, that began to flourish at the Court Theatre a decade ago, developed disproportionately into one of pure criticism. In the true artist the critical faculty must obviously hold its place, but to take one's stand at the self-righteous end of a telescope tends to minor criticism rather than to major art. One could quote a score of such instances in recent plays and novels, but to do so would be superfluous.

And so when a great international upheaval occurs, these generalissimos of the pen turn instinctively to abuse of the offending party, rather than to working from the creative vantage ground of some form of national expression. Once again we are greeted with the flying corks from soda water bottles. Once again the parable of the foolish virgins is brought before our eyes.

Moreover, the exceptions are so significantly characteristic. Anyone who has followed John Masefield's work was sure of a firm faith that he who could write a "Nan," the "Poems and Ballads" and "Salt Sea Ballads" was incapable of such spitfire exuberance. For long we have felt him to be head and shoulders above his contemporaries, with the possible exception of the late John Synge, and now his "August 1914" stands out a splendid piece of restrained creation, born of the spirit long before it passed through the intellect. By comparison it seems almost too indirect an expression of the subject and the time; but surely this only proves the force of the author's self-criticism, the power of his wider selection, the strength of his understanding love.

Amid the blaring of discordant trumpets it came to us as a breath of the soft west wind. A few of the more restrained poems, such as Sir Henry Newbolt's beautiful "Vigil," are reprinted from previous publications and so do not fairly enter into this brief commentary. Mr. R. E. Vermede's "England to the Sea" contains some admirable work, even if sense has occasionally been sacrificed to sound and swing; one feels a certain element of doubt about such lines as "Not till the sea and England sink together shall they be masters!"

The best example of sheer artistic genius that I have so far seen is, alas! not to England's credit, but to M. Emile Verhaeren's and in his "Aéroplanes sur Bruxelles," the first two verses and the last would seem the best for a curtailed quotation—

Les roses de l'été—couleur, parfum et miel
 Peuplent l'air diaphane,
 Mais la guerre blasonne effrayamment le ciel
 De grands aéroplanes.

Ils s'envolent si haut qu'on ne les entend pas
 Vrombir dans la lumière
 Et que l'ombre qu'ils font tomber de haut en bas
 S'arrête avant la terre.

.....
 Ils s'éloignent soudain dans la pleine clarté,
 Dieu sait par qu'elle voie
 En emportant l'affre et la peur de la cité
 Pour butin et pour proie.

The selection, the very skill of his self-limitation in direct subject, only enhances the broad and vivid impressions that he has wrung therefrom. If a Belgian can write a poem of this quality, what justification is there for the cheap abuse of his English contemporaries?

In making any reference to a form of national expression, however limited, one could not justly pass over the famous "Hymn of Hate." Such abuse as we find there is at least the direct representative feeling of a section of the com-

munity, and such a poem could never have sprung from an unrepresentative individual source. Its merit is unquestionable. It would not be surprising to find these three pieces in the select anthology of twenty years hence.

A brief reference, of necessity modest, should justly here be made to our Canadian war verse that has appeared in recent issues of *The University Magazine*. Three pieces may be mentioned as representing treatment of the subject from widely different aspects.

While "A.M.", in the February number, gives us strong realism from within the tents (presumably of Salisbury Plain), Mr. Warwick Chipman, in December, made the most of his soundly logical attitude adopted towards "The accusing tempest of our stings" levelled at the German Kaiser. His argument was as taut as his construction. To the October issue Miss Bradley contributed a truly fine piece entitled "Women of France," which is worthy of ranking with the best. It is so freshly free from abuse, so humanly free from intellectual tinsel, so skilfully free from any false note in expression or technique. Mr. E. W. Thomson contributed three exquisite sonnets, and again in February a more elaborate piece of verse, "Eve of War," which is compact with thought perfectly expressed. More may not be said—possibly the bounds of propriety have already been exceeded. In conclusion let it be admitted that certain of our poets have fully realized the futility of attacking the whole vast subject in a few verses, sensibly preferring to select some small part for adequate and effective treatment. Would that some of their more famous English contemporaries had adopted similar tactics.

When the war is ended and the labour of reconstruction begun, when the soldier, professional and civilian, returns once more after the unromantic and ghastly horror of this calamity, there may yet be realized a more generous spirit of national brotherhood. The petty carplings of this and that section of the community, the superior, intolerant criticism of the few, the broad-shouldered, obstinate apathy of the

many, may become merged and blended into some form of harmony. If that can once be achieved there may then arise a period of artistic rejuvenation that shall be generously representative of the whole in its multitudinous aspects, becoming of its very self a tribute not unworthy of the mighty deeds preceding.

So, when we have taken our memories to the grave, our sons and our sons' sons may find in literature and art the true expression of "all the unspoken worship of those lives spent in forgotten wars of long ago"—an expression that will be a strength and a stay, a blazing torch to carry down the years, clear enough, vivid enough to preserve them from "the indifference to their own indifference," out of which tragic state we have been so rudely plucked by the scruffs of our unready necks.

J. E. HOARE

THOSE DAYS

BACK from the serious age of years I turn.
Sorrow has made her bargain and is gone.
I see to-day the crimson tulips burn;

The paler fires are faint as hasting dawn,
Yellow, and white, and rose, impetuous flames;
Dreaming, I walk again the quiet lawn,

Hear the cool laughter of the children's games,
Smiled at by the first nursemaid of the spring,
See the gold sun,—and, half forgotten names

Slowly recall of men who had their fling
At life awhile there in those happy days,
Laughing at all the glory it could bring;

Unknowing they of Truth that should amaze
Later their wiser eyes, the high debate
With circumstance that creates while it slays;

Unknowing many things, lacking for mate
That taciturn, profound companion Death,
Footing life's stones,—and yet how brightly great!

. . . . Brightness that was; but it is now the breath
That is the world; the world is what one tells,
News to a friend, saying, "Another saith:"

The world is the spent music of dead bells
Thinned to a murmur on a wind that grieves,
And dully grieves, forgetting that it knells;

It is as swallows fleeting past their eaves;
As that swift beauty, worshipped while it flees,
Garbed in faint moonlight, amid ivy leaves. . . .
. . . . I am but looking at the happy trees,
The tulips, and the spring, and college days.
Of life the least was not made up of these.

ARTHUR L. PHELPS

GERMAN REMINISCENCES

NOW that the German and French armies, after a lapse of forty-four years, are again in a death grapple, reminiscences of great men who participated in the war of 1870 take on a new and timely interest. Among the most delightful acquaintances made by me when a student at the University of Berlin, in the winter semester of 1890-1, was Dr. George Bunsen, a son of the well-known writer on history, archæology, and theology, the Chevalier Bunsen, who was the Prussian ambassador at Rome and in London during the second quarter of the last century.

Before King William of Prussia, the grandfather of the present Kaiser, was crowned as the first emperor of the new German empire, Dr. Bunsen had become closely associated with the Crown Prince Frederick and the Crown Princess Augusta Victoria, in some of the philanthropic and civic movements in which those noble specimens of genuine royalty were so deeply interested. In that way he came into intimate relations with many of the leading representatives of the court circle and the military life of Germany at that period; and he assured me that the three stories connected with von Moltke and "Unser Fritz," which are given in this article, were all told to him, first hand, by eye-witnesses of the scenes described.

These three tales, so far as I know, have never been published. They seem worthy of public record, especially at the present time, when the eyes of the world are focused upon the German army, and men have been wondering whether Helmuth von Moltke the Second has any of his renowned uncle's genius for strategy.

I

The first of these anecdotes describes the way in which von Moltke signed and dated the long-prepared order for

the mobilization of the Prussian armies, just after he received the news of the French ambassador's withdrawal from the Prussian court on July 14th, 1870—an act that was practically equivalent to a declaration of war by France. But to appreciate the significance of this first tale, one must make a full resumé of the events leading up to that withdrawal.

After Prussia, in the War of 1866, had wrested from Austria the leadership of the German states, Bismarck, von Roon (the Prussian Minister of War) and von Moltke (the Chief of the General Staff) believing, as Bismarck in his "Reminiscences" puts it, that an "early war with France lay in the logic of history"—began at once to create that wonderful military machine, the modern German army. They developed such a marvellous organization that in less than two weeks after Louis Napoleon, "the Unready," had so fatuously declared war against Prussia, the Berlin War Office was able to mobilize an army of 1,250,000 men. The major part of that colossal host moved down at once to the western frontier, crossed the Rhine and began an invasion of France—with a perfect equipment of ammunition and food, and with accurate maps of every road, and almost every lane, leading to Paris.

The plans for such a prompt and comprehensive mobilization were perfected a year before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, and all things were ready when the question of the succession to the Spanish throne furnished Bismarck with the opportunity for which he had been waiting.

On July 2nd, 1870, the Madrid ministry (subject to the approval of the Cortes) offered the throne to Leopold, hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern, who at first accepted it. He belonged to the Sigmaringen and Roman Catholic branch of the Hohenzollern race. "He was only related to the King of Prussia through a very remote common ancestry; and the establishment of even that relationship was a genealogical problem of extreme stiffness."¹ He was the grandson of the

¹ Lowe's "Prince Bismarck," Vol. I., p. 497.

Princess Murat and the grand-nephew of Louis Napoleon's mother, and his wife was a sister of the King of Portugal. By blood, therefore, he was more closely connected with the imperial dynasty of France than with the royal house of Prussia.

As the patriarch of the Hohenzollerns, King William had treated Leopold's acceptance of the Spanish offer simply as a family matter, which in no way concerned the Prussian government and the North German Confederation. But, very foolishly, Louis Napoleon's *entourage* made the matter a government question. The French premier, Ollivier, attacked the Hohenzollern candidature as a scheme of Bismarck's and of the Prussian government's, and he peremptorily demanded Leopold's withdrawal. Leopold, in order to prevent the war threatened by France, had already voluntarily renounced his candidature, and so informed the Spanish ministry. Madrid had officially communicated that fact to the French government. That should have been enough for France; but Ollivier ordered Count Benedetti, the French ambassador to the Prussian court, to proceed at once to Ems, where King William was taking a cure at the baths, and to demand of the King that he would bind himself, "for all future time," never to permit a Hohenzollern to accept the Spanish throne. None of the King's cabinet were with him at Ems. Bismarck, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs, was at Varzin, his country-seat in Pomerania.

What happened is best described in the famous "Ems telegram," which was sent in cipher by Herr Abeken on July 13th, 1870, to Bismarck, who, warned of what was brewing, had come to Berlin. He had invited von Moltke and von Roon to dine with him alone, in order to discuss the events that were threatening. The telegram—which was received that same evening, during their dinner—was as follows:—

His Majesty writes to me:

"Count Benedetti spoke to me on the promenade, in order to demand from me, finally in a very importunate manner, that I should authorize him to telegraph at once that I bound myself for all future time never

again to give my consent, if the Hohenzollerns should renew their candidature. I refused at last somewhat sternly, as it is neither right nor possible to undertake engagements of this kind *à tout jamais*. Naturally, I told him that I had as yet received no news, and as he was earlier informed about Paris and Madrid than myself, he could clearly see that my government once more had no hand in the matter."

His Majesty has since received a letter from the Prince. His Majesty, having told Count Benedetti that he was waiting news from the Prince has decided, with reference to the above demand, upon the representation of Count Eulenberg and myself, not to receive Count Benedetti again, but only to let him be informed, through an aide-de-camp: That His Majesty has now received from the Prince confirmation of the news which Benedetti had already received from Paris, and had nothing further to say to the ambassador His Majesty leaves it to your Excellency whether Benedetti's fresh demand and its rejection should not be at once communicated both to our ambassadors and the Press.¹

If that telegram had been given out to the public, *verbatim*, in its original, full form, the Germans would have felt that the French government had frightened the Prussian government into ordering Leopold's withdrawal. That his withdrawal had been interpreted by the French government and people as a back-down by the Prussian government, was shown by the headlines of the Paris press, "*La Prusse Cane*" ("Prussia shows the white feather").

The charge has often been made, and is now being repeated in the discussions growing out of the present war, that Bismarck used a "faked" telegram—some writers speak of it as a "forged" one—in order to force France to take the initiative in declaring war in 1870. The careful reader may compare the full form of the famous "Ems telegram," as given above, with the abbreviated edition that was given out by Bismarck (see page 210), and draw his own conclusions.

That Bismarck "doctored" that telegram, he himself frankly admitted in his "*Reflections and Reminiscences*," published over twenty years after the Franco-Prussian War. Indeed, one of the most transparent chapters in that self-betraying book is the dramatic story of that fateful *diner à*

¹ Bismarck's "*Recollections and Reminiscences*," Vol. II., p. 96.

trois, and of the way in which a confidential telegram, in the act of passing through that dining-room and out again to the world at large, did, at the magic touch of Bismarck, suffer—not exactly

. a sea change
Into something rich and strange—

but a change that certainly did transform a preliminary parley into a provoking challenge. In reading that chapter one can plainly hear the Iron Chancellor grimly chuckling to himself, as he recalls, with an almost gleeful relish, the Machiavellian shrewdness with which he so “edited” the “Ems telegram,” and so steered events, as to tempt France to strike the first blow. In that chapter he says:—

When I read the telegram to my guests, their dejection was so great that they turned away from food and drink. (Vol. II. p. 96.)

Bismarck determined to resign from the ministry, rather than be responsible for such a humiliation. He saw no solution of the problem, except by “picking a quarrel clumsily and seeking it artificially.” (Vol. II, p. 93.) But a further study of the telegram showed him a way out:

The telegram included a command, immediately to communicate Benedetti’s fresh demand and its rejection both to the Prussian ambassadors (at the courts of Europe) and to the press. I put a few questions to Moltke as to the extent of his confidence in the state of our preparations, especially as to the time they would require in order to meet this sudden risk of war. He answered that if there was to be war he expected no advantage to us by deferring its outbreak; and even if we should not be strong enough, at first, to protect all the territories on the left bank of the Rhine against French invasion, our preparations would, nevertheless, soon overtake those of the French, while at a later period this advantage would be diminished. He regarded a rapid outbreak as, on the whole, more favourable to us than delay. (Vol. II, p. 96.)

Whereupon Bismarck decided to make use of “the royal authorization to publish the contents of the telegram;” but, in the presence of his two guests, he first “reduced” it, “by striking out words,” though (as he claimed) “without adding

or altering," so that the so-called "Ems telegram" was transmitted to the Prussian Ambassadors throughout Europe and given to the press, in the following form:—

After the news of the renunciation of the Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern had been officially communicated to the Imperial Government of France by the Royal Government of Spain, the French ambassador at Ems further demanded of His Majesty, the King, that he would authorize him to telegraph to Paris that His Majesty the King bound himself for all future time never again to give his consent, if the Hohenzollerns should renew their candidature. His Majesty the King thereupon decided not to receive the French Ambassador again, and sent to tell him, through the aide-de-camp on duty, that His Majesty had nothing further to communicate to the ambassador. (Vol. II. p. 99.)

To quote Bismarck's own description of the result of thus "editing" the telegram:

The difference in the effect of the abbreviated text of the Ems telegram, as compared with that produced by the original, was not the result of stronger words, but of the form, which made this announcement appear decisive; while Abeken's version would only have been regarded as a fragment of a negotiation still pending, and to be continued at Berlin. (Vol. II, p. 99.)

After Bismarck had read out to his two guests "the condensed edition" of the telegram, von Moltke's gloom underwent "a revulsion to a more joyous mood," the liveliness of which surprised Bismarck. Von Moltke remarked: "*now*, it has a different ring. It sounded, before, like a parley; *now*, it is like a flourish, in answer to a challenge." (Vol. II, p. 100.)

