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ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR

THE great, good heart is still,
The Earl in France is dead;
The agèd gentle warrior, stern of will,
His task accomplished, found a soldier's bed.
His dirge the baleful drone of wailing shell,
His firing-squad a million enemies!
Ah! who shall tell
The count of aching hearts that England sees,
To know him gone through sacrifice, in war—
Roberts of Kandahar.

Not death with pomp and bruit!
Simply, thy service gave
To waning force the final stroke, and mute
Thou liest on the battle's hem, close to thy country's brave.
O soldier of strong souls, thou wast so near...
Marshal and man we mourn. An army weeps,
Turning its grief to strength before thy bier,
Indian and British son waking to war
Because a father sleeps,
Roberts of Kandahar.

You knew him, or you knew him not—
And still your eyes are wet
To hear the valour of his willing life,
To learn the kindness that he kept in strife,
To read the well-won victories he got.
England has found her debt
Too large to pay with honours—more was due,
(Tribute for which a hundred sue
Self-consciously in vain when few approve)
Ah! "Bobs," unasked we brought thee more than honour's jewelled star;
We brought thee love, we bring thee love,
Roberts of Kandahar.

MARY LINDA BRADLEY

IN TIME OF WAR

i

War is of God no less than thrifty peace,
God, that Unknowable which raiseth Man
From dust, and sets him free to will, and plan,
And mould his fate by slackness or increase
In making noble usage of the lease
Of soul each hath in trust some little span.
To will sublimely common mortals can
When War's great clarion biddeth dallying cease.

Peace is probation, too. If Man shall strive
Therein for vanities, and glut, and pelf,
Whose votaries scoff at serving fellows' need,
He wrongs his trust; he works his doom himself;
Yet War may trumpet him to knightly deed
Who would not save, in peace, his soul alive.

ii

Better were death in battle than the fear
Which, did it master man, were suicide
To all that lilt of spiritual pride
That doth alone make life worth living here.
Better than slavish stoop to gather gear
It were to cast the coil of flesh aside.
The worst were lingering, after honour died,
To eat, and drink, and lust from year to year.

Wherefore doth will to nobly live ordain
Contempt of death on hosts of common men
Who reck not why their rulers call the fight.
"On them let rest the wrong and murder when
The Cause is bad; yet must we arm to smite,
Or die, lest in us more than life be slain."

E. W. Thomson

THE WAR AND ITS ORIGIN

OUR absorption in the incidents and our concern over the issue of the tragic drama which is now being enacted in Europe tend to lessen our interest in the causes, direct and indirect, that brought about the war. And even with the evidence now before us a complete history cannot yet be written. Disclosures have still to be made, and it may well be that fifty years hence memoirs of some of the chief personages will see the light from which the world will learn interesting and important facts that now lie hid from view. But it is none the less incumbent on each and all of us to be able to give, according to our lights, a reason for the faith that is in us. We have not been suffering, on the British side at least, from any megalomania or war fever, nor have we acted on unreasoning impulse. With us it is not a case of "my country, right or wrong." But we are fortunate, all the same, in feeling that nothing could have happened that was better calculated to bind together so instantaneously and so effectively the somewhat ill-compacted fabric of our Empire. Certain negligible incidents in South Africa have not marred the picture: they have only set it in a stronger light. Is it possible, then, that the unanimity which has inspired our action can leave room for anything to be said on the other side?

Of course there always is another side. We are quite accustomed, in private life, to find two sane, sober, and sensible persons differing materially in the view they take of the same set of facts and phenomena. And when children quarrel, we sometimes see them rushing at each other so impetuously that both tact and strength are needed to pull them away and calm their surging spirits. For the time being they have lost their heads. That is what has happened to the nations of Europe—in more senses than one! It all

came so suddenly that there was no time even for a quiet talk.

Only a few weeks before the outbreak of the war, a brilliant celebration was held in the little university town of Groningen, in Holland, where many British marines and other prisoners are now interned. It was a really international gathering, of a kind that will be very rare indeed for many years to come. Representatives were gathered together from most of the great universities of the world. In their presence, and in the hearing also of Queen Wilhelmina, the "Rector Magnificus" reminded us of how his university had been founded to take up the work of Louvain and Tournay, in the days when, three hundred years ago, the Dutch provinces were wrestling with the power of Spain for an independent national existence and for liberty of conscience. How little did we think, in those piping days of peace, that within a few short weeks the neighbouring country of Belgium would be overrun by an even more ruthless conqueror; and that the head of a world-famous German university, whose hand we clasped in cordial friendship, would now be handing out honorary degrees to two leading representatives of the Krupp works at Essen, in recognition of their diabolical preëminence in the forging of death-dealing weapons of war!

One never can tell, in the life of a nation any more than in private life, what would have happened if a different course had been pursued. The other side holds that if England had meant war she should have said so at once. One reason for the insensate hatred by which we are assailed to-day is that we are alleged to have waited craftily until Germany had become embroiled with both France and Russia before jumping in as a make-weight against her. Germany sincerely believed that, sooner or later, war with Russia (whom she really feared) was inevitable. For a time she seems to have hoped that she might have Russia alone to deal with, and she looked to England to keep France quiet. It was only after France too had accepted her challenge that we decided to go in against her, so as to turn the balance.

This statement of the case is ludicrously at variance with the facts, as now ascertained. We know that England was certainly not scheming how to get into the war, but much rather how to keep out of it. It may well be questioned whether, if we had promptly declared our solidarity with France and Russia, the war would thereby have been prevented. Is it not rather to our credit that we hesitated, and that we delayed even to the verge of weakness? What better proof can be given that we were free from any actual commitment than the fact that, when France first pledged her support to Russia, Sir Edward Grey refused to make any promise? No one says now that we ought to have continued to stand out, and so have saved our skins. For though one can never speak with certainty of what might have been, all the evidence goes to show that if we had left France and Belgium to their fate the German occupation of the coast-line would have been much more undisputed than it is to-day; and then England's turn would have come next. She did well to spurn the Cyclopean gift of a promise that she would be "eaten last!"

I have said that there was no unreasoning impulse about our intervention. And we did not go in because we were ordered to do so by any superior authority. This is not for us —as some Americans are too apt to believe—a war of Kings, and Emperors, and Cabinets. Nor was it through the British Foreign Secretary that the final and fateful word was spoken: his formula throughout the negotiations was "subject to the support of Parliament." That is one of the facts which Mr. Bernard Shaw seems altogether to have overlooked. It was the representatives of the nation, assembled in the mother of Parliaments, that voted a war credit with practical unanimity; and their action in what was put to them as a matter of duty and honour at once received the heartiest possible endorsation, not only of their English constituents but also of men of every kind of political persuasion throughout all our oversea Dominions. This is government by democracy, and considering the character of parliamentary representation in

England, and the system of ministerial responsibility, not to the individual ruler (as in Germany) but to the elected representatives of the people, one may assert confidently that our going to war was as much a direct act of the British nation as it could have been under the most republican constitution.

The same critics who profess to believe that England wanted the war taunt us at the same time with not having done more to protect Belgium. The truth is that our delay and our obvious military unpreparedness furnish in themselves the best of answers. Yet for both there are compensations. The impressive spectacle was afforded at home of an immediate cessation from all domestic strife, with a resulting solidarity which could not have been achieved if the government had taken what some would have been certain to attack as a premature decision; while the growth of our military efficiency for fighting purposes is guaranteed by the fact that the Empire is acting as a unit, in a way that promises more for its further organization than another twenty-five years of imperial talk. In fact, if the thing had to be, the stage could not be better set than it is, even if we had had the whole management in our own hands. Hence these (German) tears!

The immediate reason for British intervention was of course, as everybody knows, the invasion of Belgium. Opposition to this sudden move on the part of Germany was for England a matter of duty as well as self-interest. She could not well have stood aside while the Belgian coast-line was passing into the hands of another Power—especially one which was showing so little respect for its plighted word. That would have given the opportunity for "pointing a pistol straight at England's heart," as the Germans are now trying to do from Antwerp and Ostend and Zeebrugge. And there was the further motive of preventing, if possible, any would-be combatant from using Belgian soil once more as a battle-ground. Some craven-hearted ones have asked if it would not have been better, especially in view of the

immediate sequel, if Belgium had quietly acquiesced in the passage of German troops. But what a disservice to France, which had made no difficulty whatever about renewing its guarantee to respect Belgian neutrality! It would have been like letting a burglar in by a back-door. Belgium would thereby have placed herself in a state of war with France. And there is the further consideration of the obligations of international law, which cannot be treated as a "scrap of paper" without the direst consequences to civilization. It is an elementary principle of the law of nations that a neutral state is bound to deny a right of passage to a belligerent. Here Britain had a clear duty to perform, in the interest of international faith and the right of a weaker nation to maintain its independence. One's only regret is that it did not occur to the King of the Belgians, in appealing to England for aid, to appeal at the same time to the United States as well! All neutral nations have an interest in preventing the world from being swept back into barbarism, with all its attendant phenomena of violence and terror, by an open disregard of so much as there is of international law. It is only a short year since the Lord High Chancellor of England, speaking before the American Bar Association on the subject of "Higher Nationality," was sanguine enough to speculate on the growth among nations of a habit of looking to common ideals "sufficiently strong to develop a General Will, and to make the binding power of these ideals a reliable sanction for their obligations to each other." Lord Haldane took the German word "Sittlichkeit," or "mannerliness," to illustrate his meaning, defining it as the system of habitual or customary conduct, ethical rather than legal, which embraces all those obligations of the citizens which it is "bad form" to disregard. In view of what has happened in Belgium, he could not make such an address to-day. Germany has revived the traditional barbarism that looks to conquest and the waging of successful war as the main instrument and aim of the highest statesmanship. In place of the "Sittlichkeit" that was to incline nations in ever-increasing measure to act

towards each other as "gentlemen," she has substituted "Furchtbarkeit"—"frightfulness"—the word which was deliberately chosen by the German Emperor for the purpose of recalling the less shocking example of Attila and his horde of Huns.

But the trouble did not begin in Belgium. We must go further back for such a historical survey as may be possible within the limits of this paper.

At the beginning of the chapter immediately preceding stands the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand. But there were several chapters previous to that, and due weight must be given to the argument of the other side when it contends that the murder at Sarajevo was only the culmination of a long series of Servian conspiracies against the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The question is one of predominance in South Eastern Europe, and the change of policy inaugurated by the German Emperor, in that as in other directions, is strikingly brought home to us when we remember that Bismarck would not have been interested. Of the Bulgarian affair in 1885 he had said that it was "not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier." The leading motive of the assassination was doubtless resentment at the way Austria had behaved in the lawless annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. It was then that the Emperor William took his stand beside his ally "in shining armour." Russia had been effectually weakened by her experiences in the Japanese War, and it must have been a great humiliation to her, in a matter where Slavic interests were concerned, to be threatened with hostilities by Germany in the event of her attempting to take military action against Austria. To Britain the whole thing meant very little, and in the days when the streets of London were placarded with posters reading "To H—ll with Servia," the ordinary passer-by did not find it in his heart to offer any objection. What we had to complain of afterwards was the extraordinary character of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia, and the circumstances in which it seems to have been conceived. It is significant, to begin with, that nothing was said about it at Vienna to any

of the foreign diplomats, except the German Ambassador. He knew all about the message before it was sent off, and is said to have "endorsed every line of it." If it had not been formally communicated beforehand to the Foreign Secretary at Berlin or the Imperial Chancellor, its terms were known to the Emperor and to the representatives of the war-party that was engaged in the congenial operation of pushing him on to a point from which he could not draw back. There is a Prussian ring in the tone of the Austrian message, with its headings and sub-headings, its prescribed formulæ for the Servian reply, and its demand for an answer within forty-eight hours. All other competitors for the champion-title of the "bully of Europe" may withdraw in favour of those who concocted this uncompromising document!

It was really aimed at Russia and the *status quo* in the Balkans, and the expectation may have been that Russia would take it as quietly as she had taken the Austrian violation of the Treaty of Berlin six years before. Responding to the pressure brought to bear upon her, Servia forwarded a reply in which she sought to give satisfaction, asking at the same time for a reference, as regarded one of the conditions, to the International Court at the Hague. This was rejected by Austria, and her representatives were instructed to leave the Servian capital without delay. The first efforts of Russian diplomacy thereafter were directed towards securing an extension of the time-limit allowed by Austria. This was refused. Thereupon Sir Edward Grey made more than one suggestion (25th and 26th July) for conference and mediation —Russia undertaking to stand aside, and to leave the matter in the hands of the four neutral nations, France, Germany, Great Britain, and Italy. But the attitude of Germany, declared with a significant element of contradiction among her various representatives, was that she agreed with her ally in regarding the quarrel as a "purely Austrian concern with which Russia had nothing to do."*

*Contrast the German White Book which says (p. 4) that Germany was "perfectly aware that a possible warlike attitude of Austria-Hungary against Servia might bring Russia into the field."

Obviously it was here that the European train left the rails, and we know now where to place the responsibility, with all its unspeakable consequences, for refusing to accept the Servian reply even as a basis of negotiation. If each and every one of the Powers had been sincerely and genuinely interested in the maintenance of peace, they could surely have attained their ends at this stage by the simple process of getting round a table for conference and discussion. The horror of the *denouement* is intensified by the fact, subsequently communicated by our representative at Vienna, that some change of heart had made Austria willing in the end to re-open conversations with Russia on the basis of the Servian reply. But meanwhile there had been mutterings of mobilization, and Germany's ultimatum to France and to Russia rendered a peaceful settlement impossible.

Whether it can be proved, or not—with the material at present available—that the military faction at Berlin was working for the war which it had so long gloated over in imagination, there can be no doubt that Germany must take the blame of having blocked the proposed conference. It is said by his apologists that the Emperor laboured sincerely to the end—working along a private path of his own—in the cause of peace. But it must be asked, with all deference, what right he had to any private path when the peace of Europe was known to be trembling in the balance? This is where we might have expected to hear from the various Peace and Arbitration Societies, especially on the continent of America. With all respect to the obligations of the official neutrality so carefully laid down at Washington—obligations which individual Americans like ex-President Eliot have found it hard to observe—the question naturally suggests itself why those who have worked so devotedly for peace have not as yet raised their voices, no matter how ineffectually, in protest against the influences which refused to invoke the concert of Europe in the only way by which war might have been avoided. By keeping silence they seem to me to have rendered much of their previous work ineffec-

tive and of no account in "practical politics." They are in danger of effacing themselves.

It is surely not uncharitable to say that if Germany had really wanted war, she could hardly have taken a better method of achieving her purpose. Her previous record is not such as to inspire confidence. It is unnecessary to refer to her dealings with Denmark in 1864, with Austria in 1866, or with France in 1870. There is little credit in having kept the peace for forty years if it can be shown that you have generally got what you wanted by merely rattling your sabre. Germany was saved from the crime of a second attack on France in 1875. Coming nearer our own times, it is now an established fact of history that she would have profited by our difficulties to intervene in the South African War if it had not been for the British navy. In 1905 she imposed her will on France, and brought about the resignation of Monsieur Delcassé, just before the Algeciras Conference. In 1908 the Emperor took his stand "in shining armour" beside his Austrian ally, whom he abetted in the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. And in 1911 came the incident of the *Panther* and Agadir, in connexion with which we were told by Monsieur Barthou in Montreal that if France had been saved from invasion she "owed it solely to the steadfast loyalty of her English allies." To-day Germany is giving proof of the thoroughgoing character of her preparations for war. Nothing need be said of her navy-building, in regard to which the Emperor indited, early in 1908, a long letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty which was obviously designed to lull him into a false sense of security. The German navy was being built purely for defensive purposes, and England was making herself ridiculous, in the Kaiser's opinion, by taking any account of it! For these defensive purposes an increased expenditure of one million sterling per annum was authorized in 1912 for a period of six years. How fortunate it is for us that when war broke out the British navy was found ready to concentrate in the North Sea, which we shall no longer call by its alternative name the "German Ocean!"

Nor is it necessary to dwell on Germany's activities along other lines, such as the construction of strategical railways converging on the Dutch and Belgian frontiers, the provision of increased facilities for transports at ports of embarkation, the building in foreign territory of concrete emplacements for heavy siege-guns, the amazing volume of war-literature that issues every year from her publishing houses, culminating in Bernhardi's book "Germany and the Next War," the institution of a far-reaching system of espionage by which she sought to pry into the naval and military secrets of other nations, and read them like an open book. She turned a deaf ear, as the Liberal party, under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, learned to its cost, to all suggestions for a reduction of armaments. She showed herself no friend to any of the proposals, especially in regard to mine-laying and bomb-throwing, by which it was sought at the Hague conferences to mitigate in advance the actual horrors of war. And Mr. Asquith has told us quite recently that when, in 1912, his Cabinet thought it wise to approach her with an assurance that we would neither make nor join in any unprovoked attack upon her, declaring that "aggression upon Germany is not the subject, and forms no part of any treaty, understanding, or combination to which Britain is now a party, nor will she become a party to anything that has such an object," she had the audacity to turn round and ask the British Government to abandon the Triple Entente altogether and give her a pledge of absolute neutrality should she become engaged in any war. She asked us, in fact—as Mr. Asquith put it—to give her "a free hand" when she should choose her own time "to overbear and dominate the European world!" And when Mr. Asquith made this disclosure (2nd October, 1914), the *North-German Gazette*, with true German logic, drew the inference that "the English Government was already in 1912 determined under all circumstances to take part in a European war on the side of Germany's enemies!"

This record is hardly calculated, as has been said above, to inspire confidence. It does not predispose us to accept

without demur the statement made by Professors Haeckel and Eucken, when they complained, "Our foes have disturbed us in our peaceful work, forcing the war upon us very much against our desire." Poor injured innocents! We are more inclined to view the outbreak of the war in the light of other utterances, such as that of von der Goltz, who said that the German statesman would show himself a traitor to his country who, believing war to be inevitable and being himself ready for it, failed to get beforehand with the enemy by striking the first blow; or the notorious Bernhardi, who made a more or less secret tour through the United States a year or two ago, addressing exclusively German societies, and telling them exactly what was going to happen and how it was going to be done. Bernhardi's book includes, among many other gems, the following: "All which other nations attained in centuries of natural development—political union, colonial possessions, naval power, international trade—was denied to our nation until quite recently. What we now wish to obtain must be *fought for*, against a superior force of hostile interests and powers." And again: "Let it be the task of our diplomacy so to shuffle the cards that we may be attacked by France, for then there would be a reasonable prospect that Russia for a time would remain neutral..... If we wish to bring about an attack by our opponents, we must initiate an active policy which, without attacking France, will so prejudice her interests or those of England that both these States would feel compelled to attack us. Opportunities for such procedure are offered both in Africa and in Europe." At Zabern, for instance, and in Morocco! Surely Professor Gilbert Murray hit the mark when he described such programmes as "the schemes of an accomplished burglar expounded with the candour of a child."

Nietzsche correctly expressed the prevailing German point of view, when, instead of saying that a good cause sanctifies every war, he laid down the maxim that a good war justifies and sanctifies every cause! "War and courage," he went on to say, "have done greater things than love

of your neighbour." Germany has been brought up to believe in war, not as a disagreeable necessity, but as a high political instrument and a supreme test of national character. Imperial security for her implies the power of taking the aggressive, without consideration for the rights of others or her own good faith, wherever her interests or her national pride may seem to suggest. The latest utterance of Maxmilian Harden has let the cat out of the bag even in regard to this war. "We willed it," he says; "we had to will it. Our might will create a new law for Europe. It is Germany that strikes. When she has conquered new domains for her genius, then the priesthoods of all the gods will praise the good war..... Now that Germany's hour has struck she must take her place as the leading power. Any peace which did not win her the first position would be no reward for her efforts." Here we have the most recent expression, naked and unashamed, of the "swelled-headedness" and megalomania which have brought our German friends to believe that they have a Heaven-sent mission to dominate the whole world. The leadership of Europe is what they have been after all the time, to begin with. And here the overthrow of France and England was a necessary preliminary. As to France, Bernhardi had shown how, after a resistless rush through Belgium, Germany was to "square her account with France and crush her so completely that she could never again come across our path." And in the same spirit von Treitschke, who believed a collision with England to be inevitable, had warned his countrymen that the "settlement with England would probably be the longest and the most difficult." It is as a consequence of following the will-o'-the-wisp of a German world-wide empire that Germany has been brought to the pass in which she stands to-day. And when official verification can be secured of the various statements which go to prove that the war-party in Berlin was confidently counting on war long before it actually broke out, and had carefully calculated how and when it could best profit from the difficulties by which other nations, notably

England,* were known to be embarrassed, little or nothing will be required to make the story complete. When told, it may even help to reconcile the German people themselves to the defeat and discomfiture which they so richly deserve.

But even with our present knowledge of the facts, is it not amazing to us that Germany should seek to fasten the blame on the other side, when she herself had drawn up such an advance programme as that which has just been described? Take England, for instance. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that there is no country in the world that has a greater interest than England in the continued maintenance of peace. She wants nothing from anybody—except to be let alone. She certainly would not have been likely, on any flimsy pretext, to provoke a conflict with her best customer. But the Germans insist that she had two motives for going to war against them; first, alarm at the rapid growth of their navy; and second, envy and jealousy on account of the marvellous expansion of German trade and commerce. No doubt the rivalry in naval armaments, where the pace has been set by Germany, has for the last ten or twelve years been a tremendous strain on England, especially under a government that would far rather have spent the money on something else; but she was doing fairly well in the competition, and with the Dominions ranging themselves at her side she would soon have had nothing more to fear. As to commercial

* "The time had been carefully chosen. England was supposed to be on the verge of a civil war in Ireland and a new mutiny in India. France had just been through a military scandal in which it appeared that the army was short of boots and ammunition. Russia, besides a great strike and internal troubles, was re-arming her troops with a new weapon, and the process was only half through. Even the day was chosen. It was in a week when nearly all the ambassadors were away from their posts, taking their summer holiday—the English ambassador at Berlin, the Russian ambassadors at Berlin and Vienna, the Austrian Foreign Minister, the French Prime Minister, the Servian Prime Minister, the Kaiser himself, and others who might have used a restraining influence on the war party. Suddenly, without a word to any outside power, Austria issued an ultimatum to Servia, to be answered in forty-eight hours. Seventeen of these hours had elapsed before the other powers were informed, and war was declared on Servia before all the ambassadors could get back to their posts. The leading statesmen of Europe sat up all night trying for conciliation, for arbitration, even for bare delay. At the last moment, when the Austrian Foreign Minister had returned, and had consented to a basis for conversations with Russia, there seemed to be a good chance that peace might be preserved; but at that moment Germany launched her ultimatum at Russia and France, and Austria was already invading Servia. In twenty-four hours six European powers were at war."—Professor Gilbert Murray, in "How can War ever be right?"

rivalry, can anyone imagine Sir Edward Grey sitting down at the supreme moment to calculate the volume of trade in the Balkans, or who would get the business along the line of the Bagdad railway? No: his loyal and devoted efforts were directed exclusively to averting the horrors of war from Europe. The fact that Mr. Bernard Shaw has recently been saying something different should be received everywhere as a new proof of the truth of the proposition. England's obvious military unpreparedness ought to be the best answer to any suggestion that she was planning for war. The argument against her is being conducted to a large extent by persons who profess to have a well-founded belief in her treachery, her selfishness, her hypocrisy, and above all her decadence and degeneracy. Here my friends the professors have filled an absolutely surprising rôle. One has to remember, however, that degeneracy may overtake institutions as well as nations. You would not go to the German universities to-day for a free and unfettered expression of opinion about matters in which the German government was directly interested. The influence of the military autocracy, which has permeated all strata of society, has extended itself to the institutions of higher learning—yes, and to the churches as well. Many of the leading professors are Privy Councillors, and cannot always exercise the privilege of independent thought. They have followed too literally Treitschke's direction to "be governmental," and have done much to justify Mommsen's fears as to what would happen to the German people if militarism were allowed to take captive every other element. How can we otherwise explain Eucken and Haeckel? Here are some of their findings: "Undoubtedly the German invasion in Belgium served England as a welcome pretext to openly declare her hostility;" and again, "England's complaints of the violation of international law are the most atrocious hyprocisy and the vilest Pharisaism."

To these two I add Ostwald, who appears to have had a beatific vision of Germany enthroned in central Europe,

with the other nations grouped around her, and as a counterpoise on the American continent the United States, with Canada to the north and the Latin republics to the south leaning up against her, as it were, in deferential pose. He also seems to approve of a sort of "merger" or "combine" for all small nations, while wishing to apply the reverse process in the case of Russia. Here are some of Ostwald's utterances: "The further end of destroying the source from which for two or three centuries all European strifes have been nourished and intensified, namely, the English policy of world dominion..... I assume that the English dominion will suffer a downfall similar to that which I have predicted for Russia, and that under these circumstances Canada would join the United States, the expanded republic assuming a certain leadership with reference to the South American republics.

"The principle of the absolute sovereignty of the individual nations, which in the present European tumult has proved itself so inadequate and baneful, must be given up and replaced by a system conforming to the world's actual conditions, and especially to those political and economic relations which determine industrial and cultural progress and the common welfare."

We had Ostwald's son lecturing for us at McGill last winter, when we little dreamed that such were the sentiments of his distinguished father. What a collapse of all our hopes of international academic solidarity! And the odd thing is that the Germans should profess to believe that it is *we* who have been scheming for *their* downfall! It is a relatively unimportant incident, but as I have mentioned McGill I may place on record in these pages the fact that when that university had the honour of welcoming a few years ago the highest lady in the land, these words were used: "Nowhere is there a fuller realization than in our national universities of the debt we owe to the country which has sent us a daughter so distinguished: and our prayer is that in the coming time Britain may march forward along the path of

progress in none but amiable relations with a friendly Germany." We may have been wrong in our forecast of the future, but our sincerity cannot be questioned by any of the professors from whom I have just quoted. And the sentiment which found sincere utterance in Montreal would have been similarly expressed in every university centre throughout the Empire. Why then are we treated as though we had been harbouring ill-will and hatred in our hearts? This seems to me to be even more insulting than the suggestion so constantly made by our German critics, to the effect that Britain's day is done, that the sceptre she has won by doubtful methods is now falling from her nerveless grasp, that the Empire of which we can boast to-day "does not correspond to the vital power of Great Britain to defend it," and that she had better prepare to make way for a stronger successor, ready and able to take over her business! Never perhaps in all history have we had a better case for the application of the old saw, *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*: those whom God wishes to destroy he first deprives of reason!

What are the lessons which we in Canada should draw from the war? I rejoice that we have shown by our acts that we regard it as a Canadian war. It is in very truth what the British Blue-books have been referring to for years as a "war in defence of the Empire"—a possibility suddenly converted into a fact. There is no use in going back on the past, though personally I hope that the type of person will disappear from our midst who used to spend all his energies in calculating what Canada would do in the (very remote) contingency of "England embarking on a war of which the Canadian Parliament could not approve." He could not get it out of his head that the question he had to consider was whether he would "help the old country," instead of whether he would or would not fight for his life! For all the time the foe was at our gates. What brought the true inwardness of the situation home to every one in Canada (except, of course, Mr. Bourassa), and to the other over-sea Dominions as well, was the spectacle of the German Ambassador in London

trying to bargain with the British Government that, if England would only remain neutral, Germany would promise not to take any more of the soil of France but *only the French colonies*. If the French colonies now, why not the English next? It may be hoped that, with further progress in the direction of imperial organization—still along the line of voluntary coöperation—we shall get rid now of the phrase which has so long disfigured the official publications of the Imperial Conference, "Should any of the Dominions desire to assist in the defence of the Empire at a time of real danger." That is surely a worn-out formula, imposed on a scrupulous home-government by the apathy and half-heartedness of colonial statesmen.

