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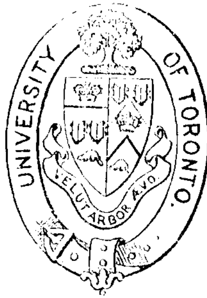

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THE

University of Toronto Quarterly

VOL. II. TORONTO, JUNE, 1896. No. 4.

ANTIGONE AND ELECTRA.*

BY PERCY J. ROBINSON, '97.

[Read before the Classical Association.]

"The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares."

THERE are characters in history and fiction who seem above us, who are deeper than we are, who are more perfectly human, whose thoughts are stronger than ours and whose emotions are more harmonious. These are the heroes whom we would imitate if we could. They are of all ages and countries, nor do they perish at death but live in the hearts of men forever. Were they born of the stock of the immortal gods or did the Divine Being breathe into them a fuller life than into all men besides?

To the Greeks the heroes were the objects of a real worship; they were the children of the gods, bright patterns of human virtue, beings both human and divine. For them they were ever present to aid; Theseus fought at Marathon and Ajax hovered above the fleet at Salamis. Their memories haunted the landscape. They were present in the bright sunlight and in the

* The writer wishes to express his acknowledgments to a critique by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton on "The Women of Greece" and to an unsigned article in the *Westminster Review*, October, 1885, on "The Sophoclean Drama."

quiet night. Their glorious deeds and noble sufferings were the theme of poet and artist. For us they are still divine, "divine in the strength of their endurance and the fixity of their devotion." Divine and human too. Human in their impotence before fate and in their failing struggles with human passions. "Divine with a strange Titan strength and human with a pathetic human weakness."

The myths in which the achievements of the heroes were celebrated, were the source from which the tragic poets drew their plots. To these legends each of the three great dramatists applied a different treatment. A prominent critic has remarked that the heroes of Æschylus are essentially super-human, that the heroes of Euripides are essentially human, and often of a low human type, that the heroes of Sophocles are at once human and super-human: human, generically by the expression of certain general human qualities; super-human, partly by the strength in which these qualities are portrayed, partly by the direct relations of the persons with supernatural powers. In analysing the characters of the two Sophoclean heroines, Antigone and Electra, we shall become conscious of the truth of this statement.

In these two characters there are many points of resemblance which we shall notice first. Electra like Antigone is contrasted with a weaker sister, and in both cases the contrast is one which makes us conscious of a certain harshness in the conduct of the elder towards the younger. Antigone's *μή μου πρόταρβει τὸν σὸν ἔξορθον πότμον* and *εἰ ταῦτα λέξεις, ἐχθαρεῖ μὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ ἐχθρὰ δὲ τῷ θανόντι προσκείσει δίκῃ* are as harsh as Electra's *ἅπαντα γάρ σοι τἀμὰ νουθετήματα κείνης διδακτὰ κοὐδεν ἐκ σαυτῆς λέγεις.* But such lack of harmony might be expected. A strong impetuous nature clashes with an affectionate weakness in the case of Antigone and Ismene, while the heroic daring of Electra is entirely out of sympathy with the feminine nature of Chrysothemis.

ἄλλ' ἐννοεῖν χρὴ τοῦτο μὲν γυναῖχ' ὅτι
ἔφυμεν, ὡς πρὸς ἄνδρας οὐ μαχουμένα

says Ismene, and Chrysothemis echoes the sentiment in

οὐκ εἰσορᾷς; γυνὴ μὲν οὐδ' ἀνὴρ ἔφυς
σθένεις δ' ἔλασσον τῶν ἐναντίων χερί,

a point by the way for opponents of the modern theory of women's rights. It is an evidence of the consummate skill of Sophocles that he should develop his principal characters by the introduction of so fitting contrasts. Ismene and Chrysothemis are types of ordinary women of not particularly strong character, who are loving but timid. Antigone and Electra are strong and heroic. They are of a higher class of women—women of the stamp of Scott's Jeanie Deans and Rebecca. A point of resemblance, in detail, is the fact that Antigone is immured in a cave to perish there, while Electra is threatened with a similar punishment. Antigone's words to Creon:

> *σοὶ δ'εἰ δοκῶ νῦν μῶρα δρῶσα τυγχάνειν*
> *σχεδόν τι μώρῳ μωρίαν ὀφλισκάνω*

are as bold as Electra's retort to Clytemnestra:

> *εἰ γὰρ, πέφυκα τῶνδε τῶν ἔργων ἴ"δρις*
> *σχεδόν τι τὴν σὴν οὐ̂ καταισχύνω φύσιν.*

The language in both cases is almost identical. Electra's words to Chrysothemis,

> *ἄλλ εἴστιθ' οὔ σοι μὴ μεθέψομαί ποτε*
> *οὐδ' ἢν σφόδρ' ἱμείρουσα τυγχάνῃς*

are the counterpart of Antigone's speech to Ismene,

> *οὔτ ἂν κελεύσαιμ' οὔτ ἄν εἰ θέλοις ἔτι πράσσειν*
> *ἐμοῦ γἂν ἡδέως δρῴης μέτα.*

Many such instances of resemblance in language alone might be collected.

"But, though the Sophoclean Electra resembles Antigone in heroism and in loyalty to the dead, the modes in which their characters are manifested differ as widely as the situations. Antigone is suddenly required to choose between omitting a sacred duty and incurring death, within a day she has chosen and died. The ordeal of Electra is that of maintaining a solitary protest through years of suffering."

"Both are characters of absolute vitality. Electra is as strong as Antigone and as faithful, but she misses the charm which makes the child of the blind old man so lovely. She is a fiercer and more purposeful Hamlet. She never ceases to bewail her murdered father nor does she shrink from avenging

him. Electra is too full of the fire of hatred to heed sage advice, as Antigone is too much actuated by feelings of love and duty to listen to calmer counsels. Electra is shaken by no sentiment of pity. No dread of her own incited work, no memory of the days when her mother had been her friend, softens her heart or bends the steely hardness of her purpose. She only cries, 'And is she dead, vile wretch?' when Orestes and Pylades come forth, their crimsoned hands dripping with gore. And when she answers the questionings of Ægisthus she answers back with bitter sneers and sarcastic taunts." Antigone is hurried on by the enthusiasm of love. Through its power she can face Kreon, give up her betrothed and meet death. In the consciousness of duty performed, with the known approval of the gods above and below upon her, laying down her life that the body of her brother may be honored in death, and his spirit have rest in the shades beyond, she is a noble figure indeed. "In Antigone the pleadings of love were blended with a consciousness of duty which shrank not from resistance to the supreme power of the state." In thoughts of Haemon she does not forget her duty to the dead. She is of those, as Wordsworth puts it,

> "Whom neither shape of danger can dismay
> Nor thought of tender happiness betray."

And in defying the power of the state, it has been thought that Sophocles wished us to understand that Antigone was led too far, that she committed ethically a sin against the state, and that death is her punishment. Those who hold this view think that Sophocles hints at such an interpretation in the closing lines of the play:

> "Man's highest blessedness,
> In wisdom chiefly stands,
> And in the things that touch upon the gods,
> 'Tis best, in word or deed,
> To shun unholy pride;
> Great words of boasting bring great punishments,
> And to grey-haired age
> Teach wisdom at the last."

A similar theory has been advanced in the case of Cordelia, that because she took arms against the state to right her father's wrongs by force, therefore she must be punished. In such a

view Antigone ceases to be "the virgin martyr of antiquity" and becomes to us an enthusiast whose actions must be criticized by cold judgment, and the dramatist ceases to be the portrayer of men and manners and becomes a mere teacher of ethics.

Each of these two Greek women, Antigone and Electra, is inspired by a master passion, the one by love the other by hate. Antigone dies through her love for her brother, Electra lives to vent her hatred upon her unfaithful parent. It is the simplicity of their passions which gives strength and beauty to these characters. The one loves utterly, the other hates utterly.

It is doubtful which of these women was the more admired by the ancients. History records how delighted the Athenians were with the Antigone, and how they made Sophocles as its author one of their generals. But on the other hand each of the three great dramatists, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, composed an Electra and the character was always a favorite one with the Romans. They admired her heroic strength, the tenacious ferocity with which she pursues her purpose against Clytemnestra. They could sympathize with her in her deep yearning for revenge. Antigone, however, has always been a favorite of modern thought. While the drama of Antigone has been presented many times within the last hundred years, that of Electra has been but rarely before the public. The principles of modern religion incite to love, whereas ancient, and especially heathen, religion recognized an Ἄτη, an avenging goddess who was an object of adoration and together with the Erinyes the favourer of acts of revenge. Of these modern presentations of the Antigone, one of the most interesting was that which took place at Oranges, in France, about two years ago when the drama was acted in the old Roman theatre preserved there, which has been undergoing a slow process of restoration during the present century. It was presented under state patronage, and the enormous theatre was thronged with spectators as it had not been since the days of the empire.

Electra has a different kind of interest for us. It is necessary to study her environment in order to sympathize with her. She does not appeal to us so directly as Antigone. We must lay aside many of our most fundamental conceptions and assume

ideas alien to us in order to understand the motives that urge her to action. It is a dictum of psychology that a great hate is the measure of a mighty love, and we feel that had Electra's life not been blighted she would have been as tender and loving as Antigone. Her expressions of love for Orestes are infinitely tender. "She, no other, was his dear nurse." It is her love for her dead father that is the prime motive in her hatred of her mother. Torn by the strongest passions of love and hate, we may well feel that she is perhaps deeper and more true to life than Antigone. There are many things to be said to palliate the offence of Electra's deed. There are many graces dormant in her character which make her less demon-possessed and more human.

She has been compared to Cordelia, to Lady Macbeth and to Hamlet. She is like Cordelia in her affection for her father; like her, she is ready to take violent measures to right his wrongs, yet "what is so serene as Cordelia's countenance?" The beauty and sweetness of Cordelia are lacking in Electra. She is like Lady Macbeth in vigour and strength. Lady Macbeth can gild the sleeping grooms with Duncan's blood and Electra can say *παῖσον διπλῆν*, "Strike again," when her mother is smitten by Orestes. But the motives of action are different, the one is fired by ambition, the other by outraged love. Further, there is a moral vengeance asserting itself in Electra's actions, and in this she is like Hamlet. This, perhaps, is the most fitting comparison we can make. The dramatical circumstances are in the main identical. Hamlet's father, like Agamemnon, is murdered by one who weds his mother. Upon Hamlet, as upon Electra, falls the duty of executing vengeance. But Hamlet does not, like Electra, cease to love his mother, and he shrinks from the killing of his uncle, while with Electra, to put the guilty ones to death is a religious enthusiasm. The much discussed question of Hamlet's sanity might find a counterpart in the case of Electra. Indeed one critic wishes that, for the credit of Shakespeare and Sophocles, both these characters be considered as insane. Whatever may be our doubts as to the dramatist's intentions as to how we should regard Hamlet, it must be clear to every reader that Electra's reason is not clouded. Such an idea is, I fancy, an entirely modern one. The ancients felt little shrinking at

the spectacle of the murder of Clytemnestra. It was fate that had ordained it and Apollo who was the inspirer and executor. It was a deed due to the shade of Agamemnon and approved by him.

A comparison of the characters of Hamlet and Electra affords a capital opportunity for contrasting the methods of treatment employed by the ancient and by the modern dramatist. The creations of the classic dramatist are simple. It is easy to grasp their meaning. Their emotions are the simple everyday emotions. Their beauty is in their unity of conception, and clearness of outline. The modern dramatist on the other hand is complex. His characters are impelled by contending motives and emotions. He delights in minute analysis of character. Our modern dramas and novels are, many of them, psychological studies in which the operations of the mind are laid bare and submitted to minute examination. Not so the ancient dramatist. His drawing is simple and severe. There is darkness and light in his pictures but no twilight.

So far we have dwelt, for the most part, on the dark side of Electra's character. But there are many relieving features to be noticed. Though she is inspired by the fire of deep hatred and impelled to acts of unnatural revenge and unwomanly cruelty, she is not a demon woman. Though she impresses us at first sight with the harshness of her disposition and the unfeminine nature of her character so that she has been called *mulier animi virilis* she is not wholly unwomanly. In the midst of passions that are unchecked, and a hatred given free rein, in contrast to traits that would almost induce us to turn from her as an intolerable virago, there is running a stream of the purest affection, untainted with any selfishness, which wins our sympathy, showing us that Electra, cruel and revengeful as she is, is still a noble woman. Electra, dark as she has become and burning with hatred as she does, is ennobled by the clear stream of her affection for her brother. To find a parallel in literature to the expression of this affection would be a difficult task. Her lament over his supposed funeral urn is unrivalled in pathos. What we know of Greek family life would not lead us to imagine the presence of such deep affection existing between the members. Such an instance is a bright contrast to a dark back-ground.

Pervading all the varying emotions of Electra pictured in this play, and standing out amid sombre surroundings, is this passionate affection for Orestes, softening and humanizing her fierce soul. When absent, dwelling in her thoughts continually, he is the refuge of her despairing hopes and solace of her unsuccessful endeavor. When present he becomes the strength and instrument of her design and the achiever of her life purpose. Electra is a woman who has grown away from ordinary human feelings, in whom love and pity have been distorted into hatred and cruelty. We see what she might have been in surroundings less bitter. There is another touch of the true womanly nature in l. 1484 which must not be passed over. When Ægisthus is trying to delay his death she says to Orestes :

> "Give him no longer leave to speak,
> By all the gods, my brother, nor to spin
> His long discourse. When men are plunged in ills,
> What gain can one who stands condemned to die
> Reap from delay ?"

In addition to this vein of tenderness in Electra, manifesting itself in her affection for Orestes, brightening the darkness of her character and giving a touch of human gentleness to a soul embittered by hate, there is the fact always to be considered that though we may shudder at the thought of a daughter bringing her mother to death, we can in this case feel scant commiseration for that mother. Clytemnestra is a character too profoundly evil to command our sympathies, too daringly wicked to be classed with ordinary humanity. The superhuman force of her dark soul inspires a certain awe. She suffers no obstacle to bar the course of her evil designs, no natural affection to sway her actions. There is no repentance for the murder of Agamemnon ; and on hearing of the supposed death of Orestes fear and hatred triumph over the natural affections of a mother and find vent in savage taunts and fierce invective against Electra. There is but one touch of womanhood about her,

> "O Zeus ! What means this——shall I say good news ?
> Or fearful, yet most gainful ? . . .
> Wondrous and strange the force of motherhood !
> Though wronged, a mother cannot hate her children."