Bismarck went on to explain to his two colleagues:

If, in the execution of His Majesty's order, I at once communicate this text, which contains no alteration in, or addition to, the telegram, not only to the newspapers, but also by telegraph to all our embassies, it will be known in Paris before midnight; and not only on account of its contents, but also on account of the manner of its distribution, it will have the effect of a red rag upon the Gallic bull. Fight we must, if we do not want to act the part of the vanquished without a battle. Success, however, essentially depends upon the impression which the origination of the war makes upon us and others; it is important that *we* should be the party attacked, and

this Gallic overweening and touchiness will make us, if we announce it in the face of Europe, so far as we can without the speaking trumpet of the Reichstag, that we fearlessly meet the public threats of France.

However inevitable the War of 1870 may have been, and however evident it now is that France was quite as determined as Prussia to bring it on, the average American or Briton—who has learned to prefer the straightforward type of diplomacy, as exemplified in John Hay or in Sir Edward Grey—feels, somehow, that the reputation of no modern American or British statesman would come out quite whole, after such a revelation of over-cunning as Bismarck, in after years and with such brutal *insouciance*, gave to the world in his own "Reminiscences."

But, whatever may be our opinion of the ethical question raised by the story which Bismarck so frankly tells of the way in which "a parley" was thus changed into a defiant "flourish, in answer to a challenge," by converting an almost "harmless notification into 'a red rag to the Gallic bull,'" the effect produced, both in Paris and in Germany, by the publication of the "edited" form of the so-called "Ems telegram" of July 13, 1870, was just what Bismarck expected and hoped for.

Thus rebuffed by King William, Benedetti, on July 14, left Ems in disgust. His departure meant war, which was formally declared by France on July 19, thus putting Prussia in exactly the position Bismarck wanted her to be.

The people of the North German States were roused at once to resist what they felt to be a national insult, and France immediately made preparations for a formal declaration of war. And the same result followed in the South German States:

France has addressed an ultimatum to the Southern States, leaving them the option between neutrality—in which case their territory would not be touched—or war, in which they would be treated with the utmost severity. But the Southern States, disdaining to be thought 'born idiots,' merely replied by placing their armies under the command of the King of Prussia; and the helmeted hosts of all Germany—marshalling in silent, swift, and machine-like array—swept on to their sacred and imperilled

river, chanting the patriotic psalm which, not much less than the needle-gun, helped them on to victory:

Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein,
Wir Alle wollen Huter sein;
Lieb Vaterland magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.¹

The second, and less famous, telegram, bringing the news of Benedetti's withdrawal from Ems, was handed to von Moltke in his office at the War Department. It is at this point that Bunsen's significant story begins. Quietly opening his modest desk, the great strategist took out a portfolio, in which for many months had been peacefully sleeping an order for the mobilization of the German army and the immediate invasion of France, *needing only to be dated and signed!*

At that supreme moment, when a mere date and a signature were the only things required in order to let slip the dogs of war, and when everyone else in that office was showing intense excitement, the great organizer of the modern German army was as calm as he might have been if he were about to write out an order for the day's marketing for his simple household. As he filled in the date and affixed his fateful signature, all that he did was to utter, with a quiet sigh, the two, almost untranslatable German words, "*Also, doch.*" Literally they mean, "So then—yet." If one might venture to translate von Moltke's unuttered thoughts, the phrase meant something like the following:

"So then, here it is—what we Germans have been expecting; and yet one might wish it were otherwise."

That was what happened in 1870, in the days of the Empire, when Louis Napoleon's premier, Ollivier, with such "a light heart" (those were his own words) deliberately precipitated his country into war with Prussia.

But how different was the story of the beginnings of the titanic struggle that is now literally shaking the whole world. Republican France has been far wiser than Imperial France.

¹ Lowe's "Bismarck," Vol. I., p. 524.

In 1914, France, though necessarily prepared to defend herself, has wanted peace, and her government has sincerely striven to keep the peace. This time, the consensus of impartial opinion in neutral countries is that the true aggressors have certainly *not* been the French.

It was the Austrian Emperor who (unquestionably with Kaiser William's permission) sent his fateful and humiliating ultimatum to little Serbia, trusting to his German ally to "keep the ring clear"—it was Kaiser Franz Josef who, with the German Kaiser's consent, started the awful train of events, the results of which will burden the whole world for more than a generation.

And it was Kaiser William who first declared war upon Russia, because of her tentative and precautionary mobilization for the succour of her Slavonic kindred in Serbia, thereby compelling France to stand by her ally; and it was the German Kaiser who broke the plighted word of his country by violating the neutrality of plucky little Belgium, and thereby forced England, in honour and for her own self-defence, to take the field and keep her part of that same treaty in regard to Belgium.

It was the two Kaisers that, *this* time, have "picked the quarrel," and have thus set the civilized world on fire. And, *this* time, however prepared Germany has proved herself to have been, when the second and lesser von Moltke let slip the dogs of war, the events that have since developed show that, in preparedness for the present conflict, the French army of 1914 was not very far behind the German.

II

Dr. Bunsen's second story was of the Crown Prince Frederick, the father of the present Kaiser.

At the very outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, in which the newly formed and loosely knit German Confederation was for the first time to fight under the one flag of United Germany, one of the knotty problems was the choice of the commander for the corps made up of the South

German States of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, which only four years before had been fighting, side by side with Austria, against Prussia.

The majority of Bavarians and Wurtembergers were Roman Catholics, and the Prussians were mostly Protestants. Moreover, there was a temperamental incompatibility between the cold, reserved, and formal Prussians and the warmer, more impulsive Southern Germans. It was decided, finally, to give the command of the South German corps to the Crown Prince Frederick, who, in the war against Austria and those very Southern Germans, had won so much glory at the battle of Königgrätz.

Such was the rare combination of firmness and gentleness, tact and *camaraderie*, which were prominent traits in the character of "Frederick the Good," that he very soon won the enthusiastic devotion of the very men whom he had helped to defeat in the war with Austria. He became "*Unser Fritz*" to them, quite as much as he was to his own Prussians. This was shown most strikingly in the following delightful incident that was vouched for to me by Dr. Bunsen.

As a cigar or pipe was so often an "Open Sesame" to good fellowship among soldiers, the Crown Prince had overcome his strong natural dislike for tobacco and had deliberately acquired the smoking habit. One late afternoon, when the South German corps, after the victories at Weissenburg and Worth, was quietly encamped near a small village in the Vosges Mountains, waiting for a great advance movement, the Crown Prince, dismissing his orderlies and other companions, took a stroll, *incognito*, through the outlying lines of his troops. In the course of his walk, as he was enjoying his twilight smoke, he neared an old barn, from which came the noise of soldiers' laughter. He loved nothing better than to mingle freely in the jollity that always exists "when good fellows get together." He opened the barn door and, quietly stepping in, saw a group of colonels, captains and other minor officers—all Southern Germans—who had evidently been enjoying some good tale or *bon mot*. As soon as they saw

the Crown Prince, a silence that was plainly one of suppressed merriment, rather than embarrassment, fell like a thick blanket upon the company.

The Crown Prince begged them not to allow his presence to act as a non-conductor for any good story that was going. Pointing to one of the officers, and calling him by name he said, "Herr Sergeant, I think I heard you talking as I approached the door. Pray share with me the good story you were just telling; I am sure it was a jolly one."

The sergeant was covered with confusion, which nevertheless had in it no taint of embarrassment; and yet he seemed somewhat loath to repeat what had just been greeted with such shouts of laughter. The Crown Prince, with great good nature and perfect *bonhomie*, insisted that "the Herr Sergeant should share his good story with his commander." Pushing the sergeant forward, his comrades said, "Tell his Royal Highness exactly what you were saying when he came in." Glad enough to yield to the gracious urging of his beloved leader, the sergeant replied:

Well, if your Royal Highness will pardon a soldier's frankness, I was just saying that if we had only had "*Unser Fritz*" at our head in '66, we would have whipped those damned Prussians out of their boots.

"*Unser Fritz*" had become so completely identified with them in feeling, that they seemed actually to have forgotten that he was a Prussian!

III

The third of Dr. Bunsen's tales was of von Moltke, during the siege of Sedan, which ended in the capture of Napoleon III and the downfall of French imperialism.

Von Moltke and the members of his staff were riding on a slight eminence near the doomed city. Suddenly, they sighted an Uhlan riding towards them at a furious gallop, under whip and spur, his tired horse flecked with foam. He brought the tremendous news that the two ends of the encircling German army, like a mighty boa-constrictor, had

met on the other side of Sedan. The investiture was complete, and every one in that group of officers felt sure at that moment that the French army and its Emperor were trapped, without any chance of escape.

Immediately, every man there began to talk excitedly and to express the exultation felt by all. The only silent one was the great strategist, of whom it was said that "he could hold his tongue in seven languages." When everyone else had talked himself out, von Moltke quietly asked the excited Uhlán to tell him exactly where and when the two ends of the encircling army had met. He replied that it was so many kilometres this or that side of a certain village and that they had met, we will say, at half past eleven that very morning. Von Moltke's comment, as he slowly nodded his head, was condensed in the homely German phrase, "*Es stimmt*"—"It agrees, it tallies." It was exactly at that place and exactly at that hour that he had planned that the junction should be made!

Iago's sneering description of Cassio, when applied to the greatest military mathematician of modern times, would have to be taken in a reversed sense, in every line:

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
 That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,
 Wherein togged Consuls can propose
 As masterly as he:—mere prattle, without practice,
 Is all his soldiership.

That Helmuth von Moltke the Less does not very much resemble von Moltke the Great, except in name, seems to be the general opinion of military experts. One thing, however, is certain: *the Germany of 1914 had no Bismarck*. Had another Bismarck been at Kaiser Wilhelm's elbow when he was about to give the Dual Monarchy a free hand in regard to Serbia, Germany would never have permitted Austria to launch its brutal and war-provoking ultimatum against that little

country—an ultimatum which has already brought about an armed conflict, on three continents, involving six of the Great Powers and two small nations, and has dislocated the commerce of the whole world, with the probability that, at least, Italy and the three remaining Balkan States will soon be drawn into the awful vortex of an almost universal Armageddon.

It is a "Nightmare-War"—only, alas, it is *not* a dream, but is the most dreadful and wide-awake fact that the world has ever faced.

RICHARD D. HARLAN

COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE

IMMORTAL land, how shall we comfort thee
Whose noble cities wrecked and ruined lie,
Whose fields stretch desolate beneath the sky?
What shall restore time's wondrous legacy
From dust and ashes? Nevermore shall be
Soft benediction from those bells hung high
Above men's griefs and passions; shattered die
The dreams men carved in some lost century.

How comfort ye? The hosts that marched to death,
The silent women who besought them not,
Never while speech is fashioned of men's breath
Shall they or their swift glory be forgot.
Treasured beyond all treasures, age by age
Shall point its sons to Belgium's glowing page.

MARY E. FLETCHER

NIETZSCHE AND GERMAN CULTURE

I

ONE of the minor ironies of this war is the coupling of Nietzsche and Treitschke as joint inspirers of the German mind, and the Comic Spirit has equal cause to smile at the efforts of Nietzsche's defenders to prove him perhaps more blameless than he is. The men were radically different. Even their course of life was bound to ensure that. For Treitschke was the politician in an historian's chair, whose first concern was German unity and German interests. It was therefore not an accident that he came to fill a Berlin chair and influence a generation of Prussian statesmen and officials. Nietzsche was professor of classics in the small University of Basel, outside the main stream of German life, and soon retired to spend the few active years left to him as a wandering invalid in southern health-resorts. He had, after the first flush of enthusiasm for united Germany, no political or national root; nor was his deepest interest ever political, for all his thought, in its many vicissitudes, was bent on fashioning an ideal of culture. But unity of culture was a danger to national unity, for it upheld a different standard, as Treitschke quickly saw. He discerned, as one suspects, that Nietzsche stood on one side of the deepest cleft in German history, and he on the other. In order to understand that cleft we shall have to go back over a century.

II

It is a commonplace that artists and thinkers flourish in a vigorous state. Many of the supreme epochs of artistic achievement can be labelled by the name of a great ruler like Pericles or Elizabeth. But we may question whether the connexion is as simple as it looks, and Germany makes a

notable exception. Her intellectual life was most brilliant when her power was small, when, indeed, there was no Germany. Nor did the many German rulers do very much to encourage German art in its growing time. The great Frederick gave what mind he spared from politics to French literature and French writers. Schiller, himself a frequenter of the court of Weimar, expressed the effect of this severance in a poem, half-bitter and half-proud, which boasted that the German muse owed nothing to patrons like the Medici or Augustus. All the higher and fuller the German built his lofty rhyme for that,

Und in eig'ner Tülle schwellend,
Und aus Herzens Tiefen quellend
Spottet er der Regeln Zwang.

These lines express the secret of that culture. It was a personal concern, and external things or rules counted as nothing in the balance compared with the claims of individual feeling and self-development. The typical romanticist strove to find some realm not coldly touched "by the light of common day." In the infinite he could best find room for self-expression; this gross, imperfect world must not intrude on the inner world of fantasy. The poets took inspiration from a Greece which was more than half dreamland, or fashioned a republic of the future from which nothing human was alien. (Both traits are to be found in Nietzsche, the last of the romanticists, though he did not know it.) The same note is perceptible in some strains of contemporary English poetry. When Wordsworth wrote

Heaven lies about us in our infancy,
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,

he is inspired by Plato but he does not platonize.¹ For Plato does not make childhood, or any other past, an ideal escape from the present. The ideal is to be found in the present, if we have the grace to see it. This perversion of Platonism, if the word may be used, is the besetting sin of romanticists, the

¹ cf. Schiller's, "Die Ideale," for the same feeling.

defect that springs from their merit. It carried them away from local or national conditions. And even those, like Kant and Goethe, who could not be classed with the school, recognized standards which withdrew them from a full share in the life of their people. They were too cosmopolitan to be merely national.

It must not be supposed that this attitude had nothing to do with politics or the State.¹ German culture tended to turn inwards because of political conditions. There were many states but no Germany, and the word "national," which has been used above, is an anachronism. The land has been compared to an ellipse, where many small communities revolved about Prussia and Austria as their centres. Prussia was a *Machtstaat*, with interests more material than the arts, and Austria remained the heir of the shadowy Holy Roman Empire, which indeed included all Germans, but had claims to be European and therefore cosmopolitan. It, too, had no national ideal to offer young Germans. As for the small states, their politics could lift no man out of himself. Goethe was a minister at Weimar, but, as Heine said, he sat there like the majestic Zeus of Pheidias in the Olympic temple; if he had risen, the temple roof would have come off. In all those states there were not yet the stirrings of life, and we can at least understand why German men of genius cultivated their garden, or looked beyond the Rhine for the hope of the future.

This dissonance between the ends of the artists and of the states was far from healthy. Schiller could greet the new century, which found Germany at death grips with France, in a poem which calmly assigned power by land to France and by water to Britain. Could any German of to-day bid his countrymen fly from life's turmoil "in des Herzens heilig stille Raume," as freedom was only in the realm of dreams! Freytag has somewhere a chronological list of stunning German catastrophes inter punctuated by the names of works which

¹ "I know that politics is the death of all true poetry, as must be, for it draws to externality, from the life of nature clean away into the unnature of state life, in which, as things are, especially in our century, poetry can no more be found." — Kerner.

are landmarks in art and philosophy. That calm stream of production flowed on as if nothing were happening to stir or shame German hearts. It was even felt to be wrong to turn aside from contemplation to the active life. "Do not turn soldier," wrote Brentano, "at a time when there are none; remain faithful to the church invisible of art. You do not know how shocked I should be, if you took up arms. Oh, be not one who goes to defeat or to victory; be a man high above the time and enter not this pitiful strife over a few acres of land." And his friend wrote back bidding him fear nothing.