Even a warlike paper such as this must not be allowed to close without a word of praise for so doughty an antagonist. That the British are good sportsmen is proved by their admiration for the exploits of the German commander of the *Emden*. We cannot praise other things the Germans have done in the course of this war—their spying and lying, their mine-laying, their indiscriminate bomb-throwing, their destruction of public buildings and artistic treasures, their terrorizing of the civil population, their military execution of hostages and their brigand-like levy of huge ransoms from the cities through which they have passed. In olden times the robber-chief would build his castle at the head of some narrow defile, so as to take toll of all who went that way; but his modern representative moves his minions from one place to another, and presents his bill of expenses as he goes! These are certainly unwelcome results of the German love of thoroughness. There is much disillusionment in store for the Germans in the near future. At present they can see nothing but red. And they seem to believe everything they are told—which perhaps, after all, is not very much. It is an astounding fact that while the British Foreign Office has included in its Blue-book, and has spread broadcast over the whole world, an official translation of the German White Book, giving the German account of the origin of the war, its German transla-

tion of the British White Paper (in which the documents are left to speak for themselves) *has to be smuggled into Germany*. Such a state of things cannot long continue. Meanwhile we can even afford to admire the spectacle of a great nation rallying round its ruler under the inspiration of an overwhelming national sentiment. The crowd that attacked the British Embassy at Berlin only knew what it had been told: its demeanour contrasted unfavourably with that of those who gathered outside Buckingham Palace at the time of the declaration of war—not jubilant and shouting, but calm, quiet, and determined. And the so-called "mercenaries" whom Britain sent forward into the firing-line were and are much better posted in the facts of the case than the German conscript, hurried off with his identification disc almost before he has had time to learn who it is that he is going to fight and where. But Germany has indeed shown a united front, which it will maintain till questions begin to be asked and answered. Then will come a rude awakening. The national conscience cannot be left forever in the keeping of the bureaucracy at Berlin. The German system of administration is one of the most efficient, if not the most efficient, in the world. In fact I am sometimes inclined to think that six months of German rule would be a very good thing for many of us—say in the Province of Quebec! But it carries with it a certain suppression of individuality which would not find favour with us. The average citizen in Germany is over apt to take his views from those whom he looks up to as the authorized and accredited representatives of the nation. He has too small a voice in the regulation of his own affairs. Especially in connexion with such an issue as the one under discussion, it is the bureaucracy that does the main part of the work in the moulding of public opinion.

That is why, in spite of all our admiration for German thoroughness and efficiency, we need not abase ourselves before the German system. We admire their patriotism, and their utter self-surrender at the call of country. We can learn much from their skill in organization, their intensity of

purpose, their devotion to work, their moral earnestness, and their achievements in the field of science and art and letters. But on our side we have also something to show—some claims to consideration that ought to save us from organized misrepresentation and hate. The Empire which has come into collision with Germany is also the fruit of high moral as well as great practical qualities, which have extorted the admiration, if sometimes also the envy, of the world. We do not recognize ourselves when we are told that we are merely a "robber state," which for centuries has prospered as the "bully of Europe"—we who have fought and bled for freedom since the days of the Great Charter down to Napoleon! Our watchword is liberty rather than dominion, and self-governing institutions are to us the breath of life. We have no sympathy with the methods or ideals of absolutism and autocratic government. Within the boundaries of our Empire peoples of widely different origin, and at various stages of civilization, are free to develop themselves spontaneously, and without domineering interference, to the highest of which they may be capable. We do not understand any of the new-fangled jargon about the State being superior to ordinary considerations of morality, and about its material interests being the one rule that transcends even the obligations of conscience. To us good is good, and evil is evil, alike for the community and for the individuals of whom the community consists. We take no part in the worship of mere might, or force, or power, and we do not share in the cult which makes war an immutable law of humanity. "The living God will see to it," said Treitschke, "that war shall always recur as a terrible medicine for mankind." This dictum may summarize one aspect of the philosophy of history, but when it is applied in the concrete as a justification or explanation of the atrocities we are witnessing to-day our souls revolt against it. We want to help to dethrone that evil spirit of militarism which, rooted as it is in the bad traditions of a ruthless past, has spread its baleful influence all over Germany. The world will breathe more

freely if we can establish an international alliance against military despotism, so that never again shall it be in the power of a small group of individuals to work such havoc with the bodies and souls of men. The supreme compensation we shall claim when the day of reckoning comes is that there shall be a pause in the mad race of armaments. England has tried for this before, but now she will speak, let us hope, with the voice of united Europe. As Mr. Frederic Harrison has put it, in his recent pamphlet on "The Meaning of the War": "If the armies of Germany and Austria, of Russia and of France, are by international conventions and European law reduced to moderate proportions, the blood tax will be taken off the nations of the world. The peaceful union of a European confederation may begin to be a reality, and at last the progress of civilization may advance in security, free from the nightmare of perpetual expectation of war."

Meanwhile, till that time—the real "Day"—arrives, we can all with the utmost confidence, each and every one among us, repeat as our own the words of the PrimeMinister of England, when he said: "I do not believe that any nation ever entered into a great controversy—and this is one of the greatest history will ever know—with a clearer conscience and stronger conviction that it is fighting, not for aggression, not for the maintenance even of its own selfish interest, but that it is fighting in defence of principles the maintenance of which is vital to the civilization of the world."

W. PETERSON

LAGGARDS

I

FREE were you born.—If free you would remain,
Then serve the State. Such service keeps you free.
On him who serves not, hurl your just disdain,
For sloth or coward he must surely be,
Who leaves his motherland an open prey
To rapine and dishonour by the foe.
Such shall be slaves beneath a foreign sway
And reach the lowest pit of human woe;
Remorse shall hold them in the fearful gloom
Which shrouds their own and their lost country's doom.

II

Some will not serve their country—oh! the shame!
Some will not work nor labour for their bread.
Shall these be free, who will not play the game?
Useless in life and carrion when dead!
Must you who labour give these Pariahs food
To roam the land, to beg, perchance to steal?
Shall Discipline not guide them for their good,
And teach them what true citizens should feel?
Must these be free, or, trained to useful toil,
Be made to earn a living from the soil?

III

Why are you now content to watch the game
Which others play, whilst you sit idly by?
Is Honour dead, and every sense of shame,
That when you hear your mother's urgent cry

You turn your backs upon her in her need,—
Relying on the few who hear her call,—
Whilst you insensate, ruthless, give no heed
Nor raise a hand to aid her lest she fall?
Ungrateful sons! If words like whips could flay,
Scorn should chastise till witless wills obey.

IV

"Free men are we," you answer,—and you sing
The lofty strain, "Britannia rules the waves"—
Then swell the chorus till the rafters ring,
With "Britons never, never shall be slaves."
But say—What have you *done* to this great end?
What sacrifice of self for Her dear sake?
What effort made her tattered force to mend?
What service given?—that you so freely *take*,
Living as parasites on others' blood—
Content to see her die,—so you have food!

V

"We will not brook compulsion,"—thus you say—
"For he who heedless of our rights should dare
Our hard won liberties to take away—
Let him the People's righteous wrath beware!
That the attempt hath proved of priceless cost,
The Royal Stuart found, in bootless strife,
In armies vanquished, and in banners lost—
Hurled from a throne, and e'en bereft of life.
Compulsion shall not drive us, nor the rod;
The People's voice is here the voice of God!"

VI

If this be so, my brothers, to the end,
May Wisdom guide the Nation's counsels here,

So *rule yourselves* that parlous times may mend,
And Panic's shame may cease, and senseless Fear.
Oh! that my cry to every soul might come
And move you all to Duty freely given,
To bring Security to every home.
So shall the people's voice be voice of Heaven.
Freely you have received, then freely give,
For only thus in Honour may you live!

G. A. Sweny

[These verses are selected and arranged from a poem by the author, written in 1910, and dedicated to Lord Roberts, who at that time had begun to arouse his countrymen to a sense of their duty and impending danger. Ed. U. M.]

DUSK IN THE LAURENTIANS

The hills stretch forth their strong, unwieldy arms,
Browned i' the heat of summer suns, to grasp
The robes of day, enamoured of her charms;
But jealous night bends swiftly down and clasps
Them to her breast, lets loose her raven locks,
Laughing at day, who blushes as she mocks.

Arthur S. Bourinot

THE ENEMY

So accustomed are we to think of the German Empire as a unified political organization that we are in danger of forgetting that a century ago there was nothing corresponding to it in existence. What we now call Germany was, in 1814, made up of not less than two hundred independent states. Kings and princes, counts and margraves, landgraves, dukes, and free cities jostled one another in amazing profusion. They all exercised sovereign rights and none could control another's policy except when brute force gave a short-lived hegemony to some ambitious ruler. None the less, there had formerly existed a vague and shadowy power to which all these princelets owed a nominal allegiance, but which had been for centuries a by-word for inefficiency and whose name was a synonym for impotence.

This was the Holy Roman Empire, and the dignity of its headship had been for centuries in the Hapsburg family when Napoleon abolished it in 1806. The crying need of unity in Germany could not be ignored when the Congress of Vienna set to work to reconstruct the map of Europe. Accordingly, in 1815, after Waterloo had finally removed the menace from Napoleon, the German Bund, or Confederation, was established at the instigation of Prince Metternich. The number of German states was reduced from two hundred to thirty-nine, and of these Austria and Prussia were the most important. The President of the Confederation was to be the Emperor of Austria, Francis, and his successors.

By this move a great step was taken towards the unification of Germany. But the reactionary and repressive policy of Metternich and his master precluded any immediate progress. German nationality was crying out for recognition, and a hazy federal union was the sop thrown out to pacify it. The demand for liberty of expression, for freedom of

thought and of worship, was answered merely by the imposition of measures that made for absolutism and upheld autocracy. Still, there were possibilities even in the Bund. Four crowned heads, namely, Hanover, Wurtemburg, Bavaria, and Saxony, took the place of many of the former duchies and petty principalities, and the way was thus prepared for further union. True it is that the Bund further had a Diet at which all the thirty-nine rejuvenated princedoms were represented, but it had no machinery to ensure the carrying out of its decrees, which almost invariably remained a dead letter.

This went on till 1866. Meanwhile, there were many forces quietly at work which made it inevitable that the national feeling should sooner or later—and sooner rather than later—find expression. If Prussia had undergone degradation at Jena, she had exonerated herself at Leipsic and Waterloo. She had helped to clear away the remains of mediævalism while her statesmen, Hardenberg and Stein, had taken a leading part in the reconstruction of Europe. A new literature was growing up, little known, 'tis true, outside of Germany, but extremely potent within its borders. Goethe and Schiller have exercised an influence over the Teutonic peoples not less great than that of Luther. In Prussia, particularly, the secularization of church lands, the introduction of universal military service and of compulsory education, the eventual granting of a constitution to the country and of self-government to the towns, the foundation of Berlin University and the gradual emergence of Prussia as the leading German state—all these things prepared the way for Bismarck.

The war with Denmark, which ended in the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein by Prussia, was, as every one knows, speedily followed by the short, sharp victory of the Hohenzollern over the Hapsburg at Sadowa. Austria and Prussia pursued henceforth divergent ways, and the North German Confederation replaced the Bund. The Zollverein, or Customs Union, had done much more than the effete Bund to teach the Germans of the northern states the value of united action;

it also taught them to look to Prussia rather than to Austria for leadership and competent direction.

Bismarck conferred on his master the honour of the presidency of the new confederation, a dignity which was exchanged in 1871 for the more high-sounding and at the same time more dangerous one of emperorship. The humiliation of France showed Bavaria and three other southern states that had remained outside the nothern confederation that their adhesion to it was essential to their existence.

Thus was brought into being the mighty machine which William II is misusing to-day. The worship of Bismarck's method—force—continues, but the astute diplomacy of the man of blood and iron is now entirely wanting.

Having considered the historical landmarks in the rise of the mighty German Empire, one is naturally tempted to compare, or rather contrast, its growth with that of the British. The first gigantic difference which strikes one is that whereas the latter empire is the outcome of centuries of fortuitous growth, the former is the fruit of less than one hundred years of the most adroit diplomatic cunning. On the one hand, modern Germany is the monument of consummate statecraft; on the other, British dominion is, in the main, the outcome of chance. Truly it has been said that we blundered into empire. An obscure lad named Clive, disgraced at home, took himself off to Hindustan; our Indian Empire is the unforeseen result. The fortunate but unexpected discovery of a goat path on the heights of Abraham made the people of a little island the rulers of half a continent.

How different in the case of the Kaiser's realm! Bismarck altered a telegram sent to his royal master, the King of Prussia, by Benedetti, the French ambassador. It was a cold-blooded action calculated to force war on France. Sedan and the German Empire resulted, and Bismarck's deliberately laid plans were carried out to the last detail. Cold calculation is still the dominant feature of German diplomacy; but whereas the calculations were formerly made by an expert, they are now the clumsy handiwork of a tyro. Providence

endows a nation with a giant of Bismarck's calibre only once in three or four generations. The great chancellor above all was careful never to tax his resources beyond that they were able; the blundering divine-right theorist who is doing his worst to wreck Bismarck's fabric is animated, it is clear, by that vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself.

But though the Kaiser's folly is the occasion of the calamity that he is bringing upon Germany, is there nothing in the nature of the Empire itself that at any rate tends to make that calamity possible? I think there is. It is a commonplace of journalism nowadays to talk of the German machine. "Germany's industrial machine," "Germany's army which acts with machine-like precision," "that floating machine, the German navy," these are the tags we find in every newspaper.

Now, a machine is above all the product of artifice and human invention. Such, too, is the Kaiser's Empire. That it is a magnificent creation none would question. But so was the first locomotive. Man's inventive powers did not cease to exercise themselves when Stephenson had made his "Rocket," and we may expect to see the fine locomotives of to-day outclassed by far superior engines in the future. But think of an oak; who could possibly pre-visualize the tree with its gnarled and spreading branches, had he only seen an acorn? So with the British Empire: its chance beginnings gave no clue to its future development. Germany's progress was planned out for her with the utmost deliberation. The British Empire grew up in nature's way, Germany's in man's way. The British Empire is like the oak; the German Empire is like the locomotive. The locomotive will inevitably be outclassed sooner or later; you can never improve on the oak.

With clever but premature political invention it is the same as with man's artificial conveniences. They are always subject to the liability, nay the certainty, of being superseded. And the Germans, with whom we are now at war, have constructed a political organization which will require much modification if it is to stand the test of time. Even the great constitution-makers of the United States have had to be improved upon,

and the amendments made to their work are none the less significant because informal. The fault with the constitution of the German Empire is that it is too readily converted into an engine of despotism. Things went well enough as long as the wise chancellor, Bismarck, controlled the pliant Kaiser Wilhelm I; things have gone irretrievably wrong since the tables were turned and an autocratic Wilhelm II controls a Bethman-Hollveg. It is easy to be wise after the event, and we can see that Bismarck's great mistake lay in not leaving the headship of the empire—or better, the presidency of the confederation—open to election among the heads of the states that composed it. Bismarck was right in searching for a means by which German nationality might find expression; he was wrong in supplying it through a channel which nature and history alike condemn.

What, then, it may be asked, is to be said of that marvellous German education of which we have heard so much for two generations? Has it failed to accomplish its purpose? Has that too been made to serve the ends of the tyrant rather than to inculcate the love of freedom? The answer is necessarily speculative. We justly admire the industry, the grit, the tenacity of purpose exhibited by the Germans, and we rightly assume that education has had a lot to do with it.

But it is necessary to consider first what the end of education should be and whether the German pedagogic system has been directed to that end. Appropriately enough, it was a great German thinker named Herbart who first propounded succinctly the true aim and purpose of education. He said that it was to produce many-sidedness in the character of a man. The soul, the mind, and the body were each to receive their due share of attention. The child was to be accustomed to hardihood and yet made to appreciate the finer sides of life. It is to be borne in mind that while man's earthly necessities have to be provided for, he is, above all things, a spiritual being. All this is very excellent theory. But the point at issue is to consider whether the schoolmasters of

Germany have found their inspiration in Herbartianism. I venture to say that they have not.

Despite much that has been written to the contrary, German education in the last fifty years has been one-sided, not many-sided. German rationalism is a by-word in philosophy, and but little attention has been paid to the affairs of the soul. On the other hand, "specialization" and "technical education" have been run to death. The finished product is anything but an all-round man. Our familiar friend, Jack-of-all-trades, plays no part in the German industrial machine. Nor has the Kaiser any use for him in his army. The German tar is never thought of as a handy man. No Teuton is allowed to "pick up" a trade like a Britisher, he is specially trained in the common schools for the profession he chooses or is forced by circumstances to adopt.

Let me quote the observations of an acute critic of the German system—observations which we find expressed in a small volume entitled "Our German Cousins." The author says: "Not only must a person in Germany be educated for the branch of industry which he intends to enter, whether it be mining, machinery, or retail trade, he must also be particularly trained for the particular position he intends to hold in that profession or trade or business; for the manager, the foreman, and the skilled workman have different educations for their different positions."

In another place we get a picture of the gluttony for work which possesses the average German: "He out-hustles the American. He is up at half-past six every morning, at his simple breakfast of coffee and rolls at seven, on his way to office or factory at seven-thirty, and at his desk, plunged in the day's work between eight and eight-thirty. The German business man believes in arriving before or with his staff, and taking control of the day's situation from the very start."

All this, of course, in a way commands our admiration, but it seems forced and unnatural. You seldom meet a Britisher who habitually goes this pace. One would not desire to deter any of our own people who might seek to emulate these models

of industry and determination. There is probably too much of the easy-going spirit among ourselves.

But I am convinced that in the long run the inculcation of a general culture rather than a specialized technical course is better for a nation. The English universities, whatever their faults, do provide for this. On this side of the Atlantic, however, there are signs that our educational ideal is being made to approximate to that of the German machine. A people that is habitually given to hustle will eventually feel the effects in nervous exhaustion.

We shall be the more disposed to agree that the Kaiser has in great degree been granted his fatal opportunity for ill-doing through his excessive specialization in the works of Mammon, if we remember the words of a veteran German thinker: "Germany is no longer the land of thinkers and poets; it is a nation of business and battleships."

The Teutonic cult of the god commercialism is bearing its fruit; the land of Goethe and Schiller has been made the prey of Krupp and Zeppelin. For ourselves let us take a timely warning.

WILLIAM H. BUCKNELL

PAST AND PRESENT

THE teacher of my youth,—how fortunate we were in those days to have him and Browning and Tennyson and Swinburne for our living voices, and oh, for one hour of Swinburne now to say the word on Kaiser Wilhelm!—Thomas Carlyle, was the greatest writer of his day in England; and his greatest work consisted in this, that he transformed the literature of England by enlarging and deepening it with the thought of Germany. Above all, among our watchers of the sky, he was the first to lead us to the star of Goethe, the third among its peers, Homer's and Shakespeare's, in the universal heaven of poetry. In 1870 Carlyle, in a letter to an acquaintance of his, jubilated over the rise of "pious, deep-hearted Germany," *des Deutschen Bieder fromm und stark*, as "Queen of Europe," destined henceforth to take her proper place upon the throne where France had flaunted her insolence and irreligion so long. What would Thomas of Ecclefechan have said had he lived to see the Germany of 1914? He would, I think, have greatly changed his tune. One thing is certain: both the Germans and the French have changed theirs to the point of complete exchange. The "Marseillaise" and "Deutschland über alles" remain as they were. But the "whirly-gig of time" has indeed "brought in his revenges." Of these two national anthems it is the latter, by this date, that breathes the crapulousness—like that of the nasty one-eyed Cyclops in his disgusting cups—of a quite delirious Chauvinism, while the "Marseillaise," seldom ungenerous even when most sanguinary, has now become

> "the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
> To highth of noble temper heroes old
> Arming to battle; *and instead of rage*
> *Deliberate valour breathed*, firm and unmoved
> With dread of death to flight or foul retreat."

The German seriousness, so much prized by Carlyle, only makes things worse. A Frenchman intoxicated with pride is bad enough; but he is nothing to a drunken German. The Teutonic strain, which, let us not forget, is a strong element in our own highly mingled composition, does not carry that liquor so gracefully and gallantly as the Latins do. The High Dutch in particular are too new to it (unless like themselves one goes back to absurdly ancient history); whereas the Latins, through centuries of the use of power, have acquired, as it were, some degree of inherited immunity, at least from the most brutal " disguises " of its intoxication. The Bauer or Boor, under the influence of these fumes, turns sheer wild-boar. He gets dead-drunk, or worse—blood-drunk, and runs amuck, dropping the last rag and fig-leaf of humanity and decency—his kindliness and sense of humour. He cannot see himself as others see him, but plays " such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as make the angels weep."

So we have seen and see. But none, least of all the Amos of Dumfriesshire, the peasant prophet, whose specific gift of light was the very thing that made that blind-spot in his eye, could possibly have foreseen it in 1870. Then the Germans had not ceased to be themselves. They still retained the qualities which had brought the victory that was to sap them. They were then an eminently sober, mild, and modest people, drinkers of an admirable small-beer, with a talent, unequalled in all Europe, undreamt of in America, for the simple life, and compelled by their poverty to make the most of it. Plain living and high thinking was in those days the distinctively German note. Like the Athenians, this people combined a love of such arts as they understood with the strictest economy. They had been forced by the benignant parsimony of Fate to take to the air, and grow wings in that " quiet air of delightful studies." They had achieved a most glorious and melodious revenge on Destiny for her niggardly treatment of them, and found compensation for lack of spaciousness in the superficial area of dirt they owned upon the soil of this planet by digging down into the fruitful depths of the spirit,—some-

what as their farmers have since then enlarged Germany *in the third dimension*, the true line of its expansion, by doing, in the literal sense, with the earth of their beet-patches, and so extracted sweetness and wealth from the cold unfruitful "till." In those days not Carlyle only, but George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, and George Meredith, all our clearest heads indeed, loved and admired Germany, and saw in her the people of all others in Europe from whom England could learn most. Germany was a name to conjure with, the land of nature, music, and poetry, and, above all, the land of real thought. How shabby a figure, in the realm of thought, England cut beside her with Herbert Spencer on the extreme left and the Bench of Bishops on the right! Germany had discovered the new world, and recovered the old. Kant had sketched the ground plan for the spiritual dwelling-place of the modern man who is not dead; and a host of careful scholars had broken the tomb where a dull, idolatrous reverence of its dead letter had isolated and imprisoned the Bible for two hundred years, and had brought that priceless literature out into light and life once more.

Germany had real schools, not Dotheboys Halls, and real theatres, the best of schools for the older children, which had made Shakespeare the German poet of the day, the most beloved and best known writer in the land. One could hear a noble music there, Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner; and sit among a great audience where every concordant soul kept time and tune with it. Hard by every clean and honestly-governed city—not like Montreal with Jack Cade for Mayor and Dogberry, and Verges for his Watch—one could walk for long summer days on end through ancient forests which nature and man's pious and prudent care had joined to make at once beautiful, accessible, and a permanent source of national wealth, instead of mere timber-limits. It was a land to fly to, on the wings of a dove, from our own familiar Anglo-Saxon horrors; the crass atmosphere of formalism, Gladstonian eloquence, and general unintelligence in England, the vulgar plutocracy, the chaotic self-complacent corruption,

and inexpungable corner-store parochialism of Toronto and the United States. There were drawbacks, no doubt,—too much of the goosestep, and the childish swagger of Herrn-Lieutenants clanking sabres over three half-pence worth of beer; too much abject servility to them and the Polizei and the Beamten, with their eternal leading-strings, cuffs and kicks and bluster, standing out in such ludicrous contrast against the cock-fighting touchiness of the Corps-Studenten, who clamoured for your blood if you but gazed upon their scars with too earnest a fixed look of admiration. But all that seemed merely superficial, and indeed, by contrast with the unbuttoned lack of discipline at home, partly laudable even, and the general impression, at least so long as you kept clear of Prussians—whom all the other Germans detested just as much as you did—was one of inexpressible pleasure and relief; in fact, of being at last really at home.

In Germany a very little money and a moderate amount of brains gave one the entrée to almost everything in life (except good table-manners in the average company one saw), that was substantially worth having. It was a well-ordered land of honest, hard-working, kindly, simple and, in the most essential things, really civilized and intelligent people, who did not worship Mammon nearly so fanatically as we did, but did, on the contrary, truly love the things of the mind, and reverence their wise, and even their merely learned, men. In one word, Germany was then the country of *blessed* professors.

> *Eheu fugaces* Euckene, Euckene, Harnacke, Harnacke,
> Wundtike, Wundtike, Haeckele, Haeckele,
> *Labuntur anni* . . . . .

And, as the years have slipped away, the very mischief seems to have entered into the professors, and to have spread from them all around, like a fire in stubble. They have become what Palmerston, with that deep instinctive wisdom that underlies the stupid Englishman's distrust of logic-choppers, prohetically called them, " damned " professors, the bedevillers of a too receptive people. " If the light that is in thee be darkness,

how great is that darkness." No class of learned men without wisdom, since the Doctors of the Law who led the trustful Jews to their memorable catastrophe, have ever in this world, it seems to me, incurred so terrible a responsibility as these mild-eyed, be-ribboned Dachshunds in the dust-heaps of research. They know much and understand nothing. " If they had known in this their day the things that make for their peace! But now they are hid from their eyes." And, even as of old, those blinking eyes can look upon crucified Belgium whose only crime was Honour, with no other passion that such as can find its vent in the old sneer—*He saved others; himself he cannot save.*

How can such things be? It is, indeed, a mystery of iniquity. There are depths of servility in man's heart that cannot be sounded. The German, poor biddable creature, is the most servile of mankind, and the German professor is the most docile and servile of all Germans. He is, alas! part of the machinery of State and peculiarly amenable to the Kultur-Ministerium, which is a mere annex to the Krupp works. His awe of the Upper Powers, particularly if he is a Prussian, is quite bottomless, " a Serbonian bog where armies whole have sunk "—whole armies of decent scruples and all the free and gentle reactions of the spirit. He is besides inordinately fond of titles and orders, such as Majesty alone can bestow. He dearly loves—especially if he be a Jew like Lasson or Hirschberg, or like Harnack, a child of Israel, though not after the flesh, and with only the circumcision of the heart to base his title on as a son of Abraham—his master passion is to be a Geheimrath or privy-councillor. Thus, it comes to pass that though there are many professors in Germany, no country in this world has, since the year 1870, been quite so poor in prophets. The prophet is a man who " can stand like a wall of bronze, and an iron pillar, against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, and the princes thereof." And, since the culmination of the Kaiserdom in the busy hands of Wilhelm the Greatest, it has been hard, indeed, to do that in the land of Luther, the very last of

Germans who did it—to some purpose before the Diet of Worms. This is, I fear, at least in great part, the explanation of the show which is now astonishing mankind—among a once kindly and eminently peaceful people of Bauers or Boors bewitched into Boars, our quaint old professorial Owls of Minerva, with their harmless little erudite coquetries, turned wild-cats, or rather barrow-hogs, in spectacles, the be-starred privy councillors of His Extreme Transcendency and Histrionic Transparency in striped breeches, the Juppiter Grunniens and Sus Minervam of the Ardennes. Let this almighty Whole Hog in Shining Armour rage, as heathenishly as he will, against the sanctity of sworn oaths; let him rend Adonis, the beloved of the Queen of Love (who rises again in spite of him!), as murderously, and rout in Belgian Gardens of the Muses after his kind, as he will; yet just as Queen Elizabeth used to tune the pulpits, so he can tune the whole concordant academic choir to squeak in alto, to his own royal grunt, melodious benediction of the treacherous tooth and claw, hymned, by these sweet singers of the Berlin Sistine Chapel, for the plough and harrow of German sweetness and light. They follow him with their tails between their legs just like his generals! and watch the signs of the times in the hang of his bristles with no less anxious tremulousness. Though otherwise,—take Haeckel and Eucken for instance,—as wide asunder as the poles, these Iscariots of the Muses and occupants of first seats in the Synagogue of Satan resolve their discords in one clear burst of most obsequious harmony when it comes to singing the praise of Narcissus-Herod and chanting his triumph over the slain innocents.