The passage in which Electra arraigns her mother, l. 558, is the exact counterpart of that in which Hamlet accuses his

mother of sharing in the guilt of his father's death, with this difference that Hamlet still loves his mother while Electra has lost all respect for Clytemnestra and thinks of her as capable of the darkest crimes.

But, if Electra has lost all touch of a daughter's feelings towards Clytemnestra, Sophocles intends his audience to observe on the other hand how deep was her love for Agamemnon. He wishes us to think of him as of Hamlet's father, as a prince of men. The Iliad, indeed, represents him as such, and Sophocles has assumed the dramatist's privilege of idealizing his character. To Electra Agamemnon is "dearest of all mortals laid to rest in Hades' realm," while Clytemnestra is "vilest of women ever born."

Again in Greece the position of the woman in the household was not what it has become in modern times. She took rank after her children, and by an Athenian audience, Electra's action was, in all probability, approved as a duty due to the shade of the outraged father of the household. At any rate such considerations may with propriety be urged, in endeavoring to make the conduct of Electra more appreciable to modern feeling.

And still further, as if Sophocles himself felt that the deed needed other than mortal approval to justify it, he has taken care to show us that Apollo is the prime mover in the act of vengeance, that the death of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus was woven in the skein of fate and that Electra and Orestes are merely executing judgments already passed in the courts above. In the prologue, Orestes says that Apollo bade him "subtly work the righteous deed of blood." It is under the guidance of an oracle that he acts.

> Quippe ille deis auctoribus ultor
> Patris erat caesi media inter pocula.

Apollo is the god that Clytemnestra vainly supplicates to bring to a favorable issue the ill-boding dream that has disturbed her sleep. Electra prays in line 1376, "O King Apollo, hear them graciously," as Orestes and Pylades enter the palace to execute their vengeance, and throughout the entire play the god is present as a silent actor, inspiring and aiding retributive vengeance. This manifest approval of the gods makes the killing of Ægisthus and Clytemnestra a deed pleasing to heaven and

praiseworthy of men. There is no hint in Sophocles' drama as in that of Æschylus of the anger of the Fates. In the Homeric egend Clytemnestra's part is altogether subordinate to that of her paramour, and Ægisthus alone is killed by Orestes; but the goddess Athena herself exhorts Telemachus to follow the example of Orestes and to emulate his renown:

> "Hast thou not heard how young Orestes, fired
> With great revenge, immortal praise acquired?"

> "O greatly bless'd with every blooming grace,
> With equal steps the paths of glory trace!
> Join to that royal youth's your rival name
> And shine eternal in the sphere of fame."

Further the idea of revenge has happily disappeared from modern ethics, but to the ancients the idea was a familiar one and revengeful acts were commendable and approved by the gods. In the language of Livy: "*Nunquam deos ipsos admovere nocentibus manus: satis esse si occasione ulciscendi laesos arment.*" A Greek audience imbued with such sentiments would see nothing at variance with the spirit of religion in the killing of Clytemnestra. The reader is made conscious of this by the prevading spirit of poetry breathing through the whole play. The action opens in early morning when the sun is casting his rising beams over fair Mycenæ, awakening the matin songs of the birds, as the aged Pædagogus says in an introduction which might well be a prelude to a happier theme, and the drama closes with the significant word τελεωθέν, "finished," echoing in the ears of the audience. It is as if the storm and darkness have departed and the bright sun shines forth.

> ὦ σπέρμ' Ἀτρέως ὡς πολλὰ παθὸν
> δι' ἐλευθερίας μόλις ἐξῆλθες
> τῇ νῦν ὁρμῇ τελεωθέν.

All these differences of sentiment between the ancient and modern worlds must be taken into account in forming a just estimate of Electra's character.

By endeavoring to lay aside the feelings which are peculiarly modern, and viewing the play from the standpoint of the Athenian audience, we shall find ourselves less and less inclined to censure, and more inclined to wonder and admira-

tion. The misery and wretchedness of Electra break upon us with a clearer light. Our conception of her as a woman of unwomanly harshness and unfilial cruelty gives place to a softer estimate. We are led to admire the endurance which continued steadfast and immovable in the pursuit of a deep, and to her, holy purpose of vengeance through years of unaided effort; to commend the love for her murdered father impelling her to bear contumely and insult heaped upon her by Clytemnestra, who was in truth *μήτηρ ἀμήτωρ*; and to applaud the heroic moral bravery and strong sense of justice which induced her to endure constant misery and privation and to face menaces of death itself that the shade of the outraged parent might rest in peace in the abodes of the dead.

Such a character is above the level of ordinary humanity. There is in it the deepest darkness and touches of the brighest light. Interwoven with the fiercest passions of which humanity is capable is the thread of noble affection and holy love.

Of all the dramas of Sophocles that survive, the Electra exhibits most perfectly the working of that tendency to individualism which was spreading everywhere in Greek thought. The study of character is a comparatively modern development. Subtle analysis of thought and emotion is not to be looked for in the classic drama. Still there was progress in this direction; and in the Electra we have pre-eminently a drama of character, rather than of event. The poet has undertaken to exhibit in successive scenes the emotions which have found a dwelling in Electra's breast. "Man," says Shelley, "is an instrument over which a series of external and internal impressions are driven like the alterations of an ever-changing wind over an Æolian lyre which move it by their motion to ever-changing melody." Sophocles' pourtrayal of Electra's emotions is like one long drawn chord prolonged through many changes of sorrows.

George Eliot in "Middlemarch" compares Antigone to Dorothea and both to Saint Theresa. The comparison is only partially true. Though there is in Antigone the impetuosity of enthusiasm it is not the enthusiasm of St. Theresa. Her enthusiasm is the enthusiasm arising from an inspired confidence in the supremacy of right, and assurance of the reality of morality and justice, and of the governance of Zeus in heaven. Her exaltation

is a natural one, not the ectasy of contemplation and self-mortification. St. Theresa saw visions. Antigone is too calm, too full of confidence in the justice of her actions to be touched with any such unnatural mysticism, and further she is too Greek. But she is like Dorothea in her lofty estimate of things sacred and in her clear perception of the duties owing to humanity. On the other hand that infirmity of judgment, quixotic goodness and ignorance of the world at large which distinguish George Eliot's heroine are absent in Antigone. The heroine of Sophocles is not deceived in men. She reads the character of Creon and penetrates the motives of Ismene with perfect insight. Her goodness is not the goodness that emanates from weakness but from strength and wisdom. She is not ignorant of the world and yet experience with its influences has not robbed her of her simplicity. The feature of similarity which binds Antigone, Dorothea and St. Theresa together is their common earnestness for good, and, as far as Antigone and Dorothea are concerned, the common conviction that human happiness is only attainable by the painful path of moral rectitude. Antigone and Dorothea are women and human. St Theresa is an ascetic without share in the ordinary passions of humanity. Antigone is not without the intolerance which is characteristic of youth, but such intolerance is necessary to the maintenance of clear perception in the midst of the perplexing surroundings in which she is placed.

The life of Antigone had not been a happy one. The curse of heaven was upon her race. Œdipus, her father, died in misery. She was a witness of family dissensions. But the shocks and jars of fortune had only added grace and beauty to her character. Though young in years she is old in experience, and all her utterances are marked by maturity of wisdom. "Antigone is at once matron and maiden, she has the wisdom of the one with the impetuosity of the other." There is in her nature the loneliness of greatness. She takes counsel of none and reposes on none. Her innate nobility of soul is developed by misfortune. She feels akin to Niobe and thinks it no blasphemy to liken herself to the gods.

Antigone's is a gentler character than Electra's, more comprehensible by ordinary humanity, drawing closer to the

native sentiments of the heart and appealing more nearly to the common family affections. Her unselfish heroic love for Polynices, her forgetfulness of mere personal affection, her deep sense of justice, and her strong and simple faith in the gods have made her dear to both christian and pagan. Her loyalty to Polynices is only one of many noble qualities. In her character there is manifest a certain perfection of development, a certain balance of contending emotions which makes her words and actions perfectly harmonious. She says of herself:

> "My nature leads to love not hate,"

and finds consolation in the prospect more sure than hope,

> "Loved shall I be with him whom I have loved
> Guilty of holiest crime."

The opening scenes of the play present Antigone in an unnatural light. She is overcharged with the performance of a perilous duty. She views the world with the feelings of the enthusiast. In any unaccustomed action of great import there is an absorbing power which changes the nature for the time being.

> "Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the interim
> Is like a phantasm or a hideous dream."

In the beginning of the seventh scene, we have a more intimate view of Antigone's character. The true woman is apparent. She is condemned and on her way to death. The tide of natural emotion now returns. More personal affections press upon her. The dread of death, common to all, but spurned before, seizes upon her with all the terror of nearness. The feelings natural to a woman's heart are triumphant. The deed accomplished, the motives which prompted it are not so clearly justifiable.

> "Unwept, without a friend,
> Unwed, and whelmed in woe,
> I journey on this road that open lies.
> No more shall it be mine (O misery !)
> To look upon yon daylight's holy eye ;
> And yet, of all my friends,
> Not one bewails my fate,
> No kindly tear is shed."

She laments as she is led forth on her lonely way. The confidence that exclaimed,—

> "If I shall die
> Before my time, I reckon this a gain;
> For who so lives, as I, in many woes,
> How can it be but he shall gain by death?"

is all gone, and there is nothing left but mortal shrinking from death. Most pathetic is her final appeal to the chorus,—

> "City of Thebes, my father's ancient home,
> Ye gods of days of old,
> I linger not. They drag me to my doom:
> Princes of Thebes, behold;
> See ye what I, the last of kingly race,
> And at whose hands I suffer sore disgrace,
> Because all holy ties I still as sacred hold."

In the Electra there are no situations that would call for such passionate utterances. The despair of Electra is of a different kind. "Antigone loses life, Electra the possibility of the fulfilment of a life purpose."

There is a subject which always arouses interest in one reading the Antigone for the first time—the apparent indifference of Antigone to Hæmon, and on the other hand the devotion with which he clings to her lofty soul. The single passage in which she mentions him is doubtful, and by many commentators is put into the mouth of Ismene. "In her farewell to life Antigone only alludes to her lover and then not to him personally—rather to her own lost hope of marriage—while the whole tone of her lament is full of the very passion of love for her own people. Among other things she says that she would not have done this bold deed of pious disobedience had she "come to be a mother with her children," "nor dared though 'twas a husband's head that mouldered there," for she goes on to say:

> "Am I asked what law constrained me thus?
> I answer, had I lost a husband dear
> I might have had another: other sons
> By other spouse, if one were lost to me
> But when my father and my mother sleep
> In Hades, then no brother more may come."

This, we are told, is the exact reason given by the wife of Intaphernes, when Darius gave her the choice of one life among

all those of hers he had doomed to die, and she saves her brother to the neglect of her husband and children. It is a curiously explicit evidence of the strength of the family tie and of the predominance of the simple instinct over sentiment, in matters of marriage." Various explanations have been offered to bring the play into greater harmony with modern feeling, but they rob the drama of its truthful simplicity. So strongly was this deficiency felt that in one of the earlier modern presentations, the whole of the action subsequent to the seventh scene, was altered, and the *denouement* completed by the happy marriage of Antigone and Hæmon !

We must pass gently over Antigone's suicide in the lonely cave; such acts were not regarded with so great aversion in the days of Sophocles as now.

The reverence for the gods exhibited by Antigone is a characteristic which has already been noted. It is the simple undoubting reverence of sincere belief. The ways of the gods are mysterious but they are just. It is Zeus who has brought the curse with its darkness upon Œdipus and his line, but though Antigone feels the weight of this, her confidence in the guardian care of the gods is unshaken. Her words to Creon in reply to the question, "And thou did'st dare to disobey these laws?" have been characterized as the noblest utterance of antiquity,—

> "Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
> Nor justice, dwelling with the gods below,
> Who traced these laws for all the sons of men ;
> Nor do I deem thy edicts strong enough,
> That thou, a mortal man should'st over-pass
> The unwritten laws of God that know not change.
> They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
> But live forever, nor can man assign
> When first they sprang to being."

These words probably express also the sentiments of Sophocles himself, for he was a man noted for his piety according to pagan standards. "The religion whose piety was a reverent sense of beauty and of measure found in him a willing worshipper. He lived just when that religion had shed upon it the greatest strength of intellectual light that it could bear without fading. He is, perhaps, the highest type of its votary the

man for whom more than for any other who could be named the old national religion of Greece was a self-sufficing, thoughtful and ennobling faith. His mind possessed, above all else, that most Greek of instincts, the instinct of just proportion, and was perfectly attempered to the genius of Greek polytheism."

In reading this drama, we cannot fail to observe with what intense shrinking Antigone thinks of death when brought face to face with its terrors; a shrinking which was shared by all the Greeks and was characteristic of them to a greater extent than of the cold-blooded Romans. "All allusions to man's future state with the Greeks had always a reference to the infernal regions. Such allusions are of perpetual occurrence in tragedy; but for all the characters it is a joyless change when all active career is forever shut out. It was, therefore, this painful suspension of activity which was to them so forbidding to contemplate at the hour of death." In Œdipus Coloneus, also, Antigone is a *dramatis persona*, but though the sweetness of disposition and unselfishness of devotion which characterize her in the latter drama, are apparent, the character is not so fully developed. It is a sketch rather than a portrait. In this play Œdipus contrasts his daughter's devotion with his sons supineness and indifference to him.

> "Oh, like in all things, both in nature's bent,
> And mode of life, to Egypt's evil ways,
> Where men indoors sit weaving at the loom,
> And wives outdoors must earn their daily bread.
> Of you, my children, those who ought to toil,
> Keep house at home, like maidens in their prime,
> And ye, in their stead, wear yourself to death
> For me and for my sorrows. She since first
> Her childhood's nurture ceased, and she grew strong,
> Still wandering with me sadly evermore,
> Leads the old man through many a wildwood's paths,
> Hungry and footsore, threading on her way.
> And many a storm and many a scorching sun
> Bravely she bears and little recks of home,
> So that her father finds his daily bread.
> And thou, my child, before did'st come to me
> All oracles to tell me (these Cadmeians
> Not knowing of thy errand) which were given
> Touching this feeble frame; and thou was't still
> A faithful guardian when from out the land
> They drove me!"

Antigone is indeed "worthy of a golden praise" (οὐχ ἥδε χρυσῆς ἀξία τιμῆς λαχεῖν). "Steadfast to her duty, bold against tyranny, faithful to her own, tender as love and resolute as hate, she never falters in her self-elected path, nor turns back from the martyrdom she has chosen as her fate. There is no truckling to the living powers that can hurt, and no forgetfulness of the dead love that can no longer bless. Though it cost her her life she will please the soul she ought to please and let the rest go by. And for these two qualities of enduring love and constancy in duty, the world reverences her name and will reverence it for ever." Landor makes Epicurus say to his girl pupils, Leontion and Ternissa: "Girls! be the bosom friends of Antigone and Ismene; and you shall enter the wood of the Eumenides without shuddering, and leave it without the trace of a tear."