It cannot be wondered that stern Prussians were needed to counteract this softness, and that rigid organization was the force which united Germany. But were the two points of view, the individual and the national, irreconcilable? The union of all parties in the war of liberation gives a partial answer. The national spirit, at last brought to consciousness by Fichte's famous "Addresses to the German Nation," was stimulated further by war and victory. The Germans rose, in words used by Napoleon of Spain, with "all the enthusiasm which is found in men who have not been exhausted by political passions." Still it needed the steadfast will of Prussian statesmen to win through against particularism within and military dangers without, and not till 1870 was the political union of Germany consummated. Had the gift been an unmixed blessing? In particular, had the cleft between political and spiritual life, which we have sketched, been mended without hurt to either side?

III

The sound of the guns had hardly died away when Nietzsche answered both questions. It is an omen that his first work harked back to Greece and to the old gods, Apollo and Dionysus, whom the romanticists had adopted before him. In an ideal Greece he found the unity of culture which the new Germany lacked. His second attempt, significantly called the first of a series of "Tracts out of Season,"

directly attacked the illusion that German success had anything to do with German culture. He told professors and statesmen drunken with victory that the extirpation of German culture might well be the price of the German Empire. For culture was a unity of artistic style running through every expression of a people's life. But with all her mass of knowledge Germany was a chaos of styles, and the proper name for that was not culture, but barbarism. The jubilation of the learned was therefore peculiarly out of place, for it showed that they did not understand what the word meant, or their debt to the genuine productive culture of France. The reason for that debt might be put in Goethe's words, "We Germans are of yesterday. We have diligently gone in for culture for a century, but some more centuries must elapse before spirit enough and higher culture enough soak into our countrymen and become universal, for men to say 'It is a long time since they were barbarians!'" He then embarked on a terrible analysis of a typical German scholar, David Strauss, whose knowledge had no salt of taste. These "culture-Philistines" were what the new empire had to show, men who worked like factory-hands, as if each minute wasted meant another fine. What had such learning to do with living? Nietzsche, in fact, is of Goethe's mind, "Everything is detestable to me that merely gives information without heightening my activity or directly animating me." One is reminded of Novalis' saying, "Philosophiren ist dephlegmatisiren, viviciren."

For Nietzsche was the true representative of the romantic tradition, though he scorned it.¹ He could not but protest against an organization of knowledge which tended to make the individual null, or a political unity which became man's chief end. It is no wonder that this declaration of war aroused Treitschke. That fanatic of empire detected in Nietzsche the heresy of *Reichsfeindlichkeit*. The following extract from a letter from Overbeck, the friend of both, to

¹ This is abundantly shown by Joel in his essay "Nietzsche und die Romantik."

Treitschke is an illuminating commentary from an exceptionally sober observer, all the more valuable because it is intended to mediate between the two: "There is one outstanding misfortune in our German history, that our movements in politics and in culture have gone such different roads and torn their powers asunder in a fatal faction. No man can be more thoroughly convinced than Nietzsche that union alone can here hammer us Germans into health. But I cannot agree with you that it must be a glaring sin, at a time when the German people have undergone such revolutions, simply to expect 'style' from them, using the word in its widest sense. That the late war, so far as it did not have directly corrupting effects, has exclusively benefited our political life and our civilization, while it proves so unfruitful for our culture, those forms of life which spring from our nobler impulses—this is one of the most arresting facts of our contemporary history. Wars rank among the most direct springs of blessing or corruption on which a nation can stumble in its path. A certain full bloom in the life of the state must not be overvalued in itself; and here I fear we are always likely to differ seriously. Still, we have too many aims in common to part over that, and in my opinion Nietzsche and you are men who, despite all essential differences, belong together so far as the difference in age permits." (Nov., 1873.)¹

The quarrel was not due to personal causes. Nietzsche had revealed the existence of the old cleft. But now the organization had won, and the men of genius were—where? His extreme individualism must be conceived in part as a protest against the sacrifice of life to the means of living. What the German State had done cannot be put better than in Windelband's half-regretful words, "With this political change we found ourselves drawn irresistibly into a whirl of practical work, which claimed and absorbed every power, every interest and every activity at the highest tension. . . . Space and time for inward meditation, for theoretical reflection, was limited; national energy was so scattered without

¹ Bernoulli, "Overbeck und Nietzsche," Vol. I.

that it could not gather itself together within. The zenith of our political life has produced no great poem, and as little an adequate philosophy in which its mind and life have come to expression in thought." These words, written five years ago, justify Nietzsche's prescience. Perhaps the din about German culture which troubles our ears to-day owes some of its loudness to faint stirrings of uneasiness.

IV

The one genius, however freakish, whom modern Germany has produced could therefore not produce an "adequate philosophy" of German life. He turned his back on the external pursuits and specialized activities which starved the inward life, and he asked, What makes the Man? The two norms which he took were each alike destructive of nationalism.

His main practical ideal was the "good European." This is the man with all his powers so tempered and developed that from the original warring elements a harmony is made. He is of no state, for he needs more than one state can give. All that could enhance and enrich life must be the ideal of this man, and all standards must be shattered in order to produce him. This ideal, which is of the cosmopolitan tradition, destroys nationalism. "Not the existence of a state at any price, but that the highest models may be able to live and create in it—this is the end of the commonwealth. This is the reason for the origin of states, though men often conceive wrongly what the highest models are—often plunderers, dynasties, and the like." Its end is to secure that good and fine living should be possible in it. In short, when nationalists said that the "questions of unity and freedom lie quite apart," Nietzsche agreed, thinking unity not worth the price.

Would the ideal of a greater Germany, with a hegemony over Europe, unite Nietzsche's ideal and Treitschke's? It would still further impoverish civilization by imposing uni-

formity upon the healthy variety of cultures. "As many international powers as possible, so as to produce world-perspective." "If men occupy themselves with power, with commerce, world-trade, parliamentarianism, military interests—if they squander on this side the amount of intelligence, interest, will, self-mastery that makes them, then there is a gap on the other side. Culture and State—be not deceived—are antagonists. Culture-state is a purely modern notion [it is Treitschke's!]. The one lives upon the other, the one spreads at the cost of the other." Like a romanticist, he puts his finger on the weakness—it is one of boundaries. "All this had its origin in 1815. Then suddenly the night fell upon the German spirit, which till then had a long, joyous day. The Fatherland, the boundary, the soil, the forefather—all kinds of narrow-mindedness suddenly began to make their claims felt." Even in his inconsistencies he reacted against German rigidity, for he was prepared to contemplate a Russian hegemony of Europe, perhaps because the Russian would live and let live. However it came, the "One Europe" of the future must be a synthesis, and synthesis is naught without variety.

It is evident that the ideal of Europe conflicted with nationalism and most of all with the super-nation. How could it be otherwise? For Nietzsche was in strong revolt against all the old set values of morality, science, and religion. The State was one of those values, the more dangerous because on it the others might be said to hang. But in Germany the menace was greatest, because the new State filled all minds and had become an end in itself. Could this iconoclast withhold his hand from the idol which was the chief of all the idols? "There," was his answer,

"there where the State leaves off, first begins the man who is not superfluous, there begins the song of the needed man, the unique and rare wise one.

"There where the State leaves off—look up, my brothers—see ye him not, the rainbow and the bridge of the overman?"

We can at least trace elements of the first ideal to the old German cosmopolitanism. The second, that of the superman, marks the romantic. Nietzsche's indecision about this ideal, even when he tries to be most ruthless and realist, indicates its character. He finds the superman now in a past which is coloured by his imagination, now in a type so remote in the future that the superman is as far from men as man from the ape. As he seeks his good European outside the boundaries of any single country, so he transcends the present altogether in his search for the superman, and this is the romantic touch. But the present from which he sought refuge was the Germany which he knew. As Joël has brilliantly shown, Nietzsche had passed under three influences which seem to blight the richness of life. They are humanitarianism, Darwinism, and pessimism. To be humane was to exhaust oneself in pity for the masses. Darwinism had brought to light the struggle and the need for pity not only in man, but through all creation. Schopenhauer gave to the Germans of his time a pessimism based on this misery, denying life itself. Nietzsche's violent counterassertion of life was a means of self-protection against the drain of pity. He had to tear himself apart from his fellows in order to make life tolerable. "The weak man injures himself." This view of pity, and still more his own need, is the psychological root of his individualism. The superman expresses dramatically Nietzsche's need of severance from the common life of man.

In this individualism the incompatibility of Nietzscheanism with any form of nationalism comes to a head. We may doubt whether the warriors and statesmen whom he names as types of the superman, like Alexander or Cæsar, stand there for any political achievement. It happens that the most repellent of all, Cesare Borgia, was Machiavelli's model. Both Machiavelli and Nietzsche admired the *virtù* of Borgia, but for different reasons. The former regarded him as a man of policy, daring and deceiving to consolidate his power. "The Prince" is a manual of statecraft for the adventurer who desires to remain firmly seated in the city he has won.

In modern times, as Lord Acton has pointed out, the successors of Machiavelli are those who, like the makers of Germany and Italy, set unity before liberty. But the adventurer himself and his adventure won Nietzsche's praise. This "Raubmensch," with instincts unimpaired and untamed, had the elements of manhood in him. The Borgia, he felt, had an unflinching unity of purpose which satisfied an artist's eye. For Nietzsche came to the Renaissance with the romantic test, which is æsthetic. His hero must enjoy life and its perils for their own sake, and in the Renaissance such men had scope. With Chapman's soaring Byron he might say,

be free, all worthy spirits,
And stretch yourselves for greatness and for height,
Untruss your slaveries; you have height enough
Beneath this steep heaven to use all your reaches.

This admiration of power and of achievement gained through power differs by a whole world from the calculating and devious courses of the statesman. If the policies of the Empire are inspired by Machiavelli and Frederick, Nietzsche's doctrine is as surely the last outcome of Renaissance individualism, freer in thought, if not in act, than any former creed. In a word, when the distinction between Nietzsche and Treitschke is pushed to an issue, the latter is a decorous authoritarianism, while Nietzsche shatters all authority and all institutions and many men to give the rare individual his full scope.

V

Impatient common-sense may answer that, despite all theory, Nietzsche's doctrine of power has in fact swelled the flood of nationalism. The "will to power" was, it may be said, born of the Franco-German war, and the present war is its natural expression. Even if, as you claim, the doctrine was a protecting shell for Nietzsche's sensitiveness, you have no right to confuse its psychological condition with the logic inherent in it. Nietzsche's fighter may be lithe and swift,

like the dancer, but he is doing the work of the mailed fist. If the reasons of the war are not his reasons, his own philosophy would hallow the cause because war came of it.

This has its truth, for two points of view may be irreconcilable, yet bring about a single result. One thing, however, counsels modesty of judgement. Those who are so nice in finding spiritual causes for Germany's downfall mostly came fresh to studying German things at the moment Germany was cut off from them. It is no proof, for example, to point to a quotation or so from Nietzsche in Bernhardt's book, for men eminent in the practical sphere are apt to take their good where they find it without enquiring into doctrine.¹ There is no scintilla of evidence that Nietzsche has penetrated the German official class; the Prussian theory, as has been shown, is quite different. But no doubt Nietzsche has been a powerful ferment with many of the younger generation, as in Latin countries. A doctrine of power which is "in the air," as it were, will coalesce with like elements, for here we have to estimate not the firmer matter of doctrine, but the impalpable realm of feeling. This is all the more probable because Nietzsche's creed in all its inconsistencies is not organic to any actual situation, but is, shall we say, phantasy. But teaching without a particular, practicable end may root anywhere, however its inherent logic may repel the doctrine with which it unites to a practical issue. A creed that does not respect any system at all predisposes its votaries to care no more for rights of foreigners than for German institutions.

But how far such a permeation of ideas has gone we must leave the man of common sense to declare. His "undoubted fact" is too near mere theory to be worth contesting. We shall only agree that Nietzsche's doctrine of power is a most significant portent of discontent, not simply with Germany, but with our civilization.

A. S. FERGUSON

¹ Hic est liber in quo quaerit sua dogmata quisque
Invenit et pariter dogmata quisque sua.

RIVER SAINT LAWRENCE

SAINT Lawrence is a noble stream:
All tasteful mariners declare
That unto them its waters seem
Unmatched by any anywhere.

Along the shore, like bits of France,
Bright villages and poplars stand
Mid emerald meadows that entrance
All strangers entering the land.

On ocean steamers, surging down
That thousand miles of opal stream,
The noisy bells of some small town,
Far-heard, sound sweet as in a dream.

But what a man remembers best
Is how, before the land appears,
There comes a scent from out the west
That toucheth to the fount of tears.

It is the balsam scent of woods,
Blown out to sea, to meet and tell
The stranger of these solitudes—
Of Canada, and of her spell.

From Lachine Rapids to Gaspé
Old circumnavigators go,
And leaning o'er the taffrail say:
"There is no lordlier stream doth flow."

FREDERICK NIVEN

INLAND

Oh, inland fields and hills are fair and inland towns are gay,
But not for men who dream again of visions far away—
For sea-bred folk, held inland, whose hearts will still be crying
For the sea winds and the salt spray flying.

* * * * *

A long white beach on the Island with rolling dunes behind,
Where hand in hand light elfs of sand dance to a trumpeting
wind,

While the strong Gulf combers stamp and shout, a glorious
chorus singing—

Oh, the green seas, and the white gulls winging!

The trampling tides of Fundy go roaring up the Bay,
The marshes of Minas redly shine as their lovers slip away,
Over the Grand Pré dyke-land the salt sweet air is dreaming—

On Blomidon a mist crown gleaming.

In from the cool Atlantic the pale fog maidens creep,
And weave and twist their veils of mist over a shore asleep—
A sea and shore all grey and still like a dim cathedral holy,
Where the hushed waves whisper anthems slowly.

The wind-lashed maddened breakers in dark battalions form
When the bold South Shore from the Big Bras d'Or to Sable
fronts the storm—

Oh, the billows' plunging thunder on the rugged fortress
dashing,

Gallant horsemen, wild white sabres flashing!

* * * * *

Oh, inland fields are fair enough, with stately hills and tall,
And the town to-day is brave and gay—but still the sea
winds call,

The tossing sky-line beckons, and still our hearts are pining—

Oh, the magic, moonlit pathway shining!

C. F. CRANDALL

THE WINNIPEG RIVER

ABOUT the middle of the eighteenth century the *voyageur* who turned his course westward, traversed the Great Lakes, overcame the toilsome portages west of Lake Superior, would have found himself in the Lake of the Woods, whose outlet is the Winnipeg River. He would have found the solitudes of the wild waste around him broken only by the scattered lodges of the Ojibwas, and penetrating further north he would have been welcomed by the rude hospitality of the Crees.

Nature has contrived to place her two great units of earth and water in strange combinations. The Winnipeg River has an immense volume of water. It falls over three hundred feet in about one hundred and sixty miles. It is full of eddies and whirlpools, of every variety of waterfall. It expands into lonely, pine-cliffed lakes and far reaching bays, dotted with islands. Its bed is covered with immense rocks, polished smooth by the waves. Its vast solitudes were, until lately, silent, and its waterfalls ceaselessly active. To say all this is but barely to tell the narrative of its beauty.

In the long and placid days of summer (where it is light from early morning to late evening) the *voyageur* pushes out his birch canoe upon the dark waters of that mysterious, turbulent, and beautiful river, and follows the course of the stream in a northwesterly direction until Lake Winnipeg, one of the great inland oceans of the north, is reached.

The river is a network of island, lake, and narrow channels, in every direction innumerable channels open, some narrow and winding, others open and straight; and, except where fire has destroyed the beauty, they all lie between shores clothed with rich and luxuriant vegetation, birch, wild cherry, the plum, the wild rose, the raspberry, intermixed with ferns and mosses in vast variety, and from rocks and crevices the

pine and the poplar hang their branches over the water. The shores curve and twist into mimic bays, where the wild rice nods its head to the lake and promontories that rise in rocky masses abruptly from the water. Pine trees stand around, dark and solemn. It is difficult to imagine that winter could even stamp its frozen image upon such a summer scene.