What is to become of the unhappy people who gape up in a trustful and reverent awe which we can scarcely imagine, to these dispensers of wisdom? If Sir Oliver Lodge, or Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who has never been very sweet, were to go sour, it would not matter much. The wholesome obtuseness of the English mind, which has never taken Sir Oliver or any of his breed too seriously, would be quite impervious to the infection. His bacteria

would be automatically isolated by the protective wool that clusters on the national head. How far otherwise in Germany! It is not too much to say that the Krupp works in Essen are not such a formidable arsenal of destructive forces as the universities of Prussia. There the hungry flock look up and feed in perfect faith out of the academic troughs. For the last thirty years the pabulum poured out for them in those vessels of cedar bound with silver has consisted largely of brimstone and treacle, hatred and scorn of all other peoples, and a gross simplicity of flattery for the warrior German. And the illustrious purveyors thereof, the dear *berühmte Herrn Professoren*, have in their own learned persons been translated into porkers; meditative porkers who have elaborately sophisticated themselves out of their proper curly natural wool into a life-like mimicry of bristles. They have no teeth themselves to bite with but they can serve admirably as Coan whetstones for the young male-pigs; they can provide an irrefragable logic for the sacred duty of biting, a reasoned basis for the orthodoxy of the side-long gash. Fervent porkers they are, without claws, but masters in the doctrinal and hortatory pulpit-eloquence of rending, the lamp-bearers and wind-sniffers, the longest heads and snouts of the whole herd, goaded on by the bad tusk-ache bred of cold, reflective jealousy and covetousness that rages in their mainly artificial jaws, their *Künstliches Gebiss*. Richly do they deserve the liberal acorns and oak-crowns which the upper powers (*die Obrigheit*) shower upon them from the top of the tree, as the meed of the priceless service they render in giving some presentable syllogistic shape, and supplying the courage of conviction, to the Prussian practice of His Porcine Majesty the Most High of all High Dutch Hogs. He may go very fast and far, but he cannot outstrip the glozing capacity of their Verrine sophistries. Close upon the ravages of his imperial hirsute heels among all pearls of price they follow with their inevitable formula of consecration, the splutter (issuing unrestrained from the broken barrier of their toothless gums) and porous plaster of a decadent, feverish, forcibly-feeble philosophy of

the ancestral jungle. Or rather call the stuff they cook up with ancient rancid Hercynian bacon disguised in an omelette of horribly smashed stolen eggs, *crambes bis et alte repetita, cauld kail het again*, of crocodile ethics, which seems extremely likely to verify the old Latin proverb and prove mere "death" to the German people. Poor people with such a king and such a Sanhedrim of Doctors of the Law about him, and not one prophet to stand like a wall of bronze against them! *Delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.*

The history of Germany during the last forty years, in appearance a history of unexampled expansion, is inwardly a case of frightfully rapid descent down an inclined plane, under the propulsion of Kaiser Wilhelm the Second, his generals, admirals and, above all, his professors, at a more and more dizzy rate of accelerated velocity, to destruction. The first moment of her supreme elevation, hailed by Carlyle as the dawn of a new and better era for Europe, was the beginning of the fall for Germany, and of quite unparalleled disaster through her to the whole world. Carlyle was a prophet, and a true one. But, like all other prophets whatever, he came to grief when he committed himself and gave hostages to fortune by his gratuitous boldness in predicting anything like concrete and definite particulars of the impenetrable future. Let us glance at the chief stages and impelling forces of this *débâcle.*

In 1870 the Germans were still, in the main, a solid people under the solid guidance of men of sense. Their Kaiser with his fire-new crown was a silent, decent, religious, and wholesomely dull man who was content, even in the flush of victory, to take away with him from Versailles,—where, by the way, his sublime grandson has not yet kept his appointment "to drink the health of God Almighty,"—only an old brass candlestick for souvenir, and that not without remembering to tip his French attendant handsomely. And in those days, both Kaiser (though not without occasional fits of royal mulishness) and nation were as wax in the hands of Bismarck, a real helmsman of state and sculptor of destiny, who steered and shaped them to some purpose, and with some sense of what could be

done and what could not, with the material at his disposal. A vigorous rustic with a strong smack of his soil, singularly immune from qualms of good taste, whether æsthetic or ethical, no doubt, but essentially deep of heart and clear of head, this really strong and original figure was a genuine well-wisher and benefactor of his own people, whom he knew by heart both in their strong points and their limits, and a shrewd if not very sympathetic and still less benignant appraiser of the qualities and resources of other peoples. Bismarck, like Luther himself, the greatest of Germans, was indeed a good deal of a hog. What German of any conspicuous size, except perhaps Kant and Schiller and Novalis and Lessing, ever lived that was not? But he was an entirely honest one by the grace of heaven and nature, an open and not ill-natured one. He did not wreathe the boar's head in the tinsel splendours and artificial flowers of an execrable, pretentious taste in culture. He was a wholesome, humorous hog in homespun, of native and spontaneous power; above all of quite singular lucidity. He never lost his hold on the multiplication-table, or dreamed that two and two could be bewitched by any stage-magic into five.

Bismarck could be a very robust liar on occasion, but he never let the lie get into his own soul. He was parsimonious, and therefore effective, in lying. He lied in a heat of inspiration as it were; manipulated the shadows on the diplomatic screen in quite other fashion than the " young man " he was so " sorry for " that took the magic lantern out of his hand; with the mastery, in fact, of a real artist whose true and habitual element was reality and not mere phantasmagoria. He was a bluff and sagacious ruffian who in the main stood squarely upon fact; a folio edition of Machiavelli, as it were, printed on pig-skin and bound in German oak with clasps of gun-metal, the capital letters illuminated in blood. Intelligent ruthlessness is the key-stone of his architecture of State, an absolutely single-eyed devotion to the aggrandisement of Germany with Prussia as brain and heart, which shrank from no sacrifice within and no use of force or fraud without; but never failed, for all its ardour, to bestow the most deliberate

pains in taking the exactest measure of the facts and figures of the complex situation upon which its audacious assault precipitated itself. The cost was never spared, but it was always counted with precision, and found by sure arithmetic beforehand to be a good investment. The maker of modern Germany was certainly a great man. But perhaps no great man that ever lived has been quite so successful as he was in brushing aside all hampering irrelevancies of generosity or moral scruple. He kept his eye fixed on his object; made sure that the material and moral forces at his command, especially the former, were quite equal to compassing it, with something to spare, and then drove down upon it like Jehu over every obstacle, outward or inward, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. Having once willed his end, he made no bones of willing any means whatever which seemed to him the straightest line to reach it. If he had a mind for fish, he was quite prepared to wet a great deal more than his feet in the river, though it ran red, not "letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*, like the poor cat i' the adage." He was a Bauer, as every true-bred, unspoilt German is, but a formidable one, an Ueber-Bauer, a Boor of genius, compact of solidest Prussian earth and soaring fire. Nothing perhaps expresses the man so exhaustively as his favourite drink. That was the image of him and of the specific quality of the exhilaration he produces. It consisted of equal parts of the English coal-heaver's porter and of French champagne.

Bismarck's policy, profoundly immoral as it was at least in its international aspect, was crowned with the supreme vindication of success, the only test he did not despise. His work, United Germany, stood there the cynosure of eyes, to all seeming the most solidly-compacted edifice of State in the world; beyond question the greatest power in Europe, at least so far as immediately liquidable resources went. It was a great moment. No wonder Carlyle saw in it a vast promise. One might well have expected that the people who in their low estate had brought forth Luther, Albrecht Dürer, Goethe, Hegel, and Beethoven, could not fail, in the exaltation of

restored self-consciousness of power, to flower out into all kinds of beneficent, creative production. At such mighty moments of birth or re-birth it had been so with other great peoples who have enriched the world, with Athens, Rome in the Augustan Age, Italy, Spain, France, and England. But it has not been so with Germany. Her high work was done before 1870. She has done nothing to speak of since. Practically the whole contribution of Germany to the common spiritual wealth of mankind will be found to date from before, not after, the despatch of the Ems telegram, the appropriation of Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine, and the storage of French milliards at Spandau. There was an unsound spot in the Prussian reconstruction of the old Empire, a little rift somewhere within the lute. "Except the Lord doth build the house they labour in vain that build it." It is very significant that whereas the victories of Athens were followed by the sculpture of Phidias, the pictures of Polygnotus, and the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; and in England the defeat of the Armada was the prelude to "unserem" Shakespeare, whom the Germans have annexed as their greatest poet; so the triumphs of 1870 have culminated in the row of vulgar Fake-Statues carved out of expensive shining marble that stand in the Victory-Lane of the Berlin Beast Garden, and in no other work of imagination whatever which the world will not just as willingly let die. The German Empire has been anything but a nest of singing or even humming birds. The Eagle has chiefly occupied herself with Krupp thunder-bolts and the feathering of her own eyrie, and filled in her spare time, as we shall perhaps see in greater detail later on, by sitting fondly on the addled eggs of erudite reminiscences of her "dear old Holy Roman Empire," bringing forth from them what we see in Belgium.

> "The children born of thee are sword and fire,
> Red ruin and the breaking-up of laws."

Athens and England burst like their Goddess into light from the head of Jove "stung by the splendour of a sudden

thought." They rose by generous effort to unpremeditated greatness. Their greatness was not coldly schemed for and set forth beforehand in a pedant's programme. It was thrust upon them by elusive fortune and seized as it flew by, a winged victory. They sought first the Kingdom of God and all else came without frigid calculation, of itself. And the same divine heat, which in both cases raised the soul of an entire people to heroic pitch, unclosed immortal flowers of beauty among them that were not for themselves alone but for all mankind. The empire of the Hohenzollern, on the contrary, was the child of *malice prepense*, with Bismarck for accoucheur, working laboriously by a Cæsarian operation with the pick-lock of his diplomatic chicane for forceps. Having been conceived in iniquity it has produced only a spurious culture. It has given the world what the world could very well have done without, the theory and practice of the primeval gospel of brute force. Powerless to bring forth, it has been ruthlessly mighty to destroy, the monuments of beauty. And now it seems likely to perish, leaving no fragrant memories behind it, by the same cold, calculating,—this time, however, grossly miscalculating,—brutality which gave it birth—its providential mission to quicken and sting into a fuller life the sluggish nations which it has shaken wide awake by the violent shock of its felonious assault.

It is hard to fit in Wilhelm the Second in any theodicy, and we have seen a conspicuous instance of the risks of prophecy. But it looks a safe thing to foretell of that monarch that, just as we name a certain like-minded predecessor of his " the scourge," so the most honorific title which history will have to bestow upon him will be the " gadfly " of God. The restless, shameless, uncalculating hardihood of that insect, its inherent insignificance, and the wild commotion, so grotesquely out of proportion to its own real size, set up among the bovine herds assailed by it, are the express image of his quality and achievements.

JOHN MACNAUGHTON

THOU ART THE MAN

Enough! We flash a whit too free
  The accusing tempest of our stings.
Truth needs no clamours, rather she
  May turn upon our clamourings
    And bite more deep than we.

In every street a Kaiser stands:
  Whoever held the creed accursed
That of his country's high commands
  Her service of herself was first,
    This war is at his hands.

Who thought expediency sufficed
  To speed his nation to her goal,
Who at a meaner value priced
  The human than the patriot soul,
    He is this anti-Christ,—

Whose loftiest aim was power and place,
  Deaf to the inner kingdom's needs;
Who prated of a chosen race
  Outstanding from the lesser breeds;
    Till God turned back his face.

Nay we, we also wrought the wrong:—
  All we that unprotesting stood,
We armed the foe, we made him strong;—
  We, tardy servants of the good,
    What are we but one throng?

One throng to suffer one defeat
  Ere we for Thee can win the day,
When, one before Thy judgement seat,
  Thy broken children, Lord, shall lay
    Their kingdoms at Thy feet.

WARWICK CHIPMAN

A PRECURSOR OF BERNHARDI

EVERY one recalls to-day the Moroccan crisis of three years ago following the dispatch of the German gunboat *Panther* to Agadir and the resultant protests of the French and British governments. As is well-known, Europe then appeared to stand on the brink of the abyss into which she has finally plunged. The writer spent the early autumn of 1911 in Germany; he was in Berlin during the whole of the month of September when the diplomatic negotiations were at their height. He read the German papers sedulously and talked *Weltpolitik* with as many natives as possible. What impressed him most was that even then the German brain was beginning to secrete that hatred of England which has at last found complete expression in the ferocious assaults of the battle-field and in the terrible verses recently published in *Jugend*.*

One could not, in that tense month of September, 1911, converse for ten minutes with Germans without seeing this national resentment welling to the surface. Sometimes it was indirect in its expression. For instance, the writer had brought from Canada an introduction to a teacher in a Berlin school; he was welcomed by the teacher into his home with true

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*It is fashionable in some quarters to deplore the submerging of the Germany of poetry and philosophy by the Germany of blood and iron. But do not the following verses of Heine, entitled "Diesseits und jenseits des Rheins," suggest that the "chant of hate" against England represents a spirit not altogether novel in the mild and dreamy land of Goethe and Kant?

"Sanftes Rasen, wildes Kosen,
Tändeln mit den glühenden Rosen,
Holde Lüge, süsser Dunst,
Die Veredlung roher Brunst,
Kurz, der Liebe heitre Kunst—
Da seid Meister ihr, Franzosen!

Aber wir verstehn uns bass,
Wir Germanen auf den Hass,
Aus Gemütes Tiefen quillt er
Deutscher Hass! Doch riesig schwillt er,
Und mit seinem Gifte füllt er
Schier das Heidelberger Fass."

German *Gemütlichkeit*, he was given the privilege of visiting his classes and was conducted by his son about the buildings of the University of Berlin, in which the young man was a student. In fact, the whole family was courtesy itself. Yet the very fact that the visitor hailed from a great British dominion made it impossible for the son to help remarking that England always managed to fish in troubled waters, that out of every diplomatic passage-at-arms she contrived to emerge with a new port, a new coaling-station, at least, in some part of the world—adding quickly that far from reproaching her therewith he congratulated her on her skill. A conversation with a lady who had spent more of her life in England and France than in Germany, her home-land, brought out, on the other hand, a definite motive for this dislike. This lady had been a governess in French and English families. She praised English home-life highly, preferring it to the French as being (to her thinking) more similar to German domestic ways. She felt that English views of life and morals were, generally speaking, very congenial to Germans. Yet she ended her tale abruptly with the words, "But now England wishes to crush our life out." But the aggressive attitude was represented by the ladies who managed so admirably the comfortable *pension* where the writer stayed. Repeatedly they would inform their British and American guests that every nation had its day of supremacy and that to-day "Germany was on top" (*Deutschland ist jetzt auf der Höhe*). They claimed to have no illusions on this question of the supremacy of nations; Germany, one day, they said, would have to step down from the highest place and give way to some other rising power; but, at present, she did occupy that place. If one tried to hint that the evidence of the day seemed to show that it was rather Great Britain that was "*auf der Höhe*," they replied that England was simply living on her reputation, and that, if this were challenged, she could not back it up with deeds. England, they conceded, *had* been the ruler of the world, but she was no longer so. A reference to the superiority of the British over the German navy brought from them the rejoinder

that the German navy, though smaller, was better disciplined (*besser ausgebildet*). On one's demurring to this came what struck the writer even then as nothing else than an ugly threat, "Well, just wait till war comes, then we shall see." These remarks lost none of their sinister quality from the fact that the conversation was conducted with perfect coolness and outer courtesy. One never dreamt of quarrelling with one's hostesses; they were models, both of German efficiency and German geniality. They thought it right to inform their guests of the historical fact of German supremacy—that was all. Tact is not one of the Prussian virtues.

The tone of these conversations prepared one in some measure—but not wholly—for a leading article which appeared on September 1st on the first page of the Berlin *Lokal-Anzeiger*, and of which a translation is appended. It is important to note that this extraordinary article appeared, not in an irresponsible Pan-German sheet, but in the official organ of the German government, the leading daily of the imperial capital. This paper shares with the Cologne *Gazette* the honour of being at times the mouthpiece of the Kaiser himself. Only recently we read that the reports of military operations appearing in the *Lokal-Anzeiger* are the product of Wilhelm's own editing. The article could not, therefore, even at that time, be brushed aside as a mere exercise in a new variety of German "rococo" humour. Its tone becomes, on that account, all the more amazing. It is doubtful whether in the history of journalism and of international relations there is a precedent for this spectacle of a great nation, through its official government organ, hurling at another great nation with which it is on peaceful terms such a studied and brutal chain of insults and defiance as is to be read below.

The writer kept a copy of the paper in which it appeared as a curiosity, thinking too that the day might possibly come when it would be interesting to re-read it. Unfortunately that day has arrived; and, as he thought that the article might now have a real interest for many who at that time would have regarded it as negligible, he has translated it to

the best of his ability. The title is, of course, explained by recollection of the fact that on September 1st, 1870, the Germans won their great victory over the French at Sedan which practically determined the issue of the war, and that since then that date (or, strictly speaking, September 2nd) has been retained as a national anniversary. The article follows:

"THOUGHTS ON SEDAN DAY."*

"The anniversary of Sedan is being celebrated more and more quietly each year. That is no matter for regret so long as it does not mean that the youths in the army and in school are hearing nothing about the mighty blow—without equal in the history of the world—which cast a throne and an empire into fragments and made a captive emperor and his army bite the dust; for our youth must learn and vow that other empires which threaten us will fall and sink under like mighty strokes. But apart from that, it is in keeping with our style and tradition to let jubilation over an achieved victory soon subside into silence. We are accustomed to victory; when we set out on a campaign we already look forward to success—not presumptuously, but with the indispensable will to conquer—and therefore it does not come to us as a surprise which must be celebrated for long decades as a phenomenal event. The calendar of no other nation is crammed full of days of renown so unexampled as those of Fehrbellin, Warsaw, Rossbach, Leuthen, Leipzig, Düppel, Königgrätz, and Gravelotte, either for the results obtained or for the triumph of the minority. But always, after a few years, we shrugged our shoulders; why go on celebrating? Victory came just as it was bound to come, and as it will always come again, as long as we carry into battle the will to conquer. The remembrance of Leipzig and Sedan alone created for a time popular celebrations, not really, however, in memory of battles but of the triumphing of a national idea.

*It should be noticed that this article precedes by several months the publication of Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War."

Leipzig stood for the day of liberation from slavery. It was not the first of September, the day of the hot struggle, which became the anniversary, but the second, on which rejoicing cheers from decimated regiments under the flags of all the German races brought to the old king a premonition that his head would wear the crown of Barbarossa.

"The celebration of victories is continued for the longest time and with the greatest noise by the nations who are not accustomed to victory, to whom it comes as a surprise, who have to actually borrow their victories. When the Boers for more than a year had played with the British armies as with footballs, and when at last the news of Mafeking day reached London, all England went crazy with joy. So madly and wildly did the crowd demonstrate in the streets, wrecking property in its excitement, that a verb derived from 'Mafeking' denoted from that time on the menacing and imperilling of public order and safety. All England had gone out of its mind because the unheard of, the unexpected, the absolutely impossible, had happened, because it had—won a victory! The fame of Waterloo—the one in which they had the slightest share, and which was in reality borrowed from the German legion and from the Prussians—came as a no less great surprise. For that reason it is immortalized not only by monuments and the name of a London railway-station; the remembrance of it keeps alive a special society. The Briton is not satisfied even with that. The surprise was so great that he insists on rolling the word Waterloo on his tongue not only yearly but daily. He took it into his vocabulary and familiar speech. 'He met his Waterloo,' is said of the poet whose play has failed, of the merchant who has been defeated by his competitors. So the name still haunts the speech of every Briton, because right up to the present day he is haunted by the shock of the unexpectedly glad news of victory. Most frequently of all does the Briton name the day of Trafalgar. Here for once—but really only this once—was he victorious in a great battle without foreign help—over a fleet whose admirals, after all, could consider themselves lucky if, after a journey of some

distance, all the vessels of their squadron were floating with their keels downwards in the water. On this victory England is still living. On the name of Trafalgar is supported the assertion that England is the invincible mistress of the seas, a bluff which the influence of the English press has for more than a hundred years been carrying into the farthest corners of the earth. But in all other cases England has achieved successes only with the help of foreign troops or through the pushing forward of foreign nations, and she owes her position as a world power merely to a chain of lucky chances. Wherever she stood up against a nation of white men, she has been defeated, and defeated pitiably. The Spanish Armada was scattered by the storm, but de Ruyter with the squadrons of little Holland made English seamen the laughing stock of a century. Even the wretched North American coasting vessels, manned in the haste of anxiety, repulsed in the year 1812 the attack of British frigates. So where is it to be read in the whole long history of the world that Britons understand how to fight and to conquer? Even with the Boers the English had to conclude a compromise which gave the Boers, *de facto*, exactly those privileges for which they had been fighting. In their capacity as British officials Boers now dismiss English subordinates by a call on the telephone. That can be read in the London newspapers, and is thoroughly in keeping with the tradition of English history, for long ago King Carodoc's son Cymbeline, after the unexpected surprise of a first victory over the Romans, preferred to go on paying tribute, instead of trying to make the enemy's defeat a complete one. Shakespeare makes him say: 'Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar.'

"The fact is that Britain, the little island outside the world, as Cæsar said, perhaps on account of her geographical situation, never thought of the idea of sending her sons into battle. The men who fought—and who fight to-day—for England, were and still are foreigners or hirelings. Therefore to-day, in the age of national wars, even more than heretofore, the nation must lack the aggressive power necessary for great

struggles. The assertion about the strength of England is a bluff, because she has never yet proved in contest with a serious opponent that she knows how to fight. Her navy is as inexperienced in war as ours, for Nelson commanded wooden ships. On the other hand, wherever we have seen the English army in battles, there it blundered and sinned against the rudiments of tactics. The great basic rules for fighting on the waves are the same as those for land-war. And a nation which raises Bullers into the saddle of the army-leader, will no longer be carrying a Nelson on the bridges of her warships.

"Let us celebrate Sedan day by reaching for a volume of English history. Then we shall see that we do not need to fear new opponents any more than old ones.

"O. VON GOTTBERG."

Extended comment on this article is unnecessary. Childish and heavy-handed as its invective is, it is now only too evident that this is a specimen of the pabulum on which German chauvinism has waxed fat to kicking. It seemed to the writer when he first read it almost incredible that the nation which has produced the brains of Harnack, Haeckel, and Eucken could, in the same age, in its leading newspaper, produce such a specimen of political discussion as the passage in the above article on the British conquest of the Transvaal. Certainly Prince von Buelow's admission that "we Germans are political asses" is confirmed by this masterpiece of unconscious irony. But when one realizes that it is this German blindness and stupidity in sizing up the political aspect of things that is, after all, mainly responsible for the present awful state of the world, one is almost forced to ask if there is not some element of truth in the heterodox dictum of a contemporary Frenchman, "le péché est plus agréable à Dieu que la bêtise."

A. F. B. CLARK

WAR AND GEOGRAPHY

THE present clash of arms in Europe is proving all too eloquently the soundness of the predictions uttered by Professor Usher in his much discussed volume entitled "Pan-Germanism." Not the least significant of Professor Usher's assertions is his emphatic statement of the German point of view. "England, Germany hates, disdains, and despises," he declares. "For France and Russia she possesses a wholesome respect mingled with fear, but not with love. France, she considers a strong man who has run his race and is now beginning to reach senility; Russia she looks upon as an uncouth stripling not yet conscious of his strength, not yet skilful enough to use the strength of which he is conscious, and not yet intelligent enough to avoid being easily deceived." The reader is reminded that German development has been so rapid, reaching out to the very boundaries of the country, that expansion is the only alternative acceptable to the German, although it must mean the acquisition of what other nations now own.

Quite logically, therefore, her preëminence as a colonial and commercial power marks "England as the greatest obstacle in the path of a legitimate growth on the part of Germany." The necessity of Teutonic expansion is quite sufficiently justified by the logic of facts in the eyes of such Germans as General Bernhardi. In his "Germany and the Next War," the latter declares that "a pacific agreement with England is, after all, a will-o'-the-wisp which no serious German statesman would trouble to follow. We must always keep the possibility of war with England before our eyes, and arrange our political and military plans accordingly." Continuing, the same authority warns his fellow-countrymen that "even English attempts at a *rapprochement* must not blind us to the real situation. We may, at most, use them to

delay the necessary and inevitable war until we may fairly claim a clear prospect of success." In the words of Professor von Treitschke, Germany's " last and greatest reckoning is to be with Great Britain." That England has been the *bête noire* in the eyes of Germany will doubtless be quite generally conceded.

It is probably not one whit less true that during the last decade or more a growing distrust of Germany has been taking root in England. German designs upon South Africa, although thwarted by the successful issue of the Boer War, their attitude in the Balkans and in Mesopotamia, their zealous competition in the world's markets, and their feverish naval policy, aroused the British to a realization of Teutonic ambitions. The Englishman's dreams have been so disturbed by the spectre of German encroachment that his naval policy has been shaped with an eye to conditions across the North Sea. The menace, fancied or real, was a not unimportant cause of the establishment of the Triple Entente, a strange alliance of powers drawn together by a common danger. The recent wave of enthusiasm, dating from 1909, in Canada and Australasia for military and naval armaments of their own had its roots in the same feelings of apprehension.

An adequate explanation of the " spirit of suspicion " which has marked the attitude of each toward the other cannot be reached without alluding to the fundamental factor of natural environment. To admit this one need not be an out-and-out believer in the doctrine of economic determinism. Both the English and the Germans, whether consciously or unconsciously, have been pursuing expansionist policies which have been the outcome, in no small measure, of geographic conditions. The epigram that " history is geography set in motion " may well be called to mind in this context. There is no lack of illustrative material to support the natural corollary that " what to-day is a fact of geography becomes to-morrow a factor of history."

Without falling into the error of extravagant and ill-founded generalization, the claim may be ventured that

favouring factors of environment contributed materially in the development of the naval, commercial, and colonial pre-ëminence of Great Britain. The predominantly maritime growth of the British Isles from the sixteenth century was not due solely to a long indented coast-line and an exceptional location for participating in the trade of both Europe and America. Because of its limited island area and its large extent of rugged hills and chalky soil, fit only for pasturage, the country was slow to respond to the needs of a growing population until its mineral wealth was exploited through the industrial progress of the nineteenth century. Accordingly the English turned to the sea—to fish, to trade, to colonize. The accessible ocean offered lines of least resistance, while the monopoly of the land by a privileged aristocracy made the limitations of small area the more oppressive. An exodus, so to speak, began therefore to take place in the form of trading expeditions and commercial colonies long before the food resources of the islands had been moderately developed.

The foundation of future maritime greatness was laid in the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of seamanship obtained in numerous adventurous exploits. The conditions of Holland made for the same development of marine activity as in the case of England. The qualification should here be interpolated, however, that the small area and continental location of Holland subjected her to despoilment at the hands of aggressive military neighbours. The English and Dutch, at the beckoning call of geographic conditions, took to the seas as by a national impulse, whereas the French participated in overseas enterprises rather under the spur of government initiative. Notwithstanding her abundant harbours and excellent location for colonial and commercial expansion, France possessed a larger area and greater amount of fertile soil than England and Holland. Accordingly, in the beginning at least, France achieved less than the other two in maritime expansion.

It was the isolated vessel with its daring crew, a logical product of the island environment, which first carried the

English name to the ends of the earth. Prior to the destruction of the Armada in 1588, persistent piracy against the Spanish had trained up seamen with which subsequently to man ships of war. "While Spanish colonization was effected during the most brilliant and powerful period of the mother country," declares Rosscher, "that of England was originally the child of necessity, domestic discord, and discontent, belonging to an age when the mother country counted for the least in the European political system."