Such are Antigone and Electra, two of the ideal women of antiquity, differing in many respects from the ideals of modern literature, but differing, for the most part, in those characteristics which are incidental and native to the Greek character as a whole. The underlying humanity is the same. Characters such as these are true for all time, and the contemplation of them will ever be an enduring pleasure and an unfailing delight, if it is still true, as the philosopher Democritus said in the days of Sophocles, that the chiefest pleasures come from the contemplation of noble deeds.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, AS POET AND ROMANCER.

BY JAMES T. SHOTWELL, '98.

[Read before the Modern Language Club.]

IMAGINE a life of continual struggle with the greatest evils that man ever suffers, wild struggle against hereditary and overmastering passions, against approaching poverty, against a world, often mistaken, always harsh-judging. Think of these forces opposed to a strong, firm man, even one who has been trained from youth up in the athletics of life, and so has skill to add to power, and it is with the deepest interest you watch the contest. If he succeed, you have for him the wreath of victory and grant him a victor's triumph. Look, you say, see the mountainous obstacles overcome, see the huge heights scaled, the riddles solved that yield only to unwearied patience and trained sagacity! Has he not earned the glories of achievement and the homage of men? Surely he has. But now think of these tremendous forces turned against a man who is not only untrained, but entirely ignorant even of the reality of the obstacles themselves. Think of one who had dreamed away the years of youth and the one season of Life's development in the blindness of pampered opulence. Think of all the false growth thus nourished—for growth there will be—which will retard instead of assist, and, finally, add to his character the deepest sensibility and sensitiveness, an almost abnormal power to realize every condition of inner self, every faintest touch from without, to be pained to the quick where others would feel but the slightest disturbance, to suffer agony where others would feel only annoyance. Picture such a being thrown into the central arena of life, and what a tragedy is opened there before us. The struggle is decided the moment it begins. The man must fail. He knows it from the premonitions of his ever-wakeful soul; he knows he

cannot win, and yet, turning like the old Grecians at Thermopylæ wages the fight till the end. You who had the laurel for the victor, what have you for him, the vanquished? Do not judge him too hardly. Perhaps he may be a greater hero in the reckoning of Heaven and of Time than he who overcame.

Such a failure was the life-story of Edgar Allan Poe. Among the biographies of literary men of our nation or of any other, his is tragic in the first degree; among the most supremely sad of that division whose saddest are the saddest of mankind. Whether there is a justice underlying the life of such a man, whether the accounts were rightly equated, is not for us to decide or question, at least here. He recognized not an underlying justice but an underlying fate. Certain it is that the after-influences of his life must not be added into the equations, as some writers would have us do. The value for posterity of his life is nothing at all relative to the question, and by no benefices of such a kind can the balances of justice be made to tremble to equilibrium now. The tale of his life stands and must remain as he left it.

In nothing is the unreliability of history more plainly manifest than in the biography of Poe. The contradictions of his biographers are unparalleled in recent times. For example, even in the Encyclopedia Britannica we read that, after being expelled from the University of Virginia, he went on a Quixotic journey to assist the Greeks in their struggle for independence. Chambers's Journal enlarges on this with the additional story that he was picked up a wandering beggar in Central Russia and sent home. This story and much like it is undoubtedly derived from his first biographer, Griswold's untrustworthy account. The whole thing is a fabrication of the author, woven eagerly from an uncertain story of the time. Yet it is true that many discrepancies have arisen through the deliberate falsifications of Poe himself, who, while he was nursing his long rebellion against Fate, and felt the throbbings of a genius the world could recognize but not appreciate, bent himself to circulate tales which would add to a fame he could not otherwise enlarge.

But we shall not linger over the biography of our poet, however interesting because of its tragic nature, and shall confine ourselves merely to that which it is necessary to know on account

of the subjectivity of most of his work. We must always remember that he was an orphan boy, a pampered youth, taught to be respectful to, but not to love, those who were his guardians: a solitary, proud, unpractical man, almost a pauper, whose hereditary thirst was for that which was to him poison, and whose weak will was bent and turned by every tumultuous burst of that fiery, unconquerable passion, which dwells only with genius, and which carried him so headlong from the sober, common life down the dark road of despair, until those fires, dream-woven with that fitful darkness, could be extinguished only in the grave. Add to this one external fact that the only being he loved in the world, that *one* cherished from among the thousands forgotten, was dying slowly, fading sun by sun. It is the old story; but only when we bear in mind his abnormal sensibility and fine strung nature do we realize what this meant to Poe. The frenzy of suffering was dulled only to an utter despair. Thinking of such things, what an awful power do we feel in these words:—

> "I stand amid the roar
> Of the surf-tormented shore,
> And I hold within my hand
> Grains of the golden sand,—
> How few, yet how they creep
> Thro' my fingers to the deep;
> While I weep! while I weep!
> O God! can I not grasp
> Them with a tighter clasp?
> O God! can I not save
> *One* from the pitiless wave?
> Is *all* that we see or seem
> But a dream within a dream?"

Did so many words ever before hold so terrible a frenzy?

As to his accomplishment in poetry, Poe's work is narrow and somewhat meagre. You can read his entire collection of poems in a little more than an hour, and they deal with only one phase of life. As with himself, so with his poetry; it stands in a world of its own, apart from all other literary productions. The poet, knowing that this world lay so far from that of the

common minds, resorted to the one means by which he could transport them to it; it was by music. He was not a natural musician and we must always bear in mind that, if he almost out-Shelleyed Shelley when some of his finest productions were finished, it was the hard polish of an earnest worker, rather than the work of one who had the intuitive perception of melody. But, as the world of music, with its undefined powers and vague satisfactions, lay so closely to the world of mystery, whose awful outlines that life-agony of his bade him explore, so he perfected himself in it by patient labor, until it became wonderful in itself, and is to us like some sweet Æolian strain, beneath whose varying notes the ocean of sorrow and despair sobs its eternal monody.

There are two kinds of pessimism in the world; one which is productive of a quiet apathy, the other of a morbid brooding which in turn gives place to the most utter despair. From the time when the first woman, who had ever lovingly sympathized with his boyish heart, died in her early womanhood,—from that time on Poe was a pessimist, and his wild imagination carried him to the farthest excess. But that very imagination, which so doubled the terrors, was able to create out of the unknown of the universe conditions and things which, by the very exercise of their conception, helped to recompense for the acuter power to penetrate. So the amazement of his own soul at the gigantic things it has conjured up serves as a healthy tonic and keeps him for a while from that morbid, almost insane brooding over the one idea that so filled his later years.

His earlier poems, then, exhibit those lost flights of a tameless imagination and are significant for the boldness of their conception. We must confess that the boy who dared to write "Al Aaraaf" and "Tamerlane," had some reason to be proud of his productions. "Al Aaraaf" is a tale of the stars and of beings partly allegorical, partly fictitious. Beauty—the idea as it lives in our minds—seeks and finds a realm for herself in a star which swept into the gaze of man for a few days and then disappeared forever—the Al Aaraaf of Tycho Brahe; such is the opening conception of the poem. "Tamerlane," in spite of its

imitation of Moore, is well worth reading by any one. The last stanza reaches a climax seldom excelled in poetry:

> . . . "For Death, who comes for me,
> From regions of the blest afar,
> Where there is nothing to deceive,
> Hath left his iron gate ajar;
> And rays of truth you cannot see
> Are flashing thro' eternity."

One other early poem will bear us out in this statement—the song of "Israefel," the angel whose heart-strings are a lute. Of this Stedman says: "For once and in his freest hour of youth, Poe got above the sepulchres and mists, even beyond the pale-faced moon, and visited the empyrean. There is joy in this carol, the radiance of the skies, and the ecstatic possession of the gift of song."

> "If I could dwell,
> Where Israefel
> Hath dwelt, and he where I,
> He might not sing so wildly well
> A mortal melody;
> While a bolder note than this might swell
> From my lyre within the sky."

Before considering any more of his poems in detail it will be well to glance for a moment at his essay on the "Philosophy of Composition," and keep in mind the statements it sets forth. That this confession as to the mechanical appliances of his verse is true in the main is scarcely questioned now, but it is also just as certain that some parts are not true. It is absurd to imagine that a poet has no more intuition than that, after consideration, he must decide that beauty is the most universally poetical theme—intellectual beauty; then, after further consideration, decide that pathos is desirable for the full realization of beauty in its purity; and then consider more, and decide finally, that the death of a beautiful woman combines all the qualities of the subject of a classic poem. Such a theory is ridiculous. To the truly poetic mind would come the whole truth in a flash, and all the giant mystery, the appalling shadow of a presence higher than the human, the solemn silence when the stops of

life are closed forever and the organ-soul eternally stilled—surely a poet's intuition would point him at once to such a theme as one of universal interest!

As to the minor part, the treatment of the theme, after thirty years of dispute and conjecture, it is pretty well established that it is fairly true. That Poe seldom lost his grasp on his material in the building of a poem is well admitted. Of the best example of this, the "Raven," we have denied ourselves analysis. But, turning from such an obvious example let us look at one whose theme is also chosen from along the outmost boundaries of imagination, and whose art is less artifice,—that wierd picture, the "City in the Sea."

It lies beneath an ocean stilled by an unearthly calm, with the glow of a mystic light from out the lurid deeps stealing up the ghastly walls, and Death darkening it skyward:

> "And open fanes, and gaping graves
> Yawn level with the luminous waves."

Can Poe check himself in treating a theme so wildly awful—a mystery which is his own creation. Note the development word by word:

> "But lo! a stir is in the air,
> The wave—there is a movement there,
> As if the towers had thrust aside,
> In slightly sinking, the dull tide."

Then with a vague conjecture as to the future the poem ends. How much those words "slightly sinking" show of the poet's power over his theme. It is a deliberate choice which throws the final catastrophe into an undescribed future, with only a dark suggestion, but more full of meaning and more terrible than any elaborateness of detail could be.

We shall speak of only one other poem. To get into its spirit we must take one more glance at his life. His child-wife, the one being he ever loved, dies of sheer hunger and want. Slowly the lines of mortal beauty fade away forever. The chilly form that has no warmth but his own greatcoat and his chafing hands while the winter is raging over the hills and through the cottage chinks, quivers and is still. Imagine him who, from youth up,

had pondered darkly, deeply, on the stern harshness of a fate that eternally shadowed his path, wandering in the nights of winter and summer and fall, out to her grave beneath the bare heavens, listening to the melancholy sighing of trees and the rustling of grass, as the night-winds passed to and fro from the ocean that glimmered in the east. The agony of his soul is such as few men suffer. It becomes blank despair. Under the stress of this supreme moment there comes from the lyre of our poet a strain which can be comprehended only in so far as can be realized the depth of the tragedy whose curtain had just fallen. It is "Ulalume." If any of us has read this strange lyric in thoughtless mood, and grown tired of the repetitions, the monotony, the slow and slight progress in the working of the thought —remember that the dirge of the storm and the moaning of the waves are mere monotones, but within them there lies an eternity of varying truth for every one who listens. What a sound of the wind is in these words:

> "The skies they were ashen and sober,
> The leaves they were crispèd and sere—
> The leaves they were withering and sere;
> It was night in the lonesome October
> Of my most immemorial year;
> It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
> In the misty mid-region of Weir—
> It was down by the dark tarn of Auber,
> In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Such is the black setting on which the vague, wierd picture is laid. The human element is only fully discernible in one stanza, and then Psyche, his soul, recalls in her voice his lost love, and the passion for one instant becomes intense:

> "But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
> Said, 'Sadly this star I mistrust—
> Her pallor I strangely mistrust;
> Oh, hasten! oh, let us not linger!
> Oh, fly—let us fly—for we must!'
> In terror she spoke, letting sink her
> Wings till they trailed in the dust—
> In agony sobbed, letting sink her
> Plumes till they trailed in the dust;
> Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust."

From the consideration of this poem, his most unguarded personal utterances, it is an easy transition to his prose. It was along the ledges of those same lonely hills that he pondered and thought out that fantastic yet wonderful prose poem "Eureka," once regarded as his masterpiece. It is a theory of the universe, of life, death, the Deity, all mysteries. He believed he had solved all, discovered laws to which Newton's discoveries were as mere nothings, and that the Sphinx riddle was at last unlocked. What a pitiable fact that all this wonderful, this gigantic building is founded on a false hypothesis, and hence all worthless!

That Poe was terribly in earnest cannot be doubted in the least. We quote only the preface:

> "To the few who love me and whom I love—to those who feel rather than those who think—to the dreamers and those who put their faith in dreams as in the only realities—I offer this Book of Truths, not in its character of Truth Teller, but for the beauty that abounds in its Truth, constituting it true. To these I present the composition as an Art-Product alone—let us say as a Romance; or, if I be not urging too lofty a claim, as a Poem.
>
> "*What I here propound is true*, therefore it cannot die; or if by any means it be now trodden down so that it die, it will rise again to the 'Life Everlasting.'
>
> "Nevertheless it is as a poem only that I wish this work to be judged, after I am dead."

That italicized sentence, "*What I here propound is true*," shows how the long meditation in the wintry nights—the brooding over mystery in its continual presence, had burned into the poet's mind truths and half-truths that, to his diseased brain, were the very gleams of a world-circling dawn. The chaos of a thousand years was to be ended at last! What a wonderful, an appalling achievement as he looked at it when completed! What a gigantic structure, yet only a phantasm! Beyond, above, below, the deeps of the universe yawn black as ever, with their primordial mysteries. The stars whirl their wild course; the wind sings to the wave; Autumn is lingering wan on a thousand hills; and the world, and mystery, and life are all as before, while the poet's vision has drifted away almost from remembrance, and his passionate assurances left scarcely an echo.

Poe's treatment of romance as of poetry was unique, but here he worked along broader lines. His tales may be roughly classed under three heads: the mock-scientific tales, such as the story of Hans Pfaal's journey to the moon; the ratiocinative tales—a brilliant and original group—such as the "Gold Bug" or the "Murders of the Rue Morgue"; and those with which we shall deal more closely, the romance proper, tales of the supernatural, of which "Ligeia" and the "Fall of the House of Usher" are the best.