The river is full of islands, those on the horizon seem now starting into spires, now melting from sight, now shaping themselves into a thousand artistic forms with the strange image of the waters. Here the stream sweeps among pine-tufted islands or runs, black and deep, beneath the shadows of moss-bearded pines, or passes some dark swamp carpeted with thick, spongy moss. Those who stand on some high rock and gaze across this scene will see a river winding its way—a silver serpent in a sea of green.

The eye roams over a multitude of objects, is distracted by an embarrassment of riches, wanders from one to another, erasing by the contemplation of the next the effect that was produced by the last. The eye is confounded by a crowd of details and is unable to distinguish the relative importance of the objects which are seen. Marvellous some of the panoramas are, but they are necessarily without those isolated views which are so valuable pictorially. The scene is left with an impression that is seldom durable of any spot, because it is usually vague, no views create such lasting impressions as those which are seen but for a moment when the veil of mist is rent in twain. The recollection of them outlives the memory of any panoramic view, because the picture photographed by the eye has time to dry, instead of being blurred, while yet wet, by contact with other impressions. It is no wonder that the Indian is loth to leave such scenes for all the luxuries of civilization.

The *voyageur* in the late season finds that a singular hush seems to have come over the landscape, there is no longer a sound from the hill, there is an ominous rest in the woodland, so perfect that the tiny rustle of an uneasy wing on the tree

above startles, even the moonlight seems to hang suspended in the air. Filled is the air with a dreaming and magical light, and the landscape lies as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Spring has many beauties, May is a perfect and blooming month, but the charms of this time of year are enhanced by their contrast with the winter season. August has no such advantage. It comes when we remember nothing but clear skies, green fields, and sweet smelling flowers—when the recollection of snow and ice and bleak winds has faded from our minds as completely as they have disappeared from the earth, a mellow softness appears to hang over the whole earth.

The Indian summer or St. Charles summer (as it is called in England) with the light, hoar frosts which give a tonic sharpness to the morning sunshine and revive and stimulate the frame, that magical, crystalline brilliancy which is never seen excepting in the clearest autumn day, shines over all the landscape. Far away rise the hills; and the trees and rocks stand in sharp outline against the transparent sky.

It was down this river that La Vérendrye, the discoverer of the great West, made his way, when he was commissioned in 1731 by the Governor of New France, M. de Beauharnois, in the name of His Majesty, the King of France, to go and secure for his country the fur trade of the territories west of the Great Lakes and to search for a passage by water to the western sea. On the Lake of the Woods, whose waters are supplied by Rainy River from the south-east, he erected Fort St. Charles to serve as a trading-port for the Cree Indians inhabiting the surrounding country.

Tragedies not a few have these waters seen. In 1736 La Vérendrye sent his son Jean, then a youth of twenty-two years, from the fort to Michilimackinac by way of Rainy River with nineteen Frenchmen to secure some provisions and ammunition. Father Aulneau, a Jesuit priest, was one of the party. Surprised by a party of Sioux Indians from the south, all were massacred. Their bodies were afterwards interred at Fort St. Charles, and for many years remained

undisturbed and apparently forgotten, till, in 1885, interest was revived in the young Jesuit missionary when a collection of letters written partly by Father Aulneau and partly by his fellow-missionaries was discovered in the village of La Vendee in France.

In 1890 some professors from St. Boniface College endeavoured to find the island, and finally fixed the site as probably Massacre Island in the Lake of the Woods. In 1905 the remains of the bodies of Father Aulneau and Jean La Vérendrye were found at Fort St. Charles and were brought to St. Boniface, and are now in the historical collection at the college.

Charles Reinhart, an ex-sergeant of the disbanded Dr. Meuron Regiment, employed by the North-West Company, was accused of the murder of Owen Keveny, a Hudson Bay official at the Falls of Winnipeg River, while escorting Keveny from Winnipeg to Rat Portage. He was tried in Quebec and found guilty, but the sentence was not carried out, as the jurisdiction of the court was doubted.

As soon as winter sprang into summer, and the air became balmy with the scented things that grew profusely on the islands, the furs of the North-West Company, securely packed, were transported by the river to Grand Portage on the north shore of Lake Superior, some forty miles southwest of Fort William. Up came Sir Alexander Mackenzie, a shareholder in the company; Lord Selkirk, the first real colonizer of the Red River settlement; Sir George Simpson, and other governors of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In 1870 Lord Wolseley commanded the Red River Expedition to put down a rising under Louis Riel, at Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, then an outpost in the wilderness, which could only be reached through a network of rivers and lakes extending for six hundred miles from Lake Superior, traversed only by *voyageurs* and Indians and where no supplies were obtainable. The Winnipeg River and lakes were used as efficient lines of communication.

Within recent years the modern vandal has been at work and has given a new tint to the complexion of nature. The engineer has levelled and docked and shaved, in places has destroyed completely, all the beautiful intricacies of natural luxuriance, and the graduated harmonies of light and shade; he has raised edifices of brick and stone and mortar, built dams, erected machinery and sent forth mysterious waves to the world.

H. P. BLACKWOOD

SLEEP

UPON the hillsides every yielding fern
Droops to the touch of slow distilling sleep,
Which floats like wreathing incense from an urn
Across the hills: the dark trees seem to creep
Closer together with a shiv'ring sigh,
Folding into the shadow their wide boughs
From which the wind has fallen silently.
The heavy headed blossoms droop and drowse,
Closing their cool curled petals one by one.
Across the pastures heavy sleep rolls down
Where on the grass light winds are wont to run
Through all the day; now muffling sleep doth drown
Unto a whisper the last tinkling bell.
Only the noise of the deep breathing stream
In the wide silence louder seems to swell,
Its arms out stretched within a happy dream
Unto the sea, which like a woman's breast
Stirs with a languid, fluctuating breath.
Even the old stone wall, so greenly tressed
With its imperishable ivy wreath,
Clings closer to the ground on which it lies
And sleeps beneath the moon's transparent pall.
The last pale glimmer fades from out the skies,
And sleep, compelling sleep, enfoldeth all.

BEATRICE REDPATH

GLORIA MUNDI

SERMONS in stones—one may well wonder whether in the famous lines Shakespeare had not in mind his own methods of observation and selection of the materials of literature. His art was the expression of an attitude to life,—and,

Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Trees, brooks, stones—the good in everything, spoke to both heart and mind and unloosed the springs of fancy.

Poet and painter and man of letters, “of imagination all compact,” find the elements of poetry and romance in the everyday world of their work and walks. It is not too much to assert that many of us whose business it is not to deal with literature in the making, may yet lead literary lives in the daily quiet search for what we have called the materials of literature; and find in the colour and music and beauty of the world the charm, the suggestiveness, that touched so finely the imagination of an earlier race. Nor should it be held a weakness in the man of affairs that to him the flower of the field brings thoughts too deep for tears; or that in the splendour of an autumn landscape he feels love and life and death not at variance with law as immutable as it is eternal. It is his glory that he can manage a railway or practise medicine or engage in any work in life, and not be wholly oblivious of the radiant world in which he moves. The materials of literature with which the masters have worked are all about him. He may never write more than a business letter, and yet see eye to eye with Tennyson or Wordsworth; he may add accounts year in and year out, and still find his heart and mind responsive in greater or lesser degree to the appeal of the mysterious and beautiful in life and nature.

If, as Wordsworth tells us, poetry "takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity," may we not, many of us, in moments of tranquillity live deeply and poignantly in the mood of the poet, feel the thrill of noble thought, and find in the world each day some magic or joy or beauty, evanescent though it may be? For, remember, we are told that we live in a material age, deaf to the singer, sing he never so sweetly; that the partial lifting of the veil from the countenance of nature has cheapened the mystery of existence and stifled in us the natural childlike attitude of awe and wonder whence in the past divine poetry has sprung. There are those who would have us believe that the prophets and seers, having divined and spoken, have departed, leaving us a listless and unappreciative generation. True, the sound of the singing may be low and the melody tentative, the burden not triumphantly borne, yet we may at times in profound bewilderment in a material age seek guidance, a leader, inspiration, some sanction of a nobler thought—and in seeking, find. But we must look out upon the world lovingly and soul-free, and see there the reflection of an inward and spiritual calm. Awe and wonder still must move us to worship and humility. Is there no mystery by night or day, in life and death, change and decay, to touch us to tears? Does Pan not now stalk along the crests of hills at dusk of eve, down solemn aisles of wood and valley, under the far unknowable stars—whisper to us in the wind and threaten in the thunder-bolt? The speculations of science, the partial lifting of the veil, must not rob us of that ancient and pleasing fancy, or stifle what in man is childlike and original.

From an indifferent world Nature will guard her mysteries. The seeker must bring a mind hallowed and prepared by worship and transcendent wonder, a humble spirit and a seer-like power. There were seers and prophets in the old days because there were poets; and poets, of all men, strike into the heart of things to fathom human life and thought and project in miniature the universal. Their thoughts, forever seeking, for a moment touch the infinite; for that pro-

found swift interval of acuminated power the soul strains at its mortal confines; and reaches of creative thought, the inviolable secrets of time, the agony of some life relation flashed in true proportion, are given form in a miracle of words.

Be careful, then, that while we bring to life, we do not out of our creation strike the soul as worthless and encumbering; lest, over wise in our day, we be dreamers and sages no longer; lest in our hearts a music lie dead to which we fear to give expression. Fancy chained to leaden-footed Reason does not allow us to conceive of the world in the large and open sense that enabled a simpler race to read in myth and legend; and speculation too often passes for romance. In a sleepless land we seek some shade of dreams, and fain would tarry awhile with mine host, Fancy-free, in his delectable valley, while the minion Reason trudges far behind. Truly, being men, we must put off childish things; yet let us keep something of the simplicity, the wide-eyed wonder of childhood, that we may delight in the woods and open fields, the speed-swept sheen of the storm's leprous face, the portent glory of sunset, the poetry of simple life—*jucunda oblivia vite*—

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

May we never cease to be Pagans, dwellers in villages, sojourners in wayside places. For the old Pagan idea and belief have much to contend with in our day. The outland men, whom we neither trust nor understand, pour in upon us—a grim, silent invasion of pilgrim peoples, with crude untutored notions of the nobler phases of existence. Art, in its most inclusive sense, is rendered dumb in the confusion of new standards and strange unwrought material, and in proportion as it should speak from the heart of a people and fails to do so, has but a momentary appeal. Cheap novels, vulgar plays, the literature of the anarchist and the malcontent, the blasphemer and the unbeliever—these are the weapons with which the unskilled, impudent underworld tries

to assert its sway. Science writes of the world, as Stevenson says, "as though with the cold finger of a starfish;" discusses it in terms of logarithms and chemical analysis. Indeed its business is not with the spirit that animates the face and the heart of the world. The merely clever clamours for recognition, humour gives place to wit, mere amusement is taken for enjoyment. A lack of taste, not of intelligence, welcomes the burlesque in art. The poet, hidden in the light of thought, dare not, cannot sing.

Stevenson, twenty years ago or more, put the matter in his headlong way in a letter to Mr. W. H. Low: "We live," said he, "in a rum age of music without airs, stories without incident, pictures without beauty. So long as an artist is on his head, is painting with a flute, or writes with an etcher's needle, or conducts the orchestra with a meat-axe, all is well, and plaudits shower along with roses." His artist's soul unerringly sought the moral and dramatic, and in these, in whatever guise, found the poetry and the meaning of life. The shows and the pomp and the artificialities of the world must pass and be forgotten. Life is serious enough to be expressed always in terms of truth; Art needs for its appeal no bolster of delusive trumpery. When all is done and said, the last foolish word spoken, and degradation has done its worst, the weakest travesty won its plaudits and its roses, and the fool of time made his dark exit—the enduring realities of Life and Art alone shall remain, changeless in beauty and strength. "Wisdom is better than wealth, and a golden sentence worth a world of treasure."

Our resource and safety lie in our turning to Nature again, in the poet's attitude of reverence in presence of a mystery, with something of the submission and awe of the childman as he first looked out upon the world. The supernatural was in everything he saw; and out of his awe and wonder, out of the spiritual meanings with which he invested the world, arose living literature and glorious art in whatever form. "In wonder," says Coleridge, "all philosophy began, in wonder it ends; and admiration fills up the interspace."

We must stand with Newton in the laboratory or at the mirror of the telescope, plough uncharted seas by the stars that swing in their courses at untold billions of miles from our own careering planet, or hover among the golden lighted lanes of a mid-England cornfield—and confess that we are but as children culling pebbles on the shore of an infinite sea. If we would bring back the Age of Gold, let us look out upon the world with imaginative wonder, as did the minstrels of a youthful age, of peoples to whom “that war-scattering shout of all-unarmed Achilles” brought terror or exultation, or beyond whose doors Tristram rode, or Bedevere, to Lyonesse. If we are estranged from the world of the imagination, the cause of our estrangement lies largely with ourselves. To the unworldly alone is it given to taste the true flavour of the beauty of life, to be the familiars and kindred of the great of old, the inheritors of a salvation earned by those who gave of self no hostage to the unworthy. Yet we may ask with Matthew Arnold—

But we, brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise,—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?

In the by-paths along the stark white ways of life are to be found shelter, if we only knew; leisure and shelter to grow both wise and ripe, reason for faith in our destiny, and hope for men. And there for a season we must make retreat, if we would both lose and keep the world.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content,
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.

Behind the tumult and the clamour of the world, the clash of arms and furor of warring castes, the confusion of insecurity and the obliteration of ideals, there is the rich-fraught silence of the quiet mind, the resource within ourselves to keep us soul-free. *Cultivons notre jardin.* Poetry is latent everywhere, and nature can never be dumb. The white walls of a monastery half-hidden in the purple of distant mountains, a little cluster of mediævalism far-strayed,

lead the imagination in day-dreams to an old-world idyllic life. Isles and wooded shores and vistas of shadow waters, the rustling crescendo of trees swayed to some weird impulsive rhythm, touching the heart, when:

With stars and sea-winds for her raiment,
Night sinks on the sea—

these have not lost their ancient power.

The country-folk of Ceylon and Southern India place at the border of their villages the white statue of a horse. It stands ever ready, accoutred, fed. At night, black demons scurry about the fields to blight the crops; but the good spirits, friends of peasants, flash back and forth on the white charger to hound from their demesne the demons of evil intent. For a thousand years and a thousand thousand nights has this trust in the power of good over the power of evil been put to the test; and this night in some mountain valley of Ceylon, the dim charger careers with his ghostly rider, the lights of the village burn low, and haunting demon shapes and fears flee into outermost darkness. But the morrow will break upon happy fields and villages and the charger provisioned against the night. There is a great deep poetry in that; the trustfulness of the childman face to face with nature as at the beginning of the world. It is his simplicity we shall do well to emulate; his attitude we shall do well to understand.

On an island, in the tops of its tossing trees, the rosignol sings. Deep night engulfs him. Storm clouds, heralded by ominous gusty winds and the wash of far-rolled waves, crash and thunder in the gloom. In the pause of the gale the singer is heard—piping a questioning wonder, "I so small and Thy thunder and wind so great,"—piping to keep up his courage, to signal a mate buffeted by the wind—still, a song, undaunted. To go through life singing, and to echo along its dark places the beauty of song, speaking to man from his own and for all time—for this was the poet mind unbound. Must we not in very truth turn to Nature, and trust—until the day break and the shadows flee away?

WALTER S. JOHNSON
(J. S. W.)

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS IN LIFE AND ART

FOR many years now a theory of the aetiology of hysteria has been before the medical public, and has found acceptance, in more recent times, first in Austria-Hungary, later in America and Canada and, within the last few years, in Great Britain. Hysteria is viewed by this school, not as a disease with some material or organic lesion of the brain, its cells and inter-communicating paths, but as an overforced working of a perfectly normal and protective mechanism of the mind. Painful thoughts are detached from consciousness, the mind is dissociated, and its distressing units are thrust down into an underworld of unconsciousness. There, however, they live a subliminal Hades existence; potent to influence the activities of the remaining consciousness more fatally than the ghost of Hamlet's father the surviving Hamlet. Wishes that are thus repressed, are those of our more unsocial attributes—our animal nature, our selfish egoism, and our vanity—that are incompatible with good citizenship.