That the assertion that English maritime expansion was the child of necessity is more than a mere figure of speech has possibly been indicated by the foregoing. From the beginning of the fifteenth century, English agriculture declined before the competition of commerce, which gained ascendency owing partly to the easy accessibility of Great Britain to the markets of Europe. Following the ravages of the Black Death in the fourteenth century, which produced a scarcity of agricultural labourers with its accompaniment of prohibitive wages, the great proprietors resorted to sheep farming in order to economize labour. This resulted in a relative deterioration in agriculture, supplemented by a growing commerce which absorbed all the enterprise of the country. The continued contraction of the area under tillage increased the number of unemployed farm-labourers, turning them into paupers and vagrants. England therefore entered the period of maritime discoveries with a redundant population which furnished the raw material for British colonies.

The period of maritime discoveries in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries shifted the foci of the world relations of European states from enclosed seas to the rim of the Atlantic. "Venice and Genoa gave way," in the striking phrase of Miss Semple, "to Cadiz and Lagos, just as sixteen centuries before Corinth and Athens had yielded their ascendency to Rome and Ostia." And again maritime leadership passed westward, this time to Amsterdam, Bristol, and London, as the world horizon widened. Prior to this sudden dislocation of trade relations, induced by the voyages of Columbus and

Vasco da Gama, England lay on the outskirts of civilized Europe, "a terminal land, not a focus." Her peripheral location, which had retarded her early development, now became a source of advantage. Situated henceforth at the very cross-roads of trade, Great Britain, through the formulation of far-seeing policies, has made of herself the commercial entrepôt and clearing-house for the world.

Even antedating the purposeful attempts of the government to build up a marine, the people of the British Isles, as already suggested, were following the promptings of environment in turning to a sea-faring life. It was not long before man began deliberately to coöperate with nature, for from the time of the Tudors, England sought to construct a navy with which to resist invasion. Since Queen Elizabeth's time the effect of such naval development has been a virtual guarantee against foreign attack and the practical elimination of a standing army, with the consequent release of a large body of men from military service who were applied rather to the development of industry. Having noted the causal connexion between fisheries and naval efficiency, various Acts were passed during Elizabeth's reign for the encouragement of the fishing industry. At the same time a practice of Henry VIII in granting subsidies to ship-builders was revived.

Having achieved naval power, England could proceed more readily to meet the necessitous demands of her restricted island area by seeking abroad new markets for expanding wares and new homes for her redundant population. In not a few cases the rapid growth of the colonial empire may be attributed to a priority of arrival, whereas in certain few instances the explanation must lie in that precept of primitive man that "might is right." For the purpose of comparison with the expansionist policies of Germany, it should be added at this point that Great Britain was indeed fortunate that her growth to the maturity of a world power was achieved during a period in which the New World and undeveloped portions of the Old were being thrown open to settlement and occupation. Denying the

charge of the Anglophobe that the British Empire has been the result of a deliberate policy of despotic aggression, may not that well-known phrase of Sir John Seely be recalled to the mind of the reader that the Empire "was attained and peopled in a fit of absence of mind?" Without outraging this epigram by subjecting it to analysis, the fact should nevertheless be borne in mind that certain of the choicest portions of the Empire were acquired through the caprice of pure accident. British expansion overseas was, in large measure, the result of resistance of Britons to, and counter-pressure against, enemines threatening them in the possession of what they already had.

Far from serving as further evidence of British arrogance and aggression, the Englishman's insistence on a two-power navy is to be interpreted rather as a realization of the fundamental requisite essential to the very existence of Britain and the Empire. Because of the trans-oceanic nature of the Empire, and the inability of the British Isles to provide their own food supplies, their continued stability must depend, as in the past, on the control of sea communications.

Notwithstanding a certain skepticism as to the influence of geographic conditions upon human development, approval perhaps will not be denied certain generalizations pertaining to German policies and their environmental bases. Pan-Germanism, for example, has been defined as a policy of self-preservation. "Germany," we are told, "is filled with an uncontrollable determination to establish her economic well-being. With growth have come new economic wants, which have in turn revealed the existence of hitherto unexpected desires, clamouring for satisfaction and to be satisfied only by the increased wealth which depends in its own turn upon the possibility of national expansion." The internal peace of Europe since 1815, except for an occasional sporadic outbreak, has contributed to an unprecedented increase of population and wealth which "is in no small measure," Professor Usher assures us, "responsible for that very economic pressure of population, that need of an outlet for the swelling surplus

of manufactures which is driving Germany, Austria, and Italy into their great scheme of aggression." The fact that Italy did not follow her allies into the great European conflict does not vitiate the general principle involved. Despite the erasure of traditional boundary lines between the Germanic states and the disappearance of certain administrative hindrances of the past, Germany has substantially no more available agricultural land in Europe than in 1815. This exigency, imposed by the geographical limitations of area, served as a spur to foreign expansion. For Germany to remain static in population while her neighbours continued to grow would be equivalent to ruin in the mind of the German.

In the quest for foreign lands, however, Germany's efforts have been much circumscribed by certain irritating circumstances. Prior to 1884, when Germany entered the lists as an aspirant for colonial dominion, the most desirable portions of the earth had already been preëmpted, including the temperate zone sections of Africa and all of the New World. Her colonies in Africa and Polynesia therefore do not attract the German emigrant. German ambitions in southern Brazil, which already contains several hundred thousand German settlers, are rendered practically futile by virtue of the Monroe Doctrine. In this extremity Germany conceived the plan of a commercial expansion into Asia Minor and Mesopotamia via the Balkan peninsula, feeling that colonial sovereignty would follow in the wake of German railroads and commerce. Herein lies the basis of the *rapprochement* between Germany and Turkey, accompanied by the grant of railroad concessions through Asia Minor to German capitalists. This action, as is well known, aroused the suspicions of Russia and prompted the demand from the Russian Foreign Office upon Turkey for counter railroad concessions. The outcome of the recent Balkan War was a distinct blow to German hopes, strengthening as it did the Slavic Balkan States at the expense of Turkey.

Again, Germany's European location, crowded in among three powerful neighbours like Russia, Austria, and France, left her no choice about maintaining a strong standing army and powerful frontier defences. The development of military supremacy seemed to Germany the first essential to security, and it preceded by decades the more recent development of naval power. The peculiar strategical geography of northern Europe has also materially contributed toward the formulation of German military and foreign policies. The political ownership of the mouth of the Rhine, the key to the heart of Germany, is enjoyed by Holland. This element of vulnerability constituted an additional reason for the early establishment of military power. Von Treitschke deplored the fact that the most valuable part of the Rhine, the great artery of German trade, lay in foreign hands, and he declared it to be imperative that the mouth of the river be recovered "either by a commercial or political union." That this ambition has not, as yet, been realized is to be attributed to the balance of power principle. By virtue of their extraordinary strategic value, Holland and Belgium have long been coveted by both Germany and France, whereas England would oppose as a menace to her safety the acquisition of such territory by either power.

Similarly, the rapid upbuilding of the German navy may be said, in no small measure, to have a geographical basis. Although their hopes for a colonial empire have been but indifferently realized, Germans may feel justly elated over the extraordinary development of their industry and foreign commerce. Having outgrown the ability of his home country to consume the products of his enterprise, the German producer has been forced to seek an outlet for the rapidly expanding volume of his wares. Unable to extend the boundaries of *his* country, he sought customers in foreign countries. German trade has been extended into the most remote markets of the world, in many cases seriously endangering the position of the earlier and ubiquitous British trader. A vast foreign trade being an accepted fact, the Germans feel that, in logical sequence, they must have at

their command a powerful navy. Because the voyage around the British Isles is long and, at times, hazardous to shipping, the English Channel is the only available safe passageway for her fleets of trading vessels. "Natural conditions, therefore," says Professor Usher, "by compelling Germany to use the Channel, force her to expose her commerce to the assaults of the English fleet so long as the latter controls the Channel." Accordingly Germany would render this marine highway safe from the attacks of her enemies by the development of a navy strong enough to terrify England into inaction.

The natural rejoinder to the foregoing would doubtless appear trivial to the Pan-German, that with the establishment of German naval supremacy the English would in turn logically feel that *their* commercial position was constantly menaced, and therefore would feel justified in trying to surpass the naval equipment of their Teutonic rival.

It would appear, therefore, that both Germany and Great Britain, recognizing alike their limitations and advantages, are striving to attain the same end; namely, to secure and guarantee self-preservation. In so far as the motive is concerned, one is substantially no more to be censured or praised than the other. A difference of opinion, however, immediately arises over the question as to the justice of the means employed by the two to secure their end. The current doctrine of the Pan-German that "might makes right" and that in the struggle for existence the stronger nation deserves to rise above the weaker, is not universally convincing. The retort of the apologist for German aggression is not conclusive, that "if Germany is wrong, others too have been wrong." We are reminded that "in reply to the outcries from other nations, denouncing their plans as unprovoked aggression and lacking in morality, as a reversion to the forcible methods of by-gone centuries whose brutalities the world long ago outgrew, the Germans derisively point to the presence of the English in India, of the French in Morocco, of the Russians in Manchuria, of the United States in Panama. They insist that their aims and methods are absolutely identical with those their detractors have so long employed."

Even though the last assertion be granted, it is not entirely clear that as a future working basis one injustice ought to be offset by another. One can scarcely justify an act of aggression by permitting its repetition. Furthermore, it is naïvely implied by the Germans that the action of their rivals in the past has been justified and commended. England would be censured as severely as Germany by the modern world if guilty of the same high-handed disregard of the rights of other powers.

With the legitimate aspirations of Germany to attain self-realization and to secure self-preservation, there is no quarrel. It may even be admitted that the world might have accepted the somewhat questionable assertion of the Germans that inasmuch as Pan-Germanism is an attempt fully to realize their national identity, other nations unless directly concerned should keep their hands off. In the present juncture the act which alienated from Germany the sympathy of the world was her almost incredible violation of the neutrality rights of Belgium. England is more bitterly denounced than ever by her rival as "egotistical, hypocritical, and brutal" because she refused to accept without remonstrance "the invasion of Belgium so necessary to Germany."

Consistency, however, is lacking to the declaration which avers that whereas Germany is justified in aggressive measures because necessary to her development, England is condemned as an arrogant meddler if proposing restraint or objection. May England not as truly be striving for self-preservation in attempting to thwart unjustifiable methods of aggrandizement on the part of Germany who admittedly is seeking the destruction of British power? A victory of Germany over France would mean probably the annexation of Belgium and Holland, which eventually would serve as the German base of operations against England. Perceiving the trend of German policy and recognizing to the full the danger to his island home of allowing these geographically strategic points to fall into the hands of Germany, is not the Englishman's action justified on the very grounds of the German's own logic?

THEODORE H. BOGGS

THE NEW RUSSIA

THE new Russia, the Russia which the whole world is regarding with such profound interest to-day, has, to a superficial view, but a short history, less than one decade, covering the period of reconstruction which began with the granting of a constitution in October, 1905, as the result of the revolutionary outbreaks following the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War.

This constitution provided for the establishment of a Duma or parliament of the empire elected by a practically universal franchise, to which were handed over many important legislative functions, including the voting of money supplies for the great services of the State. The constitution mainly followed the German model and differed fundamentally from that of Great Britain, France, and the United States in that the executive power remained exclusively in the hands of the ministers of state appointed by the Czar, and not elected directly or indirectly by the people. The result of giving a universal franchise led, in the case of the first and second Duma, as might be expected in a country with so wide a diversity of races and languages and in which only twenty per cent. of the population could read or write, to the election of a body, the larger part of whose members utterly lacked the education and experience necessary to enable them to do legislative work. A necessary amendment to the constitution was, therefore, made, and the franchise was restricted practically to the property-owning and educated classes, certain sections of the electorate being excluded altogether. The effect of this restriction, which was much criticized in ill-informed circles abroad, was to render possible the election in the third Duma of a body in which, along with many reactionary and undesirable sections, most of the best elements in Russian life were represented.

The wide differences in public opinion in the nation led to a corresponding alignment into party groups in the Duma, ranging from the reactionaries on the right through the Octoberists' party in the middle to what was practically the revolutionary group on the extreme left. The Octoberist party, so called because its members considered that the manifesto of October, 1905, provided a sufficient basis for the working out of constitutional government in the empire upon evolutionary, rather than revolutionary lines, represented, in a large measure, middle class opinion, which for the first time found an opportunity to take an active part in the public life of the country, and has constituted easily, the sanest, most practically progressive and efficient force in transforming the Duma into a working legislative machine. In its short career as a legislative body, the Duma has shown great independence and tenacity in claiming the exercise of its rights under the constitution, and if its actual programme of completed legislation consists to a considerable degree in the ratification of measures prepared for its consideration and sanction, in some cases under pressure by the executive government, its members have exercised, without restraint, and to the fullest extent, their privilege of discussing an immense range of matters affecting the well-being of their constituents throughout the empire. It is not to be expected that in Russia, any more than in some countries nearer home, the forces of privilege and reaction will be prepared to yield up their ground without a bitter and protracted struggle, and pessimistic misgivings have found expression, both within Russia itself and from sympathetic observers abroad, at the apparently slow progress which has been made in the way of liberal reforms actually achieved. This pessimism does not seem to me to be justified, if we consider for a moment the delays which have occurred in other countries in which constitutional government has been long established and is in, presumably, perfect working order.

In the case of the United States, we find within the past two years a Democratic President, with a Democratic Senate

and House of Representatives, only able with extreme difficulty to pass needed legislation against the opposition of vested interests in the matter of reduction of tariffs, banking reform, and regulation of trusts.

In England, it has only been by the drastic step of forcibly altering the fundamental basis of the constitution and destroying the veto power of the House of Lords that a Liberal government has been able to carry into law legislative measures which it considered of vital importance to the welfare, and even to the very existence, of the empire.

In this connexion, in considering the whole question of the progress which has been made by constitutional government in Russia since its inception by the decree of the Czar in 1905, it is important that we should not be misled by mere words. In the first place no constitution, written or otherwise, is of any value in securing the liberty and progress of a people unless behind it there stands a body of citizens intelligently devoted to the service of the State and important enough to make their wishes effective in the promotion of its well-being. In the ideal State, the number of such citizens would, of course, be exactly equal to the number of people comprising it.

In the case of Mexico, for example, we find a country with a constitution perfect in form and absolutely worthless, because the Mexican people do not possess within themselves the elements necessary to make it effective.

In Great Britain, the proud possessor of the Mother of Parliaments, we find no written constitution at all, but a curious convention as to whether a thing is constitutional or not, which cannot be reduced to exact form or authoritative rule, but none the less has a determinative effect in guiding the course of legislation.

The constitution of the German empire and of the kingdom of Prussia have been much before the attention of the world of late; and if we are to believe Dr. Dernburg, and other German publicists who have recently been carrying on an educational propaganda in the United States, the German

Reichstag, which is elected on the basis of universal suffrage, is in all respects as representative a body as the American Congress, and the powers of the Kaiser, as head of the Executive, are no greater than those of the President of the United States, and in some matters, such as that of declaring a world war, are even less.

In considering the case of Russia, we may therefore take it that the form of its constitution is much less important than the will and ability of the heads of the Russian State and of the Russian people to bring about such reforms as may be necessary in order that Russia may march abreast of liberal western civilization.

First, we must consider for a moment the position and personality of Nicholas II, Autocrat and Czar of all the Russias. There is probably no man living whose motives and actions have been so cruelly misjudged for many years past as his Imperial Majesty, the present Czar. Seated, not by his own choice, but by the undesired accident of dynastic succession upon the most difficult and perilous throne in the world, Nicholas II has from the beginning shown himself to have the desire and the courage to do the right thing as he saw it.

We are apt to forget that it is to him that we owe, after his accession, the summoning of the first Peace Conference at the Hague. A quixotic effort on his part to do away with the menace and curse of militarism which now has engulfed the civilized world, the Hague Peace Conference failed to accomplish the purpose which the Czar had near to his heart when he called it together, but it, at any rate, demonstrated to the world that the young ruler, in whose hand lay the power of the autocrat of all the Russias, was no war lord, but a lover of peace. It was only to be expected that in the enforced seclusion into which the murderous activities of the extreme revolutionaries had obliged the Czar to take refuge to avoid certain death by assassination, he should only by slow degrees be able to obtain for himself a true conception of the wrongs and needs of his people. That these wrongs could be righted

and these needs met by the adoption in Russia of the systems of liberal constitutional government, which he could see being tried in the British Empire, in France, and in the United States, he might well have reason to doubt.

It must not be forgotten also that at the Russian court, German influence had been paramount for generations, and the direction in which that influence would work in the question of the continuance of autocratic government by divine right as against the idea of government to the people, by the people, for the people, we can readily understand. The defeat of Russia in the war with Japan, followed by the determined outbreak against existing abuses by the revolutionaries brought about the crisis which forced the Czar to act, or gave him his opportunity to do so. Within the past year we have had side lights, cast by the publication of confidential documents, which show the conscientious and anxious care with which Nicholas II, himself at the Council table, entered into the consideration of the various points in the constitution upon which turned the transfer of the high and, to him, sacred powers of the autocrat to the elected representatives of the people. The Duma once established, we find him behind his prime minister, Stolypin, in securing the enactment of the new land laws by which it became at last possible for the Russian peasants to become the actual owners of the land they tilled. We know that to the Czar was largely owing the ready response of Russian statesmanship to the overtures made by England under the guidance of King Edward VII which led to the establishment of the *entente cordiale* between England and Russia, and formed the pivot of the European foreign policy by which the aggression of Germany has been finally met and curbed.

We have all been struck by the fact that by a decree of the Czar, the sale of intoxicating liquor has been stopped since the war began throughout all Russia, but much less generally known is the decree in the early part of the present year in which the Czar pointed out that the prosperity of Russian imperial finances was being built up in a yearly increasing

degree upon the physical and moral degradation by drink of the Russian people. In this decree he issued instructions that in future the liquor monopoly from which the government had, during the year 1913, derived a profit of five hundred millions of dollars, should be so handled as to lead to an annual diminution in the amount of drink consumed and, in the end, to the practical extinction of the liquor traffic altogether. To insure the effective carrying out of these instructions, he asked for the resignation of the prime minister, Mr. Kokovtosoff, who had filled the post of finance minister with brilliant success from the end of the Japanese War, and installed in his place a minister of finance as convinced as himself of the importance of dealing with the evil of drink, even though it became necessary to find other sources of revenue to replace the profits which had been derived from the vodka monopoly.

In the paternal measures taken to guide and assist the great migration of Russian peasants from the poorer parts of European Russia to the fertile areas of Siberia, the Czar's interest has been continually displayed, and the liberal grants of free-hold land and the assistance given to the settlers in the furnishing of seed grains, live stock, and the financing of their purchases of agricultural implements, as well as the total exclusion of the sale of alcohol within the new areas opened up, have been carried out by the government with his sanction and approval.

Those of us who have had an opportunity of knowing conditions in Russia at first hand, are aware that not the least important of the changes which have marked the conduct of the great government services for the past seven or eight years has been the complete elimination of graft. The extent to which the system of graft had permeated the whole fabric of Russian life was probably no greater than that which has been proved to exist in the United States, but it has been much more notorious by reason of the scandalous transactions which have from time to time been coupled with the names of Grand Dukes and other high personages. One of

the first acts of the Stolypin ministry was to appoint commissions to examine thoroughly into the workings of all the great government departments, including the army, the navy, the railways, agriculture, and mines, particularly with a view to searching out all cases of illicit commissions and mal-administration, and visiting these, wherever found, with punishments so severe as to act as an effective deterrent against their recurrence in the future.

That this necessary work was well and thoroughly done, the whole world has been able to witness in the magnificent results accomplished by the Russian army in the present war, results which would have been absolutely impossible to obtain without clean and efficient administration from top to bottom in every branch of the service. It is to the Czar's loyal and unswerving support of his ministers and refusal to be influenced by pull or pressure from any quarter that it has been possible to effect throughout the Russian empire a cleaning up in the public services which might very profitably be emulated in other countries.

Presently the world will know the Czar as he is, a single-minded, clean-living, God-fearing man, striving to his utmost to do his best in the position in which he finds himself.

One must not overlook the importance and bearing of the work of the two prime ministers, Stolypin and Kokovtosoff, to whose strong hands and clear brains it is largely owing that the Russian ship of State has been steered on a safe course through the perilous waters of the past eight years, or the ability and statesmanlike capacity which members of the Duma, like Alexander Gutskoff, have shown in the difficult task of putting the new constitutional machine into satisfactory working order. Russia has in abundance the thing most necessary of all for the working out of her future development, an ample supply of able, honest, and patriotic men, devoted to her service. It is true that at the present moment only twenty per cent. of the population can read or write, and that the vast remainder are only the raw

material from which the new Russia is to be moulded. This will be remedied, but in the meantime in that twenty per cent. are numbered many who are the salt of the earth and approach the pressing problems of modern civilization, not from the brutal and selfish standpoint of material German Kultur, but with a clear perception of the law of the higher socialism, that we best help ourselves in helping others. Professor Mavor, in whose new and authoritative work, "The Economic History of Russia," will be found an inexhaustible mine of information on many subjects besides economics, touches only too briefly on the position which the Russian Intelligentsia are likely to take in directing the development of Russian opinion in the evolution of a new socialism purged of the German materialistic taint. It is with this new force, and not with an imaginary Slav peril, that Europe and the world will have to deal after the end of the great war.

Is there a Slav peril? That there was a German peril, real and deadly, we all now know to our cost; but after all, why? Is it not in the final analysis because the German people demanded a place in the sun which they were too late to get without displacing some one else? England holds one-fifth of the habitable globe, Russia about as much, France has her consolidated empire in North Africa, and valuable out-posts elsewhere. The United States owns one-half a continent; Spain finds a place for the future greatness of her race in South America; Portugal the same; Italy has her section of Africa and her people have their full share along with the Spanish in the development of the Argentine and Uruguay; Belgium has her important areas in Africa; Holland the rich and populous Dutch East Indies; but what had Germany? A few scraps from the banquet table left by the other powers, mainly in equatorial Africa and a few islands in the Pacific. Here, coupled with the abnormal mentality with which a militaristic Prussia has succeeded in inoculating the whole German nation, we find the nurturing causes for the most formidable peril which has menaced our present civilization since its beginning.

There is no Slav peril, because the Slav peoples in the first place own one-half of two continents already and need no more territory for the expansion of the race. The population of Siberia, with an area in the temperate zone much larger than that of the United States, is only nine millions, whilst in Turkestan and the rest of her central Asiatic possessions Russia holds large sub-tropical areas which only need population and development to supply her with cotton, coffee, tea, and all the other tropical produce she can require in abundance. Russia wants no further territory in Europe beyond those portions of Austria and Germany required to enable her to carry out her solemn pledge to reconstitute the kingdom of Poland.

What she must have, and what she is actually fighting the present war for, is free access to the ocean highways of the world, to the Mediterranean through a neutralized Bosphorus and Dardanelles from the Black Sea, to the North Sea through a Baltic which will be no longer a German lake. This done, and with the danger forever removed of finding her doorway to the western world banged, barred and bolted by a great military Pan-Germanic Empire extending from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf, Russia with no military caste to lead her on wrong courses, will proceed with the development of the immense areas included within her present boundaries. What this development will mean in the way of trade for the rest of the world may be imagined from one single fact: Russia with her population of one hundred and seventy-five millions of people possesses at the present time, roughly, fifty thousand miles of railway; the United States with not much more than one-half the population has two hundred and forty thousand miles of railway in operation; Canada with her population of less than eight millions has thirty-five thousand miles. The fact that two-thirds of the railways now existing in Russia and all future railways constructed will be the property of the Russian government and people, along with the fact that but a trifling percentage of the natural resources in land, timber and minerals have been

parted with to private interests, will give Russian economic development an opportunity of proceeding upon vastly different and better lines than have been the case in the exploitation, for example, of our own continent, both north and south of the international boundary line.

It is not difficult to foresee arising, after the end of the war, a new state of affairs in which we will find the Anglo-Saxon nations reunited in sympathy and common purpose, resuming their rightful place as leaders of the Teutonic races, which the Germans have proved their unfitness to occupy; Russia at the head of peaceful Slav dominions, extending from the Baltic and the Mediterranean across Europe and Asia to the Pacific; France again leading the Latin peoples in the work of establishing a true and high civilization in Northern Africa and in South America; and in the East, Japan, no longer the portent of a yellow peril, teaching the way of liberty and progress to the awakening millions of the Mongolian races.

F. C. ARMSTRONG

THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE

I OVERHEARD yesterday a certain staunch Conservative in a Made-in-Canada coonskin coat talking to a fellow patriot in a street-car about the attitude of the United States in the present war.

"I tell you," he said, "next time Bill Taft comes up here and asks for Reciprocity he can have it."

I almost found it in my heart to reëcho the sentiment.

Certainly if Mr. Taft or Mr. Wilson, yes, or even Mr. Champ Clark—asks for a Reciprocity of good feeling and kindly sentiment they are entitled to it in full measure. For their neighbourly sympathy and the brand of moral support which, with true American humour they call neutrality, we owe them much.

Some day, if they ever have troubles of their own, we must try to pay them back. If they are ever in danger of being overwhelmed by Mexico or by a raid from the Galapagos Islands, I for one am in favour of marching the entire McGill University Battalion, professors and all, to their support.

It is a pity that this friendly attitude of the United States is not more widely understood and appreciated in Canada. The great bulk of the American press is strongly, enthusiastically with us. A large section of the New York press is in almost open alliance with the allies. Military experts on Times Square and Upper Broadway dip their pens ferociously in their ink and fight our battles, roll back the Austrians, outflank the Germans, call St. Petersburg, defiantly, Petrograd, and for our sake teach their readers to cry, "On to Przemysl!" Ex-president Eliot writes articles to show that if England falls, America's turn comes next. Colonel Roosevelt has taken down his San Juan rough-rider suit from its hook, and is openly advocating what he calls "a formal protest." God bless you, Theodore the bullet-stopper, we know well the kind of protest that you really mean.

Even ex-president Taft, that genial, kindly adversary of 1911, now degraded to the rank of a professor, bears us in his large heart so little ill-will that he has been known, since the war began, to smack up a friendly game of neutral golf on the Canadian links of Murray Bay.

Nay, more than this, President Wilson, sitting under oath in his chair, drinking grape-juice with the sagacious Mr. Bryan, somehow manœuvres his battleships round in the road of the Turks, and turns his eyes the other way when his strong young men come quietly over our border and manage to get enlisted into our regiments.

Certainly, if all else fails, we can at least recruit a small battalion of " ex-presidents " in the United States.

Best of all, that splendid implement of war, the Monroe Doctrine, is being cleaned up ready for use and is being sighted with so wide a range and so copious a charge that the German forty-two centimeter gun is as nothing to it. It has been decided and declared that the Monroe Doctrine protects any thing the American people want it to protect. For the better assertion of which there is such a hammering in American shipyards and such calls for more men and more guns, to be followed by such volleys of Congressional appropriations, that the echo of it will reach the palaces of Potsdam and Schönbrunn, and make the Sultan sitting among the lemon trees of the Yildiz Kiosk shake in his Turkish slippers. For it is being remembered that Colonel James Monroe who wrote the " Doctrine " of 1823 meant it in substance as a lining up of England and America side by side, to fight the battle of democracy against the tyranny of despotic monarchy. It is being recalled that Thomas Jefferson, who advised Monroe in the making of the Doctrine, wrote, " With Great Britain on our side we need not fear the whole world ; nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause." For the proof of which quotation the reader may see the letter of Thomas Jefferson under date of October 24th, 1823, or better still, not see it but take the word of a professor for it.

The more the pity then that certain of our good citizens of Canada are failing to read aright the signs of the times and to understand the tremendous moral support that our empire gains, in this life and death struggle, from the good-will of the United States.