If his poems are wierd and awful, how can we describe these tales? Untrammelled by the laws of rhythm and rhyme and all the countless artifices of poetry, incorporating the music and all the deeper attributes of poetry into prose structure, wherewith comes freedom, and breathing through this medium the old questionings, the fears and longings and despair, whose fitful voice forever lingers with him, the author weaves his story with the woof of things that are, and the warp of things that are not, or at least are only for him.

Repelled so often by the uncouthness of much of the common life and surroundings, he had turned for inspiration, perhaps even for relief, to the great, free, natural world, and there had found it first in the contemplation of beauty. But beauty, as he conceived it, was neither that of the ordinary mind nor even of a philosophic nature-poet. As upon life itself he pondered upon it, until it became to him a part of that great outer-dream whose central phantasm was his own soul. Across the deathly silences he listened for its deathless music. The phantom of its being was as real to him as the phantom of his own. And so from the voice of winds and the quiver of starlight he created his heroines, and then placed them to work out his own wild dream-desires into the unknown and mysterious. These ætherial, scarcely incarnated beings, by some hidden magic, not the result of, nor a part of their constitution in beauty, discover and know the forbidden secrets of death—and the poet-romancer goes no farther.

Yet wild and incongruous as they seem at first sight, these tales are not mere unmeaning extravaganzas, like the fabric of an opium dream; and, if we examine them, keeping before us the condition of the author's mind, we may reduce them to at

least a vague order. Let us look now at "Ligeia," probably our best example in that it apparently violates nature most.

When we remember that the man who wrote this had the most acutely penetrative mind in America in his time, we are justified in a scrutiny with such a purpose. That Poe did not mean "Ligeia" to be taken entirely as the world has always taken it becomes the more impressed on our mind the more we study it. We have seen how the heroines of his romantic poems are the embodiment of the spirit of Beauty—the rare and radiant Lenore, the star angel Nesace, and, in part, the Ligeia of "Al Aaraaf" are all examples of this. If it be proved that his plan was unchanged in his romances in prose, the reduction to allegory is complete.

If we turn to the one plain allegory, "William Wilson," we notice that the treatment is such as to mystify any but a close reader. It seems to be simply that superstition of Calderon's which worked so powerfully on Shelley at San Lorenzo. The only clue, the only justification, in fact, for any further scrutiny is found in the quotation at the head.

> "What say of it? What say CONSCIENCE grim,
> That spectre in my path?"

From the double lining of that word "conscience," it becomes plain that Poe went one step farther than the telling of a superstitious tale and wrote a direct allegory. Examining it we find that the mysterious double which represents the conscience is always depicted as a person with a separate and individual existence, on the same basis as the subject himself, living a life so separate as to have a separate narration, and coming into contact with the subject only at stated times.

With this in mind, can we be wrong in conjecturing that Ligeia, the distinct individual and the hero's one love, represents an idea, and is the symbol of that ætherial beauty the author himself adored? The entirely subjective conscience is represented by a separate life. It is not so great a stretch to think of the objective sensation beauty being thus pictured.

To apply this theory to the story would require a minute analysis, such as we have no time for now; but I would merely suggest that, in the unremembered first meeting, in her all-

comprehending knowledge, in the wind-music of her voice, in the unsolved mystery of her eyes, Ligeia is a true picture of "Beauty as an Idea." The Lady Rowena might symbolize the perverted taste, whose existence in the mind was ended in that long meditation on his first, pure love. The ruddy drops are potent distillations from the life-essence of the unperceived spirit who thus replaces Rowena in his vision.

That all the wild phantasmagoria of the tale, and the passionate outcry of mortality, when dealing with those dark subjects, carried him into excesses of treatment, is true, and indeed it must be admitted that he seems to lose himself here under the spell of his own awful incantation. But yet, after all, was not the original conception of "Ligeia" in the author's mind that of an allegory? In any event, the more we study it, the farther do we discern form and purpose instead of unmeaning fantasies.

But we must hurry to a close. Of that part of his work to which he devoted his most unwearied endeavor, dealing with the transient writings and journalism of his time, we must forbear to speak now. From the landscape of Life that others found sunlit and happy, he drew in the shadows and focused them to a blackness. Then, as the voices of the eternal mystery stole in to him, he wove from both the fabric of a horrid nightmare into the literature of our race, the sombre monument of his life's work, who,

> "Deep into that darkness peering, long remained there, wondering, fearing.
> Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before."

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY R. W. ALLIN, '96.

[Read before the Modern Language Club.]

THE Romantic movement in France was very fortunate in its early stages, in having the aid of an original genius—Victor Hugo—and it is not a difficult matter to determine almost the exact date at which it took its rise. With regard to the similar movement in England, however, quite the reverse is the case, and if we attempt to tell when it began, we at once find ourselves in difficulties. As an illustration of this, we have only to examine the opinions of writers on the subject. Mr. Robertson has said that this movement "was inaugurated by Cowper, and was finally consummated by Wordsworth";* Mr. Gosse, that "Gray, Collins, and Thomson mark the faint glow of the coming naturalism";† and Mr. Phelps, that "Romanticism has never been wholly extinct in English literature";‡ or, as Mr. Pater expresses it, "Romanticism is, in its essential characteristics, rather a spirit which shows itself at all times in various degrees, in individuals and their works . . . than the peculiarity of a time or a school."§ If, then, in treating this subject, I do so from the standpoint of the writer last mentioned, you must remember that there are more ways than one of looking at it, and that even the best of writers are not unanimous in their opinion concerning it.

"Any attempt to make a definition of Romanticism that will be at once definite and adequate is sure to result in failure," yet the most important points of difference between it and what is known as classicism are, I think, sufficiently clear to be indicated. One writer has said that "it is the addition of

* McMillan's Magazine, Vol. 55, p. 21.
† "Eighteenth Century Literature," p. 21.
‡ "Beginnings of Romanticism," p. vi.
§ McMillan's Magazine, Vol. 35.

strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty that constitutes the romantic temper." * He then goes on to say that "a lack of this curiosity leads people to value in works of art what is inartistic in them, and to be satisfied with exaggeration. Thus Pope, in common with the age of literature to which he belonged, had too little curiosity, so that there is always a certain insipidity in the effect of his work, exquisite as it is; and, coming down to more recent times, Mrs. Radcliffe had an excess of curiosity not duly tempered with the desire for beauty. Prof. Dowden takes a different view and claims that "in its simplest definition, the formular difference between the two classes or orders of English poetry is that the romantic class is of a loose and elastic kind, full of successive overflows, while the classical is closely confined to the use of distich—that is to say, of regular couplets within the bounds of each of which the sense is rigidly confined." † Mr. Gosse has a different idea still with regard to Romanticism. He says that "this indirectness, these strange, unnatural forms of circumlocution were not, in themselves, characteristic of the classical school alone; all poetry, the most romantic poetry that ever was written, has hated to be forced to call a spade a spade. Shakespeare is quite as far removed at times from straight-forward reference to his subject as Armstrong or Darwin, but the difference lies in the presence or absence of liberty of action. Shakespeare says 'sore labor's bath,' but he likes also to say 'sleep' simply, if he chooses, and he likes to feel free to say 'balm of hurt minds' as well. The classical poet, on the other hand, must not only avoid the direct word, he must select one circumlocution and keep to it. His principle is restriction, ingenuity, a strait-laced elegance; the romantic poet's principle is liberty, even though it lead to license." ‡

Here are three characteristics which, while not constituting Romanticism, will serve to show clearly enough what is meant by it. The romantic writer is not satisfied with the optimism

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* Mr. Pater, McMillan's Magazine, Vol. 35.

† "Studies in English Literature from 1789."

‡ "From Shakespeare to Pope," p. 12.

which characterized the eighteenth century, but is filled with aspiration and longing, and an interest in what is extraordinary and marvellous. He will not submit to be guided by a set of fixed rules or confined to a certain class of subjects, but feels free to follow his own inclinations. In the classic style, the writer stands aloof from his subject; in the romantic, he pervades it. "The classic treatment draws attention to the matter; the romantic, to the hand in the matter. The classic is passionless presentation; the romantic, impassioned demonstration. The classic narrator tells his story without comment; the romantic colors it with his reflections, and criticizes while he narrates." "Classicism gives us perfection of form; Romanticism, fulness of spirit. Both are essential, seldom found united, but both must combine to constitute a master-piece of literary art."

The causes of the reaction which took place in English literature about the middle of the seventeenth century in the direction of Classicism are two numerous to allow of any detailed account of them. Suffice it to say that, in the poetry of the time, a gradual decay was going on. The healthy euphuism of the Tudor period degenerated into extravagant affectation, which condition is well illustrated by Crashaw's poem, "The Weeper," dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, in which he calls her eyes "parents of silver-footed rills," "portable and compendious oceans," "nests of milky doves," while the tears themselves are "rivers of cream," "thawing crystals," "a brisk cherub's breakfast."

The great need of the time is well expressed by the following lines from Chetwood:—

> "One who license can restrain,
> Make civil laws, o'er barbarous usage reign,
> One worthy in Apollo's chair to sit,
> And hold the scales and give the stamp to wit,
> In whom ripe judgment and young fancy meet,
> And force the poet's rage to be discreet,
> Who grows not nauseous while he strives to please,
> But marks the shelves in our public seas,"

which need was partially supplied by Edmund Waller, who, in the year 1623, in a poem entitled "His Majesty's Escape at St. Andrews" had struck the first note of Classicism in English

poetry. He won his first disciple after he had been forced to leave his native land, and had taken refuge in France. This disciple was Sir John Denham, who is particularly interesting as being the connecting link between Waller and Dryden, just as Garth is the connecting link between Dryden and Pope in the chain of development of the style of poetry which reached its highest degree of perfection in the hands of the writer last mentioned.

No one, I think, will say that up to the time of Dryden romantic poetry ceased to be written, yet it will be well to see just what course the poets of this class pursued. None of them seem to have thought of following anywhere else than in the footsteps of their immediate predecessors, unless it be William Chamberlayne (1619-1689), who went back to the followers of Spenser for his inspiration, yet with regard to their feelings toward the new school they may be divided into two classes. The first, of which John Cleveland (1613-1658) is the best representative, did not oppose Waller and his followers, but endeavored, with no success, however, to pursue a middle course. The second, to which belong Chamberlayne, Stanley (1625-1678), Vaughan (1621-1695), and Andrew Marvell (1621-1678), and many others of little importance, did oppose the new style, whether, as in the case of some, unconsciously, or, as in the case of others, intentionally. In "Pharonnida," written by Chamberlayne, and "The Retreat," by Vaughan, are seen, as some have supposed, the prototypes of Keat's "Endymion," and Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," respectively; and whether this be true or not the comparison is at least interesting.

Passing now from the period to which the above writers belong, to that extending from Dryden to Pope, we come to the time during which some claim that no romantic poetry was written. In observing closely, however, the writings of certain poets of this period, certain qualities are seen which are at once felt to belong to romantic poetry. If in this connection I seem to lay little stress upon Milton, "that sun" which "rose amidst the clouds of evil days," it must not be inferred that I do not consider him of great importance both as regards his own poetry and also as regards the influence his poetry had upon later

writers. There can, however, be no doubt in the minds of any as to the position he occupies, and hence I pass on to the consideration of minor writers.

As a poet, Charles Cotton (1630-1687) may be ranked with Marvell, and, although the greater part of his writings consists of translations, yet some of his shorter poems contain much genuine poetry. His home was near the river Dove in Derbyshire, and in a poem entitled "Retirement," he gives expression to the real enjoyment afforded him by his solitary wanderings along the banks of that river. Another poem that contains much that is beautiful is an "Invitation to Isaac Walton" to visit him at his home. Cotton and Walton were great friends, and their "genuine love of nature, and moral and descriptive pages silently but powerfully influenced the taste and literature of their native country."

The effect of the profligacy of the court is clearly seen in the case of the Earl of Rochester (1647-1680), the result of whose vices is that much of his poetry is not fit to be read. Yet, as Mr. Gosse says, "by the side of Sedley or of Congreve, he seems as fresh as, by the side of Dryden, he seems light and flowing, turning his trill of song brightly and sweetly with the consummate artlessness of true art."

Wordsworth has said that "excepting the 'Nocturnal Reverie' of Lady Winchelsea (1660-1720) and a passage or two in the 'Windsor Forest' of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the 'Paradise Lost' and the 'Seasons' does not contain a single new image of external nature." Whether the statement be true or not, it had a beneficial effect in lifting the writings of this lady from obscurity. Although a friend of Pope, her poetry differs very much from his, as, being naturally fond of natural beauty, she gives us exact descriptions instead of a series of conventional phrases. As a lyrical poetess she also stands high, the best of her poems of this class being that entitled "To the Nightingale."

Two more names and I shall leave this period, a period during which romantic writers seem to have followed their own inclinations, and cannot be classed under any particular heading. For nearly a century previous to the revival brought about by

Allan Ramsay (1686-1758), the Scottish muse had been silent, owing to the religious temper of the people. A gradual change had, however, been taking place, and the people were ready to receive Ramsay's humorous sketches, and with him began the era of modern Scotch poetry. It is in his delineation of human nature that Ramsay shows his greatest genius, and here, in his later representations of commonplace rural character. "The Gentle Shepherd" is a genuine picture of Scottish life, of life passed in simple rural employments apart from the guilt and fever of large towns, and reflecting only the pure emotions of our nature. The shepherds were drawn from life and placed in scenes that were real, and were made to speak a language with which Ramsay was familiar.

William Hamilton (1704-1754), like Parnell, passed the greater part of his life in retirement, being out of sympathy with the prevailing ideas of the time. He is interesting to us as the author of the "Braes of Yarrow," the cause of Wordsworth's poems "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited," and particularly for his ballads and his "Ode to Fancy," in which we find real nature, tenderness, and pastoral simplicity—qualities that should give the author an enduring position among English romantic poets.

From this period on, the movement does not present many difficulties, and falls quite naturally into three divisions. The first and most important of these consists of those poets who followed Spenser either in style or in versification; the second, of those who were influenced by Milton; and the third, of those who towards the close of the century received inspiration from the poems of "Ossian" and Percy's "Reliques." Among the poets of these different classes, no one was found courageous enough to take the riming couplet and mould it into a more poetic and serviceable form. This task was reserved for Keats. When departures were made from the standard form they were in the direction of something altogether different from it, the imitators of Spenser adopting, as a rule, the stanzaic form invented by him, and those of Milton, the octosyllabic couplet or blank verse.

Strange as it may seem, the earliest imitator of Spenser was an Augustan of the Augustans, Matthew Prior (1664-1721).