Such repressions, dating from earliest childhood, when supplemented by later emotional experiences and aided by excesses, are the seeds from which hysteria—imaginary illness of a distressing type—springs; the symptoms of the hysteria being conditioned, often in a marked symbolism, by the repressed wishes or memories. Thus, to take an imaginary case, a man who had committed "embezzlement under distressing circumstances"—a thing that had led to the development of an hysteria in him—might find himself under impulsion to found numerous asylums for credulous widows and orphans. Lady Macbeth, when sleep-walking (a state in which suppressed thoughts can express themselves) symbolizes a moral stigma by an actual physical stain that cannot be washed out.¹ Exalted into an hysteria, this would

¹ "Macbeth." Act V., sc. 1.

show itself in waking life as a compulsion, for no obvious reason, to frequent and unnecessary ablutions.¹

Of the growth of the influence of the Viennese school under Freud, to whom the theory of repressions is due, it is hardly necessary to speak, except to state that, after a latent period of eighteen years, it is beginning to make itself felt amongst British psychopathologists. For further details of this side of a complex problem, the reader is referred to the writings of Bernard Hart,² of Ernest Jones,³ and of Freud.⁴

It is not the psychology of hysterical patients that concerns us now, but the application of the principles of psychopathology to everyday psychology. The striking thing about Freud's theories is that, when applied to many diverse phenomena, they produce an amazing coördination of things apparently incoördinate. Not only do they resume the facts of hysteria, but they explain the phantasmagoria of the dream world, they illuminate the odd acts of forgetfulness and remembrance, the misplacements and mistakes of everyday life, the origin and nature of myths, and the sudden inexplicable fits of anger or depression, the unforeseen whims and reactions of men in the public eye, or of intimate friends, that make life so much of an adventure. Nowhere is Freud's theory of "repression" more illuminating than in the world of politics and theology, for it reveals the source and motives of the petty hypocrisies that are there so patent to the unbiased observer.

A singular and somewhat ridiculous case taken from actual life will perhaps make Freud's theory clearer. A young man, sensitive in regard to personal relations, noticed that whenever a certain factory chimney came into view he felt inexplicably angry. The anger was absurd and unreasonable, for there were numbers of other chimneys in all views of the town quite as ugly. Further, the young man,

1 Compare Morton Prince's case, Miss Beauchamp, who would take two or three cold baths in the morning before being satisfied with her toilet.

2 "The Psychology of Insanity." Cambridge, 1912.

3 "Papers on Psycho-Analysis." London, 1913.

4 Translations of Freud's works are now appearing.

under the influence of Whistler, Balestrieri, Steinlen, and Pennell, admired factory chimneys. Nevertheless, for a year, this amusing phenomenon persisted and seemed utterly inexplicable.

When asked what was the first thing that came into his mind on thinking of this factory chimney, the answer was: a certain open space into which he had but very rarely been. The chimney in question was visible from many other parts of the town, and it was odd that it should connect itself with this particular open space. Asked what the next association was, he recalled a very painful interview in this open space with a friend, who shortly afterwards definitely broke their friendship. On going to the open space again and seating himself on the very seat occupied during the interview, he found that exactly facing him and most prominent in the mid-distance was the factory chimney, the sight of which aroused his anger.

Freud's explanation of the phenomenon is simple. A number of ideas were linked together into a complex, attached to which was a painful emotion. To protect the mind from such painful emotion the complex of ideas was banished, as far as possible, from consciousness, so that painful sensations were less easily evoked. The complex was "repressed." Part of the complex was undoubtedly the chimney and the particular open space, and a resistance was placed between the percept "chimney" and the remembrance of the quarrel that began under its shadow. Nevertheless, the emotion attached to the complex lived on, though less accessible to introspection, and evidenced itself in this unreasonable anger at the sight of the chimney. The observer transferred his emotion of anger with his quondam friend to an inoffending chimney!

The rousing of this thrill of anger may be termed "touching a complex." No idea is ever entirely without emotion attached to it. From one idea to the next is a step of varying degrees of difficulty. Thus one person would move from the idea "sunlight" to "Greece," "Egypt," the "Tropics;" white

another would move from "sunlight" to "soap" and "the Mersey;" and a third thus: "sunlight," "soap," "Lever,"¹ "Archimedes,"² "screws," "water supply." Steps in other directions to each of the three would be more difficult. Naturally the first group of associations would be typical of a person fond of warmth and travel, i.e., there is emotion attached to these ideas; the second group to a patriotic Liverpoolian or inhabitant of the Wirral; the third to a man of scientific bent, interested in the practical applications of scientific discovery. Every idea, then, has attached to it a web of other ideas with which it is emotionally (not merely intellectually) associated. Such a group of ideas is known as a complex. The emotions attached are usually pleasure or dislike; if pleasure, then the complex tends to be "exalted;" if dislike, it tends to be "repressed."

Most of the odd acts of people in real life (and, of course, in novels) are to be traced to some repression of a desire, and the queer and unexpected bursts of emotion are referable to "touching a complex." Thus, a person of strong ambition, who is working in a subordinate position in an institution, may continually, when altering the "In" and "Out" indicator, alter the name of the head of the department and not his own. Another, interested in Rugby football, will feel a glow of senseless pride when he notices that an international has the same initials as himself. A third example, from actual life, is that of a man who felt a burst of unreasoning anger when the writer quoted Wilfred Pole as saying of a hawthorn tree, "The scent of this tree is detestable."³ He saw at once that the anger was unreasoning and absurd, but was unaware of the real reason. Later it flashed on him. The association-complex was hawthorn—may—May (the name of his *fiancée*). At once the anger became understandable—a complex had been unpleasantly disturbed.

1 Sir William Lever, manufacturer of Sunlight Soap.

2 A mathematician interested in levers and screws for raising water.

3 "Sandra Belloni," p. 87, 1, 2 pocket ed.

The repressions of ordinary, everyday life may be conscious, semi-conscious, or unconscious, but the results are much the same in all cases. The repressed wish is not destroyed, but lives on and on in the underworld of the unconscious, potent for good or ill. There seems to be a conservation of emotional "energy" as of physical energy. This energy is always seeking an outlet, and always, in spite of a watchful censor at the door of consciousness, finding that outlet.

The ways in which it finds that outlet are multitudinous. It may be in the shape of a dream; repressed wishes and thoughts are exposed in the distorted phantasmagoria of sleep. A hated acquaintance you will murder in your dreams, disguised as some animal with which you identify him. You will dream that a friend, lately departed, after furlough, is still with you, and you will betray pleased surprise thereat. You will callously thwart the ambitions and ruin the careers of colleagues in dreams, that you may further your own advancement.¹

Again, the emotional "energy" may manifest itself by transferring itself to ideas or objects that show some similarity, superficial or otherwise, to the repressed idea. Thus an upright man, who nevertheless had unconscious leanings to dishonest transactions, might take great delight in the nursery rhyme, "There was a crooked man," out of all proportion to its merit. Or it may show itself in symbolism. You unconsciously interpose a wall of books or apparatus, or even an *épergne* between yourself and an incipient enemy, or, unconsciously, you place his portrait, or the books he has given you, upside down. In a performance of "The Eldest Son" at Liverpool, the Irish girl, Mabel Lanfarne, who is in love with Bill (the eldest son) and is expected by all the members of the household to become engaged to him, made her wish obvious by a piece of symbolism. After the interrupted rehearsal of the private theatricals, in which a baby is represented by a hassock and a cradle by a waste paper

¹ See Freud. "Traumdeutung," 1911.

basket, she had a brief interview with the Eldest Son. She took the hassock, which had been thrown aside on the sudden interruption, and replaced it in the waste paper basket. He, a moment later, stumbled over it and muttered. This clever piece of "business" obviously symbolized her maternal desires and his objection to gratifying them.

Another similar mechanism is that of identification. A man unconsciously identifies himself with the object of his hero worship. He takes on the same idiosyncrasies, adopts unconsciously his vocabulary and even handwriting. Their views on politics and religion begin to coincide, and should the hero write poetry as a hobby, the fidus Achates will write verse, however stubborn his stylus. And yet were he accused of imitation he would indignantly deny it.

It may be that an absolute loss of memory for a well-known name is the result of repression. Some poem, learnt in childhood, may be swept from the memory because it has later become associated with painful circumstances. You may forget to carry out the reasonable and harmless requests of a colleague because of some latent, unsuspected hostility. Or you may forget to post your wife's letter, because, unknown to yourself, you object to her being on letter-writing terms with anyone but yourself. The repression may show itself as a slip of the tongue, a slip of the pen, or a misprint.¹ Said a young psycho-analyst of fifteen years of age, "It's funny what truths you tell when you aren't thinking, and what untruths when you are thinking."

And a host of other phenomena is evidence of repressions. If an apparently simple person shows himself capable of a series of acts that look like an ingenious plot, they may be activated by the energy of a stubbornly repressed wish; unexpected inflexions of the voice may be similarly determined; meaningless words may become obsessions; numbers, apparently harmless, but of great hidden significance, may sing in the ears or write themselves on the wall; unconscious

¹ See Freud. "Die Psychologie des Alltagslebens," 1912, (4th ed.) p. 41. *et seq.*

gestures and unconsciously adopted clothing, express or symbolize unconscious desire or thought; the common sensation of *déjà vu* has the same origin; and, to make an end of the catalogue, songs and themes of music that haunt one have probably reference to one's deeply unconscious life. Thus, a student who had been overworking before an imminent examination, was noticed to be quietly humming as an accompaniment to the work he was engrossed in, "For all the saints who from their labours rest." Another, who has great difficulty in arising from bed and spends the day longing for his evening sleep, frequently finds himself singing, as he takes his morning bath, "The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended," or whispering, "He giveth his beloved sleep." The meaning of these unconscious acts is obvious.

Now these unconscious acts are the salt and savour of existence. It is they, or rather, the underlying complexes, that make life so interesting and exhilaratingly surprising; and, of course, the great novelists use them instinctively in their works. Foremost in this art is George Meredith and it will be the task of the concluding paragraphs of this paper to use the discoveries of Freud to elucidate some of the puzzling reactions of the characters in his novels. With very few exceptions every one of the reactions of the complex-ridden mind given above can be illustrated from George Meredith's novels. Meredith, naturally, is not unique in this. Shakespeare, Dickens, George Eliot, and a number of modern writers could be quoted in illustration of Freud's theories. But the subtlest examples are certainly to be found in Meredith, and one cannot read "One of our Conquerors" without becoming convinced that he not only observed facts and recorded them, but that he had a definite, underlying theory to explain them.

One of the more obvious examples is to be found in "Sandra Belloni"¹ in the paragraph describing the emotions of the Misses Pole on their way, for the first time, to the dinner table of a person of quality. Meredith describes not

¹ Chap. X., p. 62, l. 5 to p. 63, l. 20.

only the mechanism of repression, but also the way in which the repressed emotions gain expression. To exult openly on their first gained step up the social ladder would be indecent in such cultivators of the fine shades and the nice feelings. To admit that their ambition was to climb, would be a coarseness they could never contemplate. Consequently their exultation at the first step taken must be repressed, and their emotion and their desire to express it must have no outlet. But such repressed desires do find expression: in Adela's case by transference to the cottage children. She rejoiced in their happiness and so relieved her pent-up exultation.

"How delighted they look!" she exclaimed more than once, and informed her sisters that a country life was surely the next thing to Paradise. "These children do look happy!" Thus did the weak one cunningly relieve herself.

A similar transference we find in a passage in "Beauchamp's Career," and into a short sentence or two Meredith condenses the history of his hero's love affairs. Beauchamp and Cecilia Halkett are walking on the fir-heights overlooking Bevisham. Beauchamp is more than half in love with Cecilia, but honourable scruples about money and the mystery of a letter from his old love, Renée, prevent his avowing it. The first romance of Beauchamp's career was enacted in Venice. There, amid the islands of the Adriatic, he worshipped Renée, and the scenery was vividly associated in his mind with her. What wonder, then, that when in love for a second time Venice should rise to his mind, and that he should say,

"Bevisham¹ looks well from here. We might make a North-Western Venice of it if we liked!"

He has transferred the surroundings of his first declaration of love to the surroundings in which he is likely to make his second. Unconsciously, in the words quoted, he does declare his love. They are tantamount to a proposal of marriage. Had Cecilia Halkett been a psycho-analyst, things had gone better!

¹ Bevisham is Southampton. Only the distorted gaze of a man in love could see its possibilities of becoming a north-western Venice.

Not far removed from the phenomenon of transference is that of symbolism, for they are related much as are simile and metaphor. Symbolism is one of the outlets for a repressed desire, and we meet it as such frequently in Meredith. The novel, "The Egoist," is richest in symbolism, and from it we may choose the following incident. Clara Middleton is engaged to the Egoist, Sir Willoughby Patterne, and has begun to loathe the way in which he tries to shield her from the world and interpose himself, his wealth or his dependents, between her and its dangers and attractions. She felt her nature stifled in her luxurious prison, and a symbolic action asserts her desire to dispense with his protection.

Sir Willoughby, with many protestations of regret that letters of business debarred him from the pleasure of accompanying them, remarked upon the path proposed by Miss Dale.

"In that case you must have a footman."

"Then we adopt the other," said Clara, and they set forth.

"Sir Willoughby," Miss Dale said to her, "is always in alarm about our unprotectedness."

Clara glanced up at the clouds and closed her parasol.

She replied, "It inspires timidity."¹

Why should the last sentence but one be interpolated? It might be, of course, to hold up the conversation and throw more emphasis on the ensuing phrase. But a subtler interpretation is that the action is symbolic. Clara wanted none of Sir Willoughby's protection; hated protection in any form, even the doubtful protection of a sunshade. Down goes the parasol to symbolize the fact.

Slips of the tongue are often signs of a repressed desire. One of the most brilliant examples is the mistake of Oxford-Whitford in "The Egoist." This has been admirably elucidated by Ernest Jones, and so is in need of no further exposition.² A similar example is that in the "Adventures of Harry Richmond," where the German Princess Ottilia admits, by a slip, her love for Harry Richmond in the simple

¹ "The Egoism," p. 153, l. 23, *et seq.*

² Ernest Jones. "Papers on Psycho-Analysis," p. 60. 1912.

phrase, "We change countries."¹ She is speaking of her former English governess who is about to marry a German, and thus unintentionally avows her desire to marry an Englishman—an avowal that drowns her in confusion.

One last point, in which Meredith illustrated in his novels a statement of Freud, is that of the hidden meaning of the musical themes that most of us half-consciously sing. Freud² suggests that they give a clue to the singer's unconscious thoughts. Two examples of this from actual life are given above. In "One of our Conquerors,"³ at the time when the engagement of Nesta and Dudley Sowerby is in the immediate future, Victor Radnor finds himself singing an unwonted air.

He left his hotel for the station, singing the great aria of the fourth Act of the *Favorita*: neglected since that mighty German with his *Rienzi*, and *Tannhäuser*, and *Tristan and Isolde*, had mastered him, to the displacement of his boyhood's beloved sugary—*inis* and—*antes* and—*zettis*; had clearly mastered not beguiled him; had wafted him up to a new realm, invigorating if severer. But now his youth would have its voice. He travelled up to town with Sir Abraham Quatley, and talked, and took and gave hints upon city and commercial affairs, while the honeyed Italian of the conventional, gloriously animal, stress and flutter had a revel in his veins, now and then mutedly ebullient of the mouth: honeyed, golden, rich in visions: having surely much more of Nature's encouragement to her children.

Why should Victor Radnor have chosen those particular operas and not others of the "mighty German"? Why not "Lohengrin"? Why not "Die Meistersinger"? Surely the musical city merchant (apart from the gallant and buoyant optimism so characteristic of the music and of Victor Radnor) would be attracted by the music of the Nuremberg merchants. But no. He unconsciously prefers "Rienzi" (a second rate work written before Wagner found himself); "Tannhäuser," beloved of the populace, but certainly not of Wagner's best; and "Tristan and Isolde," an opera, in the

1 p. 247.

2 "Psychopathologie des Alltagslebens," 1912.

3 p. 238, last paragraph.

eyes of Wagnerians, the flower and culmination of Wagner's genius. Why do we have such a contradiction in Victor Radnor's preferences? The answer is to be found in the subject matter of the operas: Victor Radnor unconsciously identifies himself with the chief actors in these dramas.

"Rienzi" was founded by Wagner directly on Lytton's novel,—a novel much more read twenty-five years ago than now—the sub-title of which is "The Tribune of the People." To become the Tribune of the People is the *subject of the repressed idea* which runs throughout "One of our Conquerors." Victor Radnor's preference for "Rienzi" is determined by his repressed desire to become a leader of the nation.

The reason for the choice of the other two operas is simple, they both deal with illicit passion—the second of the two with the idealization of illicit passion.¹ The turning point of the life of Victor Radnor was his perfect and overwhelming love for Nataly—a love that thwarted and repressed his desire to become Tribune of the People—an illicit love, for his wife was still living.

Perhaps no clearer case of Meredith's anticipation of Freud could be found. "One of our Conquerors" was published in 1890, and the "Psychopathology of Everyday Life" not till 1901. The reason given by Meredith for the sudden change in Victor Radnor's unconscious choice of tunes is on identical lines with those given above for his love of the Wagner operas quoted.

These half dozen examples will be sufficient to show the interest that psycho-analysis will add to the reading of a novel. Enumeration of them all is merely an exercise in tediousness and would destroy all the pleasure derived from discovering them for oneself. As said above, other novelists would serve the purpose, but Meredith has more examples for the diligent searcher than any other.² In fact, the whole of "One of our Conquerors" is an essay on the repression of

¹ Or, as a parson once wickedly put it, "The long drawn out amours of respondent and co-respondent."

² The writer's bag in Meredith approaches two hundred examples.

an idea. And so, whatever the final verdict concerning the value of psycho-analysis in the treatment of hysteria may be, we may be sure that its value in everyday psychology will be great, for Freud and our great literary artists see, at times, eye to eye in their analyses of the human mind.

V. H. MOTTRAM

TO ELIZABETH

(The Bookman)

THE "prairie crocus" sheathed in velvet gray
 Unfolds corollas magically hued,
 Their white opaqueness creamy, yet endued
 With lovely hints of every tinge of May,
 All blended, as by some elysian ray,
 For classic petals born mid grasses rude
 Of that raw West, whose arching skies include
 Within horizons vaguely merged away
 About stark folk of money-eager toil,
 One spirit free from all devotions mean,
 Who utters daily, lucid, just, serene
 Thoughts garnered while she burns the midnight oil,
 Thoughts pure from all the wide world's Mammon-moil
 As the dear crocus from its dreary scene.

E. W. T.

SHELLEY IN ITALIAN

SHELLEY, TRADOTTO DA ANTONIO CALITRI.

YORK PRINTING COMPANY—CASA EDITRICE DI F. J. DASSORI,
NEW YORK, 1914.

THE author of this new translation of Shelley into Italian has translated *per amore*, without count of time, without heed of the counsels and admonitions of his many friends. For Mr. Calitri is an original poet (in his mother tongue, *bien entendu!*), whose powerful and creative genius has won for him from his compatriots in America the most enthusiastic appreciation. Wherever an Italian newspaper or literary review is published, there the poetic and dramatic verse of Antonio Calitri is known. Hence it came that when this youthful genius first conceived the project of an Italian translation of his beloved poet Shelley—a translation which should do that which had never yet been done, namely recreate that bright ethereal spirit in an Italian form—he met with remonstrance, dissuasion, discouragement from every hand. “Thou shouldst think only of original creation.” “A translator is only an imitator.” “One who has his own imagination, his own fancies, his own poetic visions ought not to waste his talents in reproducing those of others.” Or, from an æsthetic standpoint, “Thou knowest that metaphors and ideas arise already clothed with their expression. They are beautiful, vibrant with life, because they are so born and so produced; thou now wouldst cast upon them the fair but alien mantle of the Italic speech, obscure that divine and godlike luminance, produce a work ungrateful most especially to thyself. For the Italian language, beautiful and flexible as it appears to thee, has always been more or less recalcitrant to translation. And Shelley, above all others. . . . *Dio ce ne liberi!* *Ma*, all say that he is untranslatable! And even though thou shouldst succeed in thy ambition to give to thy

fellow-Italians the real Shelley, delight but of the few, thou wilt have spent years of labour in vain, both because the translator may not deck himself out in borrowed poetic garments and because a translation of Shelley will have no sale. Neither glory nor profit, *caro mio*, bah! Shelley, it is true, is a great poet, *si!* Carducci told us so, and we must believe it." "*Benissimo!*" answers Signor Calitri in his quiet way, "but hast thou read Shelley?" "Not yet." "Ah!"

An "Ah!" replete with meaning. For despite the sonorous verse-version of Zanello, the pedestrian rendering of Chiarini, the cold, heavy, arid paraphrase of Siciliani, the crude prose "reproductions" of so many other mis-called translators, the poetic works of Shelley are, if not unknown, at least unappreciated in Italy. And how could this be otherwise where the sharp shrilling of a cricket is all that remains of the wild cry of a sublime and soaring eagle?

And it is this crime against high poetry, this sacrilege against the most golden harmonies of Apollo's lyre that my friend Antonio Calitri has set himself, as a labour of love, the task of redeeming.

"*Ed io traducevo,*" he tells us. "*E l'amore mi cresceva dentro, quanto più il poeta si svelava, spingendomi al bosco, al fiume, per farmi sentire quello che egli aveva sentito; aprirmi i suoi segreti; nudare fantasmi, immagini, pensieri e dirmi:— 'Vedi; son tuoi ora; li hai caldi nel cuore; retirati, e, senza farte vincere dalla città tumultuosa, lungi da l'onda torbida che l'affoga, lavora in silenzio. Ruscirai!'*"

And he has succeeded, succeeded after years of solitary, patient toil; succeeded beyond even his own dreams and aspirations. He has recreated that impalpable poetic essence in Italian, and for this he will have both fame and glory as long as Shelley's name is known and loved; his translations have been published, and well published, in the large red-bound volume which lies on my desk before me; this summer a large publishing house of his native Italy has claimed the honour of giving them the European setting that they deserve.

Signor Calitri has not translated all of Shelley; had he done so the good-sized volume before me would not have appeared this year. This translation, as I have stated above, was for him purely a labour of love; and that explains why, in this first *coup d'essai*, we find no mechanical sequence followed. Rather Signor Calitri, the poet, has instinctively chosen for translation those poems of Shelley which the mature judgement of discerning commentators has pronounced to be most poetic; the "Indian Serenade;" the "Philosophy of Love;" "To Jane;" "Time Long Past;" "The Fugitives;" "Arethusa;" "To Night;" "The Sensitive Plant;" "The Cloud;" "To a Skylark;" "Hymn of Apollo;" "The Sunset;" "Alastor;" "Ode to Liberty;" "Julian and Maddalo;" "Lines written in the Bay of Lerici;" "Queen Mab." And how he has rendered these harplike songs and harmonies, which have made the name of Shelley immortal! With what delicacy, what divination, what loving fidelity to thought and spirit, to verse and rhythm and every fleeting harmony!

No, an English reader cannot read this version of Shelley without emotion—gratification that at last the most poetic people of Europe will know and love our most poetic poet as their own; admiration of the remarkable poetic gift of Mr. Calitri, of his artistic *justesse*, of his reverent treatment of Shelley's verve and thought, and, above all, of his almost magical power to reëvoke those hauntingly elusive, Ariel-like harmonies which to us are not a part of Shelley, but are Shelley himself.

As to Signor Calitri's method of translation, he has told me that he never, in any single instance, has undertaken to translate a poem of Shelley's until he had visualized it imaginatively, made it his own; till images and ideas had grown within his soul like the seeds of rare and beautiful poetic flowers, destined to unfold in rich exquisite blooms on the receptive soil of their new linguistic environment. "I read and read, now this lyric and now that, following chance or predilection; and only when I had felt within me a certain

light that enraptured, a certain harmony which charmed, I set to work with that mingling of anguish and joy that one feels when one seeks to find expression for a living and integral part of one's own soul."

Never, *perciò*, a moment of hesitation or doubt. For Signor Calitri has both the vision and the gift; he possesses, above all, faith; faith in himself, faith in the power of the Italian language, "that soft bastard Latin" of whose perduring beauties our own Byron was so enamoured—that idiom "*prestabilissima a volgarizzare*" (as Leopardi said) not only the ancient but also the poets of our later time.

But for this young poet translation did not mean a slavish and mechanical rendering verse by verse and syllable by syllable. Recreation, assimilation first, then the verse found itself; not a deliberate and chosen vehicle modelled rigidly upon the same pattern as the original, a metrical and rhythmical bed of Procrustes mutilating and deforming the translator's poetic spirit, which, swept away by Shelley's soaring flight, must soar in the same ethereal regions where he soars: even Mr. Calitri's confidence in his own beloved idiom would have failed him if such had been his method or his aim. Recreation to him means equivalence, not transliteration. In matters of versification this signifies, that not the measure, the number of feet and syllables, counts, but the intonation, the rhythm, and even the *cæsura* of the poet's soft and flowing harmonies. In all translations from Shelley that Mr. Calitri has made, he has, following this theory, always striven to seize and reproduce the musical intonation on the same original note—

"Earth, Ocean, Air, beloved brotherhood!" is rendered thus: "Terra, Aria, Mar, fraternita d'amore!" Showing eleven (twelve) syllables versus ten.

Again, "How wonderful is Death!" "Com'è miranda la Morte!" where seven (eight) syllables are balanced against the original six.

It is, however, when we consider Mr. Calitri's handling of connected passages that the secret of his power to obtain the same harmonic effects is fully revealed.

Here it is the grouping of the tonic accents and cæsurae of several verses together that forms the nucleus of his metrical construction. Often the genius of this young poet has enabled him to make these coincide for both languages; often Mr. Calitri has been able to render word for word, period for period, the fundamental principle remaining constant. And this is a remarkable achievement. For by this method, shortening a little here, lengthening a little there, grouping according to composite accents, yet almost always recreating the same or a closely similar rhythmical effect, Mr. Calitri has succeeded in his almost insurmountably difficult task of giving to Italy at last, (a precious heritage!), the cloudlike beauty of Shelley's verse, with its risings and fallings, its tenderness and wildness, its tenuous and unsubstantial sweetness almost unimpaired. Almost, I said, *en connaissance de cause*, and here I must express the only reproach I have to make to Signor Calitri. I miss, sometimes, in his translations, where assonance and blank verse occur, the bell-like iteration of Shelley's unsought rhyme. One effect of this is a certain grave sonority where, with both inner and outer rhyme, frequently interwoven and repeated, the English poet sings with the untaught and spontaneous ecstasy of his own "Skylark"—(a poem which, by the way, Signor Calitri has most wonderfully translated). This defect, however, I hasten to add, is but occasional. I have little opportunity in a study of this scope for quotation; I may cite at least one example, and a striking one, of the power of evocation which Mr. Calitri in his translations everywhere displays. This example I choose from his rendering of the well-known "The Keen Stars Were Twinkling," which I will ask permission to reproduce here for greater facility of comparison:

TO JANE: THE KEEN STARS WERE TWINKLING

I

The keen stars were twinkling,
 And the fair moon was rising among them,
 Dear Jane!
 The guitar was tinkling,
 But the notes were not sweet till you sung them.

II

As the moon's soft splendour
 O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
 Is thrown,
 So your voice most tender
 To the strings without soul had then given
 Its own.

III

The stars will awaken,
 Tho' the moon sleep a full hour later,
 To-night;
 No leaf will be shaken
 Whilst the dews of your melody scatter
 Delight.

IV

Tho' the sound overpowers,
 Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
 A tone
 Of some world far from ours,
 Where music and moonlight and feeling
 Are one.

This weft and woof of pure poetic fancy Mr. Calitri renders thus:

A GIOVANNA

Lucevan vive le stelle
 e tra di esse la candida luna
 sorgea, Giovanna adorata:
 tintinnia la chitarra,
 ma non eran le note soavi,
 finche tu non le cantavi
 ancora.

Si come il molle splendore
 della luna sul debole e freddo
 del ciel stellante chiarore
 è diffuso,
 la tenerissima voce
 tua a le corde senz' anima avea
 la sua infuso.

Si sveglieranno le stelle,
 benche tardi la luna un'intera
 ora a dormir questa notte;
 non sarà mossa una foglia,
 mentre che della tua melodia,
 cospargerà la rugiada
 dolcezza.

Benchè conquidano i suoni,
 tu canta ancora, svelando
 con la diletta tua voce
 un motivo
 di qualche mondo lontano
 da noi,
 dove musica e chiaro di luna
 ed amor sono una cosa.

Many citations might be made to show the rare felicity of Signor Calitri's art. For the true nature of translations, as one of the most difficult and elusive of the fine arts, has, even to our own days, been all too inadequately and too imperfectly understood. German Bodenstedts and Schlegels, Russian Balmonts are phenomena of genius *rarissimi* amid the desert of latter day translations wherein our spirit withers. All the more gratefully and eagerly should we welcome these children of genius whose souls are so finely attuned to alien harmonies that they can make them in very truth their own, and so give them eternally to their race or nation. Signor Calitri is still young; but he is very, very serious; he has already made a name for himself both in America and abroad. He will go far. But to whatever heights of creative poetry he may rise, I predict that his translation of Shelley will remain one of the great and supreme achievements of

his life; and one for which not only his own Italian people, but every lover of Shelley in the English-speaking world must pay him grateful homage.

FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW

A PORTRAIT BY FORTUNY

A MUSEUM of art ought to be a garden of romance, but the terms seem to war upon each other. "Art" flings wide a gateway to unending vistas of loveliness; nothing can mar the suggestions of that word; but "museum" has fallen from its high estate. It calls up a smell of dust, deserted halls and deadness, not, as it should, the choir of Apollo, the thrice three learned ladies, daughters of Zeus and Memory, ever young, and lovely, and shy, that

in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.

"Museum" was once a temple sacred to these friendly deities, or it might mean simply a study. Modern civilization has dragged the poor word down and down. Very far removed from the spring of Helicon struck from the hoof of the winged courser is the "muses' haunt" you may enter on the payment of a "dime." A "museum" of "art" ought to suggest all that is free and young and eternal. Too often it is a valley of dry bones.

One museum has always been free from this taint, the South Kensington. The place has been consecrated by literature, because it was a favourite meeting-place for the lovers in William Black's novels. When I visited it first, I half expected to surprise Madcap Violet and Mr. Drummond in some one of the endless rooms and alcoves. As a matter of fact, you do encounter absorbed couples in that vast palace of art, for whom the external world serves only as a vague background for their emotions.

There is a second, the "Metropolitan." By reason of a *rencontre* within its walls, it can never be commonplace to me.

Lovers babble of having always known each other. Gautier is not content with the bounds of human life, but would trace the inevitable affinity through the ages when He and She were bird and marble. And, in truth, it seems to me there never was a time when Her image was not borne upon my mind. Though there must have been a beginning, I cannot recall receiving the first hint—not of her beauty, she is not really beautiful—but of her strange, inexplicable charm. Engravings, wood-cuts, in books and magazines had met my eye from time to time on my way through the world, for many artists have found her charming. That I should ever see the Original Picture, the Lady Herself was beyond my expectation. To own a castle in Spain is one thing, to visit it is another. The way thither is costly and long.

I knew how She was arrayed, as well as her Keeper of the Wardrobe—the tight, neat, black bodice, with the coral brooch and buttons—the black lace skirt spread on the billowing crinoline of the sixties, when Eugénie, Empress of the French, herself a Spaniard, set the fashions. I knew the healthy pallor of the Spanish face, the masses of black Spanish hair, the thick black Spanish brows. I knew the look of those Spanish eyes, gracious and kind, a little stately, a little wistful. I knew her hands, the soft, white wonders. The right has gathered up a fold of the black lace; the left holds a locket. All these things one could learn from pictures of the picture, but they were not the Lady Herself.

In any new city, the picture gallery acts on me like a magnet, and I had not been long in New York before I was exploring the halls and corridors of the "Metropolitan." For me, colour is an intoxicant. When I pass from the statuary to the picture rooms, I seem to hear music strike up all round me. So this first visit to the richest collection in America was one long banquet of the sense. Outside, the greenery of Central Park dripped with cold rain; but inside, there was warmth and brilliance and perfume. There is only one way to see pictures,—go by yourself, without a catalogue. Then

you make your own discoveries, and every room contains surprises. So here one unexpected picture after another caught and held me,—Raeburn, Romney, Reynolds, De Neuville, Meissonnier. Then, suddenly, at the very last, without prevision or forewarning, I came upon—Her. It was as if the Lady Herself had arranged the meeting.

Between all copies, reproductions, engravings, replicas, photographs of a picture and the original masterpiece, there is an illimitable difference. This portrait of a lady I had seen many times before in many forms of artistic translation, and from them all I had derived no little pleasure; but they were confessedly pictures. Here was a reality, which made all reproductions of it seem thin falsities. What laid its spell on me was only pigment spread cunningly upon stretched canvas, a mere image of Fortuny's bride as she appeared to her husband in her youth and first glow of love, but no mental processes I was master of could persuade me that what I looked on was only a picture. The irregular face with its clear pallor under the night of hair seemed to grow out of the dark green background. At any moment those lips might open, or those Southern eyes might turn my way. If I dared to touch those hands, I should find them warm. It would not be surprising if she spoke, or stepped down from her frame. Anything might happen, at any moment.

Two good-looking boys with foreign features and accent were working at their easels close by. They must have noticed my stupor, for they began to talk about Her.

"The most wonderful piece of black drapery in the world," said one, among other praise; and then, to his companion,

"If you could paint hands like that——"

Painting hands is a decisive test of an artist's skill, recognized as such by the brotherhood. Sullivan, for instance, can put more character into hands than most draughtsmen contrive to get into faces.

Reflection showed the justice of the technical criticism. It must be difficult to paint black upon a background so

deeply green as to be itself almost another black, unrelieved by any colour warmer than touches of faint pink here and there. Black means death and mourning, but here there is not the least suggestion of the sombre. If the Lady stood robed in virginal white, or the colour of June roses, she could not look more freshly young and immortal. It is life, not death, life at its most intense and vivid moment that She stands for, there, in her frame of gold. A dewy summer morning could not be further from any hint of decay.

Indifference makes beauty maddening. My Lady has just paused for a moment on her passage through time to turn her head and look out upon the world. And so the painter-lover caught and fixed Her. She does not regard who stands and admires, who passes by without a second glance. Her eyes look past all spectators: in them is dreaming, and languor, and veiled fire. Being Spanish, she is stately and remote; the poise of her head is proud. Whatever she is thinking of, it is not of the beholder, still less, of the exquisite moulding of her neck, or the rondure of her chin, or the ripe little mouth, or the stir of shadow at the corners of it. That these things may well-nigh put a man beside himself has never crossed her mind. She looks eternally away.

The painter must have loved the woman, or this piece of tinted cloth would not thus convey its message to a stranger.

But I have to take my leave. It is only fitting that I should do it in the manner of Spain. "*Beso los manos*," I kiss your hands. The phrase was invented in a land where such hands were possible, white, soft, little hands, satiny and fine to the clasp, compressible, useless, made only to be kissed. Once more then, "*Beso los manos*."

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

ROBERTSON SMITH AT CAMBRIDGE

[T is only of Robertson Smith, the man, that I can write, and then only of him during the last, the Cambridge, phase of his short but extraordinarily full career, yet doing this I hope to be able to throw light upon the influence that he wielded. And I would like, if it be in my power, to give a truer appreciation of one who was a true man than his biographers have thus far managed to do; for let it be confessed that neither Lord Bryce's chapter, nor the larger recent biography by Sutherland Black and Chrystal wholly satisfy me. Neither succeeds in delineating the staunch lovableness and greatness of Robertson Smith's character. To us who knew him, his delight in a wordy warfare, his strikingly incisive and alert intellect, and even his marvellous knowledge, were secondary matters—there stood supreme his love for truth, and with this his personal affection and loyalty to his friends, his keen, constant interest in their interests, his humanity, aye, and to those who came into closest contact with him, his Christianity and absolute faith—the faith as of a little child. With this last left out of the composition, the picture of Robertson Smith fails to compose. It is this that harmonizes and gives proper value to a character and teaching which otherwise to the outer world must have appeared to be full of contradictions. In those latter days, and perhaps always, it was only to those nearest to him that, on rare occasions, he revealed fully this aspect of his personality.

I have nothing to say, therefore, of the Aberdeen professorship, nothing of the Edinburgh days or of the long-drawn-out heresy trial; or, at most, only one faint backwash from the storm. I remember going to him for advice regarding a correspondence into which I had been drawn over one of my earlier papers—I think it was with Professor Burdon Sanderson of Oxford in the pages of the *British Medical Journal*.

He read over the letter I proposed sending—"Does that give your whole argument?" "Yes," said I, "I have tried to present my whole case clearly and succinctly." "Then," said he, "you have committed a tactical error. Let an old warrior advise you. When you go out to meet the enemy make a point of keeping your best arrow in reserve. You will find it wonderfully effective if the others fail to give the quietus. Never discharge your whole quiverfull at the start."

Among many quaint and often delightful survivals from the distant past, there happens to be in Cambridge one termed the Lord Almoner. Nobody knows much about him; still less about the alms which he is officially supposed to distribute. The university calendar does not, or in my time did not, trouble to include him in the list of university officials; but there he is. And he flashes momentarily into prominence whenever there is an appointment to be made to the Lord Almoner's Professorship of Arabic. For, in acknowledgment of the payment of the magnificently exiguous stipend of £50 out of the Almonry bounty, the Lord Almoner retains the privilege of nominating to that chair, established in the early years of the eighteenth century. I am led to conclude that the position is one of those rare but distinguished sinecures, like the chancellorship of a Canadian university in which the possessor pays for the distinction out of his own pocket. I well remember the pleasurable surprise which, in 1883, greeted the announcement that the Lord Almoner, Lord Alwyne Compton, then Dean of Worcester, and later Bishop of Ely, had appointed the heresiarch Robertson Smith to succeed that somewhat remarkable character, Professor Palmer, who had met a tragic death at the hands of unfriendly Arabs on Mount Sinai.

I was, in 1883, an undergraduate in my third year, and as such comprehended little of the inner workings of the university: I only know that we regarded his lordship as an eminently worthy divine of the Barchester type, and were, as I say, surprised at the nomination. It may be that, just as in the days of St. Medard, the devil went hungry because

saints were many and sins were few, so now the dean needs must appoint Professor Smith because there were so few to choose from—so few Arabic scholars who could be tempted to occupy a university chair at the munificent sum of \$250 yearly. But certain it is that the Church of England, as represented by one of her distinguished divines, revenged herself upon disestablished Presbyterianism by appointing the discharged professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis of Aberdeen to a professorship in her gift. Happily Robertson Smith had other sources of income: he was already joint editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Coming as it did through the leading English orientalists, the invitation to apply for the chair appealed to him most strongly. Still more strongly was he affected by the warmth of his welcome in the old university—Trinity made him a member and gave him rooms, and, what is more, gave him staunch friends, like Henry Jackson, George Darwin, Jebb, Frazer, and Jenkinson. Rapidly he found himself at home.

I took my Arts degree in 1884, went over to Germany for the better part of a year, and then completed my medical course. When I returned to Cambridge in 1887 it was to find that Robertson Smith had made so great an impression upon the university that, after a sojourn of scarce three years, upon the death of Henry Bradshaw of King's, the bibliophile, a man beloved by all, he was elected University Librarian. "That a newcomer and a stranger should have been elected by a general vote not of a board, but of the whole Senate, to one of the most important and best paid posts at Cambridge, is equally creditable to the university and to the candidate." What is more, he had been made a Fellow of my old college, and I returned to Christ's to find him and his books and his pictures established in the Fellows' Building.

It is difficult for a man who loves the college in which he has spent the happiest years of his life, to determine accurately the position held by it in the opinion of the rest of the university and of the world at large. Possibly I can more nearly give a correct estimate of Christ's than other Christ's

men, seeing that later I became connected with another college, and so became accustomed to regard it from without. Among the smaller Cambridge Colleges—and compared with Trinity and John's all the remaining fifteen or more are regarded as smaller colleges—it has always held a strong and independent position. Founded by the Lady Margaret, mother (and that at the mature age of thirteen years) of Henry VII, and founded under the guidance of the great John Fisher, whom the Pope made Cardinal, with the result that Henry VIII promptly beheaded him, declaring that the Pope might give him a hat but he would see to it that there was no head upon which to wear it, the college began its career as devoted to the newer learning, and from this start and through the centuries it has, with rare lapses, stood for progress. Nor would I have the reader accept this as a prejudiced opinion. In his fascinating study of the evolution of the university, just published, the Master of Jesus acknowledges that from the capacity of its teaching staff and a quality of large-minded comprehensiveness, Christ's, in the twentieth, as in the seventeenth, century, deserves to be regarded as the most Cantabrigian of Cambridge colleges.¹ The college which counts John Milton and Charles Darwin among its alumni has confessedly had its influence upon British thought. When I went up in 1880, drawn to it by its growing reputation in natural sciences, the resident society was, with scarce an exception, liberal, varying in complexion from the Master (Cartmell) who was an hereditary Whig and therefore, in many respects, the most bigoted of Conservatives, down to Hobson, the mathematical tutor, now university professor of mathematics, who was and still is a rabid doctrinaire radical. John Peile was the senior tutor, and his liberalism had led him to throw open the college doors with profuse hospitality, as the saying was, to "Jews, Turks, and Infidels." One of the most charming men I ever came across belonged to my year at Christ's.

¹ Cambridge, described by Arthur Gray, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, p. 192. Methuen & Co., Limited, London.

He was a Mahommedan, the nephew of the great Indian reformer, patriot, and friend of the English, Syed Ahmed Sing. Each year saw with us a small collection of Babus. Smuts, and I believe other Boer leaders, were undergraduates of Christ's. There is, indeed, a story told of a Christ's man being wrecked on a South Sea Island—but that is told also in connexion with Balliol, and we Cambridge men are accustomed to allow Oxonians priority. I cannot say that all this made the college regarded as quite *en règle* by the rest of the university, or that we undergraduates who had the prestige of the college at heart, appreciated this policy of the dons. Happily for the callow and sensitive undergraduate of to-day, this policy has been ameliorated and colleges other than Christ's now bear the polychromatic stigma.

But somehow, despite all this, the college attracted a fine set of men, while the position in the schools maintained a singularly high level. There was an invigorating spirit of work in the college, and, as in my days, we had the President of the University Boat Club in our number—the foremost hero of the undergraduate world—together with several other "blues." I do not think it can be said that we suffered greatly from the policy of the powers that were, while the college was of that comfortable size that one could know everyone one wanted to know and not be uncomfortably intimate with the rest. I had the rooms which tradition said had been Calverley's; across the court were those which had been Milton's and in which Wordsworth confessed to having been drunk for the first and only time in his existence. It may be rank heresy, but sometimes I think that it would have improved his muse and added to its lyrical as well as its human quality had W. W. followed the example of Robert Burns and succumbed more than once. Had he been more sociable we should have heard less of that voice

As of an old half-witten sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep.

I quote from a Cambridge contemporary, and from the only wholly successful humorous sonnet in the language: for in those of Charles Lamb on "Work" and "Leisure," excellent as they are, the Elian humour is, methinks, overburdened by the form. However, we cannot have everything in this world, and when Wordsworth saw nature so acutely, perhaps one ought not to wish that on occasion he had seen it double.

There were no more delightful gardens than the Fellows' gardens which were open to us undergraduates for bowls during the lazy summer afternoons, and there was the open air bath fed by water from Hobson's conduit—Hobson of "Hobson's choice" and Milton's verse—looked down upon by the busts of "The Lady of Christ's" and of Cudworth, where, decently screened by evergreens, we disported ourselves in naked worth before morning Chapel and again, during the Long, before supper in the rooms of one or other of our set.

It was a noble old college—and it was quite in keeping with tradition and the *genius loci* that Robertson Smith should be elected one of the Society. He himself rejoiced to point out that he had a distinguished predecessor in the shape of the Scottish scholar John Mair (Johannes Major), who, in 1493, had joined Christ's College, or, as it then was, God's House, because it was the only college situated in the parish of St. Andrew.

Almost immediately after my return to Cambridge in 1887 with the university position of Demonstrator, I was, to my happiness, invited to the Fellows' table, and thus it was that daily, or perhaps, more accurately, at first nightly, I came in contact with Robertson Smith.

Let me try to give you an impression of him. He was a little man, with small body, so that he sat exceptionally low. His head was not disproportionately large, in fact "still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew." He had a thin and slight brownish-black beard, nor (with a patch of erythema or lupus on one cheek) could it be said that his face was beautiful, though it was redeemed by his

bright, alert eyes and the constant interest of his expression. His voice was high-pitched and lacking in musical quality, so much so that some it irritated. In fact, his one prominent defect was his total lack of appreciation of music. He frankly declared that to him music was the most disagreeable of noises, and I well remember one Lent term when there had been an unusual succession of deaths of Masters of Colleges and other university dignitaries and in accordance with custom the Dead March in Saul had been rolled out on the organ Sunday after Sunday at morning service, all standing: coming out of the Chapel he asked innocently why "God save the Queen" was being so often performed that term. He was even in a worse plight than the man who knew only two tunes, one of which was "God save the Queen" and the other wasn't, for here, owing to this college habit, he could not be sure about his one standby.

For long years the Society at Christ's had been a united body, and the Fellows' table been characterized by a high-level of conversational topic, if not of conversation. With Robertson Smith's advent, it became the most attractive in Cambridge. What memorable nights those were! After dinner in hall such of us as were not called off to homes or meetings, proceeded to the Combination Room, or Common Room, and as a party of eight or so—save on Saturday nights when the number might be increased—sat around the flawless old mahogany, the Senior Fellow presiding, drank the toast of the Queen, and then the talk began. At first it might be desultory, until something was broached that interested Robertson Smith. And then the flood-gates were opened. It might be upon anything—save, as I have said, music. He was equally familiar with and exact in his knowledge of the modern novel and the Book of Job: with art, art criticism, manufacturing technique, and the bouquet of Chateau wines. I will admit that, in duty bound, as an Edinburgh man, he was surer in his knowledge of Bordeaux vintages than of the different years and characters of port wines, although of the latter his judgement was eminently sound, a matter all the

more remarkable as he was distinctly abstemious; but he admired the social virtues, and possibly, as with professional wine tasters who refrain from swallowing, the very cleanness of his palate rendered his judgement more exact. He was as interested in and intimate with the manners and customs of the Cambridge undergraduate as with those of the remotest aborigines of Australia or Central Africa. His knowledge of patristic literature and of heresies appeared to be as extensive and peculiar as was that of Mr. Sam Weller of London streets. He discussed all the sciences like a master. I remember well his correcting a naturalist, fresh from two years spent naturalizing in Celebes, regarding some statement he uttered bearing upon the fauna of that island. My old friend, the present Master of Christ's, has recounted to me that once when a guest at Lord Hardwicke's, his stay coincided with the annual tenants' dinner, and that sitting among the farmers he discussed with such intimate knowledge and, *more suo*, dogmatically, the factors making for speed in race horses, detailing minutely the genealogies of and strains entering into the great sires and great racers, that they took the Professor of Arabic for a professional horse-breeder.

He was, without doubt, the most widely learned, perhaps the most deeply learned, man of his generation. Nothing that he had seen or heard or read appeared to be forgotten. They tell the judgement passed upon Norman Lockyer—"that he was the editor of *Nature* and considered himself the author of it." Of Robertson Smith it may well be said that he was the editor of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" and was the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*." If I may judge from his knowledge of and attitude towards the one subject of which I knew anything more than superficially, his opinions were wonderfully sane. It is true that he got into trouble over the article "*Vaccination*." I do not think he ever quite forgave himself for allotting that article to a man of irregular views. But the fault was scarce his. Creighton, who wrote it, had held a distinguished position in the Edinburgh Medical School, and was a friend of the old days. How far he had in

his late years wandered from orthodoxy, Robertson Smith had no means of knowing. He realized that the article did not represent prevailing opinion, and submitted it in proof to Sir Andrew Clarke, and other leaders of the profession. Unfortunately these did not realize the seriousness of the occasion. It so happened that not one of them could, or did, point out where the errors lay, and as they failed him, he had perforce to publish the article as it stood.

But to return to his conversation. Let me admit that he was a monologist, but so varied in his range that never for one moment was it possible to regard him as a bore; merely he dominated the conversation. It must, however, be admitted that he had the failing of some other monologists—of Macaulay for example—that if another reputed conversationalist was invited to Hall and so poached upon his preserves, it was either the one or the other that entertained the company, but not both.

Nor did the conversation degenerate into “shop.” It was an unwritten law at Cambridge, even among us as undergraduates, that at Hall and in general conversation “shop” was taboo. The theologian might talk on classics but did not degenerate into theology, unless a direct opinion was invited from him, the classical scholar might freely become historical, the medical student was absolutely forbidden to discuss bones or insides generally. And so it was in the Combination room. It was a charming and suave company, Sharkey, the classical scholar, now, alas, dead, most often presiding as senior Fellow; Hobson and Greaves the mathematicians; Armitage Robinson the college chaplain and teacher in divinity, later Lady Margaret professor and Dean of Westminster; Shipley the zoologist, now Master of the College, widely read and an admirable *raconteur*; Brown the astronomer, now Professor at Yale; Fitzpatrick the physicist, now president of Queen’s; W. H. D. Rouse, the classical scholar, now pedagogue; not to mention the Master, John Peile, the sanskritist; Francis Darwin (now Sir Francis), the botanist, and James Cartmell, the Senior Tutor; Seymour

Thompson, and other fellows who, being married, were rarer attendants.

On each of us Robertson Smith had his influence. Not merely did his extraordinary knowledge spur us to greater achievements in our own subjects, but time and again he threw out suggestions of first value. I may be wrong, but it seemed to me that Armitage Robinson gained distinction and the deanery of Westminster through the series of monographs on patristic literature, or, as the *Times* in a review called it, "patriotic" literature, which he edited, and the stimulus to that work came from Robertson Smith. And that influence extended beyond the college. I well remember how Frazer's frail, bent, scholarly figure used to haunt the second court while "The Golden Bough" was in the growing stage. You who know your "Golden Bough" may recall Frazer's tribute in the preface to the first edition: "But it is a long step from a lively interest in a subject to a systematic study of it, and that I took the step is due to the influence of my friend W. Robertson Smith. The debt that I owe to the vast stores of his knowledge, the abundance and fertility of his ideas, and his unwearied kindness, can scarcely be over-estimated. Indeed, the central idea of my essay—the conception of the slain god—is derived directly, I believe, from my friend." And what is true of Frazer is true also of the Cambridge orientalist as a body, of both the seniors, like Wright and Bensley, and of the juniors, his pupils, whether members of the college, like Norman McLean, or others like Keith Falkner, Bevan, and Kinneth.

Speaking of Frazer reminds me of my first introduction as a Southerner to Scottish clannishness. Robertson Smith's rooms appeared to be the centre of the small but extraordinarily influential Scotch colony at Cambridge. Frazer, Neill, Tutor of Pembroke, a singularly fine character, Forsyth of Trinity, Adam of Emmanuel, Mollison of Clare, with one or two others, were constant visitors and, judging by results, this little coterie, if it did not rule, at least guided, the university along the lines it desired. It was remarkable how

those few men were to the fore in every movement, working together.

Robertson Smith, indeed, remained a perfervid Scot, and to the end Aberdeen remained for him the hub of the universe. Most noticeable was his parsimony in small things, his lavish generosity in great. I remember vividly a characteristic incident. Shipley had his rooms—about the most lovely rooms in Cambridge—immediately beneath Robertson Smith, and for a year or more endured the creaking of Robertson Smith's thick soled slippers as he paced actively, not to say impatiently, to and fro over the floor above—until he could endure no more. Time and again sitting in those rooms I heard the noise and could thoroughly sympathize. At last he gathered up courage to complain, and with great good-will Robertson Smith consented to get another, quieter, pair. But presently the same old creaking recommenced—and on another expostulation Smith confessed that it was the identical offenders that were at fault: he was convinced that he could not get shoes of as good make and at the same (inconsiderable) cost in Cambridge, and was waiting until he could next visit Aberdeen.

We must all confess that the life academic tends to withdraw those indulging in it into a little world of their own, remote from the interests which animate the larger world outside. We see this in a university in a large city. It is more strongly marked in universities like Oxford and Cambridge, situated in country towns. There the engrossing and contracting nature of the don's existence tends to make not the university but the college, the all in all of his being. As I have already indicated, the Society at Christ's from its very constitution showed these tendencies less than perhaps any other body of Fellows in Cambridge. But saying this I must admit that Robertson Smith brought the outer world into the college and broadened the interests of every member of the Fellows' table in a very remarkable way. Not to mention the leaders of thought from other colleges whom he brought to Hall, each week-end there would be a visitor or

visitors from Scotland, from London, or from the continent—now some politician like James Bryce, now an old Edinburgh friend like Sheriff Aeneas Mackay or Batty Tuke (now Sir John Batty Tuke) the alienist, or John Chiene, the surgeon, or like Forbes White the Rembrandt authority, or DesClayes, the father of the Misses DesClayes, the artists of Montreal, from Aberdeen: now some distinguished foreign critic or historian like Kuenen or Count Ugo Balzani. For these he organized dinners in Hall, and breakfasts, lunches, and often dinners in his own rooms. I have vivid memories of a Sunday afternoon spent in his rooms with Prince Krapotkin, the Nihilist, who, in the intervals of a reasoned justification of bomb-throwing and the destruction of those high in authority, even if simultaneously numbers of innocent bystanders were done to death, was almost piteously enquiring for a telegram which he was expecting every moment from London, which would tell him the progress of his youngster who was down, he explained, with a feverish cold!

I mention here those whom I can recall at the moment. Of course there were many more. Time and again on these occasions we were invited to continue the conversation in his rooms, or the hospitable rooms of Shipley just beneath—and then the varied talk continued until midnight or later.

As to his rooms, picture to yourself a chamber of goodly proportions stretching across the breadth of the Fellows' Building—the most chaste example of Stuart renaissance in Cambridge, build in 1640 or thereabouts, John Milton's father being one of the subscribers to the Building Fund, and said to be designed by Inigo Jones. On the one side, two generous windows looking into the second court of the college, and on the other, a like pair overlook the Fellows' Garden. Picture to yourselves bookshelves all around the room—books in profusion on his writing desk and table; over the fireplace Sir George Reid's portrait of his father, Pirrie Smith, with the head seen from three aspects, reproduced in Sutherland Black's "Life;" one or two small landscape paintings by the same old friend, together with his portrait

of Robertson Smith himself. On a screen, designed to keep out the draught from the door, a few choice engravings, Flameng's reproduction of Rembrandt's "Christ healing the sick" (the "Hundred Guilder" etching), Sharp's engraving of John Hunter after Reynolds—the last given to me at his direction by his executors. Soon this comfortable room was all too small for his collections. It was distressful to clear his table of its accumulation for every meal, and by great good fortune the room opposite becoming vacant, the Fellows granted him this also, a room redolent of the Cambridge Platonists, for it used to be tenanted by Henry More, their leader. Now his library could overflow comfortably, and he became possessed of a dining-room and guest chamber where he could put up a friend.

Looking back it seems as though I knew those rooms almost as well as my own while a graduate member of the college, situated on the other staircase of the Fellows' Building. Why he made me so welcome was always a matter of wonderment to me—unless it was that he was more intimate with Shipley, the present Master, than with all the other Fellows, and I was the friend of his friend. Together we three spent one Easter at North Berwick, where he introduced us to the mysteries of golf. That must have been in 1889. Together, as I see is noted in his "Life," one late summer we spent memorable days in Venice, and when our party broke up I accompanied him to Florence, and had the delight of making my acquaintance with that wonderful city with him as cicerone. His illness was then beginning to tell upon him, and it was during this latter part of our journey, taken I have always believed on my behalf, for I was then in some trouble, that, living the day through with him, I came to know a little of the nobility of his character, and his simple faith.

One other memory I may recall, namely, the notable dinner given in the hall of Christ's College in December, 1888, by the Blacks, with Robertson Smith in the chair, to celebrate the completion of the ninth edition of the "Encyclo-

pædia." And it was a notable occasion. I have unearthed the menu and seating list on that occasion, and it is not a little interesting to scan the list of those present who have made names for themselves in literature and science and art, collaborators with Spencer Baynes and Robertson Smith in that remarkable undertaking. I was present, let me add, as a friend of Robertson Smith and, at most, a very rare reader and critic of an occasional proof sheet of the "Encyclopædia," but I was there and, I see, sat next to Prothero who had passed from King's Cambridge to the Edinburgh Chair of History, and later became editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, a man of singular and great charm. It makes one a little sad to think how rarely such opportunities arise here in Canada to meet gathered together such an assemblage of men who have made their impress upon the thought of the time. Looking down the list what a galaxy it is of well-known names—Sir Edward Arnold, Andrew Lang, Murray of the dictionary, Ray Lankester, the zoologist, Yriarte, the art critic, Sir Lauder Brunton, and so through many a score, men whose names are household words in all the arts and all the sciences.

Some few years ago Professor Prince of Ottawa gave an admirable address before the Literary and Scientific Society of that city in which, with characteristic loyalty, he claimed for his old friend and chief, Professor Spencer Baynes, the main credit for that stupendous undertaking, the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia." None of us who loved Robertson Smith would wish to minimize the debt owing to his predecessor. That is the last thing that he would have desired. Without doubt the credit of planning and ordering this huge work belongs to Baynes. It is but natural, however, that Robertson Smith's name is indissolubly connected with the edition. In the first place, before he was in any way associated with the editorship, it was his articles upon "Angels" and "Bible" and "Isaiah" which had become the most famous and most discussed of all in the earlier volumes, and had drawn the widest attention to them. In the second place, during the later years of Baynes's life, the burden fell

upon him increasingly of supervising the articles as they were sent in. The first volume was issued in 1875, the last in 1888. Professor Baynes died in 1887. From Professor Prince's remarks it would be gathered that Robertson Smith was responsible for little more than the last volume. The statement that Baynes "had charge of the work, without editorial colleague, until it was in every essential respect complete, and only failing health, due largely to the incessant labour of editing the gigantic Encyclopædia threw the subordinate task upon Professor Smith of seeing the last volumes through the press, correcting proof,"—that statement does not give a true picture. As a matter of fact, Robertson Smith was appointed joint editor in 1881, and each year after that the labour and the responsibility increased, until before Spencer Baynes's death he had complete control. Most of the correspondence of the latter years of the undertaking had been in Professor Smith's hands. Nay, we have it from my old friend, Sutherland Black, who writes with authority, seeing that for years he was second in command upon the editorial staff, that "in the thirteen volumes published between 1881 and 1888, there are few articles that do not bear directly or indirectly the impress of his powerful personality." And to these thirteen volumes he himself contributed no less than two hundred articles. It was but natural, not as Professor Prince implies, that Cambridge should seek to claim the credit for what belonged to St. Andrews, but that the contributors assembled at that dinner should associate Robertson Smith with the enterprise more vividly than they did the late Professor Baynes.

Lastly, I cannot conclude these reminiscences without referring to another striking trait in Robertson Smith's character. Samuel Johnson would have loved him. In fact, I think it evident that the great lexicographer behind a cloak of elephantine banter, loved Scots in general, only possibly it takes some Scots centuries to see the joke of it all. Certainly Smith was a good hater, hating, above all, those who, as he believed, with superficial knowledge made a

parade of learning. His tirades, for example, against a certain well-known Oxford professor, Egyptologist, Assyriologist, and what not, were hugely invigorating. One had only to mention his name to bring forth scathing denunciations. But his was, if I may so express it, a professional and not a personal hatred. It was as the bitter invective of the politician on the hustings who that same evening will dine convivially with the object of his attack. All the years that I knew him I cannot recall one bitter word uttered in general conversation against those who compassed his withdrawal from Aberdeen. His silence, indeed, about the great trial was very noticeable. Like the sun dial his mind only numbered sunlit hours. And so it was with those that used him spitefully. The indignation of his friends against W. C. Henley was without bounds. When Henley lay a cripple in the wards of the old Edinburgh Infirmary, gaining there the material for that masterpiece "In Hospital," at Leslie Stephens' invitation Robertson Smith visited him, visited him frequently, cheered him, interested others in him, gained him employment—played, in brief, the good Samaritan to him—to be assailed causelessly and cruelly in the pages of the *Scotsman* in later years. It was a brutal return, but Robertson Smith, however acutely he felt the treatment, bore it silently—nor would he discuss it.

And, too, he had his national prejudices, of which perhaps the most comical—in him, Hebraist as he was—was his constitutional dislike of the Jew—coupled with his admiration for individual Jews, and his love for the Talmud as well as for the Old Testament. Much of the philosophy and the humour of the Talmud and of the rabbinical lore had sunk deep into his soul. One pious judgement I remember seemed to appeal to him specially, for he quoted it in my hearing more than once, and his life was a gospel of joyous, intense work. Whether it is of Hillel, or of what old rabbi, I have forgotten. It is, that no matter how evil the deeds of a man, had he written that which advanced knowledge or done that which was of service to his kind, God would not permit him

to descend into Sheol, for capable men are so few that He cannot afford to lose the services of even one such man. He had, I remember, nothing but praise for Schechter, and no one was more rejoiced over that distinguished scholar's rich discovery of ancient manuscripts in an unmentionable place in the old Cairo synagogue. But other scholars, Margoliouth, for example, he distrusted constitutionally until he came to know them. Some, like old Schiller-Szeczinessy, the Cambridge Talmudist, he disliked to the point of fear. We always had a half belief that he more than half accepted Schiller-Szeczinessy's stated conviction that, as knowing the correct pronunciation of "Jahweh," he had the power of the evil eye. These little weaknesses made him all the more human.

I trust that I have not dwelt unduly upon these quaint contradictions in my old friend's character. It was these largely that made him so lovable, that drew his friends so close to him. You may admire, you may wonder at that which is flawless: you cannot love it. I am so far an orientalist that I demand some small imperfections as a necessity for supreme human accomplishment. And this, I think, in our heart of hearts, is the case with all of us, although we imagine that our neighbour is only satisfied with absolute perfection, wherefore most biographies become platitudinous and unreal.

J. G. ADAMI