We have suppressed from our Canadian mails,—and rightly, too,—certain venomous newspapers,—I will not call them American,—but German newspapers published in the United States. This is sound and right, and our American friends will understand it. But the pity is that through sheer ignorance, the fool cry is raised here and there in Canada to shut out papers that are heart and soul with us, merely because they occasionally insert over an author's signature an article that purports to state the case for Germany.

Worse than that, the Made-in-Canada campaign is twisted, in certain quarters, out of its proper meaning, to be used as a cry against the importation of American manufactures. If the Made-in-Canada propaganda aims at making us a more industrious and self-reliant people, producing better things and cutting ourselves free from dependence on German dyes, Austrian silks, and Turkish tobacco, it is well. But if it is used as a way of striking at the hand that helps us, I for one want none of it.

Nay, in this winter of crisis, let me rather wear rubbers that are made in Schenectady, and a collar fashioned in Cohoes, and let me hear in my waistcoat pocket the ticking of a Connecticut watch that shall recall to my listening ear the heart-beat of New England anxious for the welfare of the Mother State.

And when this war is over let us invite our friends from Washington, to Ottawa, and there to the music of the foot-march of our regiments returning from the war that America has helped to win, we will frame a compact of peace, of amity, that shall last as long as a common speech and a common freedom unites the peoples of England and America.

STEPHEN LEACOCK

A REVIVAL OF CONSCIENCE

I

OF those who dwell outside the confines of the United States it may well be demanded, "What do they know of America who only Americans know?" for, even more than the travelling Englishman, the American beyond his own borders advertises the least pleasing characteristics of his country, while assiduously concealing its admirable ones.

The Canadian observer, for instance, who bases his conception of America on the American news in Canadian papers, and pictures such a country inhabited by millions of such a type as the American summer tourist offers for his inspection, will have imagined a community which it would have distressed Dante to have omitted from his "Inferno."

I remember with great clearness the first occasion on which it was my privilege to come into contact with citizens of the Republic in any number. I happened to be spending the summer holidays in a small town of the Maritime Provinces, in a quiet, unimportant, easy-going little place; sea on one side of it, fields and woods on the other, where life went lazily and unvexed from one sunny day to another, until, alas, we were invaded—a harsh word, but the only one—by a party of women, American school-teachers, some thirty or forty in number, who were touring Canada at the expense of a newspaper, or an educational alliance, or some other such irresponsible agency.

On the instant, the peace was gone. They crowded out the three little hotels and overflowed into private houses; they screamed shrill remarks at each other in threes and fours across the street; they swarmed, with audible sneers and depreciatory criticism, in and out of the village shops in search of "suv-neers"; they waved American flags in the faces of such pedestrians as they encountered; at table they noisily discovered manners and customs of surprising—but

not particularly pleasing—originality; and then put the crowning touch on their achievements when they returned at night from a carriage drive undertaken to view the local attractions by moonlight, by waking up the whole town with yells and choruses, and by dancing about the unlit street brandishing the Stars and Stripes in a manner unpleasantly suggestive of an orgy of inebriated college-students.

They left us next day for fresh fields and pastures new, doubtless with a pleasant consciousness of having nobly upheld the prestige of the United States in a foreign land; and the heartfelt comments of the simple-minded, direct-speaking, Canadian country folk never reached their ears.

By a pleasing coincidence, I had the good fortune last summer to encounter just such another body of travelling teachers in New York. They were, apparently, making a round of the resorts of that wicked city; and as I chanced to be engaged somewhat late at night in the pleasant pastime of assimilating light refreshment with a friend in one of the better-known foreign restaurants, I had the pleasure of admiring the ladies as they entered on their tour of inspection. But what a difference ! How meek they were ! With what diffident curiosity did they gaze about them, and in what subdued, dulcet voices did they exchange impressions one with another ! How demurely did they sit at the marble-topped tables sipping innocuous liquids; and how lustily did some of them scribble in shiny black manuscript note-books material for their home newspaper !

It was a touching spectacle, and well calculated to make one wonder why it was that that other company of presumably educated and responsible women, some of them not altogether youthful, should have felt free to insult and annoy the citizens of a neighbouring state by conduct which they themselves would have been the first to resent if exhibited by a party of travelling foreigners in their own towns. Which raises the point,—Why is the American abroad not the same pleasant person he is at home ?

The travelling Frenchman is no more objectionable than his stay-at-home brother, and an encounter with a Russian or an Italian tourist does not necessarily imbue one with a distaste for Russia or for Italy; whereas any one who has lived for any time in Canada or Mexico, or any other spot where the American may be conveniently studied in his extra-territorial aspect, will admit that he is, in this respect, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the already notorious Briton.

II

To the ingenious nothing could be easier, to the verbose nothing more pleasant, than to theorize, or even to dogmatize, about America and the Americans; for while statements concerning the characteristics of almost any other nation can be immediately checked up by the intrusion of concrete facts, America is so vast and so varied that anything which can be predicated of one corner of it can very possibly be denied for another; while there would seem to be hardly any proposition with regard to the human race, however apparently preposterous, which could not be substantiated somewhere or other between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Still, even in this huge and heterogeneous welter of regional and racial difference, of discrepancy and deliquescence, certain characteristics can be seen to predominate sufficiently to make a definite impression on the consciousness of an observer. In this enormous melting-pot something is being made. All as yet is fluid. New material is being added; the mass is being perpetually disturbed and vivified by new forces, fresh fires; but there are visible even now outlines, though possibly vague and unformed ones, of a national character; so that, though the metal is still molten, one may justly speak as if there really were such a thing as a typical American, and discuss him as a genuine entity, though at present, possibly, a geographical and political rather than an historical or ethnic one.

An incident which came under my observation not long ago on a New York trolley-car will serve admirably to

exemplify some of the most salient features of the American temperament,—quickness of resource, kindliness of purpose, and carelessness of method. It was on Broadway, at the rush hour, and the street was as packed with vehicles as the open car with passengers. The occupant of an end seat got off at the stop, and there was a quick dash for the vacant place by two men, one standing in the row ahead, and the other in the row behind. He who was coming back swung himself round the pillar, and should, if all had gone well, have got the seat. But at the exact moment that he swung outside the running-board a huge automobile tore by, almost touching the car, and would infallibly have given him a terrific blow, and probably have knocked him off and under its wheels, had not the other, a burly and bewhiskered being, seen the danger and with a sudden, powerful shove swung him back again. The thing was done as quick as a flash, and the peril passed almost before the other passengers could realize its existence; and the rescuer was sitting in the seat the other had intended to occupy, remarking, "I guess I just about saved your life then, young man." The "young man" for his part did not seem to be in the least gratified at being saved; but he certainly did object, and strongly, to the way the other had handled him, and particularly to the fact that he had snatched the seat,—and said so, in good plain Anglo-Saxon.

The action, in its kindliness, its promptness, and its roughness but effectiveness of manner, and also, I am bound to say, in its incidental seizure of the material advantage, that is, the coveted seat, seemed to me very typically American. I can hardly conceive of an Englishman, under the same circumstances, acting quickly enough to avert the disaster, or treating a perfect stranger with such sudden and timely violence (and still less of his capturing the seat at the finish); but I should expect that he would see that the corpse was taken care of, and that every effort was made to arrest and punish the reckless driver who had caused the accident.

This general spirit of kindliness—not in the least to be confounded with the individual benignity of single persons, which, of course, one meets quite as frequently in other countries—doubtless had its origin in the earlier days when all men had to work shoulder to shoulder, with practically no class-distinction, against the perennial threat of unsubdued Nature and the imminent peril of a common enemy, and has been fostered by the later plethora of opportunity and ease of attainment in material success. To give another man a chance or a helping hand comes easier when there are plenty of chances and when the help given does not impair one's own resources; while the lack of a caste-constructed, social stability, and an optimistic tendency to speculation, and the further inducement of a possible future reversal of positions, make of every kindly deed a sound and profitable investment against the contingency of a rainy day.

How long this admirable mood of mutual helpfulness will prevail under the new conditions of increasing competition, decreasing natural resources, the bitter class-consciousness that is being nurtured by the I.W.W. school of industrialism, and the caste-system that vast accumulations of individual wealth are inevitably bringing about, remains to be seen; but its complete eradication will certainly take some considerable time, for it is deeply bred into the bone of the nation and is continually in evidence in a hundred ways, of which the tendency to fountain-like profusion of letters of introduction is merely one of the less happy.

Combined with a spirit of Utopian carelessness about the things of the morrow, this kindliness seems responsible for that tendency to excessive toleration which is by turns the wonder and the despair of the observer,—wonder, because to any one fresh from the meticulous precision of European social codes, and of laws which are made to be actually kept, the freedom and lack of direct coercion in the American atmosphere forms, at first experience of it, a stimulating and heady air to breathe; despair, because not only the harmless, the personal, and the valuable have room to thrive, but the

detrimental, the dangerous, and the disintegrating are accorded an equal liberty to grow and flourish.

Thus nuisances and menaces, which in any other country could only be the result of deep-seated, social decay, do flourish and grow fat and strong, and yet without implying or causing, apparently, any permanent harm to the body politic; for the simple reason that the very carelessness and absence of precise regulation which has permitted them to exist comes again into play to extinguish them by hastily-conceived and abruptly-applied measures which could hardly be countenanced in a community which had more respect for precedent and vested interests.

It is, in fact, one of the most significant and characteristic features of the American spirit, this suddenness with which, when the convenience or moral sense of the community has been patently interfered with, corrective expedients, always heavy-handed, and often drastic to the point of brutality, are employed to uproot abuses which from long years of ease and immunity have become respectable and borne all the marks of permanence.

Of course, in a democracy, it may be conceded that all rights and privileges derive from the people, and that what the people have given they may recall, since the very essence of the democratic idea is the institution of the majority-verdict as court of last resort, moral as well as legal; but there is equally no doubt that this swift application of summary retribution and the principle of abruptly tearing up by the roots things which are to be removed, is exceedingly wasteful as well as liable to make the innocent suffer along with the guilty.

The recent decision of the city of New York to cancel licenses for projections beyond the building-lines in the principal streets forms a case in point. For years any one who desired it was able to secure permission to encroach on the edges of city-owned land in streets and parks. Steps, porticoes, balconies, bow-windows, railings, and walls have been built out in reliance upon the permanence of the *status*

quo. Properties have changed hands again and again without any suspicion that a day of judgement was approaching; and the practice of thus nibbling at the public domain was apparently as safe and rock-founded as the city itself. Then suddenly, one bright morning, the cup of wrath which had been unostentatiously filling up ran over without warning. "The streets for the people," was the cry; licenses were revoked, and notices served on property-owners to cease their trespass,—in other words, to remove instantly all such portions of their houses as projected beyond the building-line,—with the intimation that if they omitted to do so by the specified date, the city would do it for them.

The results of this spasm of civic virtue were particularly unfortunate on Fifth Avenue, where trust companies, banks, clubs, and millionaire house-owners had to tear down marble pillars, sculptured peristyles, bronze work and stonework, and reconstruct their stairways and approaches in a chastened, substitute sort of fashion, more agreeable to the law but certainly not so much so to the æsthetic sense in many cases outraged by the consequent ruin of the beauty of the buildings.

Yet, though Fifth Avenue felt this blow worst in a spectacular sense, probably the real burden of it fell more heavily in other and more obscure sections of the city; for inasmuch as Fifth Avenue property-owners are, for the most part, wealthy, the injury done there was almost altogether to architectural etiquette, while on less gilded thoroughfares the unfortunate holders of real estate, many of them poor and already staggering under over-large mortgages on the property which represented their invested savings, found its financial effects disastrous. In one instance, where a woman's home was discovered to project a couple of feet inside the boundary line of a public park, and the owner proved recalcitrant, recourse was had to force, and the whole front of the house, a brick one, was torn away by city employees, the raw, gaping wreck being roughly planked over, not as a solace to

the owner, but merely to forestall possible damage suits for further destruction by weather.

The mandates of the law were enforced on the side streets with a simplicity and directness which gave no chance for subterfuge or delay. Gangs of organized destroyers, accompanied by carts full of ladders, crowbars, pickaxes, ropes, and other instruments of persuasion, were sent out, and everywhere they passed, hanging signs, railings, excrescent stalls for the vending of coffee or newspapers, ornamental woodwork, cigar-store Indians, protruding shop-windows, everything that offended, had to come off the building it belonged to—and did.

Of a similar type, though on a national instead of a civic scale, was the attempt to enforce abruptly a policy of "conservation" of the country's natural resources by President Roosevelt,—an excellent and far-sighted scheme, but applied without consideration for the feelings and rights of the Western States, who thus saw their lands disposed of over their heads without warning or recourse. At the same time it may turn out, eventually, that this disconcerting habit of sudden and drastic assertion of the people's sovereignty is one of the inherent limitations of a democracy; for Demos has a short memory, and is, it seems, sub-consciously aware of the fact; so that when there is any readjusting to be done, it must be done at once and with speed, ere he forget.

III

It is a question, however, whether this era of large tolerations, spotted, as it were, with impulsive retributions, which has permitted so many parasitic social and intellectual fungi to grow to maturity, along with all that is sterling and noble in the national elements, is not drawing to a close, to be succeeded by a period of rigid and self-conscious rectitude; just as it is a matter of common observation that unselfish parents so often produce particularly selfish children, and the sons of obtrusively moral fathers are generally the precise opposite. In fact, what might be construed as symptoms of

it are even now apparent; and if the single-hearted fanaticism and unscrupulous bitterness which the opponents of alcohol and tobacco have managed to inject into their own propaganda, and into their rule in every locality in which they have obtained power, be any criterion of what is to be expected when the forces of virtue and righteousness achieve a working majority—for they already have an actual one—the sinful minority are in for a time which will make them turn back wistful eyes to the glorious days of this present year, as the Greeks did to the mythical Golden Age. But, whatever be the outcome, and whether we are to be face to face with it sooner or later, it is certain that the point of view has altered enormously within the past decade, as any one who is in a position to make an effective comparison will be bound to admit, and it is noteworthy that this change is altogether for the good, even if demonstrated now and then by actions somewhat disconcerting.

The public conscience, as opposed to the individual conscience of single units, is beginning to awaken, and while as yet only intermittently and locally conscious, the body politic is stirring; and in fighting its way from the depths of slumber it is not very particular as to what cherished sanctities it disturbs or what precious idols it overturns and breaks in the stretching of its cramped limbs. Since it fell asleep after the Civil War, little privileges tolerated with a smile have in the course of years and with the vast increase of population grown into steals whose magnificence warms the hearts of politicians and awakens the generous admiration of the mere *chevalier d'industrie:* petty infractions of law, winked at as among gentlemen, have expanded automatically into gross and unbearable perversions of justice, and into tyrannies that defy the very foundations of the national freedom.

Gropingly the people strike out—a millionaire banker retires to the penitentiary, a sugar-trust official is railroaded to jail, a trust-president commits suicide, the president of a great railroad system is hounded out of office, important

officials of a great corporation suddenly find prolonged sojourn on the continent of Europe good for their health.

So far, so good; but not yet has it come to the point that all the offenders are reached, or even the really important ones, for the matter of that; yet a spirit of uneasiness is already introduced into the councils of the hitherto invulnerable, and even the most mighty are beginning to wonder where this preposterous state of affairs will end; for the people are actually beginning to accept as a fact the threadbare political cliché that they are the source of power, and if not as yet to demand an exact accounting, still, to require that they be not laughed at as well as shorn, not kicked as well as ruled.

This is, of course, most disconcerting to those who have grown gray and plethoric under the simple old system; and, most important, this lack of toleration is spreading to other objects than financial exploitation, and is even attacking the very stronghold of privilege,—the political arena itself. Originally designed by extraordinarily able men for a homogeneous, simple, sturdy, and liberty-loving race, among whom no great discrepancies of wealth, opportunity, education or dignity were presumed to exist, the political system of the United States has proved steadily more and more inadequate to meet the needs of the extraordinary conditions which have arisen, and may now be said to act practically in direct opposition to the intention of its framers. Supposedly "of the people," it does not represent them: "by the people," it affords opportunity for an absolutism which the Czar of Russia himself could hardly expect to exercise; and "for the people," it has allowed millions to sink into the position of landless labour-serfs, dependent for their very bread on people and conditions over whom they exercise no shadow of control or even of influence.

On the other hand, the system, as practically interpreted in the course of less than a century and a half, has provided to-day a government by specialists—not in governing, but in plausible claptrap or political wire-pulling—and stands un-

rivalled in the world as a field for the profitable exercise of selfish dexterity and the conscienceless exploitation of the prejudices and emotions of a simple-minded, generous people. Doubtless the sagacious reader will here remark that it is a commonplace of history that every nation has precisely the government it deserves and is fitted for. Perhaps! But the American is stirring from sleep, and beginning to suspect that in politics, as in business, unrestricted toleration is not as innocuous as it was formerly supposed to be, and that some of the players of the game will bear watching.

The defeat of the most popular, but dangerously irresponsible, candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, the failure of the Progressive candidate at the polls in the presidential election itself in 1912, the recent painful experience of Tammany in the New York city elections, as well as the violent, almost savage, political graft-inquisitions so common all of a sudden in state and city, are all signs which point to a political house-cleaning, and a sweeping out of the defiled channels through which for so long the springs of power have run; while the repeal of the Panama Canal Tolls Bill, and President Wilson's courageous and statesmanlike refusal to accede to the public clamourings for intervention in the internal affairs of Mexico, indicate a new and gratifying recognition of the obligations of international rectitude.

Symptoms of the stirrings of this new public conscience are in evidence even in intellectual and social matters. Last year the fake medical colleges, which have for years battened on ignorance and fraud, screamed to heaven because the Medical Association published what was practically a blacklist; and doubtless ere long they will be joined in their howl of unrighteous indignation by the smaller sectarian and privately-owned colleges, who will soon have their right to act merely as fee-taking degree-mills questioned. The federal post-office, too, has been exhibiting a lack of its ancient tolerance in several respects lately—issuing fraud orders against quite wealthy vendors of ten-cent oil stocks and sub-

marine building lots, refusing to carry well-known periodicals which have contained indecent pictures, requiring newspapers and magazines which consume the public's money as second-class mail to let the public know who is getting its money, and doing all sorts of things which have disturbed and scandalized many very comfortable homes, and, of course, caused the stricken press of the country to hold up its shaking hands in holy horror at this rude onslaught on its sacred privilege of anonymity. Even in every-day matters to which everybody has by practice become almost affectionately inured—adulterated food and drugs, only-partially-poisonous patent medicines, substitute substances in clothes, airless and lightless tenements packed with diseased human beings, and so forth—there is this same tendency to ask inconvenient questions and to introduce inconvenient restriction of toleration, and even to do quite inconvenient things to a number of old friends who might reasonably have hoped that they were too firmly protected by tradition and public indifference to be disturbed—such as the sweater of starved women and children, the doubtless well-meaning policeman who promotes discipline in the criminal world on a profit-sharing system of his own, and the thoughtful gentleman who subsists on the earnings of fallen women—all of whom have of late, it is to be feared, come to be looked on somewhat askance by the formerly more tolerant eyes of the long-suffering American.

The Sisyphus-stone of public interest is indeed, it seems, at last being stirred from its rest to be rolled forward a further stage; and, very naturally, all the reptile things which have grown big and bloated under it while it has been standing still are very much perturbed that the sunlight should be let in on their delectable darkness, and are scurrying to cover in the hope that it will soon come to a standstill again and permit them to crawl comfortably under it, once more to resume their untroubled existence.

IV

When once the discreet obscurities which veil tortuous and discreditable lives have had the search-light of awakened public opinion turned upon them, and the uncharted wastes in which bad conditions, anti-social people, and detrimental institutions grow in security have been thoroughly explored and opened to the traffic of moral impulses and regenerating ideas, there will still be the problem of preventing reversion to previous conditions, and this it will be the part of discipline to perform; and it is just at this point that the American has hitherto shown himself weakest. Discipline makes a hard, resistant, rigid character, excellently adapted for a particular purpose through the sacrifice of possibilities of adaptation for other purposes, and it is precisely the antithesis of this rigidity, the loose texture and capacity for adaptation to almost any purpose which is characteristic of the American. Whether or not discipline *per se* is a good, is an exceedingly debatable point. Circumstances have always hitherto been such in the struggle to emerge from barbarism, that discipline has been a necessity, and therefore no question of its intrinsic value has been seriously possible. Like the digestive system, it has been a means and condition of survival, and just as to-day no one argues that our digestions are unmixed blessings, so it is beginning to be asked dispassionately and scientifically whether after all discipline has any basic value for the really civilized human-being. If, for instance, we are to believe Mr. Edmond Holmes, the author of "What is and What Might be," and "The Tragedy of Education," discipline is the cause of all the evils from which civilization suffers; and he speaks as one having authority, being ex-chief inspector of schools for Great Britain; but, again, the names of the many who maintain that our present troubles ensue upon too little discipline will occur to the reader at once. Be this as it may, and whether to his credit or his discredit I know not, but the American is certainly less under the influence of discipline than any other civilized

human whatsoever. Doubtless self-control and all other forms of discipline are especially necessary for people who have to live in crowds, and therefore it is supposable that the amount of discipline advisable in any community should vary inversely as the density of population; but, as a matter of fact, it is not noticeable that the dwellers of Chicago, New York, or Philadelphia are finely disciplined, whereas the inhabitants of the Dakotas, Oregon, and Nebraska are the reverse. This lack of discipline is very thoroughly diffused, and amounts to a real, national characteristic, and—to hazard a suggestion—it may well be considered attributable to the Atlantic Ocean.

I do not wish to be understood as seriously proposing that this three thousand miles of salt water is a solvent and eliminator of the spirit of discipline, but it does seem reasonable to suppose that during the last three centuries it has performed the function of a screen or selector; for the essence of the non-disciplinary spirit is the reluctance to "stay put," and those who have for various reasons during this time refused to "stay put" in Europe have crossed the Atlantic to escape conditions that irked, or bound, or discouraged them. These people and their descendants have peopled North America, and implanted in it this spirit of protest which was strong enough to make them brave the changes and dangers inseparable from so considerable an excursion. With a vast and virgin continent in which to give its development full play, it is only natural that this hereditary instinct for change should have become one of the distinguishing features of American civilization.

One need only cast the most casual glance at the people to see how thoroughly they have discarded the European ideal of getting rooted somewhere or somehow, under penalty of incurring the fatal stigma of non-respectability. Nowhere in America is the nomad looked on with the semi-hostility that he is in Europe, and the travelling stranger is regarded with envy rather than with suspicion.

In America a man may be brought up as a barber and blossom into a real-estate agent, abandon that for the law, and end up as a manufacturer of school furniture, or even as the reverend founder of a new religion,—no one sees any incongruence in such a career. Or, again, he may be raised on a farm in Massachusetts, make his professional début in New York, go to Chicago to settle down, stray into New Mexico to hunt for a fortune, become a fraudulent bankrupt in St. Louis, and finish his career in California, without laying himself open to anything but the admiration of his successive sets of neighbours. The same principle of readiness to change runs through every walk and aspect of life. His grocer, for instance, fails to please him,—he promptly gives his custom elsewhere rather than take the trouble to bring the other into harmony with his requirements; his house loses its freshness,—he moves, rather than refurbish it; his wife and he fall out,—he divorces her, in preference to cultivating patience and mutual forbearance. Wideawake rather than intelligent, clever rather than intellectual, habile, pliant, ingenious—a type has been evolved to suit these shifting conditions, lacking the stability, the doggedness, the endurance, and the sense of responsibility of the more disciplined European, but in mobility, in acuteness, in rapidity of judgement, and readiness of resource, far his superior.

V

The education with which the young American is provided, having been planned for him by people of the tendencies above specified, is naturally such as is calculated to foster similar characteristics in the rising generation. He studies in school and college a large number of things, but none so deeply as to get him into a rut. Even in a subject of such basic importance as arithmetic, he avoids all the difficult and really bothering forms of it, knowing well that the long intricate calculations on which English school-boys spend so many painful hours are either in actual experience never met with or are worked out by professional calculators who

supply the results of their labours neatly printed in inexpensive reference hand-books. With regard to a difficult classical subject, such as Latin, there is no provision at all made for his learning it until he enters the high school, at the age, say, of fourteen, and then to encounter it but for two or three three-quarter-hour periods a week. The result of this is easily conjecturable to any one who has experienced the long and early drudgery which any really accurate acquaintance with the language entails. Meanwhile, he will be devoting, perhaps, a couple of hours a week to physiology, a couple more to astronomy, a similar time to botany, to ancient history, to carpentering, to water-colour painting, and so forth, not as special studies, but as part of the regular curriculum. So that, by the time he leaves school, he has gained a pleasant but unimportant smattering of many subjects out of nice, easy, predigested-knowledge text-books, interpreted to him by well-meaning but inefficient women teachers; but has, naturally, nothing bitten into him so deeply that he cannot possibly, or even promptly, forget it.

As recently as a quarter of a century ago, this statement might have been construed as a serious indictment of the educational system, and might even be so considered to-day in Germany, France, or England; but it is really quite conceivable that it carries with it a high compliment to the practicality of the American instinct, for it is to be feared that in every country the average man does little with his school education but gradually forget what he has with so much difficulty learned—or, at any rate, all that part of it not immediately useful in the business of making a living.

The difference with the American is that having less to get rid of, his mind is the sooner swept clean for the acquisition of the purposive, practical matters; with his capacities not having been prematurely stimulated for the encompassing of knowledge which is afterwards to be discarded, his natural alertness and freshness is left unspoiled, and his mind, not having been driven forcibly into a rut from which it must later drag itself, is freer to develop that priceless,

swift and "poi-etic" enthusiasm which is the driving force of success in any subject, business, or event to which a human being may address himself.

Of course, this very openness of mind, uncircumscribed by precise and hardly-acquired knowledge, while it leaves the American so much the more versatile and so quickly fervent in any new direction of effort, by the very defects of its quality also places him at the mercy of an undisciplined imagination and undisciplined emotion. Hence, we should expect him to exhibit as his distinguishing mental traits, innocence of that rather indefinable and certainly over-rated mass of general knowledge which is vaguely held to constitute "culture," credulity, and sentimentality, and I think that all three of these qualities are essentially characteristic of him.

With regard to the first of these, it may be said that his ignorance of the things which it is elsewhere taken for granted that every one (above the peasant class) should know, or at any rate pretend to know, approaches the sublime. There is something lordly, something magnificent, in this calm and equable denial of even the fact that there is anything (apart from the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg address) which every one is supposed to know; for this lack of general information is freely acknowledged and apparently contemplated with a rather proud equanimity as being intimately associated with a true spirit of democratic freedom. Knowledge has always had something of the aristocratic in it, and has, even to-day, in spite of night schools and correspondence colleges, and consequently it rightly remains suspect in an honestly democratic community. The fact is cheerfully admitted, and even laughed over, as the many well-known anecdotes bearing on the subject will testify. The aspect of it which would probably most astonish an Englishman is that which so thoroughly embraces the Bible and everything connected with its personages. An experience which happened to me the other day may, perhaps, serve as an incidental illustration. An anecdote had

been related to me of a wealthy Westerner who had come east to buy "art" for his new marble palace in San Francisco, and who had, in commenting on a canvas in a Fifty-seventh Street studio in New York, revealed a nescience of New Testament history which staggered even my large capacity for belief. I retailed the case to a serious-minded friend, asking him if it was not palpably exaggerated; and to my surprise he insisted it was probably true, capping it by recalling that when he was at Harvard one of the students came bounding out of the examination-room and cheerfully demanded of the group which stood about the door, "Say, fellows, who is this Jehovah they were asking us questions about?" Frankly incredulous, I turned to a boy who was sitting by, who lives in a cultured home and has duly attended Sunday School, and asked him who Jehovah was. He looked puzzled, but said at last, "Do you mean Jehovah the Great?" I admitted that possibly "Jehovah the Great" was not a misnomer, and then he brightened up, and hazarded bravely, "Oh, he was one of those ancient kings, wasn't he?"