His imitation, consisting of an "Ode to the Queen," that appeared in 1706, is an imitation in form only, and even here is not exact. To his musical ear there was something wrong with the stanza as Spenser had left it, and he accordingly added another line to make "the number more harmonious." Besides the importance of this ode as the first of the many imitations that followed, it is still more important as being the apparent originator of this pseudo-Spenserian stanza which was adopted by several other writers. According to the calculation made by Mr. Phelps, the imitators of Spenser gradually increased in number until the middle of the century, and then gradually became less numerous, there being only three between the years 1760 and 1770, and three more between the years 1770 and 1775. The first of these who seems to have caught the true spirit of Spenser's stanza is William Thompson, who throughout his life was a careful and enthusiastic student of the old English poets. By far the most important of them, however, and one whom Coleridge styled a "born poet," is James Thomson (1700-1748), an imitator of Milton as well as of Spenser. "Blank verse and the Spenserian stanza he understood admirably, and his blank verse in especial cannot receive too much commendation. With that of Milton and of Tennyson it must rank as one of the chief original models of the metre to be found in English poetry." Moreover, his enthusiastic descriptions of nature and his warm poetical feeling seemed to revive the spirit of the elder muse, and to assert the dignity of genuine inspiration.

The influence of Milton's poetry, or rather a few of his shorter poems, such as "Il Penseroso" and "Comus," cannot be traced so clearly as that of Spenser, nor was it the form in which he expressed his thoughts so much as the thoughts themselves—"their meditative and comfortable melancholy"—that had a charm for those who studied his poetry. A melancholy and meditative spirit pervades, to a greater or less extent, the poetry of all those influenced by Milton, being extremely marked in the poetry of a few writers who have been given the title "The Grave-Yard Poets."

In enumerating a few of the earlier poets of this class, it is, it seems to me, impossible to tell who should be placed first, but

William Hamilton probably deserves the position. Far more important than Hamilton are Joseph Warton (1722-1800) and his brother Thomas (1728-1790), the former of whom, Mr. Phelps thinks, was perhaps the first consciously romantic poetry of the eighteenth century. The opposition of these men to the ruling tastes was open, the former stating in a preface to a volume of odes that they might "be looked upon as an attempt to bring back poetry into its right channel." It is in his "History of English Poetry" and in his favorable criticism of Spenser that the younger brother helped onward the movement, the greater part of his own poetry consisting, almost entirely, of a series of parallel passages from Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. A much more servile imitator than Thomas Warton was William Mason, who is of little importance in this connection, except as being the author of several sonnets—a kind of poetry which was left severely alone by the Augustans, and as adding a small handful of fuel to that smouldering fire which was soon to blaze forth in all its power.

Accompanying this poetry of a melancholy strain was that of a few poets, already referred to, whose thoughts were occupied with the shortness of life and the certainty of death. To say that this was romantic poetry is not altogether true, and yet it was reactionary to the classic spirit which sought to avoid such thoughts. The "Night Piece on Death"; the "Grave"; and "Night Thoughts," by Thomas Parnell (1679-1718), Robert Blair (1679-1746), and Edward Young (1681-1765), respectively, were the chief contributions of this class of poetry to permanent literature.

Slowly but surely throughout the whole of the Augustan period, Romanticism was gaining in strength and popularity. An imperceptible change was taking place in the national taste, and the people who had looked upon Gothicism as being a fit subject for reproach and contempt, were soon to declare themselves in its favor. Horace Walpole (1717-1797) gave a great impulse to this tendency in architecture by the erection of his famous dwelling "Strawberry Hill." Being a person of high social standing, his example had a great influence, and the attention of the people was directed to mediæval buildings which, through neglect, were in advanced stages of decay. In litera-

ture, also, Walpole exerted an influence, though quite unintentional on his part, and revived the Gothic romance in his interesting little story "The Castle of Otranto" (1764).

Another marked tendency, which is closely allied to the above, was toward an increased interest in old ballad literature. Publications of old ballads were made from time to time from about the year 1706, the best of which were those of Allan Ramsay in 1724, and Ambrose Philips in 1725; but towards the middle of the century a marked decline was noticed in their character. With the year 1760 came a revival, and since the appearance of Percy's "Reliques" in 1765, this class of poetry has served as a source of inspiration for many of our English poets, as well as for poets of other countries.

Along with this awakening interest in the middle ages, with its odd literary notions, credulity, and picturesqueness, which is best represented by Scott, goes another reactionary tendency. A great wave of sentiment swept over Europe, and in England, in spite of the fierce controversy which raged for some time as to their authenticity, the "Poems of Ossian" (1761) acted as a powerful stimulus in this direction. Time and better taste have lessened the pleasure with which these productions were once read; but poems which engrossed so much attention, which were translated into many different languages, which were welcomed with delight by Gray, Hume, and other eminent persons, and which formed the favorite reading of Napoleon, cannot be considered as unworthy of notice. The romantic side of this same movement is represented by William Collins in his ode on "Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland," a poem in which, Lowell says, the whole Romantic school lies foreshadowed.

In this necessarily short sketch of the progress of the Romantic movement, I have endeavored to indicate the course it pursued from the beginning of the Classical school down to the time when Romanticism regained the ascendancy. There were first those poets who followed in the footsteps of the later Elizabethan writers; then the few who, following no particular model, wrote each according to his own ideas; and, lastly, those who found in the poetry of Spenser and Milton something that harmonized with their own poetical tastes. I have also indicated

a few of the most prominent reactionary tendencies, and, in connection with them, a few publications which, appearing as they did at the most suitable time, gave force and permanence to those tendencies. It does not seem to me to be necessary to follow the movement any further, as the appearance of such writers as Gray, Collins, Cowper, and Burns left no doubt regarding its supremacy. The seed of true poetry had been sown, and the conventional style was destined to fall, leaving only that taste for correct language and versification which was found to be quite compatible with the utmost freedom and originality of conception and expression.

THE POLITICAL IDEAS OF BURKE AND ROUSSEAU COMPARED.

BY M. G. V. GOULD, '96.

[Read before the Political Science Association.]

It is a well known paradox that Edmund Burke, a leader of the Liberal party of his time, was one of the most conservative statesmen and thinkers that ever lived. Equally true is it that Rousseau was among the most radical of political theorists, though Morley calls him the spiritual father not only of the French Revolution, but of the following reactionary movement of Chateaubriand and De Maistre. In a spirit of reverent admiration Burke studied the past and the present which is its outcome. For the future he was filled with modest hope, provided it followed the line of development marked out by past history. Rousseau despised, alike, the present and immediate past. He wished to reconstruct the future on a radically different plan, in accordance with a mythical golden age when the refinements and artificialities of modern civilization were unknown.

The central conception of both these writers, which underlies and differentiates their conclusions, is concerned with the origin and development of society and government; the nature of law and its binding force upon the people. To Burke the constitution of any nation, and especially of England was of mysterious almost supernatural growth. The evolution of the social bond was gradual, and the customs composing it changed from time to time, but always in accordance with the original spirit of the social compact. Organic change in the constitution can only be the result of unnatural external pressure on national growth and is always to be avoided. The existing political structure should be admired and not too closely scrutinized or reasoned about, for most men are incapable of understanding so intricate a mechanism.

The British constitution is founded on compact (note this word), by which are secured to Crown, Lords and Commons their just rights, duties and powers. There is a constant tendency on the part of some one of these members to disturb the balance of power and usurp the rights or privileges of another. It is the duty of the statesman to prop up that member which for the time being is weakest. On this ground Burke defends his apparent change of front. At the beginning of his political career, the growing power of the Crown threatened the stability of British institutions, and so he supported democratic movements; but later the French revolutionary spirit made the people the dangerous element, and Burke used all his influence in support of the aristocracy and the Crown. He revered the principles of monarchy and hereditary aristocracy which he believed must stand or fall together. Every vested interest was to him sacred and this may account for his frenzied hatred of the French revolutionists who were little concerned with ancient titles.

There was ever constant in Burke's mind some such metaphor as this. The British Constitution on which rests our liberty and security, is a pendant triangular solid with weights attached to each corner. These weights represent the influence of the Crown, aristocracy and common people. For the preservation of liberty and order it is necessary that these weights remain constant. The mechanism of the machine is so admirably contrived that by a complicated system of checks and counter-checks it will automatically right itself after any slight disturbance. But if any material alteration is made, the working of the machine will be deranged, and confusion and anarchy must ensue.

The great stumbling block in the way of this theory was of course the revolution of 1688, which deposed a King and abolished two of the royal prerogatives—suspensation and dispensation. Here according to Burke was an exception to all rules. The King had broken the original compact, and so the other elements were justified in using force to restore the lawful and accustomed form of government. This Act was one of necessity and self-preservation rather than right. The recurrence of such a contingency should not be reasoned about and can never be foreseen. By the revolution the original compact was not broken,

but was renewed with increased vigor. Burke had little patience with any theory as to the "sacred right of revolution." He says: "It is not in the power (*i.e.*, within the rights) of the majority of the people to alter a contract based on usage and immemorial consent, such as is the British Constitution."

"No man or number of men have a right (except what necessity which is out of and above all rule rather imposes than bestows) to free themselves from that primary engagement into which every man born into a community as much contracts by being born into it, as he contracts an obligation to certain parents by his having been derived from their bodies." Adherence to such a doctrine would have left the rotten boroughs enfranchised, and non-churchmen subject to the various disabilities that were imposed last century. In his eagerness to prevent constitutional change, Burke, in effect, denied the sovereignty of Parliament, for he declared the provisions of the Act of settlement forever unalterably binding on future legislators.

Liberty with order is Burke's ideal, when these are divorced neither is safe. Law is not an agreement but a command, disobedience to which can never be excused.

Turning to Rousseau we pass from facts to fancies; from the laws of usage and customs to metaphysical abstractions. Rousseau teaches that in the earliest form of society there was no law, but every man obeyed the impulses of his own heart, which were almost universally kind and sociable. In this state of nature man was happiest, but as his understandings became better developed and his appreciation of material comforts greater, he began to see the supposed advantages of closer union. The result was that all agreed to form an association in which it should be the duty of the smaller number to submit to the larger, "an association which shall protect and defend with the force of the community, the person and property of each individual, and in which each remains as free as before."

This is the "social contract" in which, to quote from Rousseau, "the individual, by giving himself up to all, gives himself up to none, and there is no member over whom he does not acquire the same right as that which he gives up himself. He gains an equivalent for what he loses, and a still greater power

to preserve what he has. If therefore we take from the social contract everything that is not essential to it we shall find it reduced to the following terms: each of us puts his person and his power under the supreme direction of the general will of all, and as a collective body receives each member into that as an indivisible part of the whole." Rousseau does not explain why this compact should be binding on succeeding generations who had not consented to it, and during the French Revolution Marat drew the more logical, if more dangerous, conclusion that since the government had usurped the authority, the social pact was broken; a state of nature had returned in which the rights of property were non-existant. Every where the social pact had been broken; hence it was the duty of all men to rebel. The sovereignity or general will is inalienable; all laws must be made by the people, or, if by deputy, are null and void if not confirmed by the people in person; it is indivisible and cannot err.

Government or the administrative power must be the servant of the people and may be of different forms. Democracy is preferable for very small States, and monarchy for the largest. As a rule Rousseau prefers an elective aristocracy, but it must be remembered that these are not legislators, but merely executors of the general will. The governing body has no rights distinct from those of the people, with them no contract has been made. The impractibility of direct legislation by a nation of twenty-five millions is too apparent to need comment.

To compare with this the modern view of the origin of government and the binding force of law, I cannot do better than make a long quotation from the work on Rousseau of that eminent liberal statesman, John Morley:—

"Institutions owe their existence and development to deliberate human effort, working in accordance with circumstances naturally fixed both in human character and in the external field of its activity. The obedience of the subject to the Sovereign has its root not in compact but in force, the force of the Sovereign to punish disobedience.

"Supposing a law passed in an Assembly of the sovereign people by a majority, what binds a member of the minority to obedience? Rousseau's answer is this: When a law is proposed, the question put is not whether I approve or reject the proposi-

tion, but whether it is conformable to the general will; the general will appears from the votes: if the opinion contrary to my own wins the day, this only proves that I was mistaken and that what I took for the general will was not really so. We can scarcely imagine more nonsensical sophistry than this. The proper answer evidently is that either experience or calculation has taught the citizens in a popular government that in the long run it is most expedient for the majority of votes to decide the law. In other words the inconvenience to a minority of submitting to a law which they dislike is less than the inconvenience of fighting to have their own way, or retiring to form a separate community. . . . The same explanation partially covers what is unfortunately the more frequent case in the history of the race, the submission of a majority to laws imposed by a minority of one or more. In both these cases however, as in the general question of the source of our obedience to the law, deliberate and conscious sense of convenience is slight in its effect upon conduct here, as it is in the rest of the field of our moral motives. It is covered too thickly over by the multitudinous growths of use, by the many forms of fatalistic or ascetic religious sentiment, by physical apathy of race and all other conditions that interpose to narrow or abrogate the authority of pure reason over human conduct. . . . The consequence is that Rousseau gives us not the least help towards the solution of any of the problems of actual government; because these are naturally both suggested and guided by considerations of expediency and improvement. It is as if he had never really settled the end for which government exists, beyond the construction of the symmetrical machine of government itself. The analogy of the body politic to the body natural was as present to him as it had been to all other writers on society, but he failed to seize the only useful lessons that such an analogy might have taught him—diversity of structure, difference of function, development of strength by exercise, growth by nutrition. . . . We see no room for the free play of divergent forces, the active rivalry of hostile interests, the regulated conflict of multifarious personal aims which can never be extinguished, except in moments of driving crisis, by the most sincere attachment to the common cause. Thus, the modern question which is of such vital interest

for all the foremost human societies, of the union of collective energy with the encouragement of individual freedom, is, if not wholly untouched, at least wholly unillumined by anything Rousseau says."

It is when we look at Burke's method of study and habit of thought that we see his immense superiority over Rousseau, and in this we find his predecessor a Frenchman, Montesquieu, just as Rousseau drew his revolutionary doctrines from the English school of Hobbes and Locke. Burke's method was essentially inductive. He detested all metaphysical abstractions and constantly appealed to history and experience. He had a very poor opinion of individual reason when opposed to the collective wisdom of centuries, exemplified in political institutions. He hated inquiry into the foundation of morals, religion or social order. "The world," he says, "would fall to ruin if the practice of all moral duties, and the foundations of society, rested upon having their reasons made clear to every individual."

"Reason must not be allowed to run riot." His is an example of the positive as opposed to the doctrinaire spirit of approaching political questions. He had no sympathy with rhetorical flourishes about liberty in general.

Some of his political maxims, especially in his "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," are so admirable and illustrate his position so well that I will quote several:

"We are palled with enjoyment and stimulated with hope, that we become less sensible to a long possessed benefit from the very circumstance that it becomes habitual. Specious, untried, ambiguous prospects of new advantage recommend themselves to the spirit of adventure, which more or less prevails in every mind. From this temper men and factions and nations too have sacrificed the good of which they had been in assured possession in favor of wild irrational speculations."

"Nothing universal can be rationally affirmed on any moral or any political subject."

"We should be parsimonious in the voluntary production of evil, unless great good is certain."

"They cannot take the moral sympathies of the human mind along with them in abstractions separated from the good or evil

condition of the State; from the quality of actions and the character of the actors."

"The subversion of a government to deserve any praise must be considered as a step preparatory to the formation of a better. The burden of proof lies with the destroyers."

"In political arrangements we have no right to put the well being of the present generation wholly out of the question."

"The circumstances and habits of any country should decide the form of its government."

"Political problems do not primarily concern truth or falsehood. They relate to good or evil. What in the result is likely to produce evil is politically false, that which is productive of good is politically true."

"There is a boundary to men's actions when they act from feeling; none when under the influence of imagination. There is as much fanaticism in politics as in religion."

"The foundation of government is then laid, not in the rights of man (which is at best a confusion of judicial with civil principles), but in political convenience and in human nature."

All these quotations are from Burke's "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," which may be called a summary of his political principles and justification of his conduct. In his American speeches, Burke exalts the value of expediency as a political principle as opposed to mere rights. He loved order more than liberty. Arbitrary power of any kind, whether of premier or people, found in him an unswerving opponent. He seems to have been little affected with sympathy for the sufferings of the poor. The persecution of the rich and powerful in the French Revolution filled his mind to the exclusion of the wrongs which they had previously inflicted on their inferiors. He had little confidence in the common people; consistently opposed an extension of the franchise, as he believed it would merely open up new avenues for corruption. Nor did he favor more frequent elections, the disfranchisement of the rotten boroughs, or the granting of representation to the large towns then growing up. He held that a member of the Commons was in no wise bound to follow the wishes of his constituents. He was their trustee fully empowered to act for them, and with his judgment and doings they had no right to interfere.

Nothing can be more misleading than the form in which Burke's and Rousseau's doctrines are expressed. The cautious wisdom and practical conclusions of the former are mingled with passages of violent declamation and passionate enthusiasm. On the other hand the revolutionary doctrines and impracticable schemes of Rousseau are advanced in a clear, logical, passionless style. Geometrical precision of statement and inference are most notable.

Rousseau, like the older economists, deals with abstract men, unaffected by the circumstances and times in which they lived ; they are nobility itself when untrammelled by the artificial bonds of modern civilization. It would, perhaps, not be unfair to Rousseau to say that unconsciously his method of political speculation was as follows :

Being dissatisfied with present conditions he looked about for a more ideal social state, and, having imagined this, he constructed a past in which it was realized. History, often mythical, was then appealed to and in isolated cases it was not very difficult to show that the state of things advocated by Rousseau was not wholly untried. He then, by logical reasoning, reached the conclusion that society should return to the ideal state of affairs from which it started. Granting Rousseau's fundamental assumptions and the validity in politics of the purely deductive method, his conclusions are irresistible. The most admirable part of Rousseau's work is the spirit that animated him. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that he was the first really democratic writer, as democracy is now understood. The doctrine of social brotherhood, forgotten by the church, was revived by him. Confidence in the natural goodness of the average man is the key note of his writings. Equality, at least of opportunity, was for him a passion, perhaps a dangerous one, but he taught the great lesson that all institutions should have for their aim the physical and intellectual amelioration of the poorest and more numerous class. The following quotation from Morley does not contradict what has been said as to Rousseau's unimpassioned style but refers to the underlying spirit of his work. He says :

" The mischief of his work lay in this that he raised feeling—now passionate, now quietest—into the supreme place which it

was to occupy alone, and not on an equal throne and in equal alliance with understanding.

"The insurrectionary quality and effect of Rousseau's work lay in no direct preaching or vehement denunciation of the abuses that filled France with cruelty on the one hand and sodden misery on the other. It lay in pictures of a social state in which vice and misery could not exist, nor any miseries except those inseparable from humanity."

The first of Burke's political writings was a pamphlet on "The Vindication of Natural Society." This was an ironical treatise written in imitation of Bolingbroke. It aimed to show that the same arguments which proved the superiority of natural over revealed religion could also be employed to vindicate natural as against artificial society. This was intended to be a *reductio ad absurdum*, but so excellent was the imitation or so dull the irony, that the most competent critics thought it the work of Boilingbroke himself, and in later years Burke had actually to protest that these were not his real sentiments. Like Rousseau he was almost entirely devoid of humour and it is said that the pamphlet is really a masterly refutation of Burke's own principles.

Just a few years before, Rousseau had published his essay on the origin of inequality and its justification by natural law, and there are passages in the two works which could be interchanged without most readers perceiving the difference. But turning from this imaginary inconsistency in Burke's writings, we will find a sufficient number of the real. It has been said that nowhere in Burke will you find an important statement which is not directly contradicted in another book. This is, of course, an exaggeration, but if we look at merely verbal contradictions without regarding the circumstances under which they were written, we will find many indeed. Burke's great aim was to preserve the British Constitution intact and follow in all things its spirit. To this end consistency, and even fairness were sometimes sacrificed. Burke first favored and then opposed economical reform for Ireland; the same with the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts. He advocated adherence to party at any cost, but his desertion of the Whigs was mainly responsible for their half-century of opposition. He was indignant at the

secularisation of ecclesiastical estates in France, but similar action by Henry VIII. in England passed by unnoticed. When dealing with the French revolutionists he contradicts again and again principles he had laid down in the American war of Independence. Yet in almost every case it would be possible to show that Burke was consistent, not in statements nor even principles, but always in aims.

Rousseau was less often contradictory, though in at least two cases he is directly so. As a rule he vehemently opposed persecution of any kind, but in one place, when advocating for the national religion a creed which contained only the very fundamental principles and none of the dogmas of Christianity, he advised that all dissenters should be banished as incapable of being good citizens. In another place, he gravely asserts that all governments must be relative to time and nation, while, at the same time, the conclusions to which his "social contract" points made no distinction of race or age.

As Morely says, the importance of any political treatise depends not on its scientific value but on its results, and judged by this standard the importance of the subject of this essay is almost incalculable. The immediate effect of most of Burke's speeches and writings was not very great. The popular movements he championed in his early years made little progress during his lifetime. He espoused the cause of the discontented in America and Ireland, but the dismemberment of the Empire in the former case was as painful to him as the sight of an oppressed and desperate Ireland, kept quiet by military violence, would have been had he lived a few years longer. His eloquence in his speeches on the two India Bills and in the Impeachment of Warren Hastings led Englishmen to take a greater interest in Indian affairs; but if we judge by results, his writings on the French Revolution, the least valuable of all, are the most important. For once Burke found, not England only, but all Europe, eager to hear him, and where his lessons were most pernicious they were most carefully studied. I think it would not be exaggerating to say that Burke is quite as responsible for the "Reign of Terror" as is Rousseau. It is well-known that it was European intervention in France that caused much of the frenzy of that period. National self-preservation demanded

prompt and severe measures to quell disaffection, and this movement once started was impossible to check. Of this intervention Burke was the earliest and never-ceasing advocate. He regarded the revolutionists as wild beasts and would have given them none of the rights of civilized men. Burke was largely influential in preserving for another half-century the faults and imperfections of the British Constitution of his time, a political arrangement which to him was almost as sacred as religion itself, but which Morley, a moderate rather than radical thinker, calls one of the most mischievous ever inflicted on a free people.

The quarter of a century following Burke's death has been called the "English Reign of Terror," an exaggerated term, no doubt, but expressive of the bigoted reaction, not only of the government, but of all influential classes from the liberal principles of Burke's earlier years. It can hardly be denied that this movement was the result, not only of revolutionary excess in France, but of the extravagant and indiscriminate denunciation by which Burke met those excesses, and the contempt he showed for all the liberal principles of the Revolution.

But Burke's greatest influence for good is in a later period. All modern speculation, with its dependence on history and statistics, owes him an enormous debt. His method is now universally acknowledged as the true one; and though the democracy against which he fought has triumphed, its leaders are ever anxious to acknowledge the benefit they have derived from a study of his work. He is accounted by all, one of the greatest of political philosophers and his fame and influence seem secure for succeeding generations.

Rousseau's work is done. His specific doctrines have been exploded as worthless, but the aim for which he strove and the spirit in which he worked have been so incorporated into modern thought that their author is often forgotten. Hatred of oppression, the sovereignty of the people; the brotherhood of man, popular education, simplicity of life, religious toleration—all these causes owe much to Rousseau, and with both him and Burke, a manly patriotism is evidenced in all their writings. The method and point of view of Burke, and the spirit of Rousseau will, we may hope, long influence political thought.

PROTECTIVE MIMICRY.

BY L. H. GRAHAM, '97.

[Read before the Natural Science Association.]

BEFORE entering on the discussion of Protective Mimicry we must consider (1) what it is, (2) why it is called such, and (3) its place in its own system of relations. After these preliminary considerations we shall proceed (4) to examine a few representative types, and, (5) from this data, investigate its underlying principles and present the conclusions of the best authorities on the subject.

I.—Protective Mimicry is an advantageous and acquired resemblance, in color or shape, which a comparatively defenceless animal bears to *another animal*, which is well protected from its enemies. The protection of this latter consists in the possession of some disagreeable or dangerous feature, as a sting, an unpleasant odor or taste, a bristly coat or a hard integument. Furthermore its bright covering, or gaudy appearance, usually present, is a warning sign to its enemies, and thereby prevents it from undergoing many experimental conflicts. When a defenceless and edible form mimics this protected form it is in external appearance only that mimicry takes place. Its anatomy reveals its true relations. Thus the mimicker lives under false colors and deceives its enemies.

II.—Why was this remarkable phenomenon called Mimicry? This term was chosen by Mr. Bates, who, in 1862, was the first to treat the subject in a systematic manner. It was afterwards defined by Wallace, who gave the subject considerable study in its relation to Natural Selection. Objection has been taken to the term, as it seems to imply a conscious volition on the part of the mimicker, but its metaphorical sense is well understood, by those acquainted with the subject, to imply only the operation of natural laws or natural selection. Also the term is more convenient than any other, as belonging to it is a series of useful words, as mimic, mimicry, mimetic, mimicker, mimicked and mimicking. For this reason the historic term remains.

III.—What is the position of Protective Mimicry in its own system of relations? In taking a broad outlook over the field of zoology, the most prominent characteristics of its individuals are *form* and *color*. As nature is never accidental—always purposive—this form and color must bear a definite relation to the environment. The most prominent of these relations is *resemblance* in color or form. This resemblance may be either *particular* or *general*. Particular resemblance may be to *objects* or to *other animals* of a different species. Resemblance to other animals is called *Mimicry*. Mimicry may be *accidental* or *aggresive* or *protective*. *Aggresive Mimicry* enables an animal, the mimicker, to delude and capture its prey. *Protective Mimicry* enables the mimicker to escape its enemies. Thus have we found the position of Protective Mimicry in its own system of relations. The following synopsis will make this clearer:—

- Resemblance (Color, form)
  - General R., as lion to sand and rock, grass snake to grass.
  - Particular R.
    - R. to things, as stick caterpillar to a stick.
    - R. to animals
      - Accidental R.
      - Aggressive (cuckoos to hawks).
      - Protective R. or Protective Mim.

Thus we see that Protective Mimicry is the imitating of one species of animal by another for protective purposes.

IV.—We must now examine a few particular types. Before doing so let us note that we are to deal with one class of animals, viz.: those that require protection from foes. This naturally excludes all large and powerful animals, as lion and bear, and includes, as a rule, small, defenceless forms, such as are the prey of others. Many of these, by infinitismal changes in the life history of the race, while remaining harmless, have taken on the outward appearance of some forms that are protected by unpleasant or dangerous characteristics, as a sting, nauseous taste or odor, or a bristly or hard integument.

Protective Mimicry, as we would expect, is comparatively rare among vertebrates. The resemblance of the weak and defenceless cuckoo to the voracious hawks, approaches closely to real mimicry, as the cuckoo is, by the likeness, certainly protected from what would otherwise be enemies. The orioles (*Mimeta*) of Australia resemble or mimic the pugnacious torpi-

dorynchus, or honey-sucker, of the same region. Both birds have the same tints of color above and below. The honey-sucker has a black, bare patch around the eyes. This the oriole mimics by a ring of black feathers. All the prominent peculiarities of plumage of this honey-sucker are faithfully copied by the oriole, which thereby deceives its enemies and lives in comparative safety. Wallace has recorded instances of several genera of harmless snakes, mimicking the venomous genus *Elaps*. The former are mistaken by enemies for the venomous variety, and are unmolested under their false coloration.

But it is amongst the multitudinous forms of invertebrates, especially insects and spiders, which are the prey of voracious reptiles and birds, that protective coloration and form are especially necessary, and mimicry most highly developed. In the unprotected forms of Lipidoptera (butterflies and moths) it is universally distributed. This fact of the close resemblance of far apart species has long engaged the attention of naturalists. So also has the superficial nature of this resemblance. The names given to many British varieties, as Apiformis, Bombyliformis, Bembeciformis are sufficient proof, and imply a resemblance of these species to others of a different order. The meaning of this mimicry was not understood until H. W. Bates' paper on the subject, in 1862, before the Linnean Society of London. The chief fact of this essay was the basis of Protective Mimicry—that, for purposes of self-preservation, a defenceless variety mimicked a strongly protected variety. Bates' observations were on tropical American butterflies, where abundant, conspicuous, slow-flying, nauseous Heliconidæ and Danaidæ are closely mimicked by defenceless Pierideæ, akin to our common white garden butterflies.

The most remarkable instance of mimicry was discovered among South African butterflies in the variety Papilio cenea. The male maintains its gaudy coloring and the characteristic "tails" on its hind wings, but the *female* occurs in three well-marked varieties, mimicking three well-marked species of the nauseous genus Danais. Thus it differs entirely from its mate in color, form and size. One variety mimicked is the *black brown-spotted* D. echeria, another the *black* and *white* D. niavius, the third is the *black reddish brown* and *white* D. chrysippus. During the ages these remarkable changes were taking place, an ances-

tral form of the mimicking variety is preserved comparatively unchanged in the island of Madagascar, as the closely-related genus *Papilio meriones*. Here, in the absence of the modifying influence of mimicry, the female resembles the male.