But this happy unawareness seems to extend quite as fundamentally to all classical and foreign tongues, and is made even more conspicuous in these by the itch of the uninformed to appear learned in print. Errors in French and Latin phrases, in particular, are too common to call for comment when they appear; but I recall with peculiar pleasure two particularly noticeable instances in which I was brave enough to suggest emendation to the writers. The first case was that of a gentleman who had made up out of his own consciousness a "quotation" from Horace as title to a poem in a magazine, and had managed to achieve no less than three grammatical errors in five words. In his answer to my letter he cheerfully admitted two of them, but stoutly denied the third, saying he had referred the question to a professor of classics in the local university. As this particular mistake happened to be the elementary one of the correct case to use after a preposition, one's imagination dwells with mingled awe and fondness on the character of the work in that

professor's classes. The other instance was that of a novel, in many respects quite praiseworthy, which had as one of its characters a Parisian valet who, while conversing fluently in good English, was wont, every two or three pages, to make some small remark in incorrect French. The author thanked me profusely and owned up to an entire ignorance of the French language, excusing himself by saying that he had relied for his French on a friend who had spent a summer in France. I have to admit that I find this entire absence of pretence and this naïve openness to correction not only admirable but charming; for I sadly fear that an English writer in like case would profess himself insulted, and would indignantly throw the blame on printer and proof-reader.

Having grown almost to maturity as the sole important political entity in a hemisphere, the United States is in the position of an only son who has come to manhood in a spacious home, and experienced none of the pressure and counterpressure, the frequent squabbles and friendships, the mutual forbearance and unconscious recognition of others' rights and others' points of view, and, above all, of the principle of live-and-let-live, which the children of a crowded family have to work out among themselves. Separated by the oceans from the comity of nations, America has prided herself on an isolation such as has never before been paralleled in the growth of a great country, and has done nothing to counteract the unacquaintance with the history, peculiarities, and sensibilities of other peoples and with the great principle of give-and-take, which this isolation has produced. Of the great civilizations of antiquity, the American knows nothing; of the great civilizations of to-day, his cloudy conceptions are bounded by the jejune and often grotesque smatterings which find their way into his school books, and which, combined with the vainglorious legends of his domestic history, lead him to suppose that America can "whip" any nation or combination of nations anywhere, at any time, and in anything—war and commerce equally included. This, of course, is a comforting conviction, conducing eminently to self-respect,

but it must be admitted that it has its dangers; and when a representative can publicly state, as was done within the past few months, that the best way to settle the Japanese immigration difficulty on the Pacific coast was to send a couple of battleships to Japan and "blow the islands out of the water," and the manager of the greatest news-service on the continent can go into a witness-box and swear, with every appearance of sincerity, that he never even heard of the Montreal *Star*, it really does seem as if the future was liable to hold some disagreeable surprises in store for the American,—to say nothing of the fact that he would be saved a vast deal of waste in effort and emotion if he could be induced to realize that most of his loudly-acclaimed modern social panaceas were fully worked out by Plato some twenty-five hundred years ago, and that even a superficial acquaintance with the history of Athens and Rome would acquaint him with the results of the tenement-house system, the effects of giving demagogues free rein in a democratic state, and many other problems which he fancies new, and over which he is now agonizing.

There is, however, a compensating advantage in having a mind thus ignorant of what exists and is happening outside the borders of its own country, and free as well from the encumberment of the accumulated débris of past centuries, for it is, the whole of it, immediately available for any interest of present importance, and that is why America specializes, so to speak, in specialists. A boy brings away from school no convictions, no ground-in knowledge, no ideas, no habit of discipline, no social prejudices, which are strong enough to hinder him giving all his mind and the whole of his energies to whatever he finds before him to do. In fact, more than any man on earth, he has achieved freedom from the paralyzing pressure of the dead-hand; and the result is seen in his optimism, his readiness, his freshness, and his capacity for swift and effectual fervencies.

VI

The absence of accepted guide-posts and the refusal to make the experience of other peoples and former generations a portion of his own experience, combined with his never-failing optimism, naturally leave the American's mind open to that hopeful apprehension of the thing immediately at hand—by whatever authority presented—which we call "credulity." His attitude towards the new and untried may not be a wise one, but it is undoubtedly a most refreshing change from the attitude of blasé suspicion which the European affects when envisaging an unfamiliar doctrine or an untried proposition. In fact, it would, I think, not be going too far to say that the substitution of *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* for *E pluribus unum* as the national motto would provide a shibboleth at once more national and less enigmatical; for this characteristic has made the United States a deep, rich pasturage for such as prefer to earn a living by exploiting the uncritical trustfulness of their fellows. In what other civilized country to-day, for instance, could the late lamented Cyrus Teed have founded a large and flourishing socio-religious organization,—with himself as high priest and dictator, of course,—based on the coruscating fooleries of his so-called "Cellular Cosmogony," which flatly denies every scientific achievement of the last three centuries and pictures the universe as consisting of a series of concentric shells, on the inner surface of the innermost of which we mortals live, the central space being occupied by the sun and stars and "mercurial disci moving by electro-magnetic impulse" (called by ordinary folk the planets)?

Where else could a Dowie, a Joseph Smith, or an Eddy, with no evidence and no assets but assertion and persistence, create huge churches over-night, so-to-speak, in defiance of human reason and human experience? Or where else could the gold-brick experts, the fake wire-tapping schemers, and the green-goods artists flourish persistently from generation to generation in spite of perpetual exposés, or could a single

regiment of the great army of easy-money seekers exact a tribute of thirty millions yearly in a single city, as the swindling stock-promoters are admitted to do in New York? This willingness to believe what he is told is, indeed, an admirable trait in the American, but it is certainly expensive both in money and disillusion; and, moreover, in another aspect, conjoined with his consciousness of lacking exact knowledge, renders him singularly sensitive to criticism; for, having no fixed hereditary or inculcated standards of judgement, he is intellectually never sure of his position, either personally in his own social scale, or nationally in the general system; and this, on the one hand, leads him by self-assertion and loudness to attempt to hold a standing which he privately doubts his right to; and, on the other, to take seriously outside comment and advice—often vouchsafed by persons of no standing whatever in their own communities—which a European would know enough to smile at derisively or else ignore altogether. And in his anxiety to do, to be, or—it may be—to wear, the thing which his self-elected mentor tells him is the right thing, the American shows himself prepared to go whole-heartedly to lengths which are often as fantastic as they are unexpected.

VII

Man, being—if ever so little—spiritual as well as material, he is always impelled to seek an exterior sanction for his actions. The American, having discarded the historical tradition, religion (for all practical purposes), and the superior caste which in other countries set the standards of fashion and behaviour, has found his super-rational direction in the general consent of an imaginary majority. He has thus acquired, in lieu of reasoned and tested rules of conduct, a vague but really powerful conventionalism, under the pervading influence of which he lives, and moves, and has his being, not because he likes it, but because he lacks the self-sureness to enable him either to question the verdict of this sacred majority or to bear its anticipated frown with equanim-

ity. Thus, he may not, for instance, take alcoholic drinks, even of the mildest kind, with his meals (except in New York and a few other favoured cities), although, as statistics show, he drinks *per capita* more—and, allowing for the vast number of total abstainers, much more—alcohol than his European brother; he may not have a fence about his front garden—it is "not American,"—even though stray dogs and the children of the neighbourhood play the cat-and-banjo with his most cherished flowers, and drive his gardener to the psychopathic ward of the nearest hospital; he must spurn titles and similar baubles, and think shame to confess another man his superior, but his wealthier daughters do not exhibit any noticeable hesitation in marrying into European titled families, while "Worthy Exalted Patriarchs," "Oriental Grand Potentates" and "Assistant Elevated Princes of Jerusalem" and other lofty-sounding mysteriarchs fill the by-ways with their temples, shrines, and lodges, and the high-roads with their bedecked and tinselled processions; he may not admit that a Briton can see a joke—much less make one—Lamb, Dickens, Barrie, and the other British humorists whom he himself thoroughly appreciates, notwithstanding; he must maintain that American men and women (and no others) can meet and be together freely and unchaperoned for any length of time and under any circumstances without moral danger; and this in spite of the continual unsavouriness of divorce-court revelations and of the lurid light on the subject that suddenly breaks at times from some co-educational school or college.

In fact, these conventionalities are so many in number and so varied that they alone would afford material for a portly treatise; but there is one especial one which has filled me with a wondering delight ever since I have been in a position to study at close range the conditions on which it is theoretically based—I mean that awe-struck agreement of all commentaries on, and descriptions of, American life in holding up to the admiration of a surprised world the cruel, the terrific, the murderous pressure at which the American—and, specifically, the New York—business-man works.

The American business-man, not having half his mind filled with cultural impedimenta, naturally finds business the easiest and pleasantest subject on which to converse, out of office-hours as well as in; and some guileless foreigner, arguing from conditions in his own country, supposed that talking business meant doing business, and consequently made up his mind that since the American will talk business all day, and as much of the night as he can get any one to listen to him, he never ceases to do business. A romantic peculiarity, such as this, would naturally strike the imagination of Europeans, who not only pretend to look down on business, but avoid its discussion with meticulous care except at stated hours. And hence the suggestion, once made, would naturally be accepted with gratitude by the writers of Europe who have always been at their wits' end to classify the American, since he refuses to fit in to any of their stereotyped forms. Then the American, probably to his own surprise at first, began to find out, as the legend grew from the parrot-like repetitions of each succeeding visitor to these shores, under what a frantic strain, and with what unparalleled consumption of nervous energy he worked. Always agog to discover himself, he snatched at this welcome crumb of definite information and gratefully erected it into a national trait, which, by now, every visiting critic must please acknowledge, and no American deny under penalty of being unpatriotic.

The fact is, of course, that in New York, just as in London, or Calcutta, or Paris—or in Timbuctoo or Banjermassin, for the matter of that—a few men overwork themselves to exhaustion, a fair number work really hard from choice, and the vast majority work because they are made to; but any one who has observed the New York business-man getting a shave and face-massage, and again a shoe-shine in the midst of his labours, or observed him with a friend or two discussing the crop-reports over a Martini in the nearest dispensary, will have no fears that he is unanimously slaving himself into an early grave—even in spite of his incurable habit of running to catch an over-crowded car, when the next one would do him quite as well.

There really is one thing, though, at which the American works harder than any one else in the world, and that is at trying to save himself work. The amount of treadmill labour he will cheerfully undergo, the intricate mazes of complexity he will daily thread, nervously busy by recipe, at the direction of a "labour-saving" expert who has inveigled him into the grip of one of the nightmare "systems" with which these remorseless faddists have afflicted the American business-world, are things to bring a tear to the eye of the most hardened observer.

It is true that the perfecting of the elevator as a practical factor in building has enabled offices and manufacturing-lofts to be piled thirty or forty storeys high, instead of the usual five or six, and that this in turn permits the congestion of the business districts of American cities at certain hours of the day with turgid floods of desk and machine-bound humanity which impart the temporary appearance of a business maelstrom to the down-town streets; but it is undeniable that, as a general thing, the general traffic—with the possible exception of funerals—moves faster in a big European city than it does in an American; and, to judge by results, the amount of effective work done by the average European business-man is not less than that done by his American brother.

VIII

Dowered with this capacity for letting a single interest entirely dominate his mind, sensitive, generous, it is only logical to expect that, once his feelings are stirred, the American will be prone to a rapid and intense, though not necessarily long-lasting, emotionalism. The Englishman is probably the most sentimental of Europeans, but he is hedged around with guard-rails of tradition and seldom lets himself be irretrievably carried away. The American, with less respect for the *convenences* and not in the least ashamed to show what he really feels, is often hurried into excesses of sentimentality with a suddenness and an irresponsible completeness which seem almost indecent to the Englishman,

and which certainly have within themselves an element of danger to the community.

To speak, for instance, outside of America of American patriotism is to provoke either a smile or a sneer; but in spite of the crude blatancy which is too often the form of its expression, in spite of its seeming theatrical pretence, and in spite of the threadbare antiquity of so many of its clichés, the thing is intensely and utterly real—while it lasts. All envisaging of facts, all weighing of probabilities, all recognitions of right and wrong are scattered to the winds and cease to exist in the glow of white-hot emotion, which the association of ideas which go by this name seems infallibly able to invoke with the speed and incalculable effect of a flash of lightning.

It is a curious form of emotional irrationalism, this American patriotism, and well worthy more attention from the psychologists than it has yet secured. It is certainly not the feeling which the original word denoted—love of the fatherland; in fact, I doubt rather whether love enters into it at all. It is political in character, and by no means represents the inherited fondness for the spot where one's fathers have lived and died, the love for a particular locality with which one is identified by race and upbringing, a fact which is made abundantly clear when one sees a roomful of people—Slavs, Negroes, Italians, Hebrews, Irish, possibly a Chinese or two, and perhaps even a real American by descent—singing lustily and with the most intense reality of devotion, "Land where my fathers died," or reflects that many of the greatest American "patriots" have been born and bred on the other side of the ocean.

But whatever it is, and from whichever of the springs of feeling it arises, it is an emotion, so real, so potent, and so easily reached, that no orator is so patently absurd, no politician so obviously self-seeking as not to be able to grip his audience directly he mentions the word "patriotism," while if a musical comedy did not provide for the waving of the Stars-and-Stripes in at least one chorus, its producer

might as well spare himself the expense of putting it on the stage.

Since the United States became a nation, their wars have been sentimental and idealist ones, from the War of 1812, waged really, though not officially, under the domination of the large and compelling ideal of bringing all of North America under one flag, down to the "Remember the Maine" War, which might be characterized as an international lynching. In fact, lynching itself, as a form of punishment, seems primarily due to the intense and sudden sentimentality of the American. Passionate and uncontrolled sympathy with the victim over-riding every other feeling, subconsciously aware of its own evanescence, it seeks to avenge instantly and surely, before the spasm of intense emotion passes; for impermanence is of the very essence of sentimentality, and thus it is that an American lawyer charged with the defence of a murderer will always fight primarily for delay, that public sympathy, at first fiercely intent upon the wrongs of the victim may have time to take cognizance of the discomforts and distresses of the incarcerated criminal.

It is this swift sentimentality which gives the phrase-maker his enormous power in America. How nearly those simple words "fifty-four-forty or fight" brought about a war, we all know; and how, more recently, Mr. Bryan's picturesque allusion to "mankind crucified upon a cross of gold" all but landed him in the White House and American finance in the ash-can, is still a threatening memory; for he might, indeed, have well paraphrased a famous saying, and said, "If I may make the nation's catchwords, I care not who shall write its books of political economy."

IX

Having now paid some little attention to the American at home, we may be in a better position to understand why, neither nationally nor individually, is he exactly *persona grata* abroad. Keen, kindly, and optimistic, not stiffened by caste or tradition, easy of belief and ready of sentiment, one

would imagine, at first glance, that here was a personality eminently fitted for pleasant intercourse with his fellowmen, of whatever geographical or political affiliation. Theoretically, yes; and, if the American happened to live in a world actuated by his own ideals, bounded by his own ignorances, and governed according to his own conceptions, practically yes, too. But, unfortunately, directly he steps outside his own borders he encounters folk whom unconsciously he regards as belonging to a less fortunate order of being, and who have been brought up to regard as important things which he considers negligible, who hold by questions of code, procedure, and precedence, and who bitterly resent any infringement of social and national prejudices, of which he knows nothing and cares less.

Possibly not as practical as the American, the people of the outside world insist on paying attention to the way in which a thing is done quite as much as to the object in doing it. They have just that highly-developed sense of order, of fitness, and of method which the American lacks; and as the latter, from his isolation, has never had to learn the great principle of "Put-yourself-in-his-place," he treads heavily and persistently on corns which he cannot conceive exist. On his side, also, his ignorance of foreign peoples and their history makes him impatient of things he does not understand, and too often contemptuous of things that he does. He is not sure of himself, and is apt to be loud by way of emphasizing his own importance; he betrays his facile emotions freely among people whose first thought is to conceal theirs from strangers; he talks freely of prices and money-values to those who have been taught to believe that money is vulgar; and he insists on orating about the merits and exploits of his country to folk who either care nothing for it or have no reason to regard it with affection.

Internationally the United States is in even worse case. They are judged by the part which varying administrations have played in the comity of nations; and, here, knowing nothing of, and caring very little for, the point of view of

other countries, they have offended national dignities and injured the susceptibilities of other peoples without scruple and so far—owing to their size and remoteness—without penalty, and often without even being conscious of the offence.

The career of the estimable Mr. Morgan Shuster in Persia affords an excellent illustration of the difficulties into which ignorance and a lack of disciplined training plunge the American who undertakes a part in the game of international politics. Personally a blameless young man, and by all accounts a most capable banker, Mr. Shuster, with the very best intentions in the world, and without in the least troubling himself about the complex of rights and wrongs, of regulations and conventions by which he was supposed to be bound, endeavoured to do what he thought to be just and proper under the circumstances, and in doing it cut corners, defied international agreements, and tried to untwist sacred red-tape in the most cheerful way. In short, he broke the rules of the game—simply from supposing that they didn't really matter—and had to be re-called, leaving matters worse tangled up than ever.

On the whole, then, what of the American? He stands to-day at a critical point. The old isolation which has brought into being many of his characteristics is being broken down. The Panama Canal, the growth of Canada from a negligible colony to a nation, his acquisition of the Philippines and of Porto Rico, and his practical protectorate over Cuba, his participation in the international military demonstration in China, his reaching out into the furthest recesses of the Old World for trade markets—all these things foreshadow his taking his due place in the brotherhood of nations before a generation is past. At home he is confronted by perils and problems of no mean order. The disappearance of the old-fashioned toleration of abuses, the new feeling of civic and of national responsibility which has been awakened along with the revival of conscience, the spirit of questioning towards accepted attitudes in education, in social ethics, and

in political affairs, which is daily more in evidence, all seem to point to an imminent quickening of the spirit similar to that which in religion is known as a "revival," and which, if once begun, his capacity for swift change and sweeping reconstructions may well turn to an almost incalculable tempest of reform in every avenue of social and spiritual effort. At the same time he has confronting him three great, shadowy threats, any one of which may suddenly become concrete and precipitate an acute crisis—the Monroe Doctrine, the negro question, and Mormonism. These, in any case, will try to the utmost his patience, his steadfastness, and his will for righteousness. No longer secure from aggression or protected against competition, he must enter more freely into the fellowship of the white races, and bring to the international complex whatever of value he has discovered in his years of retirement, to receive in return the things which he lacks.

He will endure, and he will flourish—he must, for the sake of civilization, for it may well be that here, on this continent, lies the future of the world; but, in order to achieve, he may have to sacrifice, to suffer, even to agonize, for hitherto things have come to him all too easily. Yet, whether good or bad be in store for him, it is clear that the American of the next generation will be able to look with more sympathetic eyes on the difficulties and the prejudices of his European brother; and with comprehension will come friendship and the sharing of responsibilities. It is becoming daily less and less possible for one great, white civilization to stand apart and seek a destiny of its own. The American must take his place shoulder to shoulder with the European in the great world-fight for decent living, for healthier children, and for equality of opportunity for the producing citizen, which has already begun, and will make the twentieth century the starting-point either of true freedom, or of the most iron-clad and widespread tyranny which the earth has ever borne.

JOHN VALENT

SYNDICALISM IN NEW ZEALAND

IT is the good fortune, or the misfortune, of New Zealand to be an insular country of considerable size, great natural resources, a splendid climate, and a relatively small population, fulfilling in almost every respect the philosopher's conception of an isolated state, an "Atlantis," "Utopia," or "Oceana," where social ideals might be realized and a model community established as an example to the rest of the world. The great colonizer, Wakefield, had such a thought in mind; the social reformers of the Liberal school more or less clearly perceived their unique opportunities; and the more radical leaders of the present day, single-taxers, socialists, and syndicalists, alike regard New Zealand as a place where their experiments may be tried under most favourable conditions and on more than a laboratory scale.

Certainly, the social experiments that have been tried by the people of New Zealand are many and far-reaching. They have state ownership of railways, telegraphs, and telephones; state life, fire, and accident insurance; state coal mines; state loans to settlers and workers; old-age pensions; administration of estates by a public trustee; ordinary and progressive taxation of land; rating on unimproved values for local purposes; income and inheritance taxes; state arbitration of industrial disputes; state regulation of factories, mines, and ships; workers' compensation for industrial accidents; and other forms of state activity designed chiefly for the benefit of the working-class.

Most of this progressive legislation has been enacted since the year 1890, when the Liberals came into power under the leadership of Ballance. Ballance, who was first of all a land reformer, effected a combination between the small

farmers and the working-class, the so-called "Lib-Lab Party," which controlled the destinies of New Zealand for more than twenty years. The small farmers and the agricultural labourers secured the legislation which they needed for the breaking up of large estates and the promotion of closer settlement; while the workers of the towns obtained much in the way of labour legislation, especially the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act of 1894, a measure designed not only to prevent strikes, but to increase wages, reduce hours, and improve labour conditions in other ways.

It was a powerful alliance, but could not endure, because it was not based upon a permanent harmony of interests. The small farmers as a class received all that they could reasonably ask, and were gradually transformed from radical agitators to prosperous, conservative citizens. The landless workers, on the other hand, began to feel, after a time, that they had got the worst of the bargain and were being defrauded of their rightful share in the prosperity of the country. The land question was the chief cause of dissension. The farmers, especially the state tenants, kept clamouring for the freehold, while the townsfolk insisted on a stricter system of leasehold and inclined more and more towards the Single Tax and Socialism.

The Liberal Party, in trying to effect a compromise between these conflicting interests, lost the support of many farmers by being too radical, and at the same time lost many of the labour leaders by being too conservative. The Ward Government was finally defeated in the general election of 1911, and was succeeded in July, 1912, by the Reform Party under the Hon. W. F. Massey, who had been for many years leader of the Opposition. The Reform Party claim to stand for true Liberalism and progressive legislation, but they are essentially the party of property and are somewhat reactionary in their policies. The triumph of the Reform Party showed that a majority of the people of New Zealand thought that the country had had enough of progressive and experimental legislation for a time, while the defection of the labour leaders

was due to their dissatisfaction with the same legislation because it had not gone far enough.

Of all the progressive legislation carried through by the Liberals, the only law that promised anything like a solution of the labour question was the Arbitration Act. Some of the most enthusiastic friends of the Act went so far as to say that it would abolish poverty, and for several years it looked as though such might be the result. The early decisions of the Arbitration Court were usually in favour of the workers; wages were raised; hours of labour were reduced; and for many years New Zealand was in fact a "country without strikes." It was a time of great prosperity, due chiefly to the invention of the refrigeration process by which the sheep-raisers were enabled to market their mutton as well as their wool; but that the Arbitration Act contributed to the general peace and prosperity can hardly be doubted.

After a time, however, the workers began to perceive that arbitration was not doing so much for them as at first, that wages were not increasing as fast as the cost of living, and that poverty, unemployment, and pauperism were almost as prevalent as ever. They were disappointed, doubtless, because they had expected too much, but they did not draw the inference that legislation could do little in the way of increasing wages without the coöperation of the workers themselves looking towards increasing efficiency. On the contrary, they began to think that some malign influence was interfering with the natural results of social reform, and they blamed the Arbitration Court, the Government, the employers, the landowners, and, above all, the social and economic system itself as the fundamental cause of exploitation, poverty, and misery of every kind. In other words, the discontent that pervades the working-class of other countries has spread to New Zealand, and the palliatives of social reform have served only to whet an appetite that can be satisfied with nothing less than the whole produce of labour. Indeed, it is a question whether the working-class will be satisfied with that, or whether they will not want to consume capital as well, exploit the capitalist,

the employer, and all workers of superior ability and industry, and thus kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

But it is well to remember, in speaking of the working-class in this general way, as though it were composed of individuals alike in every respect, united in thoughts, feelings, and aims, that such a working-class does not exist in any country. The solidarity of the working-class is only a socialistic dream. In New Zealand there are about 300,000 wage-earners, male and female, of whom only 72,000—or less than one-quarter of the whole—are members of unions. Of these about 61,000 are members of unions registered under the Arbitration Act, who, although they may not be altogether satisfied with arbitration, think it worth while to retain their registration. In fact, the number of unions registered under the Act increased from 307 on December 31st, 1911, to 322 in 1912, and the membership increased from 55,629 to 60,622, which more than made up the losses of the preceding year. There are left, then, only 11,000 union labourers who are not registered under the Act, chiefly miners, waterside workers, shearers, and general labourers. They belong to unions affiliated with the United Federation of Labour, the so-called "Red Fed," a revolutionary organization bitterly opposed to arbitration and definitely committed to the policy of the general strike. The Federation includes also some unions still registered under the Arbitration Act, but its total strength does not exceed 15,000 or 16,000 members all told. The revolutionary unionists, then, are a minority of a minority of the working-class, but their enthusiasm is so great and their organization so thorough that they exert an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. They are the class-conscious proletariat, the vanguard of Socialism, who expect to lead the united working-class to victory against the forces of capitalism.

The dissatisfaction of the workers with arbitration manifested itself first of all in criticism of the Arbitration Court, then in strikes of the ordinary industrial type, then in the formation of independent labour and socialist parties, and finally in strikes of the revolutionary or syndicalist type.

For more than twelve years after the passage of the Arbitration Act, there were practically no strikes in New Zealand, but in November, 1906, occurred a brief strike of tramway employees in Auckland, since when there have been strikes of more or less importance every year, numbering ninety-eight in all up to March 31st, 1913. Of these, no less than thirty-one were strikes of slaughtermen, who have probably gained more by striking than they could have gained through the Arbitration Court. The coal miners, too, have gained something by striking, and their example has encouraged other malcontents, who seem to think that a method that works well in a few cases must necessarily be successful in all. At first the strikers rendered themselves liable to fines for breach of award, but afterwards, finding that they could regain the right to strike by cancelling their registration, many of the unions withdrew from the jurisdiction of the Arbitration Court, and allied themselves with the New Zealand Federation of Labour, afterwards known as the United Federation of Labour.

There was a good deal of dissatisfaction among the unions remaining under the Act, but they preferred to redress their grievances by political methods rather than by direct action, and this constitutes the chief difference between the unions allied to the United Labour Party and those affiliated with the United Federation of Labour. The leaders of both factions are socialists, the former being socialists of the orthodox, or German, type, and the latter revolutionary unionists with more than a superficial resemblance to the syndicalists of France. It should be noted, in passing, that the United Labour party is the successor of the New Zealand Labour party which was organized in 1910, and that the United Federation of Labour is the successor of the New Zealand Federation of Labour, which originated among the workers in the state coal mine at Runanga.

At the conference of the Trades and Labour Councils, held in Auckland in July, 1910, a serious dissension occurred between the arbitration unionists and the representatives

of the Federation as to the "objective" of the New Zealand Labour party. The federationists wished to declare in favour of the "socialization" of the means of production, whereas the arbitrationists preferred to use the phrase "gradual public ownership of the means of production." It was a conflict between *socialists and socialists*, and the federationists were defeated by a large majority. Thus the breach that already existed between the moderate socialists and those of more extreme views was widened, and it has gone on widening until the present time. The Trades and Labour Councils established a federation of their own, but did not succeed in inducing the "Red Fed" to unite with them. The "objective" of the New Zealand Labour party, as finally adopted, reads as follows:

> To maintain upon the statute books all the progressive legislation that has already been enacted, and to insist upon its sympathetic and proper administration.
>
> To enact comprehensive measures and establish such conditions as will foster and insure equality of opportunity, also the moral, material, and educational advancement and the general comfort and well-being of the whole people, based upon the gradual public ownership of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange.

During the ensuing three years, earnest efforts were made by the leaders on both sides to unite the opposing factions, but without success. At the Conference of the Trades and Labour Federation in April, 1912, a new organization was formed, the United Labour party, largely through the influence of "Professor" W. T. Mills, of Milwaukee, who had come to New Zealand some time before to help on the cause of Socialism. In the platform of the new party the arbitrationists made notable concessions to the revolutionary unionists in the hope of winning their support. The revised "objective" reads as follows:

> To consolidate the political power of the workers in their own behalf, and to use their whole power, both political and economic, in negotiations with employers, in the courts, in municipal, county, and parliamentary bodies, in international relations, and, if need be in industrial revolt.

> To use the fruits of every partial victory to strengthen and continue this work until the power to oppress and exploit any of the workers, either by private monopolies controlling the government, or through the private monopoly ownership and control of industry, shall utterly disappear, and there shall be secured for all the people power to purchase with their income the total products of their labour—until, in short, the means of production, distribution, and exchange, in so far as they constitute in private hands instruments of oppression and exploitation, shall be socially owned and operated without profit and for the common good of all.

While going as far as they could in the direction of Socialism, farther, indeed, than most of their supporters could follow them, the arbitrationists refused to approve of the general strike, and made a specific declaration in favour of "the settlement of industrial disputes on the lines of legally established agreements and awards, by methods of conciliation and arbitration." By taking this stand they made it impossible to conciliate the leaders of the "Red Fed," who were determined to bring about the social revolution by other means.

A few weeks later the New Zealand Federation of Labour held its fourth conference in Wellington, at which representatives were present from twelve miners' unions with 3,971 members, four unions of general labourers with 2,244 members, eleven unions of the transport branch with 3,400 members, the Shearers' Association with 3,589 members, and three miscellaneous unions with 791 members, making in all 14,003 members of affiliated unions, most of which had cancelled their registration under the Arbitration Act and were free to strike at the call of the Federation.

Although there was intense feeling among the delegates because of the Waihi strike, which was then going on, the debates were surprisingly temperate in tone. Mr. W. E. Parry gave an account of the strike from the miners' point of view, stating that the Waihi Company had provoked the men by inducing the engine-drivers to form a "scab union" under the Arbitration Act. Mr. J. B. King said that the miners were fighting to maintain solidarity and that their fight was in accordance with industrial unionism. Mr. J. E. Duncan contended that a vital principle was at stake. It was a

class fight, a fight of organized labour against organized capital. Mr. R. Semple, the organizer of the Federation, said that if there was danger of the organization going down in a fight, if he thought the gallows would save the organization, he would be prepared to face the worst that could happen. They were meeting all the forces of capitalism, and generalship was necessary if they were to win the fight. Mr. P. H. Hickey said that the manifestation of solidarity at Waihi was creditable to the members of the organization generally. Mr. E. J. Howard said that striking workers were always to be supported, on the principle of "our class, right or wrong."

Mr. P. C. Webb, president of the Federation, stated that the old form of craft unionism had oultived its usefulness. The Federation desired to unite the whole of the working-class into one great organization on the basis of industrial unionism. The Arbitration Court had been given a trial and had done little for the miners. Mr. Semple and Mr. Rosser mentioned with great satisfaction an agreement between the Federation and the coal-miners' organization in Australia for the prevention of "intercolonial scabbery" in the case of a strike in either country. Mr. R. S. Ross, of the Socialist party, claimed the hearty support of the Federation on the ground that the principles and aims of the two organizations were essentially the same, although their methods might be somewhat different. Mr. W. E. Parry moved that the Federation confine itself to industrial action and leave political action to the Socialist party, but the motion was lost by a vote of fifty to ninety-four. In regard to arbitration it was resolved by a vote of one hundred to forty-three to instruct all unions in the Federation to cancel their registration as soon as practicable.

It was unanimously resolved:

> That this Conference express its disapproval of the action of the British government in gaoling Tom Mann for rightly calling upon the British soldiers to refrain from firing upon the British workmen. To Tom Mann we extend our heartiest congratulations for the continued fearless advocacy of revolutionary working-class principles.

It was also unanimously resolved:

> That Conference take into immediate consideration the advisability of introducing certain machinery clauses that will have the effect of transforming the Federation into a National Industrial Union of Workers on the lines of the Industrial Workers of the World.

In supporting the motion, Mr. P. Fraser said that the constitution of the Industrial Workers of the World was the most scientific weapon which had yet been adopted on behalf of the working-classes. It was infinitely superior to any form of federation or confederation, such as existed, for instance, in France.

In debating a motion to ask the government to grant no further coal leases and to open more state coal-mines, it was said by Mr. Duncan that the working-class would not benefit by government control of industry, that governments exist to make state enterprises a failure, and that conditions in the state mines were not better than in other mines. Mr. King said that state enterprises were in effect owned by capitalists and that government exploited as much as private enterprise. Several of the delegates said that conditions were better in the state mines than elsewhere, and the resolution was carried.

At this conference a new constitution of the New Zealand Federation of Labour was adopted, with a preamble which was almost a literal copy of the preamble adopted at the first convention of the Industrial Workers of the World, held in Chicago on June 27th, 1905, and reads in part as follows:

> The working-class and the employing-class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working-people, and the few who make up the employing-class have all the good things of life.
>
> Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.
>
> We find that the centring of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing-class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to

be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars.

These conditions can be changed only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lock-out is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto: "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," our watchword is: "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working-class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

It can readily be seen from this preamble that the Federation could not consistently support the Arbitration Act, nor even favour the making of trade agreements which should interfere with a sympathetic strike, or its logical outcome, a general strike. But as trade agreements are essential to the system of collective bargaining, it follows that the Federation was striking at the very root of trade union policy and could no longer put forth any reasonable claim to recognition of unions or preference to unionists. The only remedy left, therefore, to the "Red Fed" was the strike, and the logical outcome of their principles must be a general and continuous strike until the social revolution should be accomplished, or the Federation itself should be utterly crushed. The views of the Federation in regard to agreements were thus expressed in a speech delivered by the secretary, Mr. P. Hickey, in January, 1912: "Any agreement entered into is not binding upon you for a single instant. No, not if it was signed by a thousand officials and ratified by a dozen courts. The agreement is not sacred. Only a fool would regard it as such. The moment an opportunity occurs to better your condition, break your agreement. Break it whenever it will pay you to do so. If necessary, toss every agreement to hell."

The Waihi strike, serious though it was, was only a preliminary skirmish or trial of strength between the New Zealand Federation of Labour and the Waihi Company and other members of the Goldmine Owners' Association. The strike began on May 13th, 1912, and lasted until November 20th. It was caused by a dispute between the Waihi Miners' Union, which had cancelled its registration and joined the Federation, and the engine-drivers, who had seceded from the Miners' Union and formed a union of their own, registered under the Act. The miners regarded the engine-drivers as members of a "scab union" formed at the instigation of the employers in order to break down the Federation, and demanded that the company disband the new union and compel the men to return to their former allegiance. The company stood by the engine-drivers and the Arbitration Act, and after a prolonged and bitter struggle, during which there was much intimidation and violence, the federationists were defeated. New unions were formed under the Arbitration Act; the government sent a large force of police to keep order; the mines were re-opened and the strikers' places gradually filled; and finally, the recalcitrant miners and their families were practically expelled from the town. The Federation received a severe defeat, but immediately made preparations for a more decisive struggle that should, if necessary, become a general strike. The employers' associations, too, throughout the Dominion, realizing that it was no longer a question of fair wages but of revolution, began to plan an offensive as well as a defensive campaign, grimly determined to crush the Federation at the first favourable opportunity.

Soon after the Waihi strike was over it was proposed to form two new organizations to take the place of the New Zealand Federation of Labour and the United Labour party, the one to represent the industrial and the other the political activities of the militant labour forces. The industrial organization was to be called the United Federation of Labour and the political organization was to be known as the Social Democratic party. For this purpose a Unity Congress was

held in Wellington in July, 1913, but it resulted in disunion. The Hon. J. T. Paul, Mr. W. A. Veitch, M.P., Mr. M. J. Reardon, M.P., and most of the leaders of the United Labour party, withdrew their support from the conference, as did also the representatives of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants; but Mr. W. T. Mills, and a few other members of the United Labour party, went over to the revolutionists. The Hon. George Fowlds, of Auckland, a prominent single-taxer, also withdrew, because, as he wrote, the constitution adopted for the new Federation was "distinctly revolutionary in character and bound to bring discord to the cause of labour."

Mr. Edward Tregear, formerly secretary of labour, a socialist of the parliamentary school, and always a strong advocate of labour legislation, now declared in favour of more militant methods. In discussing the strike clauses of the constitution, he said:

> I have been for years an opponent of strikes, for the reason that it seemed to be a barbaric way of carrying on industrial argument. I did hope that the Arbitration Act would have been accepted by the whole body of labour. Twenty years have passed away and I find that the Arbitration Act has not stopped strikes. We have to compromise for a strike, but a strike limited in every possible way by the common sense and cool judgement of the whole of the members of the Federation of Labour.

The preamble of the New Zealand Federation of Labour was omitted from the constitution of the United Federation, but the constitution was none the less revolutionary in its character. The chief object of the Federation was declared as follows:

> To organize systematically and scientifically upon an industrial union basis, in order to assist the overthrow of the capitalist system, and thus bring about a coöperative commonwealth based upon industrial democracy.

The section on strikes concludes as follows:

> The United Federation of Labour will employ the strike weapon, local, general, or national, whenever the circumstances demand such action. In the event of a lock-out or authorized strike, the full strength of the United Federation shall be at the call of the national executive in support of the section affected.

After the "Unity Congress" adjourned, on July 11th, a vigorous campaign was carried on through the dual organization, especially among the miners, seamen, and wharf labourers, with the evident intention of securing control of the transportation service of the country; and although the federationists could not win the railway servants, their position was very strong, as most of New Zealand's traffic goes by sea. The employers, too, felt that a trial of strength was inevitable, and it required only a slight pretext to constitute a *casus belli*.

The trouble began in Wellington with a minor dispute between the Union Steamship Company and about a dozen members of the Shipwrights' Union, a branch of the Wellington Waterside Workers' Union, which itself was affiliated with the United Federation of Labour and had cancelled its registration under the Arbitration Act. The Shipwrights' Union went on strike on October 18th. The Waterside Workers held a special "stop-work" meeting on the wharf at eight o'clock on the morning of October 22nd to consider the grievances of the shipwrights. The meeting lasted about two hours, and when the men went back to work some of them found other union men working on their jobs, whereupon the executive of the union demanded that the late comers be reinstated forthwith. The shipping companies refused to do this, and a strike was called. The control of the strike was then placed in the hands of the executive of the United Federation of Labour, as provided in the constitution.

The Federation committed a series of blunders in supporting the watersiders in their hasty action. In the first place, the watersiders were working under an agreement which expressly provided that in case of dispute there should be no cessation of work, but the dispute should be referred to a special committee, and afterwards, if necessary, to higher authorities. Secondly, the constitution of the Federation itself provided safeguards against precipitate action that were not observed. Again, it would have been wiser to have postponed the strike until the expiration of the watersiders' agreement in the month of February, in the height of the

slaughtering season, when the country would be more than usually dependent on transportation facilities. But the Federation, having stirred up their followers to the striking point, could not hold them back, and before they were quite ready the struggle was on.

All the members of the Waterside Workers' Union, about sixteen hundred in number, went on strike, and immediately all the shipping in the harbour of Wellington was tied up. The employers then tried to handle the cargoes with seamen and free labourers, but the strikers compelled them to desist, established pickets, and for twelve days had possession of the wharves. Very soon there was a shortage of provisions in the city, and prices rose enormously, while farm products in the country, especially butter and cheese, began to spoil for lack of storage facilities, and hundreds of small farmers were brought to the brink of ruin. The strike quickly spread to Auckland, Lyttelton, Dunedin, and other seaports, until, by the end of October, there were more than five thousand watersiders on strike, while disorders were increasing and disturbance to trade was becoming daily more serious. A strike of coal-miners, too, which began at Huntly on October 20th, spread in sympathy with this and the watersiders' dispute, until all the mines on the West Coast, including the state mines, were idle, and trade in that region was completely paralysed.

The employers were quick to see the weak points in the strikers' position, and took strong ground from the very first. They claimed, and it could not be denied, that the watersiders had broken their agreement. They insisted, too, that as the union was not registered under the Arbitration Act, the agreement was not legally enforceable. Finally, they objected to dealing with the Federation, as that organization was revolutionary in its methods and aims and could not be trusted to keep its agreements. The employers, therefore, repudiated the old agreement and proposed a new agreement, embodying practically the same terms but registered under the Arbitration Act. At the same time they requested the

government to make adequate provision for the protection of life and property in and around the wharves.

At the instance of the prime minister, the Hon. W. F. Massey, a conference was held on October 28th, when the employers receded a little from their position and offered to accept the old agreement with a penalty clause, or to submit the whole dispute to Sir Joshua Williams as arbitrator. The Federation, thinking that they had control of the situation, refused to compromise. A week later another conference was held, at which the Federation proposed to accept one of the alternatives offered by the shipowners, but by that time the positions were reversed, the employers had the whip-hand and would agree to nothing less than a new agreement registered under the Arbitration Act. Thus the employers of New Zealand who used to think it a hardship to be under the jurisdiction of the Arbitration Court have become its strongest supporters, while many of the workers who were formerly loud in praise of arbitration are now most bitter in condemnation of it.

In the early stages of the strike there was considerable violence, intimidation, and rioting, but the government took a firm stand against lawlessness, and determined to maintain order at any cost. On October 25th the commissioner of police issued a call for volunteers to enroll as special constables. The call received immediate response from clerks, civil servants and other young men of the cities, but especially from the country people, and presently hundreds of mounted farmers were riding towards the chief centres of trouble to enroll as special constables and to break the strike by acting as volunteer wharf labourers. The farmers were threatened with serious losses, and were determined to protect themselves to the best of their ability. Indeed, if the government had not enlisted them it is probable that they would have marched on the seaports without invitation, and there would have been civil war upon the wharves.

Within a week after the beginning of the strike, small armies of special police were encamped on the outskirts of

Wellington, Auckland, Lyttelton, and other towns, waiting until they had gathered in sufficient force to take decisive action. At Wellington, on November 5th, a thousand men rode down to the railway wharf from their camp at Mount Cook to protect a shipment of race-horses, and on the way sustained a fierce attack from a mob of strikers and their friends, howling, cursing, and throwing stones, bricks, pieces of iron, and other missiles. The police charged the mob several times, and there were numerous casualties on both sides, some very serious. On the next day the police once more surrounded the wharves, when there was no further resistance, and regular work was begun by a new union registered under the Arbitration Act, assisted by some of the seamen. The new union began with forty-seven members, and before the end of the strike more than two thousand were enrolled, chiefly farmers. Not only did the volunteers act as police and wharf labourers, but they actually manned the ships as seamen and firemen and went to sea, a feat that the strikers declared the farmers could not do. The course of events was very similar at Auckland, where, on November 8th, a force of over a thousand police occupied the waterfront. Within a few days most of the seaports were open, and the loading and unloading of cargo was going on much as before the strike, for the volunteers were found to be quite as efficient as the regular hands, and in some cases more so.

As a protest against the use of the special police and the formation of "bogus" or "scab" unions, the Federation ordered a general strike in Auckland, and sent the following telegram to all unions in Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin:

> In view of the gigantic conspiracy to smash organized labour and the life and death struggle throughout New Zealand, in order to preserve unionism against armed blacklegism, we call upon your union to make a common cause by refusing to work till the armed scabs leave the city. Auckland is magnificently solid. Will you follow? Labour's defeat means labour's annihilation.

The response to the call was by no means general, except in Auckland, where, on November 10th, the strike leaders claimed that fourteen unions, involving 7,500 workers, were

idle. The striking unions included waterside workers, tramway employees, carters, hotel and restaurant workers, timber workers, furniture workers, carpenters, tinsmiths, certificated engineers, painters, and general labourers. Drivers of bread carts, parcel delivery carts and carts collecting refuse were exempted from the call. Later, the seamen also went on strike, bringing the total up to 8,000 or more, including, however, about 1,000 non-strikers thrown out of employment. For a time business was at a standstill, and it seemed as though the industrial paralysis so often threatened by the revolutionary unionists was an accomplished fact. But in other places there was scarcely a pretense of a general strike. Only the drivers came out in Wellington. The strike was more general on the West Coast, where the mines and sawmills were closed for many weeks. It is estimated that the total number of strikers in the whole of New Zealand was about 16,000, including 5,000 watersiders, 4,000 miners, 2,000 seamen, and 5,000 members of other unions. It is evident, then, that the Federation had mustered its full strength, and had persuaded some arbitration unionists to come out, and thus take the risk of incurring penalties for breach of award. But the strikers, all told, numbered barely twenty-five per cent. of all the union workers, and less than six per cent. of all the wage-earners of New Zealand.

Even in Auckland only fifteen unions out of fifty-five went on strike. Because of the large bodies of special constables at all important points, there was little violence after the early outbreaks, and merely a "strike of folded arms," which had practically failed within a week of the general call. Presently it was found that the strike funds were running low and some unions were ordered back to work that they might contribute to the support of the rest. Others went back without consulting the Federation. On November 23rd the "general strike" was called off in Auckland, leaving only the transportation section still out. Meanwhile, the trouble had spread to Australia, where the watersiders refused to handle "black" cargo from New Zealand, and the cargo of several ships was handled by the Union Company's office staff.

The strike was officially declared off on December 19th and 20th, in so far as all but the miners were concerned. The seamen were to renew their agreement for a period of three years, the Auckland branch to remain registered and the Wellington and Dunedin branches to register under the Arbitration Act. The watersiders at all the ports immediately flocked back to the wharves, asking to be enrolled in the new unions, all of which were registered. Before the middle of January the miners also had agreed to go back as members of registered unions, and the great strike was ended.

The United Federation of Labour was utterly defeated. Not only was the "general strike" a failure, but the attack on the principle of arbitration was checkmated. Instead of remaining outside the jurisdiction of the Arbitration Court and inducing others to secede, the strikers themselves were driven within the arbitration fold and lost their right to strike. Some of the leaders were arrested and punished for "inciting to commit a breach of the peace," and all of them were more or less discredited in the eyes of their followers. The Federation itself has been completely discredited, for the people of New Zealand have had a demonstration of revolutionary unionism that they will not soon forget. Direct action may be the weapon of minorities, but if the revolutionary minority should continue to use it, they would find more than the farmers arrayed against them. If, on the other hand, the revolutionists should become a majority, direct action would no longer be necessary.

The government and the farmers were chiefly responsible for the breakdown of the strike. The government clearly saw that violence is essential to the success of a revolutionary minority, and that when the possibility of violence is removed, the failure of such a strike is a foregone conclusion. The strike was unpopular, and only violence could have prevented the replacement of the watersiders by strike-breakers. Thousands of farmers and townsmen were ready to do duty as special police and wharf labourers, and had there been need the

government could have enlisted thousands more. The general strike, long the terror of industrial society, was not so terrible when seen face to face, and it was found, as in the great strike in Sweden in 1909, that society could protect itself if only law and order were preserved. Moreover, it was found that society could hold out longer than the strikers, and that volunteers could practise trades in which they had not been trained. A general strike by a majority of the people would be a totally different thing, but why should a majority of the people strike against themselves? Political action, therefore, is the proper weapon of the working-class, although there may be a time and a place for direct action when evils arise which cannot be borne and for which there is no other remedy.

The United Labour party, at first silent, issued a manifesto against the strike on November 14th, and later published a detailed statement giving a review of the dispute and condemning the revolutionary policy of the Federation. The Federation, in retaliation, accused them of "crucifying" their own class; while the employers distrusted them as socialists and political agitators, and blamed them for initiating a movement whose extreme development they could not control. The United Labour party seems to have lost prestige for the present, and yet the political action for which they stand has taken the lead over revolutionary methods, and if they can work in harmony with the Federation, it is likely that they will play a considerable part in the approaching general election. The Liberal party also has lost prestige, because of favouring the strikers, and unless they can effect an alliance with the Labourites their chances of return to power will be very slight. At the present time the odds are strongly in favour of the Massey government, which has gained great credit for the way it handled an extremely difficult situation.

An important amendment to the Arbitration Act, the Labour Disputes Investigation Bill, was passed on December 15th, involving an application of the principle of the Canadian

law to unions and workers not registered under the Arbitration Act. Henceforth, unions that have cancelled their registration will not be altogether free to strike, but must first comply with the provisions of the new law as to notice, secret ballot, investigation, and publicity. If this law had been in effect earlier in the year, it is probable that the watersiders' strike would not have occurred. Yet, a similar law was altogether ignored by the strikers in the recent outbreak of syndicalism in South Africa.

As to the present status of the Arbitration Act, it is generally thought that it has been greatly strengthened, yet it is doubtful whether it has been strengthened in the affections of the wage-earners. Formerly there was only one-sided compulsion, and the Act was used by the workers as a weapon against the employers; now the weapon is in the hands of the employers and the workers are being compelled to make enforceable agreements under the Act. At last there is compulsory arbitration in New Zealand, and the fate of the workers is in the hands of the Arbitration Court. If the workers feel that they are not being treated fairly by the court, they will doubtless try to gain the political power, as has been done in Australia, but even then it will be found that wages cannot be fixed at a point higher than business can stand, without reducing the demand for labour and producing effects the very opposite of those intended.

J. E. LeRossignol

THE NOVELS OF FEODOR DOSTOIEFFSKY

I

IT is safe to say that amongst the many as yet problematical results of the war, one certain effect will be the growth of a more intimate knowledge of Russian life and ideals in England and her Dominions. The movement, indeed, has already begun, was in process before the war began, as translations of Russian writers into English were supplemented by the writings of men like Bernard Pares, Maurice Baring, Stephen Grahame and others. The German taunt against England that she has allied with a reactionary, a semi-barbarous nation—a taunt which presumably forgets the strenuous efforts which Christian and cultured Germany is making to gain the offensive alliance of Mohammedan Turkey—has aroused the retort that if we are to compare ideals—the touchstone of a nation's civilization—those of Russia, as expressed in the writings of a novelist like Dostoieffsky, are more in consonance with English civilization than those of a German philosopher, such as Nietzsche, who could talk of the " strange and morbid world into which the Gospels lead us..... proper material for the pen of a Dostoieffsky." We do not say that the doctrines of Nietzsche are as widely held in Germany as the teachings of Dostoieffsky are representative of the most religious, if the least advanced, of the great nations of Europe. But it is time that writings of one who to Nietzsche was representative of the Russian spirit—as of the Gospel teaching—became more than a mere name to us.

As recently as 1910, Mr. Maurice Baring could write that whilst in Russia Dostoieffsky was ranked far above Turgeneff and as the equal of Tolstoy, only one of his works, *Crime and Punishment*, was known at all in England. This may have been an exaggeration, but certainly Dostoieffsky can only be

said to have "arrived" in England in the last ten years, long after he was well known in France and Germany. In part compensation for this, we may persuade ourselves that the almost proverbial tardiness of the English-speaking public to appreciate the literary work of other nations, carries with it the corollary that the appreciation, when it does come, is lasting. There is, indeed, little doubt that the place Dostoieffsky is coming to take in England through the recent translation of most—though as yet not all—of his works into English, will be a permanent one. Not that Dostoieffsky will ever be a popular novelist in English-speaking countries in the sense he is in Russia; his works are too far removed, both in structure and character, from those which flood and largely overflow the English-reading novel market.

It is only fair to say, however, that the comparative unfamiliarity of Dostoieffsky's work in England is in part the result of the character of the writer and his novels. Attention and sympathy naturally enough have been focussed primarily on the Liberals and revolutionaries of Russia, who, often in exile in England itself and better known thereby, have eclipsed to a considerable extent those writers, amongst whom Dostoieffsky stands out as chief, whose genius was neither extinguished nor they themselves expelled by the narrow officialdom of Russia. Dostoieffsky himself, in fact, no light sufferer from the hostility of the government of his day to liberal ideas, was none too well liked by men like Turgeneff and Gorki.

II

No constant relation can be postulated as existing between the life and work of a novelist. We cannot say that in proportion as a novel reflects the personal experiences of its author it is, *ipso facto*, better than one which does not. But unquestionably some of the greatest novels are those which are drawn from the life-blood of their writers. Dostoieffsky's novels possess this quality to an extraordinary degree. Few novelists have been so incarnated in their work. He is com-

parable in this to the English novelist whom, in large measure for this and its implied accompaniments, Swinburne placed above all other women and most men novelists of the last century—Charlotte Brontë. The " inevitability " of Charlotte Brontë's work is more than reminiscent of the novels of Dostoieffsky. The depth and inspiration which raises the work alike of Dostoieffsky and of Charlotte Brontë above nine-tenths of the novels of their age is primarily due to their having lived so much of their writing. They were contemporaries, though Charlotte Brontë ended her brief career long before Dostoieffsky succumbed to the effects of his long continued struggle with poverty and ill-health. There is, of course, a wide gulf between the somewhat Bohemian journalist and novelist of nineteenth century Russia and the daughter of the vicar of Keighley in Victorian England, a gulf in work as in life. But both wrote of life, not merely as they saw it, but as they experienced it; both alike had a touch of the divine fire.

To understand Dostoieffsky's work, then, some knowledge of his life is necessary. In his career three things stand out clearly; one an event or series of events—his exile in Siberia; the other two, permanent possessions—his poverty and his ill-health. Born in Moscow in 1821, the son of a doctor and belonging to the lowest rank of the nobility, he inherited epilepsy and poverty, a heritage which clung to him all his life and whose effects are indelibly written in his work. He was educated in Moscow and later in Petrograd, emerging at the age of twenty-three as a sub-lieutenant from the military engineering school there. His liking for literature and literary work soon found expression in his first book, *Poor Folk*, which appeared in 1846, a book whose title is aptly and truly suggestive of his interests as a novelist throughout his career.

Three years later came the turning point in his life. In common with other young Liberals he had the temerity to take an interest in the Liberal movement which swept over western and middle Europe in 1848. Though the wave was

spent ere it reached Russia, the reaction was enough to bear to imprisonment Dostoieffsky and thirty-three other fellow-members of a Liberal club. There is, indeed, only one reported utterance to suggest that Dostoieffsky was an advocate of revolution as a means of reform, but that was sufficient. Condemned to execution, he was reprieved on the very threshold of death and sent to Siberia. How that close escape affected him—one of his companions it drove to insanity—may be seen in the account of such an escape which he places in the mouth of Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot*, and again refers to in *The Possessed*. His ten years in Siberia, four years imprisonment as a political offender, three in military service, and then a final three, produced a book, *The Dead House*, probably the most realistic account written of convict life in Siberia. It is a fuller, bigger book than *Poor Folk*, pitilessly illuminative of the ugliness of much of the life there, but showing more than indications of the amazing insight into character and wide sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men and women which is characteristic of him. His imprisonment and exile did not produce what we might have expected, feelings of hostility to the government from whose injustice he had suffered. On the contrary, Dostoieffsky regarded his exile as a great blessing. Certainly his health improved; perhaps even of more importance, he might never have become the novelist of the Russian people, the folk writer, had he escaped this close contact with good and bad, innocent and guilty, from whose neighbourhood there was no escape.

Yet, whilst Dostoieffsky on his return from Siberia failed to join the ranks of the revolutionists or to despair of the government, whilst his attitude was therefore as unacceptable to the best known of his literary contemporaries as his influence, in their eyes, was pernicious, he was very far from becoming merely unthinking or subservient in regard to politics. His attempt to maintain a position sympathetic towards Liberalism yet opposed to Nihilistic or revolutionary measures—which he hated—found favour in neither camp.