Amongst the other insects numerous examples of mimicry are well known. The formidable and well protected Hymenoptera—bees, wasps, hornets and ants—are imitated by various members of such defenceless orders as Lepidoptera (moths), Diptera (flies), and Coleoptera (beetles). Let one illustration suffice. In tropical America, the leaf-cutting ants are remarkably abundant, and, of course, are a strongly protected form. Another variety of insect was found that faithfully copied in its own body the shape of the ant, together with its vertical leaf. This leaf was suggested by the thin, vertically compressed, anterior part of the insect, and in profile was precisely like an ant bearing a jagged-edged leaf over its head.

Instances are known of spiders mimicking ants, and of large caterpillars, by huge eye-spots, imitating the terrifying aspect of serpents, but the limits of this article will not permit of their consideration.

Upon the evidence drawn from the facts of which the above are mere types, we can make the general statement that all protectively mimicked species are in some way disagreeable or even dangerous to the enemies of their class. This is the central law or fact in Protective Mimicry, the rest is developed during the developmental history of the genus, by the slow process of natural selection.

The conditions under which mimicry evolves are concisely stated by Wallace as follows :—

(*a*) The imitated species occur in the same area and occupy the same station as the imitated.

(*b*) The imitators are always the more defenceless.

(*c*) The imitators are always the less numerous in individuals.

(*d*) The imitators differ from the bulk of their allies.

(*e*) The imitation, however minute, is *external* and *visible* only, never extending to internal characteristics, or to such as do not affect the external appearance.

V.—Having presented some of the leading facts on our particular subject, and some observations thereon, let us proceed to more general treatment and investigate the underlying principles and present a theoretical explanation.

Mimicry is only a special case taken from the general subject of coloration and variation in form. Imitative coloration assists the possessors in two ways, viz.: (1) Aggression, (2) Protection. By its possession the animal resembles its surroundings, and is thereby enabled to approach its prey. The closer the resemblance the more prey it secures, and the better the individual, and hence the race prospers in the struggle for existence, and tends to be perpetuated; the poorer the resemblance the less prey it secures, and the worse the individual or race prospers in the struggle for existence, and tends to be eliminated.

On the other hand, by coloration, resembling the surroundings, the animal deludes and escapes its enemies. The closer the resemblance, the safer it is from foes, and the better the individual or race prospers and tends to be perpetuated; and the poorer the resemblance, the oftener the race loses its individuals and tends to be eliminated. Thus is kept up a keen struggle as the race comes down the ages. The possessor of a more than ordinary variation of color from that required to completely delude a foe or a victim is eliminated either by slow starvation or inability to escape. Therefore, the struggle soon lies between the possessors of the minutest variations of color. Thus have we a closer and closer competition that takes ages to yield a product.

Yet striking colors exist and are decidedly useful to their possessors. These are usually warning signs to foes, as the individual has generally some unpleasant or dangerous characteristic. Thus, the brighter and more conspicuous are its colors, the fewer chances there are of experimental conflicts and injury from intending enemies, and natural selection evolves or assists sexual selection in the evolution of the most remarkable colors.

To get closer to the intimate workings of natural selection, let us suppose a simple circumstance. Firstly, let us assume a sandy desert where numerous and varied colored beetles make their habitat, and a bird of prey above, in the air, noting their presence. As the sand is a reddish grey, the black, red, and

white beetles on the grey ground would be easily detected and seized, leaving the various shades of grey to continue the struggle. The next beetles chosen, are those remaining that are most easily detected, as dark grey and light grey, leaving the reddish dull grey to perpetuate the race. Thus, we find the beetles and other animals of desert regions have been narrowed down to shades of grey. Secondly, let us assume another combination of environment—a field of sticks, stones and green grass, in which numerous insects of various colors exist, and the bird of prey above. Let us try to put in a few words what natural selection took ages to perform. The vigilant bird of prey sees masses of color and some moving parts of definite shape, the insects, some on the grass. Of these latter, all but the green insects are quickly exterminated unless possessed of means of escape. Hence, so many grass insects are thus suited to their environment and are left to continue the species, and the nearer they approach the color and shape of the grass, as grasshoppers and katydids, the better is their prospect of being the survival of the fittest for that peculiar environment. Among the sticks and stones are insects —black or of other striking color. As the bird descends, some of these, by their agility, escape beneath shelter, the slower are rapidly eliminated. Thus, the most active are left to perpetuate the race. Thus, a natural process cuts off the unfit, and *activity* in a race is evolved as seen in crickets. The bird of prey is the object of selection. The lower part is white, hence tends to be invisible against the sky, the closer the agreement the more prey it can surprise and secure.

Other examples are numerous. Large carnivores require to capture prey, therefore the majority exhibit deceptive coloration. Small, inoffensive birds and animals require to escape these carnivores, hence have dull colors, or some equivalent characteristic. In every case there is a weeding out of the ill-protected forms, unless this lack of protection is compensated by speed, unpleasant properties, keenness of scent, of vision, etc. In the Arctic snows a black or brown animal would be easily perceived, and if defenceless, would soon be eliminated from existence. If protected by the offensive characteristics of strength it will survive. The polar bear, though thus protected by strength, requires food, hence ability to deceive and approach its prey is

necessary. This ability lies in the possession of a pure white color, all other shades being less successful. Thus, the white bear is a noble example of the survival of the fittest by means of the efficient forces that exist in nature.

In northern regions the seasons change, the white animal would succeed in winter, protected by the color of the snow, but would tend to be eliminated in summer. Hence, in those forms, ages past, that tended even in the slightest degree to turn darker in summer had a slight advantage. This slight change of color, thus favored, tended to become more marked. The individuals that changed less were unfavored, shorter lived, and propagated fewer of their kind. Thus, by gradual advances during the ages of race life, a change of color to resemble the seasons has been realized, as exemplified in the Arctic fox, the ermine, and the ptarmigon. Here we plainly see the selective powers of nature. Useful characteristics are gradually accumulated and intensified. Injurious characteristics degenerate until the individual has reached almost perfect adaptation to its environment, and a remarkable equipoise prevails in the selective forces.

The lion inhabits deserts or rocky regions, hence is uniformly a sandy brown, really a ground form as distinguished from the jungle forms, as the tiger, whose stripes are in close harmony with bamboo stems, brown grass and a dark background. The spotted leopard lives in harmony with the mingled lights and shades of the forest. The chameleon, by supposed nervous control of the condensation of the epidermal cell pigment, has, in its racial development, been the survivor of countless eliminations, and possesses the most extraordinary ability of changing color to agree with its surroundings. It is said that a blind chameleon can not do this, therefore its impressions are received through the eye, hence we find a specially complicated visual and nervous adaptation. Thus, in protective coloration this gifted creature has outstripped all competitors in the long struggle for the survival of the fittest.

The above selected examples are of general resemblance and coloration, chosen for the purpose of illustrating the selective forces that underlie all resemblance. A gradual passage can be traced from the general to the less general, examples of which are stick caterpillars, bark insects and leaf forms, which resemble

inanimate objects. These lead to that smaller yet remarkable class of resemblances, where animals instead of objects are imitated. These living forms are protected for either aggressive or protective purposes. The imitating or mimicking species live on the credit of the mimicked, for either attack or protection, usually the latter, as in protective mimicry. Mimicry does not differ from the great subject of resemblances in any of its underlying principles. All the above described adaptations to environment are explained by the efficient forces of nature. These forces, during the ages of the race life, by imperceptible and infinitesimal progressions tend, by countless eliminations and adaptations to produce, throughout changes of climate or otherwise, a perfect harmony between that race and its environment. This force or law is summed up in Darwin's term Natural Selection or, in Spencer's phrase, the "survival of the fittest."

As regards Protective Mimicry this law explains all the facts. It shows why the mimicker imitates a protected form, why the mimicker is the rarer and confined to a few groups only, and why several mimickers may imitate the same form. Further, this law combines into a harmonious whole the nature of all time with that of the present, and to the intricate and otherwise incomprehensible relations of its multitudinous forms it affords a plausible explanation.

The path of the descent of any surviving species has been surrounded by thistles and thorns on every hand. Evidence exists of a mighty struggle in nature of which we know but little. The fact that self-consciousness is low or absent tends to relieve the strain. These lower forms have little appreciation of their condition, no mourning for the dead, nor slight care for the living. As their mental life is lowly developed, the physical emotions of fear and terror are not so acutely felt. Pain itself, as a phenomenon of the mind is, perhaps, but slightly developed, when compared with man—probably in proportion to their perceptive powers. If there is truth in this, we need not, to any great degree, permit our ethical feelings to be lacerated by a study of this mighty zoological conflict that the fittest may survive.

PHILOSOPHY AS A PREPARATION FOR LAW.

BY J. W. PRESTON, '96.

[Read before the Philosophical Society.]

PERHAPS no department of research has been so much misunderstood as that which has for its object the reconciliation of all the seemingly conflicting branches of human knowledge, and which strives to construct out of these apparently jarring elements an uncontradictory and all-inclusive system of Philosophy. The many look upon philosophers as men who are utterly unfitted by their studies for the practical duties of life, and point to their controversies as evidences that they are not progressing at all toward the goal which they have set before themselves.

We may include nearly all the objections to Philosophy, roughly, in two propositions. First, it is asserted that Philosophy has the effect of unfitting its votaries for the practical, every-day duties of life. Secondly, it is said that the aim of Philosophy is unattainable, and Philosophy is therefore useless.

To these objections we may say in reply: First, they are full of question-begging words. For instance, "duties" cannot rationally be known to exist otherwise than by Philosophy. Again, in the word "practical" is assumed the very thing that is in question, viz., whether or no the "practical," so called, is everything in life. Mr. J. S. Mill in his "System of Logic" (Bk. 5, ch. 5, sec. 4) states this argument, which he classes among the fallacies of generalization, thus: "Bookish men, taken from speculative pursuits and set to work on something they know nothing about, have generally been found or thought to do it ill; therefore philosophers are unfit for business, etc., etc." He then goes on to say of this argument, in common with others of a similar kind, "All these are inductions by simple enumeration."* Of so little account is this argument, made by one of the greatest logicians of the century.

*According to Mill, invalid forms of proof.

In the second place, we may say that these objections can only be upheld by the use of Philosophy, which is none the less Philosophy because it is false.

Thirdly, to the objection that philosophers disagree in very material and vital points, we may reply that this is no objection, but that such an objection could only be made by a very poor philosopher. For not only must he assume that the Philosophy which he is endeavoring to prove useless, is useful (since he uses it to prove his objection), but he fails to note that there is no science concerning the most important parts of which there has not been at some time the most bitter controversy.

Fourth, we dispute these objections *in toto* in so far as they apply to the subject under discussion, and our reasons therefor will form the main part of this paper. Before doing this, however, it may be well to give some indication of what we mean by Philosophy.

There has been considerable controversy as to the definition of Philosophy, it seems to us that an enumeration of its departments would best explain what we mean by the whole. As an authority for this method of treatmeut we would quote Prof. Seth, who deals with the subject of definition in his paper on "Philosophy" in the Encyclopædia Britannica. He says:—"Accordingly we may say that 'Philosophy' has been understood during the greater part of its history to be a general term covering the various disciplines just enumerated, viz: Psychology, Logic, Ethics and Metaphysics. It has frequently tended, however, and still tends, to be used as specially convertible with the narrower term 'Metaphysics.' This is not unnatural, seeing that it is only so far as they bear on the central question of the nature of existence that Philosophy spreads its mantle over Psychology, Logic and Ethics. . . . But although this is so, it is perhaps hardly desirable to deprive ourselves of the use of two terms instead of one. It will not be easy to infuse into so abstract and bloodless a term as 'Metaphysics' the fuller life (and especially the inclusion of ethical considerations) suggested by the more concrete term 'Philosophy.'"

For the purpose of this paper, then, we may look at Philosophy under the following aspects, which, though they may not

recommend themselves to us as logical divisions of Philosophy, are still all subjects of study to the consistent student of Philosophy :—

These are—

1. Metaphysics.
2. Logic.
3. Psychology.
4. Ethics.

1. Metaphysics strives to reconcile all the apparently conflicting departments of human knowledge, and, as such, is an indispensable branch of study. To have several unrelated sciences is as unreasonable as to have a number of data in any one science without any attempt at showing their relation to the grand problem of that particular science. By showing just where particular departments of knowledge clash with one another in their final results, Metaphysics indicates where there must necessarily be vital mistakes in theories formerly accepted as unquestionably true, and thus leads to more exact observation of the facts and to the formation of a finally correct theory. Metaphysics, then, not only shows to a very large extent what the different theories must be in order to agree with one another, but it does what is so galling to some special (which is too often a synonym for narrow) scientists,—it actually forms theories for these scientists within what ought to be their own territory (were it not that they sometimes show themselves so narrow and bigoted as to be incapable of doing their own proper work).

Metaphysics divides properly into two branches, Ontology and Epistemology; a theory of Being and a theory of Knowledge. Ontology has for its problem the question, "What is Being?" "What is true existence?" "What is Being in the inmost essence?" "What is it to be?" This question is by no means useless and unpractical. For all men are by nature philosophically inclined and will form theories, be they true or false, and since these theories must necessarily have a momentous effect on our lives, it is most essential that they should be correct. Now no subject is so much (perhaps unconsciously) theorized on by the average man as Being, and no conclusions can have a greater effect on our lives than our conclusions on this subject. You can very soon tell from the conversation of the

most ordinary man whether he is a materialist or an idealist, though he would no doubt stare open-mouthed if you called him either the one or the other. If, then, men are always forming theories of Being, is it not most essential that they should form correct theories, and not the slipshod, irrational opinions that too often pass with them for incontrovertible conclusions.

Nor is a Theory of Knowledge less essential, nor has it a less stupendous influence on our lives and opinions. According to his Theory of Knowledge a man will be either a theist or an atheist, a believer in the validity of knowledge or an agnostic (though agnosticism is a contradiction in terms). Now, we all know the bitter war that is being waged between these different schools in this nineteenth century, and on looking into the history of Philosophy we find also that it is but a continuation of the strife which has divided the ranks of philosophers since men first began to reflect. Is it not important, then, that this question, which will determine the course of our present life and what our future is to be (if there be any future for us, and we all know what an influence the thought of the future has on our decisions), —is it not all-important, I say, that this problem, fraught as it is with the most thrilling consequence to humanity, should be debated with all the learning which the life-long study of the philosopher can bring to bear upon it.

But it may be asked, "What has this to do with the subject in hand, viz., the value of Philosophy as a preparation for the study and practice of law?" "Everything," we answer. And in giving our reasons for this unqualified assertion, we must state what we conceive to be the function of a university course to a person who has as his aim specially the study and practice of law as a profession.

The prime function of an Arts course we conceive to be the laying of the foundations on which any special line of knowledge may be built up. We believe in building on the solid rock of ultimate principles, which Philosophy has exposed after many centuries of toil in removing the dirt and *débris* of false reasoning, opinion, and prejudice. We claim that he who would rear his tower of knowledge the highest must lay the broadest and most solid foundation, and we contend that Philosophy furnishes these.

The great evil towards which this age is tending—nay, the rock on which it is stranded—is too close specialization. Specialization is not an evil if it be engaged in by men who have previously acquired such knowledge as to give them a bird's-eye view of the vast field of human research, all the departments of which must agree in their final results. But no man can obtain the best results at any specialty unless he can see the numerous relations which his problem bears to all the other questions which human investigation is striving to answer, and we think we are not going too far when we say that Philosophy alone can give this outlook.

Law is a specialty, and what applies to other specialties applies also to it. Metaphysics has had more influence on law, directly, than has almost any other branch of knowledge. A decision on nearly all the questions of Metaphysics had to be assumed before law could be made and trials carried on. Moreover, numerous maxims of Metaphysics have been directly accepted as legal maxims. Some of these are metaphysical fallacies that have long been exploded, and yet, because we have too many judges who have not studied Philosophy enough to see their fallaciousness, they still govern the decisions of our judiciary. For instance, the old metaphysical maxim that knowledge of the nature and quality of an act is a criterion of responsibility, is even yet allowed, as a legal maxim, to govern the decisions of our judiciary in alleged cases of insanity. Yet it is well known to all students of modern Philosophy* that this maxim has long been exploded.

But even if we should attach no value to all the foregoing arguments and take the discussion to a lower plane, still Philosophy holds precedence above all other studies as a preparation for the legal profession. For dialectical exercise, we affirm, without fear of contradiction, that Metaphysics offers unparalleled advantages. And it will be disputed by nobody that in no profession is argumentative acuteness more needed than in the practice of law. Of course, all argument should be strictly logical, and this brings us to the consideration of the advantages of our second division of Philosophy, viz., Logic.

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* Abnormal Psychology.

2. Logic is a study that is essential to all classes and callings, but it is especially needful for the legal profession. Mill's definition of Logic as "the science of the operations of the understanding which are subservient to the estimation of evidence," shows clearly how very important an intimate knowledge of the principles of Logic must be to the practical lawyer. For the chief duties of our judges and lawyers consist in the estimation of evidence.

Indeed, nothing has so degraded the legal profession in the eyes of the world as the fallacious logic, or rather want of logic, that pervades the arguments of too many of its members. With a great number of offending lawyers this proceeds from ignorance (I say it with all due respect), not from any wish to prevent truth. Those who are wilfully illogical are unworthy to be members of any profession, and may best be prevented from wielding their pernicious influence by a bench and bar ready and willing to expose any fallacies that may be sprung upon them. As it is now, a person with his mind open to detect fallacies can hardly enter a court without being furnished with instances sufficient to illustrate all the fallacies in the catalogue. During a single session of one of our Ontario courts, I noted at least half a dozen instances of that most flagrant "Have you left off beating your mother?" * type of fallacy. It is hardly necessary to say when so clear a fallacy as the foregoing was so rampant, that other types were there in great profusion.

The point to which I wish to draw special attention, however, is that in only one instance of the half dozen was the question of counsel objected to. If judge and counsel had sharpened their minds by a previous perusal of Jevon's chapter on "Fallacies," this could not have happened by any possibility. Nor is this confined to the court I have alluded to. If it were so, fault might be laid on the lawyers and judge engaged at that particular court on the occasion I refer to. Take any of our great trials in which our most eminent counsel are engaged, and plenty of instances will be found to illustrate and confirm my contention.

Not only would a thorough knowledge of Logic help the judge and the opposing counsel more quickly to detect a fallacy, but it would greatly diminish the number of fallacious questions

* Fallacy of Many Questions.

asked. For unless a lawyer were thoroughly dishonest he would not wilfully try to pervert the truth. Moreover, litigation would be expedited, for, to say the least of it, the more common fallacies of to-day would totally disappear from the questions of counsel, and so unnecessary waste of time in combating them would be saved.

If Logic were thoroughly studied by lawyers, skilful cross-examination would be the rule not the exception. For though a lawyer must have some special natural qualifications to be a most successful cross-examiner, still one of the principles of Logic is the *raison d'être* of cross-examination. Cross-examination is only justified by the logical principle that people often draw wrong conclusions from the premises, and even mistake these fallacious conclusions for actually observed facts. As Mr. J.S. Mill says in his "System of Logic" (Bk. 5, ch. 4, Sec. 5): "In proportion to any person's deficiency of knowledge and mental cultivation is generally his inability to discriminate between his inferences and the perceptions on which they were grounded. Many a marvellous tale, many a scandalous anecdote, owes its origin to this incapacity. The difficulty of inducing witnesses to restrain with any moderate limits the intermixture of their inferences with the narrative of their perceptions is well known to experienced cross-examiners, and still more is this the case when ignorant persons attempt to describe any natural phenomenon."

So, then, we see that while Logic is implicitly used by all our great legal luminaries in their arguments, still it is not given the prominence it deserves as a preparation for law. We contend that a good training in Logic is most essential to the lawyer. A mathematician could get along much better without knowing how to count than could a lawyer without a good grounding in Logic. How much would our trials be shortened, and how effectually would an end be made of all that tiresome wrangling which wastes so much valuable time, if bench and bar were so well trained in Logic that a fallacy could only be uttered to be suppressed.

But it may be said, "Your argument goes for naught. Our greatest lawyers are not great logicians, but are men who thoroughly understand human nature." To this we can only

answer that in too many cases " 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." Not in all cases, however, is this so. All of our greatest justices and most of our famous lawyers have been noted for their logical judgments and arguments, for which they have never received aught but praise. In truth, as some one has said, "νόμος ἐστι νοῦς ἄνευ ὀρέξεως" ("Law is reason without passion"). All lawyers must use Logic either implicitly or explicitly, and the good lawyer must be a good logician. It is a fact, nevertheless, that our jury system gives the emotionalist too much play for his pernicious fallacies, and sometimes we must meet him with his own weapons, which he derives from a study of human nature or Psychology, which is the third of the divisions of Philosophy to which we have to direct our attention.

3. The advantages which a study of Psychology offers to one who would be an honour to his profession are numerous and weighty. Since, however, the inducements which this branch of Philosophy holds out to the lawyer are special, rather than general, we shall take only a few typical examples.

To one who has to deal constantly with every phase of human nature, an extensive acquaintance with the principles of Psychology is indispensable. The practising lawyer has to combat not only the worst phases of human nature, but too often he has to contend with the added forces of an intellect hired to scheme and deceive. He must be able not to deceive his opponent, but to prevent himself from being deceived. Psychology alone will give him this power, and the more systematic and thorough his knowledge of it, the greater will be his power. All successful lawyers undoubtedly possess an extensive acquaintance with the ins and outs of the human character, but it is unreasonable to suppose that they can learn as much in the desultory way in which many of them attain this as, *cæteris paribus*, they could by the systematic study of Psychology. And I should like at this point to quote a sentence from Baldwin's "Senses and Intellect" (p. 26) to show the boundless possibilities that a thorough study of Psychology opens up to the wide-awake lawyer. He says, speaking of internal experiment : "The whole possibility of suggestion is here open to our touch, and we may play upon their (men's) emotions, hopes, ambitions, plans, ideas, as upon the keyboard of an instrument."

Then, Psychology offers direct information in matters which are continually arising in the experience of every lawyer. Now the more thorough a man's knowledge about questions that are always arising in his profession, the better able will he be to cope with them successfully. If, then, Psychology involves a study of a great number of the questions constantly arising in law, it follows that a study of Psychology must be very essential to the successful lawyer. Undoubtedly experts have to be called in to give evidence in cases involving some of these points, but counsel who is nearly, if not as well informed on such matters as the experts, will be much better able to get at the truth in a clear and expeditious manner, than the lawyer who is groping in the dark after facts.

For instance, the question of mental capacity comes up oftener perhaps than any other question in law to-day, and in the opinion of many it is not brought up often enough. Now the investigation of insanity is directly within the sphere of Abnormal Psychology, and though the problem has hardly yet been touched, nevertheless the lawyer who has studied Psychology "up-to-date" will know what is to be known about the subject, and no man can do more, unless indeed it be to find out something else.

We firmly believe, and think there is plenty of evidence to justify our belief, that a great number of the executions that have taken place have been judicial murders, for no other reason than that lawyers and judges were so ill-acquainted with recent Psychology, and so subservient to that (under some conditions) pernicious system of case law, that they could not or would not see that mere knowledge of the quality and consequences of the act being committed is not a sufficient criterion of a person's sanity and responsibility. Had our judges been following the progress of Abnormal Psychology they would long ago have known that some persons suffering from homicidal mania, kill, knowing perfectly what they are doing and the consequence of the deed, and yet have absolutely no power to restrain themselves. Cases of killing, which appear to those ignorant of Psychology clear cases of murder by responsible beings, are really no more their acts and can no more be restrained by the fear of punishment than could convulsions. In fact punishment offers itself as an inducement and is the direct motive in some of these cases. We see

then how tremendously essential it is, if lawyers would not have their ignorance unconsciously contribute to innumerable judicial wrongs, that they should be diligent and "up-to-date" students of Psychology.

But this is only one of the numerous instances of the intense utility of Psychology to the practical lawyer. We may mention one more before closing our account of the advantages with which Psychology fairly teems to such a man.

In the study of Psychological Optics the phenomena of color-blindness, contrast, etc., are treated of. To the practical lawyer this is at once associated with steamboat and railroad accidents, etc., etc. We might go on multiplying these examples *ad infinitum*, but as the fourth department of our subject is claiming attention, Psychology must give place to it. Let us consider, then, the benefits of Ethics to a lawyer.

4. Although not one of those who think that lawyers are any worse than other men, and while believing them to be grossly misunderstood and more wronged than wronging, still we think, in view of the many and tempting ethical questions which are always confronting them, that a course in Ethics would be of infinite value to them in common with all other men. Probably in no other profession have men within their reach such unlimited opportunities and temptations to act otherwise than honourably as in the practice of law.

In many cases of wrong-doing men probably know the better and do the worse, yet we do not believe that they know the Right in that perfect, beauteous form in which she presents herself to those who have by constant and devoted study come to know her more nearly as she is. I believe we may say of Right, as we say of the personification of Right—the great Ruler of the universe—that "when we know Thee as Thou art, we'll serve Thee as we ought." It seems to us that if instead of the minute study of the tricks and artifices by which political gamesters have accomplished their *coups d'etat*, intending lawyers would lay their homage before the throne of the Goddess of Right, that we would have far fewer men pointing the finger of scorn at the legal profession. Not only the legal profession, but all the learned professions need to have infused into them by a thorough ethical training, more steadfast conceptions of the stern reality and

smiling approbation of duty. It is the absence of aim and of a true conception of duty which is causing so many failures in our professions, and which results in the lack of professional honor and etiquette now becoming so apparent.

It is a scientific impossibility, to put it negatively, for any one to take a course of study and not be influenced by it in some degree. Is it unreasonable, then, to hope that a course in Ethics should have a wide and far-reaching influence on its students, and through them on their professions?

There are other questions, however, much harder to decide than whether we shall do right or wrong. Questions arise as to what is right, and probably the members of the legal profession have more of these disputed questions to settle with themselves than have the members of any other profession. Am I justified in taking this case, and if so, how far should I go in my efforts to win it for my client? Should I do all that he would for himself? Many such questions confront a lawyer a hundred times a day, and it is necessary, to solve them satisfactorily, that he should bring to bear on them the search-light of an intellect quick to see the question in all its bearings, and a will prompt to act in accordance with the right.

Then again there are questions of the metaphysico-ethical type, the answers to which must have a great influence on a lawyer's conduct. The question as to whether or not the will is free, which is often ridiculed as immaterial to any one, is of extreme importance to the lawyer. Before a single law was passed, it had to be assumed, whether rightly or wrongly, that the will is free. If, as some contend, the will is absolutely determined, an end is made of all law. The question of the freedom of the will lies at the very basis of law and punishment. Truly we would be worse than brutes did we hang a man for what he did as a part of nature.

Another very notable instance of the direct utility of Ethics in law is Jurisprudence. Jurisprudence is really a branch of Ethics. At any rate it has to go for its principles and fundamental data to Ethics, that despised study of the recluse student of Philosophy. All our civil law is based on our conceptions of a

person's rights and duties; all our criminal law is based on our doctrine of responsibility. So we see that on Ethics depends our whole fabric of laws. Yet Philosophy forsooth, is useless and unpractical!

The philosopher may work silently and unnoticed like the coral insect, but like it he is gradually rearing a monument, which is so apparent to all men, that only the more penetrating minds can see beneath it all the hard-working, much-reviled student of Philosophy—for the more learned a man is, the more does he realize that he is but a student striving to puzzle out from the book of nature his a, b, c's—though by those who receive the gain of hard-gotten knowledge, these same a, b, c's are called ultimate principles.

The history of Philosophy, too, is of great importance as a preliminary study to a lawyer. Here he learns to estimate the real value and significance of the various system of Philosophy, by looking at their tendencies and all the special circumstances which influenced them. This is precisely what is required in case law. Here, a case, which at first sight might appear to confirm a contention, may, when looked at in its true significance and in relation to all the circumstances, very well disprove it. We can conceive of nothing which could afford a better preliminary education for estimating the value of precedents in case law than the study of the history of Philosophy.

In conclusion, it seems to us that the advantages which Philosophy holds out to the prospective lawyer are far too numerous and indispensable to be neglected. Philosophy is not an untried department of knowledge. She has a longer and more illustrious career than any of the sciences: she has battled with her enemies through the long line of the centuries, and what she promises her children she is able to give. Shall we then reject the proffered aid and spurn the gifts of this great benefactress of humanity, without doing ourselves and the profession we espouse, irreparable injury?

Philosophy is not one of those transcient sciences that for a time eclipse all others in their splendor and then dart off into outer darkness to be seen no more forever. She is ever the same; her popularity does not vary, for she is at no time popu-

lar—if she were we would not respect her as we do. Steadfast and immovable, we may say of Philosophy as has been said of Truth, the goal of all her endeavors :

> Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
> The eternal years of God are hers :
> But error wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies among his worshippers.