His first journalistic effort in Petrograd was ruined by the indiscriminating repression of the authorities, and after further efforts, impeded as they were by financial difficulties and ill-health, he fled abroad as the only means of escaping imprisonment for debt. There, too, ill-health and poverty dogged his footsteps. His literary work went on, however. In 1866 appeared *Crime and Punishment;* two years later, *The Idiot;* four years later again, *The Possessed.* Last of all, unfinished, came *The Brothers Karamazov.* Between these came shorter stories of differing quality and journalistic work in the unceasing struggle with poverty, a struggle not rendered easier by the responsibilities he had for his brother's family or his own carelessness in financial affairs. Fame came slowly to him, even after his return to Russia. The promise of his first book, when he was awakened at two o'clock in the morning to be told by the critics to whom he had submitted *Poor Folk,* that he had achieved something—a moment which he described as the happiest of his life—only received its due fulfilment in the tribute paid him after his death when all Petrograd flocked to do honour to his remains. Then Tolstoy himself, neither friend nor acquaintance of Dostoieffsky, could write, " I never saw the man and never had any direct relations with him, yet suddenly when he died, I understood that he was the nearest and dearest and most necessary of men to me."

The ill-health which was part of Dostoieffsky's inheritance and which was written on the lines of his face, is written even more plainly in his writing, much of which was accomplished under its limitations. The faults of his work may in part be put down to this. For example, the lack of revision which his novels display suggests this. The meticulous analysis of the characters of irrational hypochondriacs such as Raskolnikoff, the student hero-villain of *Crime and Punishment;* of Brother Ivan in *The Brothers Karamazov;* of Stavrogin or Kirillov in *The Possessed,* inevitably suggest that they reflect experiences of their creator. The account of the epileptic fits of Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot,* with the slow accumu-

lation of antecedent mental and physical experiences is clearly that of one who has himself suffered in this way.

Not less clearly evidenced in his writing is the poverty which pursued him phantom-like all his life. That it affected his work he knew full well. "Work from want and for money has crushed and devoured me. Will my poverty never cease? Ah! if I had money, then I should be free," he cried on one occasion. Yet it is the knowledge of the lives of the poor, and the understanding and sympathy born thereof, which are of the very essence of Dostoieffsky's genius. Wealth might have made him free, but he would hardly have come to fill his peculiar and special place as the interpreter of the poor, who could read, as no one else, the soul of the *moujik* and render articulate his thoughts and desires in regard to the things of this world and the next, who could not only realize himself but make live in fiction the mental struggles of the poverty-stricken and lonely student in his attic, or the humdrum monotony of the petty official's daily struggle with poverty. It is this intimacy of knowledge, sympathetic knowledge, which contributes to make Dostoieffsky above all things the novelist of the Russian people.

III

This intimate understanding of people, preëminently of poor people, permeates all Dostoieffsky's novels, from the first one, *Poor Folk*, to his unfinished work, *The Brothers Karamazov*, in some ways the greatest of his books. *Poor Folk*, whilst it is much slighter and less mature than his later works, illustrates well enough the trend of his thought. It consists of a loosely strung series of letters supposed to be exchanged between an old official of humble rank and a young girl. The poverty of the petty official, Makar Dievouchkine, is extreme, though hardly more pathetic than his effort to hide it from the superiors in his department or the sacrifices he makes in attempting to ameliorate the poverty of his almost destitute and ailing correspondent, Varvara Alexeievna, a distant relation. On her he lavishes the pent-up love

of a lifetime, portraying both that and his own character with all its weaknesses in his letters, in a way which is only redeemed from being ludicrous by its pathetic and intense sincerity. The end is tragicomic. Varvara accepts an offer of marriage from a man of some means, not because she loves him but to end a situation which is rapidly becoming desperate as well as to aid her would-be benefactor. He, however, is left desolate and inconsolable to face the drab round of a routine which has long since sapped his independence and vitality. The later works of Dostoieffsky, more purely novels in the ordinarily accepted sense of the term—widely as they depart from the conventions of the modern novel—display the same knowledge and sympathy with the "poor folk" of Russia. To the accounts of the life of the poor in Petrograd in *Crime and Punishment*, can be added those of the life of the poorer people in provincial towns as described in *The Brothers Karamazov*, or in *The Possessed*, or the sketches in *The House of the Dead*, or *Letters from the Underworld*.

The mixture of tragedy and comedy, the proximity of laughter and tears in the first work of Dostoieffsky, as it is characteristic of life is characteristic of Dostoieffsky's novels. Yet unquestionably in his later works the tragic note is the dominant one. Happiness, where we find it in his works, is not the joy of innocence or the inexperience of sorrow; it is rather the deeper happiness born of suffering and tribulation. Each one of his later works has its tragedy, indeed the novels usually hinge on a tragedy. The curtain is raised on the eve of a tragedy, which we feel almost from the beginning is inevitable, whether it takes place early in the story, as in *Crime and Punishment*, or at the end, as in *The Idiot*. In *Crime and Punishment*, the tragedy is the murder of an old and defenceless woman, a money-lender, by a student half-deranged by poverty, ill-health, and the working of a diseased mind which impels him to perform the act to prove to himself that he is not subject to the ordinary rules of right and wrong. The murder committed, the story describes the struggle which goes on in the mind of the murderer,

Raskolnikoff, between his attempt to justify his action to himself, and his revulsion after the deed. This latter feeling, helped by the influence of a young girl and the tactics of a criminologist, brings at last his confession, trial, imprisonment in Siberia—and ultimate happiness. In *The Possessed* (or *Demons*), the attempt by a Nihilist to convert to his propaganda certain people in a small provincial town, plunges the chief character in the novel and the town into a whole series of murders. *The Idiot*, a weak-minded, but pathetically well-meaning and sincere Prince Myshkin, is the unwitting and unwilling cause of, almost the participator in, the murder of a beautiful but wild and ill-balanced woman by the man whose furious passion for her has driven him half demented with jealousy; nor, indeed, is that all the tragedy. *The Brothers Karamazov*, greatest, yet in some ways, least attractive of Dostoieffsky's novels, opens in the same way, in circumstances which find their natural and logical conclusion in tragedy.

Dostoieffsky is nothing if not a realist. Realism is perhaps to English readers the most obvious quality of the Russian novelists, from Tolstoy downwards, and Dostoieffsky is characteristically Russian in this. There is no attempt to spare the more tender sensibilities of his readers. He is ruthless and relentless as the surgeon's knife in his probings into life. There is much that is sordid and positively unpleasant in his works. It may be said, indeed, without being either squeamish or prudish, that he carries his revelations of the ugliness of human life further than English taste, at any rate, will wish to follow him. Parts of the *Letters from the Underworld* not only offend æsthetic sense—which would, we confess, not trouble their author—but are, to western minds at any rate, almost disgustingly morbid.

Yet Dostoieffsky is absolutely free from any desire to pander to the unhealthy taste in literature. Evil in his works is consistently repellant. And whilst there is an entire absence of any desire to preach or deduce morals, his realism has the effect of arousing most strongly feelings of sym-

pathy and compassion. He has been called " the novelist of pity," and not without reason. Yet the tenderness and sympathy for the outcast and fallen which permeates his works—from his treatment of a character like that of Sonia in *Crime and Punishment*, to that of the Honest Thief, in a short story of that name which, so far as I am aware, has not yet found its way into English—though it is all pervading, is never artificial or forced. Nor is there for his characters either judgement or a shadow of contempt, however simple or foolish or even wicked they may be. On the other hand, there is no class hatred or dislike of the higher or official classes in Russia, though their weaknesses—and more—like their virtues, are drawn in the same unsparing way. The " Veneerrings," amongst whom Myshkin in *The Idiot*, finds himself in Petrograd, have their counterpart in the mixture of narrowness, kindness, and foolishness of the provincial society depicted in *The Possessed*.

Dostoieffsky's tragedies are not unrelieved by humour. He is portraying Russian life, not merely one side of that life. The absurdity of a Lebedyev in *The Idiot*, with his somewhat buffoon-like attitude of obeisance or his prayers for the soul of Mme. du Barry, immediately after he has read the account of her death, three-quarters of a century earlier, are matched by the bashful infatuation of the student Razoumikhin for the sister of Raskolnikoff in *Crime and Punishment*.

Nor, indeed, are all Dostoieffsky's novels tragic in their ending. The work perhaps best known to English readers is *Crime and Punishment*, more widely known too by the dramatic version played so well by the late Mr. Laurence Irving, whose brief introduction to one of the English translations of the work bears testimony to his appreciation of Dostoieffsky's genius. Here the storm of the tragic day in Petrograd is succeeded by the tranquil calm of the reconciliation and union of Raskolnikoff and Sonia. True, it is a Siberian sunset to the story, but the feeling of exile is lost in the sensation of new found happiness and peace " . . . . All, even his sin,

and sentence, and exile appeared to him in the first transports as if they had not occurred or were swept away. He could not, that evening, bring his thoughts to bear on any one thing. He only felt Life, full, real, earnest life, was coming and had driven away his cogitations." And so we leave Raskolnikoff, the murderer, regenerate by suffering, on the eve of a new life and a new and more real manhood.

The lack of revision in Dostoieffsky's novels referred to above, is in part responsible for some of his defects as a novelist, judged by the ordinary canons of the art of novel writing. There is a distinct want of balance or proportion in some of his works, in fact none correspond entirely to the ordinarily accepted English novel in plan or execution. They are loosely strong and lengthy. *The Brothers Karamazov*, long as it is, formed but part one of a projected trilogy which was to show the development of the great sinner, Aloysha Karamazov, saint with a sinner's heritage from his family. *The Idiot* introduces us abruptly in a railway journey to Petrograd to two, or perhaps we may say three, of the principal characters in the book. And hardly has Prince Myshkin been in Petrograd a few hours before he has come into contact with all the main characters of the story with almost inartistic suddenness. The lack of proportion which Dostoieffsky's work sometimes displays, finds easy illustration in *The Possessed*, where the events of one day are elaborated out of all proportion to the movement of the story or the time in which it takes place.

To say all this, however, is but to say that Dostoieffsky is not to be judged by ordinary rules of novel writing. He is big enough to over-ride them. It is only by disregading these conventions that he is able to show what is one of his greatest gifts—that of characterization. He makes no attempt to concentrate or compress. His characters reveal themselves in their own time and in their own way, and this is one reason why his novels are so long. The process of self-revelation is slow. But what we may perhaps be allowed to call its cumu-

lative simplicity, reveals the possession by Dostoieffsky of an amazing power of analysis. Raskolnikoff, Myshkin, the three Karamazov brothers in their different ways—almost all the characters in his novels—are subjected to this lengthy but exhaustive process; the painting is slow but the detail is inimitable. The story of course suffers, but that, we feel, is a secondary consideration. On a smaller scale the same powers of characterization are exhibited in his description of the various Siberian prisoners in *The House of the Dead*—notably in his drawing of such men as Petroff or Luka or Ali.

It has been pointed out in one of the ablest, though briefest, notices of his works which we have seen in English, that Dostoieffsky is primarily concerned to reveal the souls of his characters, and only with their actions, even their happiness or unhappiness, in so far as these things subserve that end. Thus his sometimes almost interminable and rambling accounts of conversations or reflections, his apparently distorted sense of proportion, his comparative carelessness in regard to environment, all result in large measure from his insistent and sometimes passionately eager attempts to reveal to the full the souls of his characters. Even the soul of a *moujik* is not to be revealed in a few words, much less that of a morbidly sensitive and proud student such as Raskolnikoff—the working out of whose character affords perhaps the best, as it is the most obvious, example of Dostoieffsky's analytical powers. And the drawing of the characters of the three Brothers Karamazov is hardly less remarkable. In these three brothers, it may be remarked in passing, it has been suggested that their creator meant to incarnate the spirit of the Russian people with its strength and weakness, its fits of unbridled passion, alternating with its equally passionate and, to us, almost mediæval repentance, its intensity of religious feeling, fighting, and, to Dostoieffsky, overcoming its lapses into atheism or materialism. Even the most unimportant characters show traces of this same power of analysis. In one of the very few reflections on his art which he allows to

creep into his novels we find him (in *The Idiot*) remarking on the difficulty of depicting " commonplace " characters to make them interesting. Again he gives us a key to his method in the remark in the same novel, " Do not let us forget that the causes of human action are usually immeasurably more complex and varied than our subsequent explanation of them. And these can rarely be distinctly defined. The best course for the story teller at times is to confine himself to a simple narrative of events."

Dostoieffsky's novels, as indeed we should expect, are full of talk of religion. His own feelings come out clearly enough, not only positively but in the dislike of materialism he shows—for example, in his drawing of Ivan Karamazov—much as his dislike and almost contempt for Nihilism appears in *The Possessed*. We are never free from discussion of " ultimate realities " in Dostoieffsky's works. The murderer Rogozhin and the " Idiot " Myshkin discuss faith before a picture of Christ taken down from the Cross without the slightest sense of incongruity; the murderer Raskolnikoff and the prostitute Sonia read the story of Lazarus together; the suicide Kirillov, an engineer, who decides to commit suicide in order to attain the " eternal harmony," discusses immortality with the Nihilist Pyotr Stephanovitch, whom he utterly despises, as freely as with the half educated Shatov or the enigmatic Stavrogin—and so through all the novels.

Not that Dostoieffsky's characters merely talk religion. Sonia, the outcast, in *Crime and Punishment*, is not interested in questions concerning the future life. Her religion is essentially a living thing; she has arrived at the stage where she can completely abnegate self. To Raskolnikoff's amazement " she never spoke of religion nor ever mentioned the Scriptures." True, she bids him pray and gives him her cross to wear, but only at his request does she lend him her copy of the New Testament. It was her humiliation and self-abnegation, the qualities which made her to the Siberian convicts the " little mother, tender and compassionate," which ulti-

mately regenerated and saved—in the widest sense of the word—Raskolnikoff.

Here, indeed, we reach the core of Dostoieffsky's work. Novelist and teacher both, he is perhaps greater as teacher. Without attempting to elaborate what would require an article to itself, it would be idle to attempt any appreciation of Dostoieffsky as a novelist without some reference to the ideals which underlie his work from beginning to end. Free from any desire to preach or moralize as he is, he has taught, as no other novelist, and with more force than many teachers, the value of suffering in human life. Happiness, as we have already seen, where we find it in his novels, is almost without exception the possession of those who have undergone great tribulation, in whom humility and love have conquered. "All is good," argues Kirillov in his excitable way with Stavrogin. "Everything is good..... Man is unhappy because he doesn't know he's happy. It's only that. That's all, that 's all. If anyone finds out he'll become perfectly happy." Suffering and death "are good for all those who know that it 's all good." And so Kirillov, after great mental anguish, is ecstatically happy. Better than the happiness of Kirillov, the suicide—though it is to be borne in mind that he is not a suicide from despair, but rather from faith in future happiness—is the happiness of Myshkin, of Aloysha, of Sonia, and Raskolnikoff. What happiness there was in Dostoieffsky's own life was bought and more than paid for through suffering. The character in whom Dostoieffsky has put most of his ideals and most of himself is Myshkin, the "Idiot," and it is Myshkin whom he makes say, "Compassion is the chief and perhaps the only law of all human existence." It was but a repetition of what a greater than Myshkin, or Dostoieffsky, had taught. To the Russian novelist environment, wealth or poverty, independence or service, mattered little; the Kingdom of Heaven he saw within men; the life of the soul it was which mattered. Through the exercise of the Gospel qualities would mankind grow—through infinite love,

humility, and patience. Through these would the world be conquered.

Dostoieffsky was a Slavophil and a passionate one. And his faith in the Russian people, alive as he was to their weaknesses, was in large measure founded on his firm conviction that they possessed the qualities which to him were of chief importance for the life and growth of a nation. No mean student of western Europe, he saw in the Russian people alone the power to meet and resist the forces of materialism and arid intellectualism as they came more and more into contact with the great nations of the west. His faith may be put to the test earlier than he thought.

RALPH FLENLEY

A PRAYER

LORD, age hath broken me in all but pride,
Whose essence was to help who needed aid:
For I was strong, and seldom was afraid
That I must lean on help here to abide.
Now do the not unkindly Young deride
My strife to earn by either pen, or spade,
Or song, or any humble effort made,
The pittance needed; yet I have not died.

Not by privation, not by dread of death,
But by the fear to live on gentle alms
From needy friendship's cheerful-opened purse,
Am I so sore dismayed I have no qualms
At praying: "Lord, allot me nothing worse
Than thy swift stroke to end my tired breath."

A. I. KENSHAW

WHAT EVE SAID

"IT is a lovely garden," said Eve, dreamily.

"You've said that three times," said Adam. "It almost sounds as if you didn't mean it."

"How soft and green the grass is," said Eve. "It's meant for something to play on."

"To play on?" said Adam. "What strange words you use to-day, my dear. I don't know the word play. Is it something quite nice? The grass is for the sheep to eat, of course."

"I wish the sheep weren't quite so big and slow," said Eve. "I'd like them smaller and more lively to play with."

"Please don't become discontented," said Adam. "Something might happen."

Eve laughed. "What funny words *you* use," she said. "'To-day' and 'discontented'—what do they mean? Play means something *we* can't do in this garden."

She got up and strolled over into the shade, and Adam watched her with anxious eyes.

"Please don't go over there," he said. "You know we were told not to touch that tree."

"Not to pick the fruit, you mean. Looking at it can't hurt us," said Eve, yawning. "And I think better over here."

"Think?" said Adam. "Is it quite nice for you to think, my dear?"

"Some one must," said Eve.

"The Keeper of the Garden," suggested Adam, reverently.

"Him? Oh, he hasn't for ages," said Eve. "He never seems to do anything now till the cool of the day, and then he only takes a walk."

"I don't quite like your talking so much to the Serpent," said Adam.

"He's harmless, and he has ideas," said Eve. "Pick some mushrooms and strawberries for tea, Adam, you're dull."

Eve fell into conversation with the Serpent, and at that moment an Angel came down to talk to Adam, and he withdrew with the heavenly visitant with every sign of pleasure. Eve watched them from a distance.

"You're quite as well able to talk to that Angel as Adam," said the Serpent.

"What do they talk about?" said Eve.

"Oh, the state of the government. Things are awfully wrong," said the Serpent.

"And does Adam know anything about it?" said Eve.

"Nothing," said the Serpent. "And neither does the Angel, but he can't get anyone to listen to him in heaven, where everyone knows more than he does, so he comes down here to impress Adam."

"But Adam is perfectly happy without him," said Eve, defensively.

"Oh, *perfectly* happy, of course," said the Serpent. "And so are you. Why don't you disturb his perfect happiness, Eve?"

"Could I?" said Eve, wondering. "What does 'play' mean?" she added; "I half know, but not quite."

"Play is what children do," said the Serpent.

"Children? What are they?" Eve asked eagerly.

"But you might begin by playing with Adam," continued the Serpent.

"Adam," said Eve, when the Angel had gone, "I never seem to see you now."

Adam laughed. "You see me all the time," he said.

"To see you isn't enough," said Eve. "You're always with other people. Yesterday it was the Keeper of the Garden, to-day an Angel. You leave me too much with the Serpent. Of course I like him, but——"

"You *like* him," said Adam angrily. "What would the Keeper of the Garden say?"

"Oh, *him!*" said Eve. What do *you* say; it's you I care for, Adam. I want to be alone with you. I hate all these people,

Adam. Can't we be alone somewhere? Think of a world with just us in it—just me, Adam, in all the world."

She had dropped her voice to an undertone Adam had never heard before, and slipped her arm around his neck. The look in her shining eyes, the scent of her silken hair blown across his mouth made Adam a little dizzy.

"You can't mean to go out of the Garden, Eve?" he said, "out of Paradise where everything is perfect, even happiness?"

"It's too big," whispered Eve, with her cheek against his like a roseleaf. "I want just a little garden, full of little things that we could help to grow. You could make it. You could take care of us, Adam, not the Keeper. Outside there will be little woolly lambs, and tiny birds, and little green buds opening and changing to colour. And Adam—" she stretched out her arms, and her voice thrilled, "I want something of my own. I can't talk to Angels, or your friends. I want silly little things of my own." She wound her arms round Adam, and hid her face, and spoke so low that her voice was like the stirring of little leaves at twilight, or the first breath of the dawn-wind at sunrise, over the cradled sea. "We'll be so happy alone. You can take care of us. What's the good of talking about a silly government you're never going to have anything to do with? You can talk to me. I want only you." The touch of her light body in his arms, the touch of her arms about his neck, the flying veil of her hair brushing his face sent a flame through Adam.

"And I want only you," he said.

By and by he spoke again. "Eve, are you sure? Aren't you afraid? It's hard and cold, and *alone* out there."

"I want to be afraid," said Eve. "I want to feel. I want something to do. I want something to hold. We have had Paradise, Adam; we can't forget it. It is ours always, because it once was."

The gate shut behind them, and a terrible flaming sword hung above it. They stumbled out into a desert full of stones and thorns.

"Isn't this lovely?" said Eve, with dancing eyes. "We are free, Adam. The whole world is ours."

"It was pretty humiliating for me," said Adam.

Adam cleared a little plot of ground and laid boughs within a cave, and pulled up the long, coarse grass for a covering from the night wind.

"You are so clever and wonderful," said Eve, admiringly; "I'd never have thought of that." Adam felt greatly pleased.

"Are you sorry you left the Garden?" he asked.

"The Garden? I never was so glad to get away from anywhere in my life. This is much nicer," said Eve. "All those people bothering us, the Angel and the Serpent always talking about stupid things. And no stars."

She lay looking up at the deep blue fields of heaven, full of star-daisies, and little fleecy tufts of cloud like milkweed down set floating. Then she drew Adam's head to the hollow of her shoulder and pressed her cheek against it, holding him closely. Her voice fell into the warm mysterious thrill, the sweetness of which wrapped Adam in leaping fire. "Heart's Delight," she murmured. And presently she hushed him to sleep with low caressing sounds, and the light touch of her arms about him.

On an April day, when the world was full of the renewal of life, and the lambs lay on the hillside beside their mothers, Adam sat in the cave, and looked at Eve with jealous eyes. In the gracious hollow of her shoulder where his head was used to rest, nestled the downy head of her first-born. She lay spent, with eyes closed, held in such an utter stillness as showed how dreadful had been the battle waged by the hosts of fear. Adam looked at her with the first feeling of infinite separation, a confusion of wonder and revelation and worship and rage in his heart.

"Eve, Eve," he breathed, "are you sorry we left Paradise?"

Eve opened her eyes. "Paradise?" she said languidly. "Oh, do you mean that garden we used to live in? I never liked it."

The baby stirred and cried. She laid her cheek against the downy head and smiled.

"This is why I left," she said.

"He'll be a lot of trouble," said Adam.

"Yes, he'll need me," said Eve.

Adam looked at his neat vegetable garden and early peas with great self-satisfaction, and then at Eve busily shaping sheepskin garments for winter, for the two chubby little fellows who rolled and tumbled naked-limbed on the hillside with the lambs.

"We're pretty comfortable," he said. "I wish the Angel would come and see us. He was an interesting fellow to talk to."

"I never saw anything in him," said Eve. "Awful snob; he's never been to see us since we moved."

"Neither has the Serpent," said Adam.

"Oh, the Serpent," said Eve virtuously. "That's *quite* different. You know you never liked him."

"Are you sorry you left Paradise?" said Adam.

Eve laughed.

"That little place!" she said.

Eve clasped her dead child, and Adam watched her frozen anguish, again conscious of infinite separation. Great was his own anguish, but not as Eve's. In his powerlessness he went away and left her. Presently he came back and with deep gentleness laid her arms away from the body, and held her as if she had been the child.

Above the grave Eve stretched her empty arms, and Cain wandered an outcast in the desert.

"We should never have left Paradise," said Adam, as he saw her falling tears. Eve turned to him with passion.

"A barren Paradise," she cried, "where we had nothing. Where we were nothing but a couple of guarded children deprived of our childhood. My paradise lies within my heart for ever. You, Adam—" her voice broke as she turned and leaned on his breast, "our children, even suffering, even *this*."

By and by another child lay within her arms, and in the immortal sorrow of her eyes, Adam again saw joy.

"Shall we go away from this place?" he whispered. "Shall we take him and go far, far away?"

"No," said Eve, "we can never go away. I must be here when Cain comes back."

MARJORIE COOK

RHEIMS

Here the still candles, here the altar place,
  Here the dim aisles, the nave, the chancel dim,
  Here, in rapt adoration unto Him,
The Prince of Peace, an upturned praying face!
Here with still glory on high purple panes
  Gleam of the dull September sun; no sound
  Within these walls of the dread world, all drowned,
Noise of its losses and its tragic gains,

Till German thunder rend the sacred air
  And screaming devastation hurtle down,
  Crash 'mid the candles. O Thou with the Crown
Of Sorrows plaited cruelly, Thy Care
  Will shepherd even this, and what seems sin,
  Pity as blindness, bringing Thy day in.

ARTHUR L. PHELPS

CHRISTMAS 1914

SURELY the bells to-day will not be rung,
Nor glad *Venite Adoremus* sung.
We will not deck with holly-leaves and pine
The temples where is worshipped Christ divine;
For lo, once more the Prince of Peace is slain.
How can we sing *Good-will to Men* again?
The children all must cease from song and play;
And music must be mute this Christmas Day.

Only one solemn bell let there be tolled
To sound a mournful dirge that shall unfold
The sorrows of the dying and the dead—
The grief of those who weep uncomforted.
Let requiem be sung—ashes for incense strown;
And let the golden organ sob and moan,
And softly call the children from their play;
And hush the chiming bells this Christmas Day.

'Twas but a dream! They did not hear aright
Long, long ago, on that first Christmas Night,
The music of a star-bright angel-band
Above those hills in the Judæan land.
Songs of a dream they heard: *On earth be peace.*
Good-will to men. Let wars for ever cease.
O call the little children from their play;
And let us silent be this Christmas Day.

No Belgian child this day will sing or dance;
No feasting will there be in merry France;
And none will ring the carillons, nor tell
The shepherd-story of *Noël, Noël.*
How can we light the altar and the tree
While the Destroyer sweeps o'er land and sea?
Ah, children, we can only weep and pray;
We cannot laugh or sing this Christmas Day.

R. STANLEY WEIR

RED FLOWER O' LIFE

LIFE's vision yet shall win its crowning hour!
  Yet, Flower o' crimson bloom!
It took the cycle of the changing year
  To bring thee from the mould;
  Grey days and gold
Went to thy velvet's making;
  Hot sun, and cold,
  The hours of drifting rain,
Yet found the utmost gain,
When, from the calyx gloom
  Flamed the rich flower.

Why doubt the unconscious aim—the ultimate goal?
  Red Flower o' my life's heart!
Sheathed in the bud—to open as a star—
  The May's white ecstasy
  Shall live in thee—
Though her swift feet have passed,
  And thoughts of bliss to be
  In summer's slumber song
Poured her sweet aisles along—
Each rapture but a part
  Of one great whole.

Though died the regal autumn's vine-crowned hour!
  Red Flower o' my life's bloom—
Gold leaves—ripe fruit—and underneath, dead dreams—
  Thou shalt bring back the gold,
  The dreams of old,
The winter's loveliness,
  Her fallen stars a-cold,
  The purity aglow
Of the deep drifted snow—
Life's memories from the tomb,
  O! Life's Red Flower!

Who dreamt such beauty lay in growth and strife,
  Thorn-wounds, the knife's keen smart?
The crimson's in the flower—and that's above—
  For this the stem was fed,
  That splendid red
Awaits the blossoming,
  And the last hour of dread
  All tenderness shall keep,
When God, in that long sleep
Shall lay you on my heart,
  Red Flower o' Life!

MINNIE H. BOWEN

THE WAR—CHRISTMAS

DREAR is our Yule-tide. With a double gloom
Begins and ends the bleak December day;
For darkly lowers the universal fray,
And Heaven high the storms of battle loom
The cold of winter, with its icy brume,
Is doubly chill by the tyrannic sway
Of shivering fears that nothing can allay,
Freezing the blood with vapours from the tomb.

Still, as the Season of the Wondrous Birth
Draws on once more, and each beloved name
Stirs in the recollection, let us haste
To light o'er all this cold and darken'd earth
The little fire of friendship, 'mid the waste,
And warm our hearts before the sacred flame.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN