TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE VICTORY AT WASHINGTON

When President Wilson said that a man might conceivably be "too proud to fight," he must have been thinking of a vulgar street brawl. Now that it has come to what is called "a real show-down," the President's hat is in the ring, like the most practised fighter of them all. Or, to take a figure more appropriate to his relations with the country whose future was for a time supposed to be on (or under) the water, Mr. Wilson has nailed his colours to the mast, as we knew he would. Till now he has been imploring his fellow-citizens to "keep the scales of their judgment even," which Mr. Root and others have found difficulty in doing. The latest offender, Professor Royce of Harvard, said in so many words in Boston the other night that "it is as impossible for any reasonable man to be in his heart and mind neutral as it was for the good cherubs in heaven to remain neutral when they first looked out from their rosy glowing clouds and saw the angels fall."

But now the President has put his foot down. True, the question was primarily one of domestic policy,—responsibility for the conduct of foreign relations as between Congress and the Chief Executive of the State. But a sigh of relief has gone up from all those whose patience was rapidly becoming exhausted. So at Washington the bands are playing, and the Stars and Stripes float from the Capitol! In spite of party differences, Congress has shown itself to be solidly behind the President. For the rapid dénouement in a long drawn out act, the Germans have only themselves to thank. Their tortuous diplomacy, as exemplified in the correspondence about what they call the "Lusitania incident," the status of the submarine, the defensive armament of merchantmen, the rights of neutrals on the high seas, etc., has left them without a friend in the world. Even the German-American has

begun to waver. He cannot stand up against a President who has been goaded into declaring that he will not take a single step, at foreign dictation, in the direction of abridging or curtailing the rights to which his countrymen are entitled under the provisions of international law. There is a point of view from which the submarine, especially as employed by the Germans, is nothing but a pirate, and should be treated as such. In any case, all classes of Americans know now why Secretary Lansing failed in his suggestion of a "gentlemen's agreement" between the merchantman armed for defensive purposes and the submarine. It might mean in practice that the merchant vessel would have to wait to be torpedoed before firing a shot in self-defence. This would, in the first place, have required a change in maritime law made while war is going on, and secondly Washington would have had to satisfy Great Britain by producing the "gentlemen" on the side of the Germans.

PRESIDENT WILSON Some people in Canada profess to be highly displeased and disappointed with the attitude of the United States to the war, and of late there has been evidence of much searching of heart on the part of Americans themselves. Perhaps this is partly the result of reflection on the difference it would have made to us if, before the outbreak of war, Britain and America had been solidly united in a league of peace. But let us be just. It is true that, apart from some clear clarion calls sounded by individuals, the bulk of the American people took too long to realize the obvious fact that this war is not the result of some trumpery dispute about a boundary line, or of a personal quarrel among the Kings and Emperors of a somewhat effete civilization, or even of what American critics love to stigmatize as "the blundering diplomacy of poor old Europe." Time has made it plain that it began with what was meant to be a tiger-spring, on the part of Germany, at the throat of European freedom. The Allies are battling for the very principles of liberty and self-government which

are dear to the hearts of all Americans, and which have made the American people what it is to-day. Their cause transcends all national limits; it is the cause of universal righteousness and freedom and humanity.

In his heart, President Wilson must know this as well as most. For one thing, he is a student of history, and no impartial student of history could wish to see a triumph for the German arms. But he has been obsessed from the very start by his conviction of the importance of keeping his country out of the war. His enemies say that he has one eye open for the German vote. In our opinion, Mr. Wilson is too high-minded a man for any such form of low cunning. It seems far more probable that what has weighed most with him is his consciousness of the fact that a very large proportion of his fellow-countrymen has not hitherto progressed so far as to be American in more than name. The associations of their birth or origin have hindered them from fully appreciating the meaning of the struggle now going on in Europe. They are not conscious as yet that their adopted citizenship has much more in common with British than it has with German ideals,—with the liberty of the individual as against his complete subordination to the state, and with the free atmosphere of self-government as against the irresponsibility of autocratic power. It is this—in addition to the horror and hate of war in general—that must have operated as a restraint on many of those who are charged with the conduct of the international relations of the United States. And we ought not to blame them. We may fairly protest against that form of American selfishness and exaggeration which plumes itself on being dedicated, above all nations, to civilization and peace, merely because it has so far succeeded in keeping out of the war. That is in itself no proof of idealism—rather the reverse! But we can feel increasingly confident, as time goes on, that the great heart of the American democracy is learning to beat in harmony with ours. And we may rely on their support (if we should come to need it) in securing, when the agony is over, a *peace that shall be worthy of such a war.*

REPRISALS

What is the difference between attack and reprisals? For all the world except Germany the obvious answer is that attack comes first. It all depends at what point of the sequence you care to begin. Germany commenced to submarine enemy vessels before the so-called blockade was instituted by Great Britain. In December, 1914, von Tirpitz announced the intention of the German Government to continue such action,—not because England was trying to starve Germany, but simply for general purposes of frightfulness. Then came the Scarborough and other raids, and the assertion by Britain of the principle that grain must not be allowed to pass through the war zone unless it could be clearly shown that it was destined for consumption by non-combatants. To this Germany replied by her naval order of February 5th, 1915, intimating that she would seek to destroy every enemy vessel in the area of war, even though she might thereby do harm to the persons and cargoes of neutrals. She might even sink neutral vessels themselves. The immediate reply to this was the famous rescript from Washington, declaring that "the United States would be constrained to hold the Imperial German Government to a strict accountability for such acts of their naval authorities and to take any steps it might be necessary to take to safeguard American lives and property." Then came the sinking of the Lusitania, since when Germany has wasted much diplomatic ingenuity in arguing that this outrage was a "reprisal," which would have been quite legal if no neutral passengers had "come to grief" on the occasion. Neither in Berlin nor in Washington has any stress been laid on the fact that over a thousand non-combatants who were not American citizens went down in the Lusitania; from which we may infer what a hash Germany and the United States would make between them of the "freedom of the seas" if the matter were left in their keeping!

Later horrors may be passed over without notice. What is stirring England now is the question how far it may be right to retaliate in kind, especially in regard to air-raids.

If the bombs dropped on such occasions would only kill one or two American citizens instead of a few English nursery-maids and children, Washington would not take so detached a view of these unspeakable horrors as official neutrality now prescribes. As to retaliation, Lord Bryce is probably right in holding that this would be futile, on the ground that if it came to cruelty against cruelty the Germans would always win. The only temptation to believe the contrary is the argument that a successful expedition on the part of, say, 100 aeroplanes launched from England would operate as a great deterrent against further enterprises on the part of the minions of William the Frightful. That argument is warmly championed by the youngest member of the British House of Commons, Mr. Pemberton Billing, formerly of the Royal Naval Air Service. But others seem inclined to accept the view expressed the other day by the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, when the Bishops recorded their "conviction that the principles of morality forbid a policy of reprisal which has as a deliberate object the killing or wounding of non-combatants," and their belief "that the adoption of such a mode of retaliation, even for barbarous outrages, would permanently lower the standards of honourable conduct between nation and nation."

RECRUITING IN QUEBEC PROVINCE The last published figures relating to recruiting in Quebec and the other Provinces of the Dominion show a very marked balance against Quebec; especially as compared with Ontario, the returns for Quebec are the reverse of satisfactory, both absolutely and relatively. Ontario has recruited nearly 111,000 men; Quebec not more than 28,000, of whom 23,000 are in the Montreal division. The Maritime Provinces, with a very much smaller population, have done nearly as well as Quebec, while the West has supplied no fewer than 100,000 men.

There may be something that is soothing to British vanity in the proof that, so far as the English-speaking population of Quebec is concerned, we have done fully as well as

Ontario. But Quebec as a whole stands in need of some such stirring manifesto as Mr. John Redmond issued the other day to the young men of Ireland. He pointed out to them that "this was a just war, provoked by the intolerable military despotism of Germany; that it was a war in defence of the rights and liberties of small nationalities; and that Ireland would be false to her history and to every consideration of honour, good faith, and self-interest if she did not respond to his appeal."

May not these words be applied with equal force and appropriateness to French-speaking Canada? To the average person, who can look away from local issues to the spectacle of the world's agony, it would appear that Quebec has, if anything, a greater stake than any other Province in the issue of victory or defeat. One thing that is certain is that there should be sounding to-day in the ears of the French-Canadian a call to arms rendered imperative by the dual nature of his associations. To the lover of France, under whatever guise he may choose to view her, the duty is clear. For him, when the existence of that France, past, present and to come, is at stake there can be no excuse, and there should be no hanging back. Has he ever thrilled to read of the deeds of the greatest soldier and the finest army known to history, and to think that both were French? The imperial eagles are soaring upwards once more towards a fresh Austerlitz and a greater and final Jena. Is he a lover of liberty, a democrat?—liberté, égalité, fraternité—up, for the armies of the first republic in the world are striving to hurl back the hordes of a militant autocracy in a greater Valmy. Is he a Christian—nay, more, "bon catholique?" Then ten times more should there be no hesitation. The white cross of St. Louis is once more in the field against the infidel. The cathedral of Jeanne d'Arc has been defiled by the Hun. Happy are those from Quebec Province who have gone and are going forward. May their number be increased! The tide of war is turning now, and now is the time to play a man's part in the final triumph.

W. P.

The eternal nexus of past and present is strikingly illustrated by events that have occurred since the last number of this Magazine was issued. Kamerun and Erzerum are words at which Quintilian might have gasped, but they, and Verdun, possess very compelling associations.

KAMERUN The final expulsion of the Germans from the Kamerun Protectorate recalls a whole chain of events connected with recent Prussian diplomacy, and particularly with the Agadir crisis of 1911. The exploit of the *Panther* does not stand alone. Ever since 1896 the Kaiser has delighted to astonish mankind by diplomatic pyrotechnics. The Kruger Telegram was one; the announcement of the great Navy Bill on the day after Magersfontein was another; the visit to Tangier was a third; the despatch of the *Panther* to Agadir was a fourth; and a fifth, almost equally spectacular, may be found in the famous tour of Constantinople, Jerusalem and Damascus, at the very moment when England and France were deciding whether they would or would not fight over Fashoda. We have not had time to forget how Germany gained her last slice of Kamerun. Those lands bordering upon the river Sanga came to her by the Treaty of November 4th, 1911, and represent the costly profit she won by trying to club France in Morocco. On the debit side of the ledger must be placed all the *Wilhelmstrasse* lost by forcing Delcassé's resignation, by Lloyd George's Mansion House speech, and by the whole diplomatic fiasco of Agadir—with its very serious and immediate consequences. On the credit side stood the few thousand square miles of Equatorial Africa which France ceded for a clear title to Morocco, and also to let Germany save face. These are what the Prussians have now lost. Five years ago they forfeited the confidence of every chancellery by the brazenness with which they repudiated their Morocco Agreement of 1909. But the decline of their reputation for good faith was not all they suffered through their tactics at Agadir. They so shattered the confidence of Italy, their own ally, that she hastened to seize Tripoli while Germany was embarrassed

by her situation with France and England. Out of the Tripolitan War grew the First Balkan War and the creation of conditions which were gravely prejudicial to the plans of both Germany and Austria. Hence for this patch of Kamerun now lost, the Kaiser did a dozen things which, by their crudeness and impropriety, brought down upon him a merited discomfiture.

ERZERUM

As a military triumph the capture of Erzerum counts for much more than the expulsion of the Germans from Kamerun, and it also seems likely to have political consequences of high import. When the Grand Duke Nicholas faded from view after the Russians lost Galicia and Poland, some thought that his career had ended in eclipse. Others—and they were right—credited him with the ability, not only to hold on, but to come back. His brilliant invasion of Armenia opens up many vistas. Times have indeed changed since November, 1910, when the Tsar and the Kaiser arranged at Potsdam that disquieting agreement about the relation of the Persian Railways to the Bagdad Railway. The horizontal league of 1895 is sufficiently intelligible—the league which brought Germany, Russia and France into association against Japan; but the Russo-German Agreement of 1910 is still rather enigmatic. At present, however, all this seems a bit of archæology, for with our troops at Kut-el-Amara and the Russians on the edge of Anatolia, we need not give much thought to the cancelled compact of 1910. The great fact is that the Grand Duke now stands in the right angle between Sivas and Mosul, with power to come down upon the Ottoman in his own innermost domain, or to thrust southward toward the Bagdad Railway. Moltke, who knew Asia Minor well, said that whoever held Erzerum controlled Mesopotamia. At present, it seems as though the Grand Duke would soon have a firm grip on the triangle Erzerum-Sivas-Diarbekr, with power to strike a blow comparable to that which was dealt the Turks by the Balkan Allies. If Sir Percy Lake has equal success on the lower

Tigris, the next three months may see the undoing of all the plans which Germany has prosecuted in the Middle East since the days when Marschall von Bieberstein first went to Constantinople. Should this be the case, it will prove a fitting reward of the temerity which prompted the Pan-Germans to challenge England through the Navy Bill at the same time they were trying to outwit Russia on the banks of the Bosphorus.

VERDUN

Most significant of all is the fighting at Verdun, which carries us back nearly eleven hundred years to the days when the Empire of Charlemagne was crumbling, and the states of modern Europe were beginning to assume their present form. At Verdun was signed the memorable treaty of 843 whereby France and Germany became separate units, each instinct with the germ of that characteristic development which, ever since, has meant so much to mankind. At Verdun Charlemagne's grandsons divided the great inheritance—Louis gaining Germany, Charles gaining France, and Lothar receiving with the Low Countries and Italy a Rhenish tract which, for a time, separated France from Germany. In this ancient middle land of Lotharingia or Lorraine, the stubborn fight of Frenchman versus German has ever since been waged. When Lothar's son, Louis II, died in 870, his uncles, Louis and Charles, divided his territories to the west of the Rhine, with the result, that for the first time Germany and France became conterminous. Sufficient attention has not been called to the fact that this Partition of Mersen anticipated the Franco-German War of 1870 by exactly one thousand years. Bismarck, however, was very familiar with it as may be inferred from one of his statements in the *Reichstag* during the early days of the New German Empire. "Do not lower the standard of your army," he said to the Socialists, "for during the last thousand years each generation has witnessed a war between France and Germany."

At first Germany had the best of this struggle for Lorraine, and if that region had a tendency to drift toward France it was checked by the great raid of 978 which brought Otto II almost to the gates of Paris. Not until mediæval Pan-Germanism had led to the disaster of the Hohenstaufen in Italy, did France gain her first opportunity to press forward toward the Moselle, and even then the process was not rapid. From 1467 to 1477 Charles the Bold, a Capetian by origin, threatened to create a Burgundian middle kingdom, which would have drawn its lands from both France and Germany, but he fell in battle at Nancy—where, also, the Kaiser has suffered one of his most grievous disappointments. The real forward movement of the French toward the Moselle and the Rhine did not begin till 1552, when Henry II made league with the Protestant princes of Germany against the Emperor Charles V. In that year a single campaign gave France what before she had not been able to gain in several hundred years of rivalry. With a sudden rush Henry seized the three border bishoprics of Verdun, Toul and Metz, which he held against the Emperor, though Charles V lavished the lives of a hundred thousand men in the effort to drive the Duke of Guise out of Metz. The whole story of this war has been most picturesquely told by Ambroise Paré, the father of modern field surgery.

But these items from the annals of Verdun as a border post are not recited for antiquarian purposes only. French conquests in Lorraine during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries can easily be associated with a modern question of great significance—namely, the hold which, at this moment, the Hohenzollerns have upon the allegiance of the German people. It is not for nothing that the rest of the Germans have put themselves under the governance of the unpleasing Prussians. Reviewing this ancient rivalry with the French, the German people recognize that their losses and humiliations from 1552 to 1812 were due chiefly to their own divisions—to puerile and selfish wranglings which wrecked the greatness of their race. France, they hold, was enabled

to seize Verdun only because she was able to turn German against German for her own advantage. Bismarck changed all that, and through unity the Germans have been enabled to go back to where they stood at the death of Henry III in 1056. If, through their own inflated ambitions and the defective statecraft of William II, they are overwhelmed by catastrophe, they may sadly reach the conclusion that Hohenzollern leadership is not all that they thought it was. Should such a conviction sink deep into the German mind, the era of divine right may reach a swift conclusion, but until such a catastrophe is plainly at hand, the Germans will continue to believe that they owe the Hohenzollerns loyalty for having rescued them from a state of things which enabled Henry II of France to seize Metz, Toul and Verdun.

C. W. C.

APRIL IN ENGLAND

April in England! Daffodils are growing
By every wayside, golden, tall and fair;
April—and all the little winds are blowing
The scents of spring-time through the sunny air.
April in England! God, that we were there!

April in England! And her sons are lying
On these red fields and dreaming of her shore;
April—we hear the thrushes' songs replying
Each unto each, above the cannons' roar.
April in England! Shall we see it more?

April in England! There's the cuckoo calling
Down in her meadows, where the cowslip gleams,
April—and little showers are softly falling,
Dimpling the surface of her babbling streams.
April in England! How the shrapnel screams.

April in England! Blood and dust and smother,
Screaming of horses, men in agony,
April—full many of thy sons, O Mother,
Never again those dewy dawns shall see.
April in England! God, keep England free.

Norah M. Holland

THE TERCENTENARY OF SHAKESPEARE

THE whole Anglo-Saxon world, and indeed every corner of the globe where the English language is spoken, observes this year, and particularly this month, the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death. The celebration began in some quarters in January; it will be continued into the late summer, with festivals and pageants in cities, masques and plays in schools and colleges, and varied forms of "Shakespeare revivals" in many different lands. The present year is a Shakespeare year, and as such it is memorable to all who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke.

It seems perhaps at first thought to be a doubtful tribute, this desire to celebrate the anniversary of a writer's death. It appears perhaps strangely ironical that the time of the departure of a writer from the world, rather than the day of his coming to the world, should at intervals of centuries be brought with gratitude and rejoicing to the memory of men. But in reality it is a desire to look back with respect and wonder after a lapse of three centuries at the year in which a great and glorious legacy was given to mankind, a desire to commemorate the rounding out of a finished life, and to look with reverence not unmixed with critical analysis at the positive contribution of the writer to the world. That positive contribution took the form of dramatic composition. Drama has perhaps done the most of any form of literature for the advancement and heightening of man's spirit. When we speak of drama we think of Aeschylus and Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes, the book of Job, Racine and Molière, Goethe and Schiller, Da Vega and Calderon and Shakespeare. What other form of literature can boast a list like this of illustrious and immortal names? Here among the world's greatest dramatists of all time the

one Anglo-Saxon figure is Shakespeare. Little wonder is it, then, that the Anglo-Saxon world to-day looks back in memory to the close of his great career. He is the glory, in literature, of the Anglo-Saxon race. On his account, very largely, foreign nations honour his country as a spiritual and intellectual force. He is one of the strongest links, if not indeed the strongest, in the Anglo-Saxon chain; he represents Anglo-Saxon ideals at their best; and those who speak his tongue are proud to-day to remember that it was Anglo-Saxon audiences that gave him fame.

Three hundred years ago, on the 23rd of April, 1616, William Shakespeare died at Stratford, the place of his birth. Two days later he was buried in the chancel of the little Stratford church. He was just fifty-two years old. The old man in Voltaire's "Candide" found the secret of happiness to lie in keeping a few friends and taking care of his garden. Shakespeare seems to have discovered the same secret. In 1611, probably, he went home from London to spend the last years of his life amidst the scenes and amongst the friends of his childhood and youth. In that year the conditions of the London stage and of England in general were noticeably changing. James I had now been on the throne eight years, and these years had brought a gradual change which was to be in the future still more marked. The great days of English comedy and tragedy had practically ended—the days of "high seriousness" in the drama, whether of laughter or of tears, as represented by Shakespeare from 1598 to 1608. The "golden lads" of the earlier Elizabethan theatre were gone, Marlowe and Lyly, Peele and Greene. The plays of the time show that the appreciation of high idealism related to life was passing away. The theatre audience, "the blunt monster with uncounted heads," was as fickle in that day as it is in ours. The coarser drama which later was typical of the Restoration stage was already coming into fashion. The court influence upon the drama was increasing, and it was not now the court of Elizabeth but the court of James. The Masque with its gorgeous costumes and setting, its elaborate music and

dances, was rapidly growing in favour. The cost of the production of Masques was very great. Jonson's Masque of Blackness cost £3000; the expense of Lord Hay's Masque in honour of the French Ambassador in 1616 was £2200; and in 1613 Bacon spent £2000 on the Masque of Flowers. The influence on the drama of these costly entertainments was soon apparent. Compared with them the plays on the bare Elizabethan stage were unattractive to the groundlings. As early as 1602 we find Philip Henslowe paying £7 13s. for "a woman's velvet gown," to be worn on the stage, while he paid Heywood, the author of the play, only £3 for his manuscript. New playwrights willing to gratify the demands of the new audience were already popular. If they could not satisfy the demand for elaborateness, they could at least substitute for gorgeousness a theme and a method equally attractive to one section, indeed the largest section, of the theatre-going public. For the "tired business man"—the t.b.m. of modern burlesque—is not a product of the twentieth century; he sat in the old Globe Theatre in Elizabethan days, and he went to the theatre chiefly to be amused.

Thus in its attempt to meet the requirements of a slowly but surely changing condition, the drama slowly changed. Unreality took the place of reality; the purely dramatic gave place to the theatric; and exaggeration in character and situation took the place of true studies of human life. Ben Jonson was the great dictator of the hour, talking learnedly of his "Works," and writing largely for contemporary applause. Beaumont and Fletcher were the leading popular figures. New rivals of Shakespeare arose, products of the new time, followers of the new vogue, with more power to advertise their wares, and with aggressiveness and egotism which Shakespeare's characteristic modesty had no desire to combat. Shakespeare soon knew that the taste of the time was changing; he felt the pinch of competition; he must have realized, too, in silence the inferiority of his rivals' work. He was always mindful, however, of the prevailing influence of his audience, and he was always willing to appeal, to

a certain extent, to the demands of his audience when the appeal did not clash too violently with his own artistic conscience. The last plays he wrote—"Coriolanus," "Cymbeline," "A Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest"—show, in a moderate way, the influence of the new school. These plays have music, dancing and theatrical effects in abundance. But Shakespeare never submitted to the baser elements in his audience. Rather than do that, he preferred to retire from the stage at the early age of forty-seven, when the career of most men is little more than beginning. He had fared well in his connexion with the theatre. Materially he had prospered. He owned a fourteenth share in the Globe Theatre, the house occupied by the company of which he had been a member, and for which he had written practically all his greater dramas. He owned also a seventh share in the Blackfriars Theatre, in which his company also played. In the changing circumstances in which he found himself, he wrote his last play, "The Tempest," and probably in 1611 he said farewell to the stage and retired to Stratford. He had left Stratford in youth in order to work out his destiny in London; he returned to it in middle life in order to end his days there amid the "ease, retirement and conversation of his friends."

Of these last five years in Stratford we know nothing. The quiet of his life was doubtless broken now and then by the visits of his actor friends from the Mermaid, visits reminiscent of the old gatherings at the famous tavern of which Beaumont wrote in his poetical epistle to Jonson:

> What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life.

For Shakespeare was above all else human, free from affectation and superiority, with a great gift for friendship, a compan-

ionable actor-playwright who liked to mingle with his fellow men on a human basis.

But on the details of Shakespeare's later life the researches of scholars have thrown no light. We know only that he left the stage in 1611, that he died in 1616. It is probable that little notice was taken of his death; that even the shutters were not up at the Mermaid. There were no wires to flash the news that a great dramatist had gone; there were no newspapers to make the announcement. Perhaps in Stratford there was gossip for a day; perhaps in London his old friends sorrowed. But the world did not know that the greatest of English dramatists had ended his brief career. There was no costly monument to his memory. In his will he left to three actors of his company, Burbage, Condell and Heming, money for the purchase of memorial rings. Seven years after his death two of these former colleagues—Condell and Heming—collected thirty-six of his plays and published them in the famous First Folio volume. It contained the names of Shakespeare's actors. Ben Jonson wrote the preface in verse. It was a tribute to Shakespeare's ability, but it was also a monument of affection and kindly memory. Nearly three hundred years have passed since the Folio was published, and the years have proved the truth of Jonson's dedicatory line, "he was not of an age, but for all time."

In the three hundred years since Shakespeare's death there has been much rubbish piled over his bones. He has been for the most part viewed from two opposite angles. On the one hand, he has been regarded as without fault, as an originator as well as a perfector, as a literary artist rather than a playwright, as a writer who had no development or growth because, they say, he was a Heaven-born dramatist, "ready made," as excellent in his first play as in his last. On the other hand, he has been looked on as a very ordinary writer who did not originate his plots, and who gathered his material wherever he could find it, as a playwright of little dramatic power whose greatest lines are but declamation, whose comedies lack humour and whose tragedies are impro-

bable melodramas. Between these two views lies the truth. Those who hold to the first view, and they are many, forget that Shakespeare had a large inheritance of dramatic technique which was handed down by his predecessors, and on which he was able to build and to improve. They forget that no playwright illustrates more plainly than Shakespeare a definite growth and development, which now that we can place his plays in a pretty certain chronological order can be easily followed. They are unmindful of the fact that his work is filled with inequalities. They forget, too, that he passed through a period of experimentation, that he followed the vogue of the hour, carefully feeling his way towards his ideal, until he finally emerged in his full power with a mastery of technique, a deftness in plotting, an ability in characterization, and an attainment in dramatic dialogue and poetic diction unequalled in our literature. Those who hold to the second view do not realize or remember the conditions under which Shakespeare worked. They neglect to compare his plays with his sources and to study the structure of his plays, and perhaps too frequently they are entirely blind to beauty.

Of Shakespeare the man we know little. We must be content to think only of his work. Strange is the fate of some books and of some authors. At times the book is forgotten or remains unopened on our shelves, while the man only is remembered. We take little interest, on the average, to-day in Johnson's "Rasselas" or "Irene," but we know the details of Johnson's life and we are interested in his conversations with Boswell. It is doubtful if Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" or even "Sartor Resartus" is frequently opened, but there is still much discussion of Carlyle's domestic life and of his relations with Jane Welsh. The books are forgotten in the gossip about the man. More fortunate is the man who is remembered only in his work. The examples are not many. But happily it is true of Shakespeare that the man is forgotten in his work, perhaps because so little is known about him. There is, however, as much known of him as of his con-

temporaries, for he lived in the days before biography and criticism were known in England. Thus it is true in general of his age—

> Brave lads in olden musical centuries
> Sang, night by night, adorable choruses,
> Sat late by alehouse doors in April,
> Chaunting in joy as the moon was rising.
> Now these, the songs, remain to eternity;
> Those, only those, the bountiful choristers
> Gone—

So it is with Shakespeare. The researches of scholars in three hundred years can be summed up in the statement of Stevens: "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is that he was born in Stratford-on-Avon, married and had children there; went to London, where he commenced acting and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." A few details and dates are accessible. We know that of his fifty-two years, he spent twenty-four in London; the district where he resided and passed his time is known. The recent researches of Professor Wallace have thrown some light upon his London life, upon his human kindness, and his willingness to aid those in difficulty or distress.

But although recent scholarship has added little to knowledge of the details of Shakespeare's life, it has constructed the background of his time, and has taught us much about the conditions under which he worked. It would be folly to attempt to judge Shakespeare apart from the age and the circumstances in which he lived. That is a too frequent error in the examination of his work. It is too often forgotten that Shakespeare wrote primarily for the stage. He had no thought of a literary eternity. He was an actor-playwright, writing plays for a living,—plays for production on a definite stage, to be interpreted by actors definitely in his mind. It is not possible to value his work fairly apart from a consideration of those conditions.

The England of Shakespeare was an England of optimism. Six years before his birth, Elizabeth had come to the throne, and as a result of her strong hand and the devotion of her people the doubts of the early Tudor period with regard to monarchy had passed away. Although the Queen could "dance disposedly," the Puritans were loyal to her throne. The unity of the country was now a fact. England and Scotland were soon to become one in reality. The Spanish Armada had been defeated; England's sea power was no longer a fiction; the menace of a foreign invasion no longer existed; and England began at last to realize her national importance in the destiny of the world. The Reformation had come but a few years before. The Italian Renaissance had opened up new realms of thought and beauty. It was an age of discovery and colonization, an age in which sea-rovers carried the flag of England to strange and unknown lands, and came back with lurid tales of mysterious adventure, of El Dorados beyond the horizon, and of the pots of gold hidden at the end of the rainbow. It was an age of imagination and boundless hope. There was a new heaven, and a new earth which invited new wooers. It was an age of invention and aspiration. Life was a succession of long corridors, at the end of which doors opened into strange and wonderful realms if one only could find the key. It was the time of Drake and Frobisher and Raleigh, of Spencer and Bacon, of Hooker and Sidney, an age of marvellous achievement in peace and war. It is not strange then that the audiences at the Elizabethan theatres were eager and enthusiastic and self-satisfied and buoyed up with optimism and a zest for life.

The London of Shakespeare was but a small town. It was a walled city, the walls punctured by seven gates. Within the walls was a population of a hundred thousand people, while outside the walls was a floating and fluctuating population of a hundred thousand more. Shakespeare played and wrote for an audience drawn from an immediate population little more than twice that of Halifax or St. John, and less than a quarter of that of Toronto or Montreal. It was a London

of river palaces, where memories of former kings and "old unhappy far off things" still lingered, and where Shakespeare found material for his Chronicle History plays. A strange city indeed! Its streets were dark and ill paved, and little better than country lanes. The great passage-way was the river Thames, where boatmen crying "Eastward Ho" or "Westward Ho" carried passengers for a small fare. Across the Thames was London Bridge, the great thoroughfare from London to Southwark and the Bankside, the thoroughfare where stood defences, and houses, and mills for grinding grain, and where heads of malefactors were exposed on poles as a warning against crime. The playgoers who trooped across the bridge to the theatres could brutally take delight in the torture of bears or of men, but they could also watch with appreciation the romantic comedies of Shakespeare, with their beauty of thought and diction.

On the Bankside were the theatres, for the laws of the land excluded them from within the city limits. The first theatre was built in 1576 beyond the city limits in the fields on the London side of the Thames. In 1598 the Burbages built their theatre, the Globe, on the Bankside. This was Shakespeare's theatre, where the majority of his plays were acted, and where his company worked. Across the Bridge on "play-days" marched a strange procession with banners and drums and trumpets, like a circus parade to-day, announcing that such and such a play would be put on in the afternoon. From the flagstaff of the theatre a flag floated as an announcement that a play was or would be in progress that day, the equivalent of our modern and less artistic sign "Show now going on."

The theatre in which Shakespeare's plays were performed was crude at best. It was modelled in structure on the old round or octagonal bear-baiting garden. In arrangement it followed as far as possible the Inn Yards, with their balconies and boxes or "rooms." It was roofless, open to the sky; its seating or standing capacity varied possibly from three hundred to twelve hundred. The price of admission also

varied from a penny to half-a-crown, according as location was remote or on the stage. The stage itself extended into the audience; it was not the picture-frame stage of to-day extending far back; the audience all but surrounded it, and the actor was viewed from many sides. There was practically no scenery, and no curtain in front. An "inner stage" curtained off from the main stage would serve as Desdemona's bedroom, as the hiding-place of Polonius when spying on Hamlet, as the place where Falstaff hid and snored when the Sheriff came in search of him. Here scenes requiring heavy scenery were set. In front and on the sides of the stage the audience gathered, a strangely mingled throng who came for amusement or for story or for instruction. They were on familiar terms with the actors, and doubtless in the Elizabethan theatre there was a comradeship, a sympathy between actors and audience unknown and impossible on our modern stage. Plays were put on in the afternoon and not in the evening, because of the difficulty of lighting. There were no women players; boys took the women's parts. The play went on continuously. There were no waits between acts and scenes while scenery was changed; indeed the act and scene divisions as we know them are the result of modern editing. On the whole, although the stage conditions had many advantages over our modern methods, adequate presentation must have been greatly hindered, because of the enforced simplicity and the absence or the crudeness of stage properties.

The wonder is that Shakespeare, working amid these conditions, attained to such heights of splendid achievement. He was handicapped by the circumstances of his time, but his genius rose above them. Sir Henry Irving used to say that three conditions must be considered as necessary to the production of great drama—author, actor and audience; he called them the three A's of dramatic success. Shakespeare, when he wrote his plays, was mindful of actor and of audience. There is much foolish criticism to-day of the so-called "star system," as if the art of acting should not be thought of by the dramatist as well as the art of dramatic technique.

The "star system" is not a product of modern times. There is little doubt that Elizabethan audiences went to the theatre to see Burbage act as well as to see Shakespeare's dramas. That Shakespeare was mindful of his actor's capabilities when he wrote his plays is evident from his stage directions in some of the quartos. He identified always his characters with his actors. In the second and third quartos of "Romeo and Juliet," for example, instead of "enter Peter," the stage direction is "enter Will Kempe;" in the fourth act of "Much Ado About Nothing," the speeches of Dogberry and Verges are assigned to Kempe and Cowley, two of Shakespeare's actors, instead of to the characters in the play; in the third act of the "Taming of the Shrew" the servant who enters is referred to as "Nick," the name by which the actor was known in the theatre. It would perhaps not be fair to say that Shakespeare wrote only "tailor-made plays" with all parts intended solely for a particular actor, but there can be little doubt that he kept his actors' capabilities and limitations clearly before him when he wrote, and that he had Burbage in his mind's eye when he created the characters of Hamlet and Othello, of King Lear and Richard III.

Shakespeare kept clearly in mind, too, the audience for whom he wrote, although he never submitted to that audience beyond a certain limit. He followed as far as he could follow without compromising with his artistic conscience the vogue of the hour. He began his career by writing luxurious verse after the fashion of the time. Then he turned to play-writing, and in his first attempts he was an imitator of John Lyly, the popular favourite of the age. He then tried an imitation of Kyd in a drama of b'ood, "Titus Andronicus," a play close to melodrama. Then the Chronicle History play attracted him because of the great popularity of the type, a popularity which doubtless resulted from the interest in their ancestors of a people proud of their achievements and their origin. He passed then through the period of high comedies and great tragedies, and in his later years as we

have seen he was influenced by the new school of romantic dramatists, with their introduction of music and dances, and spectacular and theatrical effects. He was quick to feel the pulse of his audience, but in his efforts to satisfy their demands, beyond certain bounds well defined in his own mind he refused to go. He carried out in practice his own ideas of the purpose of great drama expressed in "Hamlet"— "whose end, both first and now, was and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

If Shakespeare lived and worked to-day, however, he would not be unmindful in his composition of the actors or the actresses who would impersonate his characters and interpret his plays. He believed in the importance of the actor's art. Nor would he be as scornful as some of his critics believe of the stage settings and the scenic effects of modern times, so long as these settings aided in interpretation and enhanced the beauty of his scenes. If he could to-day revisit the "glimpses of the moon" on this tercentenary of his death, one of the most pleasing incidents to him in connection with the celebration would be the attempt adequately to represent his plays upon the modern stage, with all the accessories made possible by modern lighting, scene painting and setting, if these accessories did not entirely smother the play itself. He undoubtedly realized the inadequacy of his own stage to represent his great scenes, and his regret is voiced in "Henry V":

> O for a muse of fire that would ascend
> The highest heaven of invention,
> A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
> And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.
> . . . . But pardon, gentles all,
> The flat unraised spirits that have dar'd
> On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
> So great an object; can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt ?

He realized the limitations of the Globe theatre, the "wooden O," and he calls upon the audience to "piece out our imperfections with your thoughts."

Nor would Shakespeare be less mindful to-day of the taste of his audience. He would follow, as far as his artistic conscience would permit him, the vogue of the hour. And in the light of his plays and their connection with the period of their production, it is no disrespect to his memory to believe that if he worked to-day he would not only write plays, but he would perhaps not disdain also to write musical comedies, and even scenarios for the moving picture screen. For as a workman he was a product of his age.

But the interest in Shakespeare to-day, three hundred years after his death, is not so much in his connexion with his own age, although that must always be considered in our estimate of him, as in his meaning and significance for our own time. Every artist is to a greater or a less degree the organ of the society in which he is brought up. The material on which he works is a whole mingling or a complex of the religious, ethical, imaginative and material conceptions which form his mental atmosphere. He must, to succeed in his own day, please the time in which he lives. But he must not stop there; if he does not go beyond that ideal, his influence ends when his heart ceases to beat, and he is soon forgotten. He must transcend his own age and give to the world the eternal thought or message that never grows old. Shakespeare gave utterance first to the characteristic ideas of his time. He was the creature of his age. He was moulded largely by the conditions that produced him. The minor defects of his work are due to his desire to give to his own audiences what they were accustomed to relish, even when he tried to lift them to a plane far above themselves. But the supreme qualities of his work are for all time, as Ben Jonson wrote, "not of an age"—the Elizabethan age—"but for all time." And of these supreme qualities the highest is not his structure nor his deft plotting, nor his wonderful character drawing, nor even the beauty of his poetry,—great as these all are,—

but the eternal principles of life and destiny worked out in his great plays. Character is destiny. The psychology of the human heart and the human mind is the same in 1916 as in 1616. Times change; fashions come and go; "love cools," as he wrote in "King Lear," "friendship falls off, brothers divide; in cities mutinies, in countries discord; in palaces treason, and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father;" changes are inevitable. But in the world where men live and suffer, and laugh and fail and conquer, men's and women's hearts are still the same. Shakespeare is an anatomist of the human heart and mind, a marvellous reader of the human soul. His characters may be externally kings and queens and princes, but internally they are ourselves; his queens in the last analysis, as he made Cleopatra confess, are

> No more but e'en a woman, and commanded
> By such poor passion as the maid that milks
> And does the meanest chores.

We feel that the struggle of his characters are our struggles, perhaps in a different sphere and time, and we realize, as we watch their failure, or their fall before the inevitable doom, that "there but by the grace of God go I;" they are brought to disaster not by depravity, but by some error or frailty, by a weakness to which you or I can conceive ourselves liable. It is this humanity of Shakespeare, this psychology, this understanding of the human spirit with its suffering and its pleasure, its laughter and its tears, that makes Shakespeare immortal.

It is possible to read stupidly into Shakespeare almost anything one desires to read. But one fact of his work is obvious to all, that Shakespeare shows with more emphasis than any other writer in our language something of the infinite purpose behind the destruction and the flux of things. Brutus falls fighting in what he believes to be a righteous cause, and at the end Antony and Octavius hold the state intact: Hamlet goes down attempting to do an appointed task, in a

hopeless struggle, but Fortinbras takes his place as the ruler of the land; so with Othello, victim of his own misjudgment; Macbeth ruined because of his dallying with sin; Lear broken by his own acts; Antony destroyed by his own folly; each is replaced at the end by a symbol of strength, and when the last act closes, we are left with an impression that notwithstanding all the wreckage, the ruin, the sorrow and the pain, "the pity and the terror" which are essential to tragedy, justice endures, that order survives chaos, and that all moves serenely towards the ideal goal; it matters not who has fallen in the struggle, in the end all is well. And at the present time, to our nation in its storm and stress there can be no greater and more timely suggestion than this.

When Shakespeare left to the world the legacy the giving of which we celebrate this month, he was not wholly conscious of its value. His modesty did not permit him to realize its worth. He had no delusions like Ben Jonson about his greatness. Even his contemporaries did not appreciate his gifts; they spoke only of his "copious industry" rather than of the character of his work. He looked upon himself as an actor-playwright rather than as a professed literary artist. He believed that his work would not survive the voice of the actor or the contemporary "run" at the Globe theatre. He felt the pathos of the actor's art, next to the singer's the most ephemeral of all the arts. His figure for the brevity and vanity of life in Macbeth is "a poor player"—not a *poor* player, but any player—

> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and trets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more; it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
> Signifying nothing.

And again in "The Tempest," his last play, he has reference to the transiency of the acted drama, of the actors and the "insubstantial pageant," a reference which has all the pathos of a personal farewell to the stage—

> Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air;
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
> And, like this insubstantial pageant, faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

Yes, the life of the artist may be "rounded with a sleep," but not the product of the artist, if, while still mindful of the time in which and for which he labours, he keeps before him the eternal principles of life and destiny which never change. It is for this reason that to the work of Shakespeare, "the songs of the bountiful chorister," the world turns to-day with reverence and wonder. Vague eulogy of his work is no longer permissible; his literary and dramatic supremacy is recognized, like a law of nature. "Shakespeare," wrote *Punch* in 1864, "needs no statue." His work is his memorial, a memorial that can only perish with the Anglo-Saxon tongue. He signifies the potency of the human intellect; and the Anglo-Saxon world celebrates this month the tercentenary of his death because it believes with Dumas that "after God, Shakespeare has created most." The facts and details of his life are gone; but while his work is left to us, while "these the songs remain to eternity," it matters not that, in Hamlet's line, "the rest is silence."

CYRUS MACMILLAN

THE COMEDY OF SHAKESPEARE AND MOLIÈRE

I HAVE been re-reading Shakespeare and Molière recently, first for the pleasure of the operation and secondly to satisfy a certain legitimate curiosity of my mind. It was not my desire to weigh one achievement against the other, nor to play the game of pitch and toss with two great reputations. It seemed also too ambitious a thing to strive to get behind and beneath the workings of two such powerful minds, for the creative process must remain a mystery even where it originates; but it seemed to me possible to gain some light even upon that mystery, and legitimate to investigate the divergent aim in art of two nations that intellectually speaking have never yet trod the same path together. Frenchmen accuse us of disrespect for Racine and of indifference to Molière. We retort in kind and deny a sense of poetry to the race that refuses Shakespeare or accepts him grudgingly on Voltaire's terms as "a drunken barbarian of genius." Some mutual accommodation is evidently necessary and enough imagination on the reader's or spectator's part to adapt himself to a foreign point of view.

Let us begin our enquiry by a statement of the qualities wherein Shakespeare and Molière resemble one another, and by an examination of the conditions they share in common.

They were both working dramatists and masters in their craft; and if Molière seems the more modern and can now be acted with less retrenchment and alteration it is only because the Shakespearean stage has passed away, and the technique of the Molière theatre is, with few modifications, the technique of the *Théâtre Français* of to-day. The device of the aside and the soliloquy, and the multiplication of incognitos and recognition scenes, are antiquated features in

the stage practice of both authors, and each was hampered, though the Frenchman much more severely, by a stage encumbered with tittering or yawning spectators. But these encumbrances removed, the Molière stage would not markedly differ from a severe *mise-en-scène* of the modern time, whereas the Shakespearean stage, curtainless, unroofed and projecting far into the midst of the standing crowd is an archeological puzzle which scholars have not yet succeeded in fitting together.

Shakespeare and Molière alike experimented widely, and each carried to its perfection the types of comedy that the taste of the day supported. Shakespeare turned his prentice hand to the refurbishing of older plays, working for a time as we suspect in collaboration with more experienced playwrights. Then, his craft mastered, he launched unaided into his dramatic histories, at a time when chronicle plays were still in their height of fashion, and always with his unerring instinct for what the public wanted, he gives them now heroic plays in which he out-Marlowes Marlowe, now woodland comedies in which the wit is daintier than Lyly's and the passion more delicately refined than Greene's, now tragedies of revenge where Kyd's bombast is converted into power, and in the mellow evening of his career comedies again ripe with the distilled wisdom of his life, but touched with the freakishness and fantastic grace that delighted the theatre-goers of the day. I confess that I am sceptical of the theory which connects Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies with certain unspecified events of his private life. He wrote comedies of course when he was gay, and tragedies when the serious realities of life thronged in upon his mind, but either mood I maintain was at his command when the occasion demanded it. Is not the same thing true of Molière, and is it more discreditable to him that he should have written at times with reference to the play-bills of the rival theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne than to Shakespeare that he kept a worldly eye on the box-office receipts of the Globe? A dramatist is not a lyric poet who sings his private joys and

sorrows, and we must never forget the social basis on which the theatre is reared.

Shakespeare, I have said, created no new types, but so enlarged and enhanced the old ones that they seemed like new creations. Molière is variously credited with having originated the comedy of character and the comedy of manners. In reality, like Shakespeare, he was the child of his age; like Shakespeare he found the instrument ready fashioned to his hands; and like Shakespeare he could elicit new harmonies from the old frayed strings. The *comédie-ballet* which amounts to a full quarter of Molière's dramatic work is asserted to have been of his invention, but the type is only an amusing amalgam of farce and dancing, organized with the aid of Lulli to pleasure a king whose tastes were not severely intellectual. Molière's originality lay in his point of view, in a certain trick of observation of which he had the secret, and in his knowledge of the scope and limitations of the dramatic form he cultivated.

In France, as in England, comedy had a learned and a popular origin. Shakespeare and Molière paid off early their debt to Plautus and Terence. Neither of them, and this is especially true of Molière, ever freed himself from his debt to farce of the most popular and boisterous kind. In a few grave plays of his middle age, Molière dispenses with the thwackings and preposterous situations that the type demands, but even the "Misanthrope" and "Tartuffe" have their moments of calculated buffoonery, and the later plays again carry comedy to the utmost verge of the burlesque.

"Farce," as an acute critic, Lanson, has said, "is logically and historically the source of Molière's comedy." That Shakespeare is less indebted to the same source is partly a matter of temperament and partly of literary history. Farce is indigenous to France and has a natural evolution out of the earlier *fabliau* which was wholly democratic, gay and scurrilous. With us it is an imported product, and dates from Heywood only, who was almost by date an Elizabethan. Our fools and clowns have an earlier derivation—though a

disputed one—from the vices of the moralities, and comic invention was busily at work in the Wakefield miracles of still earlier date; but organized farce was slow to appear, and Shakespeare, the barbarian, used its methods more discreetly than did the favourite poet of the most refined court of Europe.

Shakespeare and Molière as comic poets cannot be brought into comparison throughout the whole range of their work, because the coasts of tragedy are but skirted by Molière, whereas Shakespeare's complete comic range can be estimated only if one takes his tragedies as well as his comedies proper into account. A few of Molière's more serious comedies allow, however, of a partial comparison, and we recognize that each poet has constant recourse to comedy for the purpose of relieving a tense situation. It is to be noted, however, that Shakespeare achieves more than this in such a creation as that of Lear's sweet mad fool. Here the vast load of sorrow is not discharged and precipitated into merriment, but grief casts a deeper shadow from the encounter of these two disordered minds. It is these blessed incongruities that perplex French comment on Shakespeare. Where we find him almost uncannily superhuman in his powerful fusion of opposites, they find him only disconcertingly irregular. Comic relief is resorted to therefore by both dramatists alike, but in Shakespeare the contrast is sharper, and the penetration into mood and motive is subtle beyond the measure even of Molière's art.

In their choice and handling of themes, despite the incontinent borrowings of both poets, their practice was markedly dissimilar. Each uses at his will and inclination the traditional comic types of the stage that had descended through the Italian comedy of masks from an original Latin source. Of the two Molière is the more conventional, but the preference of both is for characters that they have studied in their living environment. The main point of difference to be noted is that Shakespeare often manipulates, but rarely invents a plot; whereas Molière is greatly less in the debt

of chroniclers and novelists, but is much quicker than Shakespeare to transplant a whole scene from another dramatist into one of his own plays. "I take my good things where I find them," was his candid and commendable remark. Their conception of comedy lies at the bottom of the difference. They both were naturally always on the alert for a good subject to work upon. Shakespeare was primarily attracted by a story which presented dramatic possibilities. The theme kindled in his mind, and he could always depend upon the fertility of his invention to provide him with characters that should make the story more vital and significant than his bare original. Molière was at heart a passionate reformer who desired to chastise morals by laughter, and by ridicule to cleanse the world of folly. The story for him was of small account; the social bearings of the situation and its comic possibilities were alone important. Some half-dozen of his plays ring the changes on the time-worn situation of the doting old man in love with the ward who loves the youth who is abetted by his scheming valet.

I have outlined some of the characteristic features of the two writers in order to show that even where they most resemble there is more divergence than likeness. Sainte-Beuve has traced an affinity between them inasmuch as both writers have command of a large and liberal language which they use with careless power. His contention is interesting and suggestive in so far as it serves to differentiate their method from that of writers like Racine or Milton whose solicitude for style leaves no line or ultimate syllable unregarded. But beyond the fact that Shakespeare and Molière seemed equally careless of their verbal reputations an Englishman is not likely to discover much in common between the literary methods of these two great writers. A purely stylistic study of Shakespeare yields certainly the richer result. The interval of merit is wider in his work, because we can discover there the extremes of the execrably bad and the unapproachably sublime, and can trace a constant progress from fluent ease to pregnant concentration. Molière

exhibits some minor developments of style, but every modification leads him further from the language of poetry. Though he thought in verse he thought rarely as a poet, and his growing concern was for effectiveness. It is probable that English readers who are reasonably familiar with French miss few of the characteristic virtues of his style. But there are passages in Shakespeare, and many of these his finest passages, so pregnant in their condensation and so subtle in their appeal that their full beauty must escape all but the most competent of foreign readers, and there are passages again that present fewer difficulties to interpretation, and yet the value of which is impaired for those who cannot appreciate the rare distinction that Shakespeare is able to confer even upon a word. Take as an instance this speech of Agamemnon in the "Troilus and Cressida" which I have the more pleasure in quoting not only because it supports my statement but because it brings us heartening counsel in our present difficulties:

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promised largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand,
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames? Which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men;

> The fineness of which metal is not found
> In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
> The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
> The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
> But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
> Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
> Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
> And what hath mass or matter, by itself
> Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

The poet and the statesman speak in every line of this speech. Its appeal is singularly forcible to us, but I should despair of converting a foreigner to our opinion. Its value as presenting a situation he would concede and the general proposition advanced would meet with his approval,—as, that large enterprises not seldom defeat our too eager hopes, that we must not therefore blench at a deferred success, but see rather in the delays of fortune and in the strokes of adversity an opportunity to prove our mettle. Victor Hugo with all his boldness in metaphor has not prepared his countrymen for a language where dignity and familiarity, Latin pomp and Saxon simplicity are blended as they are in the opening lines, and the extension of meaning in the word "distinction" as Shakespeare here employs it would scarcely lie within the competence of a foreigner's appreciation. Sainte-Beuve was entitled to speak of Molière's large and liberal use of language, but with diligent search he could have found no passage in the plays of so ample and withal so subtle a phraseology as this speech, selected almost at random from Shakespeare's pages. Matters of state were not within the scope of Molière's philosophy, but even that heroic politician Corneille, grave and distinguished as was his habitual utterance, has given us nothing that both satisfies the mind and releases the imagination so effectively as this.

I can hear my imaginary Frenchman protesting: "But, my dear Monsieur, you have deranged yourself a great deal to prove nothing. I have read your 'Troilus and Cressida.' It is not a comedy. It is not anything that I can name.

The speech you quote is not comic, and there is no comparison with Molière whose speeches always govern themselves by their comic intention. It is true I do not understand the speech very well. I get an idea of confused magnificence. You, on the other hand, can understand everything our Molière says. He is like fresh water running, always sparkling, always clear. Is this a merit? Is it a defect? Who will judge? And yet there is more to say. We other Frenchmen are not so displeased with your Shakespeare when he is grand as when he is little. We think that he has not given to comedy its true direction. Comedy is not mere word play or what you call play on words. Repartee soon degenerates into flippancy and ceases to be amusing; and besides that, Monsieur, where all your young people strive to outdo one another in cleverness they lose their character. They are mannikins pulled by a string. It is like your Bernard Shaw who pretends that he is not fond of Shakespeare. With both of them cleverness is a disease." My Frenchman is becoming voluble, but he is convinced that his argument is sound. For reasons of national pride I contest the ground with him, and I do not admit too readily that Molière has the surer grasp of the principles that govern comedy, its critical scope, its befitting situations, its appropriate language. The defence that I set up for the mimic phrase warfare of Shakespeare's comedies was the best I could offer, but it did not placate my good-natured opponent. I pointed out in the first place that repartee is a mere ingredient in Shakespearean comedy, not its essential feature. Frequently it is bad, more frequently it is in itself good, and often it justifies itself by exhibiting a fashion of the time, and even in the mouth of Mercutio and Romeo, or Benedick and Beatrice, an essential trait of character. Might we not go further and venture the surmise that Shakespeare in Biron and Mercutio reveals to us features of his own character? He has given us his Holofernes and Armado, as Molière has given us his Vadius and Trissotin, to point the absurdity of pedantry and affectation, but Biron and Mercutio are

presented to us in so kindly a fashion that we must infer that Shakespeare himself was only too ready to bandy jests and crown a pun with a pun. Here my Frenchman brought down a Molière from the shelves and asked me to read some passages from the "Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes." I translate a few speeches that give us Molière's opinions on conversation.

Elise asks her cousin Uranie to spare her the visits of a certain Marquis. "Do you intend to leave him always on my hands, and do you think I can stand his perpetual punnings?

Uranie.—This language is the fashion, and the court is fond of punning.

Elise.—So much the worse for those who indulge in it, and who torture themselves the whole day to speak this obscure jargon. What a fine thing it is to introduce into your conversations at the Louvre old jokes picked up in the mud of the Maubert market square! That is a nice way for courtiers to jest, and how witty a man is when he says to you: Madame, you are in the Place Royale, and everybody sees you three leagues off from Paris; for everybody looks on you with a favourable eye—(car chacun vous voit de bon œil); because Bonneuil is a village three leagues from here. Is that not very gallant and witty? And have not those who invent these clever things reason to be proud of themselves?"—I could not see that this struck home at Shakespeare whose jests are not calculated, but however bad are spontaneous.

In succeeding scenes of the play, Dorante, the sensible marquis, is hard pressed by his opponents in the defence of his favourite Molière. The "Ecole des Femmes" had some phrases which shocked the prudish and seemed to be wilfully imported into the play precisely to that end. Dorante has this remark to make. "As far as 'children through the ear' is concerned, that is only amusing by reference to Arnolphe; and the author did not intend it as a witty thing in itself, but only as a phrase that characterizes the man, and depicts

his absurdity all the better since it reproduces a trivial, silly remark of Agnes's as one of the prettiest things imaginable, and one that gives him extraordinary pleasure."—"To write naturally and to reveal character was Molière's sole preoccupation in comic dialogue" said my imaginary friend with a tone of quiet assurance. "We think on the whole that whether he writes in verse or in prose he has succeeded. Dorante's view will stand whatever test you put it to. You will remember some of Molière's famous phrases that are repeated constantly with a crescendo comic effect. These are not pure artifice. They are what we call 'mots de situation' but they are also 'mots de caractère.' Valère's repeated 'sans dot' is irresistibly funny in itself, but it also throws a flood of light on Harpagon. And so with the 'Le pauvre homme' of 'Tartuffe', the 'Je ne dis pas' of the 'Misanthrope,' and, in a less degree, with the 'Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère' of the 'Fourberies de Scapin.' "

I was not sorry when my argumentative visitor regretted that he could not finish the friendly debate. As I bowed him over the threshold he said agreeable things about Shakespeare's skill in tragedies, but revealed his French limitations by saying that these tragedies required only the finishing hand of Racine to make them perfect. His parting admonition to me was to decide in my own mind clearly what the object of comedy should be. If its function was to make people laugh, then there was a valid basis of comparison between Shakespeare and Molière. If it was to make them laugh and think, again there was a valid basis of comparison, and, for his part, he was not afraid of any examination of the two poets that should bring to the test the social bearings and ultimate human values of their work.

With our Frenchman for the present out of the way, let us rapidly survey the subject matter of the comedies, and, as we are English readers, my survey of Shakespeare's plays can afford to be brief. I assume the approximate correctness of the accepted chronology. We have first that very clever young man's play, "Love's Labour's Lost,"

which is Shakespeare's "Précieuses Ridicules" with the rôles inverted, and this is followed before he finds his true direction by a literary comedy of situations with farcical episodes, "The Comedy of Errors," his only Plautine imitation and the only comedy till we reach the "Tempest" at the end of his career that pays strict observance to the unities. Shakespeare carries the mystification of disguise beyond the limits of credulity of course, and certainly, with all our charity, to the limits of endurance. But I have seen the play acted and was surprised to find how much absurdity one is willing to take for granted in the hurly-burly of rapid stage action, and how easy it is to surrender one's intellect for two hours' amusement. Molière's "Amphitryon" lends itself to comparison, but this was a work of his maturity and the honours rest with Molière beyond dispute.

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is Shakespeare's first romantic comedy, and prefigures the more delightful plays that are to follow. What can it teach us of Shakespeare's method and purpose in comedy? As this is one of the least read and acted of Shakespeare's plays, a brief *résumé* of the action may be permitted. Valentine and Proteus are presented to us as a pair of devoted friends, and so secure in their mutual affection that Valentine can afford to jest with Proteus on his passion for the lady Julia. Valentine, as befits his station in life, is despatched by his father to the Emperor's court at Milan, but he cannot induce the lover friend to accompany him. Some months evidently elapse, when Proteus' father decides that his son also must enjoy the advantage of foreign travel. He leaves Julia with protestations of love hot upon his lips, and arrived in Milan, promptly transfers his passion to Sylvia, who loves and is loved by Valentine. Treachery now makes havoc of love and friendship alike. Through Proteus' machinations, Valentine is banished, and Proteus seeks to win his way into the affections of Sylvia, who properly despises him. His perfidious wooing is witnessed by Julia who has journeyed to Milan in boy's disguise to learn how her lover is faring.

Sylvia's father, the Royal Duke, has determined to marry her to Thurio, a wealthy and brainless lord of the court. To escape him, Sylvia flees under the protection of a loyal knight, Sir Eglamour, and by the fortunate chances that favour a maiden of romance, she is captured by the band of outlaws of which Valentine has recently been appointed captain. For the final curtain, as we would now say, arrive Julia, still in boy's disguise, Proteus, Thurio and the Duke. Valentine, by an act of rare and surely excessive magnanimity, rewards Proteus for his repentance by yielding Sylvia to him, whereupon the unhappy Julia faints and is recognized. In a trice all are made happy. Thurio reveals himself a poltroon, the Duke bestows his daughter on Valentine, and Julia recovers the penitent Proteus. The serving men, Launce and Speed, furnish the fun, but Skakespeare had not yet learned how to make a comic sub-plot support the major situations.

To return to our original question:—What does Shakespeare aim to do in this, his first typical comedy? Was it his purpose, as later it was Molière's, to study a group of characters who in their interplay of speech and action should exhibit the follies and the virtues of contemporary life? Had this been his dominant purpose, he would not have chosen the method of romance nor have removed his characters so far from the ordinary commerce of the world. It was his practice, as we know, to select a story which should win favour by its fantastic grace and waywardness rather than by the rigorously realistic sequence of its events. If this were all that could be said of Shakespeare's comedy, it might explain his vogue in an age that suffered miracles gladly, but it would not justify his reputation to a modern world that has lost the child-like faculty to wonder and admire. But there *is* more to be said. In the lightest of Shakespeare's comedies, as in the profoundest of his tragedies, we are conscious of the working of a powerful mind. In his comedies he was willing not to explore the troubled depths of human passion. He was content to let his spirit diffuse itself serenely and at

large over the varied play of life. There is no rigid doctrinaire precision in his presentation of his theme, but for all his lack of system, there is no dearth of philosophic reflection when he encounters philosophy by the way. There is a constant fertile blossoming of his mind upon the page, and much though one may detest the German habit of foisting a moral intention upon him at every turn, it remains true that there is a sweet kernel of philosophy in the slightest themes he treats. "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is neither a successful nor a profound play, and the need of a happy ending leaves the issues in confusion at the close. But in the theme itself, and in casual passages through the play, we find Shakespeare concerned with the same philosophic problem that gives poignancy to the sonnets—the theme of friendship, complicated by treachery in love. We have therefore, even in this play, a story as fantastically conceived as you please which yet reflects the hues of reality.

In the comedies that followed, Shakespeare was to pour out for us more profusely the poetic treasures of his mind, and to reveal to us powers of characterization which the present play allows us only to suspect, as, for example, in the person of Sylvia who has, though in suggestion merely, the contours, the features and the mind of one of Shakespeare's peerless women. The next comedy does not yet give us the complete Shakespearean woman, but it shows a masterly development in some directions. I do not refer to the skilful blending of fairy-lore, classicism, and village democracy, which makes the "Midsummer Night's Dream" so interesting from the standpoint of mere craftsmanship, but to the heightening of poetic power which the play reveals, and, concerning us still more as students of comedy, to the sympathetic insight which permitted Shakespeare to exhibit to us the unconscious humours of the common people. Of philosophic intention in the play there is perhaps no more than is evinced in Puck's "What fools these mortals be," but the true philosophy—the philosophy of human charity, lies for me in the court dialogue that preludes the entrance of the versatile Bottom and the self-effacing Snout.—(Act V., Sc. I., 71-84)

"Romeo and Juliet" is usually assigned to the same period as the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mercutio was stamped from the same mint that coined Biron, and the Nurse is compounded of many humours that Shakespeare recombines for us in the elemental characters of later plays. But though she is fashioned of the common stuff of our ordinary humanity, it was a miracle of divination in Shakespeare to create her, and, having created her, to set her unshrinking, unsuspecting coarseness over against the purity of the girl Juliet, and to make of this garrulous blunt-visioned creature her refuge in distress.

French critics classify comedy in three main divisions, the comedy of situation, the comedy of manners, and the comedy of character. The distinction is futile, inasmuch as every good comedy embraces the three characteristics. In so far as it holds good for Shakespeare, "The Comedy of Errors" would be a satisfactory specimen of the comedy of situation, but the romantic comedies would elude the classification, or would be contained within it only because of the poet's willingness to sacrifice character to situation for the sake of a happy ending. "The Merchant of Venice" is Shakespeare's first and most satisfactory experiment in the comedy of character. The Jew Shylock towers pre-eminently above the surrounding figures, and one of the defects of the play as comedy arises from the fact that he is tragically conceived. But the point is in dispute, and we are authoritatively informed that our conception of Shylock as a tragic character arises from our wilful importation into the play of nineteenth century humanitarianism. A more palpable defect is the jarring union of the real with the fantastic which, despite what critics may say to the contrary, are not here fused with the poet's accustomed skill. I have never reconciled myself to the casket scenes, and I find even the pound of flesh unconvincing. Gobbo is an indifferent clown and contributes little to the merriment of the piece. Not until the fierce tension is relieved does Shakespeare touch the springs of sympathetic laughter. He tosses Shylock to the

harsh merriment of the pit, with, as we trust, a reserve in his own mind of compassion for the victim.

Molière, from the standpoint of comedy, Corneille and Racine from that of tragedy would have looked askance at the theme which Shakespeare undertook to develop in his two Henry IVths. There is neither comedy nor tragedy in it. The material is epic, chaotic, lacking the Aristotelian beginning, middle or end. There is no neat moral problem to be solved in the breast of the hero, except that he must cease to be a naughty boy if he is to rule his kingdom as a true and upright prince. Yet Shakespeare has produced from this indiscriminate welter of material two plays that are a treat to the understanding and a delight to the eye. Here I feel that I may play my trump card against my Frenchman, and annihilate him with Falstaff. "Ah," he says, "that is your English humour. You take a tun-bellied and dissolute knight with a copious gift of repartee, who lords it over prostitutes and thieves, and has a prince of the blood royal for his familiar, and you call that fun. I call it merely indecent. We have nothing so gross between Rabelais and Zola, and Molière, who was not afflicted with squeamishness, would have left such a fellow in the stews where he naturally belongs. But suppose we let the obscenity pass, what conceivable relation have Falstaff and his crew to the great events of English history which Shakespeare has undertaken to reveal?" This onslaught upon Falstaff took me by surprise, and I felt that I could only affirm but not prove the statement that Falstaff is one of the greatest creations in the humoristic literature of the world. That a Frenchman should assume an air of injured innocence was particularly annoying, and I said that with a person who held that art must pick her dainty footsteps through a muddy world there could be no argument. As to the reasons for Falstaff's existence, I said that he was created out of the fertility of Shakespeare's brain to eke out the poverty of his dramatic material. Shakespeare may have been innocent of any deep design in providing the characters of the underworld over whom Falstaff

presided, but remembering Macbeth's porter at the gate, and the peasant clown in "Antony and Cleopatra," I am pleased to think that Shakespeare is frequently profound when we think him only profane. If we have suffered a grievous loss, the newsboys still cry out and the carts rattle by in the streets. Macbeth may have committed murder or Cleopatra have meditated self-murder, the world is still insistent, the wheels of life still move on. And so in this play the progress of high affairs of state and the happenings of the underworld present a philosophic contrast that justifies their juxtaposition. A simpler apology for Falstaff is that he serves to exhibit the human weakness of the prince of which his royal father so pathetically complained. "Yes," said my friend, "and a pretty piece of stage repentance at the end it was, for your model prince to signalize his sudden conversion to virtue by heaping public contumely on the head of the man whose vices he had abetted and whose humorous antics had been only an agreeable form of flattery to his own degraded tastes. No, I do not much care for your great national hero, Prince Hal, the model of all the practical virtues of your race, and I do not pretend to understand your Falstaff, who is a lovable monster for all his faults." "For that concession, at least, receive my thanks," I said. "But here," he continued, "is another matter that a puzzled foreigner fails to understand. Falstaff is a knave in the two Henries, but a consistent knave and a lovable knave if you will, though his sovereign flouts him so perfidiously in the end. Can it be that Shakespeare, who appeared to treat his vices so sympathetically, is after all a man himself of common mind with the staid English notion of virtue, or else how can you explain the Falstaff of the 'Merry Wives,' who is soused in the river with the dirty linen, who is beaten out of the house as a witch, and pinched black and blue by pseudo-fairies? Are your poet's charities after all narrowly circumscribed or is his psychology at fault? And why does this witty monster babble of green fields when he comes to die?" The conversation convinced me that there are

certain parts of Shakespeare that we must cherish as a national possession, unappreciated and unshared by foreigners. "'The Merry Wives,'" I replied, "was a play of command, and Falstaff in love could be the subject only of the broadest farce. As for the green fields, the text is corrupt and you are at liberty to think that he was asking for a cup of sack. On the whole, you are singularly unfair to Falstaff. You do not seem to recognize the creative energy which went to his making, and you do not appreciate Shakespeare's dramatic habit of envisaging life through the minds of widely divergent characters. The Falstaffian view of life exists, and it demanded to be presented. Shakespeare has immortalized a point of view. What else have you to say?" "Nothing that you will agree with, I fear. I merely remark that Shadow and Silence are more genuine comedy characters than this wonderful Falstaff, and when I explain why, you will better understand our differences of opinion. Take that scene before Justice Shallow's house in the second part. There is nothing in Molière that equals it for pure comedy, and even the entrance of Falstaff does not rob it of its character. Shallow and Silence with their earnest truisms, and Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble and Bullcalf with their undisguised reluctance to enlist in Falstaff's ragged regiment are of the very essence of the vulgar comic, because they are so earnest, because they are so undisguised, because, in short, they do not know themselves to be comic. Why I say that Falstaff's entrance does not spoil the scene is because it happens here to be his humour to squeeze their absurdities to the last drop." "Now," I said, "I see the point of our difference, and I think that I can justify Falstaff while still admitting the justness of your general contention. Your objection to Falstaff is that he is self-conscious, and that he is always master of the situations in which he finds himself, and which he for the most part creates with the genuine play maker's instinct he possesses. He is that rare thing in literature, and provokingly rare in the literature of your logic-ridden race—a humourist. You

can understand his character on no other terms. He is not a paragon of virtue surely, but he is more philosopher than libertine, and a philosopher of the humorous kind who relishes the diverting vanities of life, and whose humour precipitates him repeatedly into situations of his own contriving in order that his fertile wit may extricate him."

The debate ended with complete satisfaction to each disputant.

Shakespeare's comedy up to this point is kindly rather than satiric, and "As You Like It" that follows is his sunniest pastoral. "Much Ado" has no new features that need detain us, but "Twelfth Night," beneath its surface merriment, develops a vein of critical satire that makes this play conform more nearly than any previously considered to the Molièresque idea of comedy. It has more poetry, of course, though also it must be admitted more drunkenness than Molière gives warrant for. But Maria, with her pertness and contriving faculty, is a serving-woman after Molière's heart, and Shakespeare's cutting exposure of Malvolio's unconscious absurdities, and his more kindly healing of the sentimentalities of the Duke and Olivia are again in the spirit of the best French comedy. The two sombre comedies, "All's Well that Ends Well" and "Measure for Measure," carry us on to the final romantic group. In "The Tempest" Prospero's magic staff is buried fathoms deep in earth.

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Of Molière's life and of the conditions that shaped his career I can give but the bare essentials. He was born in 1621 or 1622 in Paris, the son of a prosperous upholsterer, Poquelin by name, who held a court appointment which it was his later ambition to hand down to his son. The boy had a good education,—a much sounder one than Shakespeare enjoyed,—under the Jesuits at the fashionable Collège de Clermont. Scarcely issued thence he attached himself to Madeleine Béjart's newly formed theatrical company, the

Illustre Théâtre, and with this company his fortunes were associated until his death. Despite the resounding name by which it proclaimed itself, the company failed in three struggling years to establish itself in Paris. They packed up their meagre belongings and wandered at large through France for the next twelve years.

This is the only obscure part of Molière's life, but surmise may render a very satisfactory tale of Molière's activities in the interval and of the influences to which his art was subjected.

The *Illustre Théâtre* left Paris with a flimsy repertory of second-rate tragi-comedies. With no designs upon literary fame, Molière undertook to supply the deficiency, and his great career had therefore the same initial practical impulse that urged Shakespeare into authorship. We can clearly see him at work republishing old plays, recasting the situations and moulding the dialogue to please his country audiences. He discovered in himself a vein of comedy, but it probably required repeated failures to convince him that he could shine neither as tragic actor nor as tragic poet. The influences he encountered were roughly three. The Court's Spanish connexion had popularized the extravagant romantic drama of Spain, and this infection doubtless spread from Paris into the provinces. Molière's art, fortunately, almost escaped this contagion. "Don Garcie de Navarre" at a later time was his one Parisian failure. The "Don Juan" has nothing Spanish save the title, and a certain freedom of movement that distinguishes this work from his other masterpieces. It is more important for us to realize the immense vogue of the native farces which had temporarily died down in Paris owing to the pressure of Corneille's genius, but which still prevailed unchecked in the provinces. It was by his appeal to this dormant love of farce that Molière won his way into the hearts of his Parisian audience, and the twelve years of apprenticeship were therefore not wasted that taught him the vitality of this unaristocratic form of drama. The third influence, and scarcely less potent upon Molière than that

of farce, proceeded from the Italian comedy of masks. Whatever conventionality of type an English spectator discerns in Molière's comedy derives from this source. In the early plays the conventionality is most marked, but with the substitution of Sganarelle for Mascarille, Molière develops a broader and more naturalistic method of handling his characters. The new comedy is usually supposed to date from the "Précieuses Ridicules," but Brunetière notes its clear emergence in the "Ecole des Femmes," which followed three years later in 1662, and created the first of the violent controversies which were destined to mark Molière's subsequent career. His brilliant rejoinder in the "Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," and the "Impromptu de Versailles" should be carefully studied by all who desire to understand Molière's method and practice in comedy. A group of masterpieces also falls within this period,—the "Tartuffe," a study in religious hypocrisy, the "Don Juan," a study in aristocratic profligacy, and "Le Misanthrope." Of this last named play I propose to make a brief analysis.

The "Misanthrope" is a work of quite extraordinary power and subtlety, but it cannot be said to be characteristic of Molière's manner. It is like no other play that he has written, yet it seems no less inevitable in his work than "Hamlet" was in the work of Shakespeare; and as "Hamlet" establishes the unapproachable limits of intellectual tragedy, so the "Misanthrope" seems to set an impassable boundary to intellectual comedy. The fable is surely the slightest that ever supported a great creation, and its very bareness instructs us that we must find our satisfaction for once, at least, in characters who exhibit themselves in thought rather than in action.

The story, therefore, need not detain us long. Alceste the Misanthrope is in love with Célimène, the coquette. The prude Arsinoë, wishing to win him over, poisons his mind against Célimène by giving him a letter which the reckless young widow had written to one of her many admirers. In the final scene these admirers are brought together in

Célimène's presence, where they discover, again through the medium of Célimène's indiscreet correspondence, how each in turn has been the target for her sarcastic wit. Alceste storms at her, but gives her a final chance to renounce the world and go out into the desert with him. Célimène refuses, and that is the play so far, at least, as the action is concerned. An ambitious dramatist of to-day would as soon think of submitting to Klaw and Erlanger the scenario of the "Winter's Tale."

An analysis, act by act, would introduce a few additional characters, but would not greatly enlarge the scope of the action. Whence, then, it may be asked, does the play derive its value, and what is its comic motive, if it be a comedy? Its value, we may reply, resides partly in the craftsmanship which, some carelessness apart, exhibits Molière's purely literary power in its fullest development, but chiefly in the graphic manner in which a whole social group is exhibited to us, and in the subtlety wherewith the impulses that control and the ideas that govern that society are presented. Its comedy motive has been a matter of dispute, and we must admit that Molière, usually so broad and boisterous in his comic situations, and never more boisterous than when the action threatened to become serious, has here allowed the comedy to rest almost wholly in the idea, and has made his appeal, in Meredith's phrase, to the "laughter of the mind."

The design of the play is as spacious as its action is restricted. It was Molière's purpose to set upon the stage a group of characters who in a five-act conversation should lay bare the principles from which polite society in the modern world derives its mandate. The "Misanthrope" has suffered the fate of all good plays—"Brand," "Peer Gynt," "The Doll's House," "Hamlet"—that embody a profound conception of life: it has been subjected to much and grievous misinterpretation. Let us not join the blunderers and conclude that the writer is venting a private grievance in this wise play, that he has eternalized his wife's indiscretions in the waywardness of the witty Célimène, or that Molière himself

speaks in the embittered accents of Alceste or in the accommodating speech of the comfortable Philinte. He is at once all and none of the characters of his own making, for he chose them in order to illustrate in all its diversity his conception of society, the submission that it may exact from its members, and the weakness its peculiar constitution involves. For society, though it be a growth in nature, still seems to be a growth away from nature, a human law imposed upon our wilder instincts, a self-forged fetter to which our freedom consents. What makes this play, then, so interesting for those who seek to explore the poet's mind, and what makes it so baffling for those who misread his meaning, is the fact that Molière in a series of striking plays had constituted himself the champion of Nature, and now he gives us a play which deserves the name of comedy only in so far as Alceste, the natural man, is to be considered as a comic, almost, one may say, as a ridiculous figure. It is obvious that if Molière desired to demolish the convention of society, Alceste must be regarded as a wholly sympathetic figure, and the comedy vanishes. Rousseau, whose sentimental misanthropy obscured his comic perceptions, at least did not fall into this error,—perhaps even he leaned to the other extreme in asserting that the atrabilious lover with the green ribbons was created by Molière in order to make sincerity ridiculous. If this is an error, it at least saves the comedy, and is surely more venial than that narrow opinion which ascribes to Molière the intention of contrasting the disinterested virtue of Alceste with the perverse wickedness of Célimène. It has also more to commend it than the pedantic interpretation which converts Philinte, that eminently safe and accommodating person, into a type of XIX century *raisonneur* in whose carefully fashioned speeches the personal views of the author are revealed.

The "Misanthrope," despite the crisp clearness of its individual speeches, is by no means an easy play. It has the fascinating perplexity of every great work that deals profoundly with ideas, and it would be presumptuous

to attempt to set forth its meaning. It is permissible, however, to give one's opinions for what they are worth, and I can satisfy myself concerning Molière's intentions in this particular play only when I take into account his conception of the function of comedy as it may be derived from a consideration of his work at large. Comedy is at once the index and the corrector of our civilization, the index because in a rude society comedy is impossible, and the corrector because its watchful eye is always swift to detect the absurdities which are born of our too conscious striving after refinement. Now Molière as the servant of comedy could never permit the triumph of anti-social opinions, while at the same time he can allow himself the licence, still in the service of comedy, to deal out criticism with an unsparing hand at the expense of those who shelter themselves behind the conventions of the social order. Célimène, the wayward child of convention, does not escape his shafts. But her rippling wit redeems her, and the comic spirit points her judgements upon the men and women whom she has attracted into her sphere. To Arsinoë are dealt out the sharper blows her prudish malice deserves, and the marquises as usual are permitted to make themselves delightfully ridiculous. We remember with peculiar pleasure the great hulking viscount whom Célimène had watched for three quarters of an hour spitting into a pond to make circles. In the majority of his plays Molière reserves some character as a refuge for common sense. In this play that refuge is not furnished by Philinte whose philosophical concessions to the artifices of society savour of comic excess, but by Eliante who has the clear-sightedness of Célimène unobscured by the egotism which dims the else perfect vision of her fascinating cousin.

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Comedy is a form of literature so national that only a dispassionate outsider could pronounce judgement on two such contrasted systems as we have been considering. In default

of such an unprejudiced observer let us divest ourselves so far as we may of our prepossessions in Shakespeare's favour, and examine the two comedies on their merits. Shakespeare, it may be urged, holds this advantage over Molière, that he has effected a combination of poetry and realism that gives to his comedy a two-fold appeal. The ready reply of the Molièrist would be that Molière designedly never allows himself like Shakespeare to be seduced by poetry from his real business, which was to present the world of living men and women under their comic aspect. Shakespeare reaches beauty at the cost of truth. In tragedy his characters are unswervingly true to the law of their being, but in his comedy we are in the region of fantastic surprises where the very illogicality of events is an element in the pleasure we experience. Shakespeare obviously looked upon comedy as a relaxation from the tension of his severer labours, and we as readers or spectators seem to share in the joy of this relaxation. Molière, too, has his moments of apparent abandonment, but his comedy is more significant than Shakespeare's. His wildest vagaries are logically controlled, and are in systematic relation to the general scheme of the action. Shakespeare it is true in his best constructed plays recognized the needs of connecting his broad comedy characters with the story, as Dogberry, for example, is permitted to influence events in "Much Ado." But for the most part his comedy figures represent only themselves, and even Dogberry stands in no relation to any idea in the play. In Molière the web of the action is of closer tissue, and it will be discovered that all his fun makers and the unconscious sources of the fun illustrate some special aspects of the problem he is concerned with. They are all an integral part of the comic idea.

Shakespeare's comedy is immortal, his method of comedy died with him. We say occasionally of George Eliot, more frequently of Thomas Hardy, that in their work some character or group of characters is Shakespearean. The reference is always to rustic types whose humours are elemental. Shakespeare's delineation of these types is rich in comic

observation and in effect, but of modern examples of this broad realism I should be inclined to say that they are more English than Shakespearean. They lie within the humours of the race.

Shakespeare and Molière are alike in this that they are both inimitable. The distinction of Molière is that he devised a method in comedy which still imposes itself as a law upon the thoughtful dramatists of the modern world.

PELHAM EDGAR

THE SONG OF ISRAFEL

" And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."—*Koran.*

Fair Israfel, the sweetest singer of Heaven,
Shook back his burning curls, and from his seven
Stringed lute swept an impassioned prayer
So full of yearning that the very air
Celestial seemed surcharged with pleading love.
Importunate it throbbed and swelled above
Each diamond star-lit crevice of the skies
That oped to hearken, and from shimmering eyes
Let down their tear-spun rainbows for the song.
Eager it sped, and trembling pulsed along
Craving a shelter and a sanctuary
To weave anew on earth heaven's harmony.

The dying sun had laid his hand of splendour
Upon the watching lake. Burning, yet tender,
His parting kiss enraptured all the night.
A mystic barque seemed in the golden light
Like some pale ghostly moth, that flies away
With fluttering wings out-drooped from circling day.
Onward she came, borne by the music's breath,
Unearthly as an image after death.
Rhythmic she swooned and dreamed,
And ever idly seemed
To float, as lilies float upon a stream
Whose slackened pulses halt awhile to dream.

Then to the soul of those whose eager ears
Were not clay-sealed, came music born of tears,
        Far wingèd memories,
        Angelic harmonies,
Haunting as dear dead loves for which men mourn,
Sweet as remembered joys to hearts forlorn.

The melody was fraught with dreams of Spring
Poured from uplifted throats of birds who sing
In silvery ecstasy of lover's sighs
And of the pansied darkness in love's eyes,
While over all the azure vaulted height
Of heaven circled a world's delight.

The silences made music. The still air
Breathed incense-laden consecrated prayer,
The grave and cowlèd Night knelt, listening,
And hushed the restless winds, that whispering,
Creep on the borderland of sleep.
Stilled were earth's murmurings deep.
The garrulous waves ceased playing by the shore
In bubbling laughter, and the leaves forbore
Their mirthful dancing, while the rustling grass
Sighed, and was silent, lest the song should pass.
The chords majestic swept the soul. Unrest
Was stilled to peace in fevered hearts distressed.

Wearied of alien ears, and solitude,
The deathless strain soared upwards, to the nude
And silvery sentinel of Paradise,
The patient Moon, that watches o'er the skies.
She turned the song to tears of gentle rain
That washed the earth in loveliness, and Pain
Which like a cold and cruel snake lies curled
In the grim arms of Night, himself unfurled
And sought a refuge in the depths of Hell.
But even there, these tears of Israfel
Found the sad eyes of those whom hope had fled
And as they wept, . . . so were they comforted.

MARIAN OSBORNE

THE TESTING OF OUR DEMOCRACY

THE Montreal "Star" declares with confidence that within three years after peace is declared we shall have in Canada a population of at least twelve millions. It has been publishing statements by our most prominent citizens all over the Dominion upon the wisest policy to adopt in getting the immigrants in, and caring for them afterwards. Its own view is that, "Within three years after this war has been won Canada can name a population of fifteen million people and a prosperity never dreamed of, if it will only wake up and get after them now. It will be too late to begin after the war. There is so much to be done that every day is precious." The Hon. Robert Rogers says : "The West will undoubtedly be our trump card. It is comparatively empty to-day. Its natural resources are inexhaustible. We could take care of the whole British white population there. And think what it would mean for the West, and so for all Canada, if we got five million new people out there after the war........ I tell you it will be the greatest opportunity of this generation."

Sir Hibbert Tupper writes: "While some restrictions of immigration are required, I generally agree with Kipling in his advice to "pump men in," and not to follow the drastic restrictions now found in the United States' legislation, which were imposed long after the settlement of their great West."

President Murray, of the University of Saskatchewan, says: "Canada, then, may expect two classes of immigrants in considerable numbers. The urban and industrial class from Western Europe and Britain; the agricultural from Central Europe. Canada cannot absorb an overwhelming industrial invasion. She must transform a large part of it into farmers—no easy task. A large immigration from Central Europe will probably be mainly agricultural. But

it will be alien in speech, in political and economic experience, and in social standards. These immigrants will come to those parts of Canada where their kinsmen are. Their arrival will greatly intensify a problem now intensely difficult—the problem of national assimilation."

Following the publication of opinions of a dozen or more prominent Canadians, educationists, lawyers, bankers and business men, all looking towards a tremendous influx of immigration, the "Star" says: "We must change our slogan. We must keep up to the march of opinion and probability. Twelve million must now be our minimum. It would be cowardly and a betrayal of a craven fear of 'the too great orbit of our fate' if we consented to take any less. We can get fifteen million if we prepare in time and in detail. It is all a question of preparation. The prepared nation will be as superior in peace as in war. The Government should not fritter away an hour in costly delay before plunging heartily in this campaign to keep for the British Empire the greater part of the inevitable Allied and neutral immigration after the war."

It is quite evident that there is here no disposition to place any serious restriction upon our expected immigration. Plutocrat and politician, banker and business man, speculator and exploiter will all unite to remove the barriers against the immigrant on the patriotic cry of making Canada prosperous. There is money in it. After the war we shall labour under a tremendous burden of debt. The simplest way to ease that burden is to secure a great increase of population. That means not only increase in production but also influx of capital. There is money in it.

The war has had a very sobering effect upon all classes in the motherland. But there is not much evidence of a similar effect in any large way upon the people of Canada. Even now the thoughts of Canadians are being turned towards the expected, unbounded prosperity that is to come almost as soon as the war is over. They are sounding the note of the Patriotism of Prosperity. Is it not time to ask this question:

Is there any higher Patriotism to put into the building of this Dominion than the Patriotism of the Dollar?

Fifteen millions of people in three years after the war means practically doubling our population. Twelve millions means increasing it by over fifty per cent. Such an influx would have to embrace every immigrant who could be induced to come to Canada from every possible European source, regardless of morals, manners, or mental capacity. We should be called upon to digest every year, for three or four years, from three to six times as many immigrants as we have hitherto admitted in our greatest year of immigration.

Supposing that this ideal is realized what is to be done with such great numbers of new citizens? Can we settle them upon the land? What proportion of European immigrants, as we know them, would make successful farmers? Doubtless, there is ample room for them on the land. Baron Shaughnessy said the other day: "If my advice and influence are of any avail, we shall see in Canada the biggest thing in the way of land settlement that the world has ever known." We shall be lucky indeed if we can secure for this country, in so short a time, six, or three, or two millions of settlers who show promise of becoming successful farmers.

But unless our experience is very different from that of the United States, a very large proportion of immigrants will have no knowledge of agriculture and no desire to go out upon the land. These will flock to the cities, to render more and more acute the question of unemployment and the labour market, always intensified by alien civic population. This problem is difficult enough at all times; we have only to look across the border to see what it may become, if we admit, without discrimination, large numbers of aliens, of foreign speech, of foreign habits, and of foreign standards. The United States has been suffering from an indigestion of this sort of citizen for a quarter of a century, and will remain dyspeptic for half a century longer, unless there come a bloody war to unify and weld it into a nation.

The true meaning of this war which is ruining many peoples, and is expected to yield enormous benefit to Canada, is that it is a trying out and testing of democracy. Democracy has been deliberately attacked because it was thought to be decadent; because it was individualistic, incoherent, inefficient. It has been challenged by a power to whose qualities we have been largely blind. It is now before the bar of the public opinion of the whole world. It has yet to find its complete and perfect justification. If this is true as a general statement it is peculiarly true of Canadian democracy because we are only as yet a nation in the making. The answer which we are returning to the call of the Empire, and for which we are highly praised, is, after all, only the sign—significant indeed—that we are growing into nationhood. The crucial test of our democracy will come with the filling up of our fertile vacant lands.

The test of democracy is citizenship. The power of the German autocracy is this same citizenship under pressure, which has subjugated it to the yoke of bondage to the state. In its present sublime sacrifice to the tyranny of Autocracy it is the admiration of the world. Democracy is on its trial because it has so far failed to develop the sense of citizenship. It can call upon its members in times of emergency and crisis; but sometimes the call comes too late, as it has been perilously near doing in this war.

The weakness of democracy is individualism. It is the weakness of England, of the United States, and, thus far in our history, of our Dominion. Mr. H. G. Wells, in a recent paper, thus expresses it: "For every one there are two diametrically different ways of thinking about life: there is individualism, the way that comes as naturally as the grunt from a pig, of thinking outwardly from one's self as the centre of the universe; and there is the way that every religion is trying in some form to teach, of thinking back to one's self from greater standards and realities. There is the Braintree that is Braintree against England and the world, giving as little as possible and getting the best of the bargain; and there is the Braintree that

identifies itself with England and asks how can we do best for the world with this little town of ours, how can we educate best, produce most, and make our roads straight and good for the world to go through.... There is the John Smith who feels towards England as a mite feels towards its cheese, and the John Smith who feels towards his country as a sheep-dog feels towards the flock." The one exhibits the spirit of individualism; the other the spirit of citizenship.

Democracy can only prove its right to survive by the spirit of citizenship in its members. Citizenship means service,—the personal service of the citizen. This principle first began to be realized in the small cities of Greece, the inhabitants of which realized that to be strong they must subordinate private interest to the good of the community. Athens was to the Athenians something sacred, the object of their love and veneration, for which they were willing to sacrifice their property and their lives, and which had a supreme claim upon them for personal service, in peace as well as in war. France and Switzerland are the two modern commonwealths that have approximated to the Greek ideal of the voluntary subordination of the individual to the state, but it has not so far counted for much in the other democracies of our time. Great Britain is to-day sacrificing all her stored up wealth and her best blood because the great mass of her citizens have for almost a century been given over to the pursuit of personal ends. In the United States individualism is so rampant that it is hard to discern the signs of any real national life. The service of self as a rule of life is fatal to the spirit and ideals of democracy.

Canada will emerge from this war into nationhood. There are evidences that in our political, civic and commercial life we have been sowing our wild oats broadcast with lavish hand. Will the lessons of the war give us courage to set our house in order? This expected influx of immigration will be a real test. Shall we have the courage to exercise self-restraint in admitting aliens to our shores? Most of us would like to see this Dominion become mainly British in spirit and in

race. The free admission of unlimited numbers of people foreign to us in speech and manners, in moral and inherited tendencies, will threaten to destroy our national character, which so far has been Anglo-Saxon in thought and feeling, and in the spirit of its institutions. Are we ready to jeopardize our future as a nation by sacrificing quality for quantity, for the sake of material prosperity? Forty years ago the United States was mainly Anglo-Saxon in ideals and habits of thought and life among the masses; it is not so to-day. That country has racial and national problems before it from which we may well hope to be delivered. We can only escape these dangers by keeping clearly before us one or two ideals.

1. The management of our immigration policy should be in the hands of a commission composed of men with whom the supreme interest is the development of our national life, and not of our material prosperity. The question for Canadians is not the increase of numbers and of wealth in the next decade, but the building up of a homogeneous people of high character in the next century. The first principle, therefore, that should govern the policy of our immigration authority is this: That we should, as far as possible, exclude from the number of incoming settlers those who have no aptitude for assimilation with Anglo-Saxon stock. The smaller the number of Eastern and Southern Europeans that settle among us the better for us in the long run.

Professor James Mavor has rightly said: "Close observers of the United States knew that assimilation was an empty phrase, and that the European immigrant had not shed his racial characteristics or abandoned his prejudices when he crossed the Atlantic."

We have already in our North-West over a quarter of a million settlers from eastern and central Europe, arranged in large settlements, and therefore little open to the influence of Canadian habits, sentiments and ideals. What will happen if these settlements are greatly increased by the influx of large numbers of relatives, friends, and acquaintances of these foreigners after the war? They have now little or no

points of contact with the real life of our country, and have practically no means of learning our habits and customs. In one important sense they are a danger to the commonwealth. It is well known that they are an easy prey to the political exploiter and corruptionist. Mr. John A. Cormie, in a recent article, states: "Of the blots upon the political history of Canada, none is more shameful than the deliberate planning which has been actually carried out, to corrupt these strangers who do not know the language of the country, are not familiar with Canadian customs and are ignorant of her institutions. In many constituencies in Western Canada, the foreign voter decides the day. In a recent election a member of the late government of Manitoba was returned by a majority less than that obtained at the only Ruthenian poll in the constituency. Defeat in the English-speaking part of the constituency was turned into victory by the voters of the only foreign settlement within its bounds. The temptation to corrupt an illiterate and easily corruptible section of the electorate has proved too great for many of the political workers of the country. The increase that is likely to be made to these colonies, when the war is over, will only enlarge the opportunity and reinforce the temptation."

A really national policy on the subject of immigration would indicate that we should institute a powerful propaganda in the old land for preventing emigrants of our own race from settling under a foreign flag. After the Boer War more than half the emigrants from Great Britain went to the United States. It will need a very great effort to prevent a similar occurrence after this war is over.

A short time ago fifty former British subjects now living in the United States addressed a letter to Lord Milner. It is too long to quote in full, but the following paragraph strikingly illustrates our lost and present opportunities:

"The British Empire heretofore has been more or less imaginary; there has been nothing tangible about it. Take my own case, for instance. I cite it merely because it illus-

trates a principle. Seven years ago I was in Scotland, and unemployed. There were a great many unemployed at the time. Those who had no means were left to starve. Was anything done for them? Absolutely nothing! All were British, loved Britain, were able and willing to work, yet no organization was created to utilize their services. Personally I came to the United States. I have done better here than at home; had better pay, shorter hours, better conditions. What is the British Empire to us? Absolutely nothing; a mere sentiment. Yet our feelings are British still, our sympathies are British, but that is not enough. There must be something tangible to go on, something *real;* sentiment alone is no use. An Englishman here whom I meet daily is a veteran of the South African war. When that war finished he was not allowed to settle in South Africa. At home he could not get work. He was driven to want. He had to pawn his medal to live, and finally was assisted to America. He has done well here and has been steadily employed. But he has been embittered, and his sentiment, in his own words, is: 'To hell with the British Empire.' It is an empty phrase to him, without meaning, and I tell you, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, that these things will mean the decline and fall of the Empire if they do not stop. In the United States there are several million British born who are lost to the Empire forever. Their sentiments are British, their sympathies are British, but their interests are here, and interest overcomes sentiment. And observe that their children born here have *sentiment* as well as interest for the land of their birth."

2. Second only to a wise policy in the selection of immigrants is efficiency in handling those who are admitted. This must be largely the task of the provinces, co-operating closely with the central Dominion authority. Every province that expects a large influx of settlers should begin at once to make adequate provision for caring for them until they can become self-supporting. It will need an outlay of many millions to do this work thoroughly, as well as a definite

constructive policy. Each province should lose no time in appointing a commission of experts to take charge of this great enterprise. Fresh immigrants will be unaccustomed to Canadian conditions of labour, especially upon the land, to the rigour of Canadian winters, and generally to Canadian methods and habits of life. Those who are to go upon the land will need at least one year's careful oversight and instruction. Schools will have to be established for the children. If we were wise in our day and generation, we should insist on the learning of the English language by every European child who enters this country, except in cases of immigration into Quebec. If the United States has not succeeded in assimilating its foreign population, with its insistence upon the English tongue, how are we going to create a real national spirit, with the sort of policy as to schools that obtains in parts of our North West? For example, the Manitoba School law provides that "when ten of the pupils in any one school speak the French language, *or any other language than English*, as their native language, the teaching of such pupils shall be conducted in French, *or other such languagc*, and English upon the bi-lingual plan." At present that province has to maintain French, Polish, German and Ruthenian normal schools for the training of teachers, with the possibility of an indefinite increase in this direction.

Now is the time to formulate a truly national policy with respect to foreign immigration, if there is wisdom in our people to build soundly for the future. It is much easier to influence the foreigner when he first enters our gates than it will be to change his attitude on the subject of citizenship when he has begun to be independent. For example, he would not object to the withholding of the franchise until certain fairly rigorous conditions had been fulfilled. It is of the last importance to this country that the foreign vote should not be exploited by unscrupulous politicians. In coming into a new atmosphere and away from the old conditions of his past life, the foreigner would be prepared to understand that he must fulfil certain requirements of citizen-

ship which were due to the country of his adoption. It would be ten times harder, if not impossible, to place restrictions on his freedom when his status as a citizen became assured.

3. The ideal for every patriotic Canadian is to give himself unreservedly, whenever the call comes, to the service of the State. The war has taught us that lesson. It has also taught us what enormous power the subordination of the individual brings to the state in peace as in war. We must somehow learn this lesson of service; we must somehow make the idea of service a generally prevalent idea among our people. Perhaps we shall most easily instil the idea by taking the town or city as the unit, and arousing the best citizens to undertake civic service. If we could purify and make really efficient the corporate life of our towns and cities, that would be the beginning of the end of inefficiency and corruption in the wider field of the affairs of the state. But for the masses, the only way to engender the idea of service is by making the rule of service universal. It need not be altogether military; though a man who has had training in a cadet corps, and afterwards in a militia regiment, has a sub-consciousness of the call to service that will never leave him. But, in one way or another every boy and girl should be obliged to perform some service to the state preparatory to adult life and full citizenship. Every immigrant who enters our ports should be made to understand that he owes a definite service to the state, which he must perform as a condition of incorporation into the commonwealth. We must accustom our people to the idea of definite service as a universal and unavoidable duty. When that idea has firmly taken root, men will be led from the compulsory service of duty to the voluntary duty of service, that higher service which involves sacrifice, by which alone a nation emerges into greatness.

J. O. MILLER

THE INTELLECTUAL ASSET

IT IS commonly maintained that while men do not specially care for intellectual power in women, that quality is exactly what women prize above all others in men. There is plenty of apparent justification for both statements but I do not think that the essential truth of the matter is to be found in either. There is really no such difference between the sexes as all that: both of them value pretty much the same qualities in each other, and both of them set comparatively little store on mere intellect. They do like it, however, when it is combined with other and more important things—with a fine physique, for example, or a magnetic personality, or, more rarely, a kindly and gentle nature; and in such cases the woman will no doubt be inclined to attribute to it a much more potent influence than the man. For theoretically she is apt to lay far more stress upon it as a determining factor than he does, though as a matter of fact the kind of intellectual power to which she succumbs is almost always that of the Napoleonic or Byronic type; for the intellectual gifts of such men as Wordsworth or Thoreau or anyone else in whom intellectualism predominates to the hiding or exclusion of other virtues she does not as a rule care one straw.

Physique and character then are, I take it, the main attractions in either case, but if a fine intellect or a pretty wit or any other such talent is combined with these primary merits it will generally serve to enhance rather than to obscure them. A good many intellectual women have proved attractive enough to men—when they have had the one thing that matters. And it is just the same with women: they prize intellect in men when it happens to coincide with the other things that they like better. As an adjunct to the real thing it is valued by both sexes and quite naturally so, for genuine intellect does make its possessor a more interesting

person to be with: it makes him more awake and alive, and life is, after all, what we all of us like best in the opposite sex. Intellectual capacity of some kind is essential, I imagine, before one can get any very intense feeling for life; and when such feeling forms part of the nature, no matter whether it be in man or woman, the creature will be loved much. And it is possible that the lover may think that he—or more probably she—loves because of that intellectual capacity, whereas of course what is loved is the thing behind, *creating* the intellectual power through the sympathy with all that has life and the possibility of growth.

As for intellect all by itself, it is not worth much to anyone; it is useful as a tool or pleasant as a plaything, and that is about all. I should not fancy that anyone but a pedant could be much taken up with such intellect as he may happen to possess; if it is intellect at all, he will rate it at its true value, use it for what it is worth, and put it into the cupboard when it isn't wanted. One would have very much the same feeling for any such capacity of that kind in one's self as a member of the opposite sex would have for it: it is a serviceable asset—et voilà tout. But the other thing—the vivid informing intelligence that makes things round about germinate and grow and blossom—is a power worth having, both for the possessor and for all in his neighbourhood. This kind of intellectual power, however, cannot be separated from the personality as the other can; and this is the kind that women mean when they say that they prize intellect above all else in a man, though, not being for the most part given to nice discrimination, they are generally unable to make the matter clear either to themselves or others and merely go on reiterating that intellect *is* the thing they value most of all.

As usual, then, it is all a question of explaining what you mean. Intellect in the real sense is captivating, but in order to be that, it must be co-ordinated with the rest of the creature, so that body and mind and soul act together and not as separate units. If you get mind unco-ordinated it will be unattractive, and so will body be too, or soul either in a

like case. You may feel that it *is* mind and that you ought to admire it, but you won't really, though if you are a woman you will probably make a greater effort to do so than if you are a man.

There is, however, another consideration that has to be taken into account. Many women, especially in youth, do like their particular man or men to shine. They value worldly success very highly, and intellectual power, especially of the Napoleonic type, makes a deep impression on them; they have a keen eye for it and, often quite unconsciously to themselves, put a keen money-value upon it too. Such women do tend, I think, to overrate intellectual power in men as men rarely overrate it in women. They feel that it will lead to a brilliant career, and this goes far with many of them—so far that they are willing to sacrifice even themselves for the possible satisfaction of the man's ambition, which they consequently identify with their own. Later on in life they will probably set a truer value upon intellect. "Experientia does it," as Mrs. Micawber's papa used to say.

Finally, it must be allowed, I think, that women as a rule are more keenly interested in the intellect and intellectual things in their early youth than ever again. It is normal enough, I fancy, for a girl of eighteen or nineteen to exaggerate the importance of intellect and to fall for a time under the spell of its power. George Eliot knew what she was about when she created Dorothea Brook. How far this is a natural tendency in woman and how far an acquired one I am not prepared to say, but I rather think it is natural enough. Certainly a good many girls do pass through the intellectual phase more or less, when learning, as learning, seems to them a precious thing; and at that stage even a dry stick, if it be clothed in coat and trousers, may pass with them for a man. However, a young creature of that age has seldom really begun to *think*, and it is most pardonable that she should make a mistake or two before she discovers her own mind. And if she happened at that period to come across genuine intellect—breathing and growing and giving life—I

doubt if she would be tempted to stay long by the side of Mr. Casaubon. The difference between her and the boy of the same age is that the latter would not be in the least likely to be fascinated by an elderly and erudite Mrs. Casaubon in spectacles though he might well enough fall a victim to a Venus Anno Domini. Woman *thinks* she likes intellect—for a time; man is very rarely deceived on that score even for a moment; but both do honestly like it when it is the real human thing. Indeed it may be questioned if what goes by the name of a grand passion is ever sufficiently robust to endure without some of this genuine intellect somewhere to cherish it and give it power to grow.

JACOB SALVIRIS

LAND AND SEA WARFARE

IN three ways the conduct of war on land differs materially from maritime military operations. The property of non-combatants at sea is liable to capture and confiscation, but on land the War Book, issued by the German General Staff as the guide of the German officers, says, in speaking of private property: "No harm must be done, not even the very slightest, which is not dictated by military consideration." No nation takes a less elevated view. The second difference is that, while neither land commander nor his troops benefit in purse by victories, the crews, from admiral to boy, of the ship or squadron which sinks or captures a naval vessel of the enemy find themselves the richer for it. The third is implied in this statement of the War Book : "The Hague conference has adopted the latter view in forbidding the employment of enemy's uniforms and military marks equally with the misuse of flags of truce and of the Red Cross." On the other hand, subterfuge at sea is of so long standing that the phrase "under false colours" is constantly used by people who had never thought of its maritime origin until recent events gave sea practice a special significance. Some examination of these differences from the standpoint of the layman, with illustrations drawn from the penumbra of casual reading, are here presented, but, before passing to this, it is well to note certain characteristics of warfare which conditions have made most evident in conflict on land.

The practices of chivalry, or of its fine flower, were a fight on ground giving advantage to neither, the combatants equally armed, and victory to the man with superior endurance and courage. It is only in the prize ring at its best, and in sport, that there still glow the ideals of combat of a Galahad. Anyone who has watched an audience listening to a history of old wars has noted the chill of disapprobation which follows

the telling of ancestral advantages won by a trick, the warmth of the applause greeting the gallant fight against odds of the old-time enemy. The heart of the plain man delights in the tale of "a well-fought field afar." His emotions are sound. He fails as the onlooker in sport or warfare, owing to that twist of self-interest which makes what scores for his side a clever device, and the same thing, giving victory to the opponent, a doubtful or dirty trick. When he is a participant, he is no longer a free agent. The golfer on whom money is laid feels himself compelled to the rigour of the game—the official for the corporation, the attorney for his client, does for them what it may be he would not do for himself. The compelling force of what is expected increases in strength with the importance of the issues at stake. Practices once common, long since condemned, are still used, because advantage obtained by any method may be vital ; and the War Book sums up this aspect of the case with justness in saying : "The ugly and inherently immoral aspect of such methods cannot affect the recognition of their lawfulness. The necessary aim of war gives the belligerent the right, and imposes on him, according to circumstances, the duty, not to let slip the important, it may be the decisive, advantages to be gained by such means." These methods of warfare mark the difference between land war as it really is and land war as the high-minded soldier and the non-combatant patriot wish it to be conducted by their country's forces. Both of them, on account of the supreme importance of the issues, give, when need be, a reluctant assent to the use of these methods. Neither of these types looks on them with pride, even when successful. When trickery or deceit fails, even those who would have benefited have only condemnation for their own agents. The spy, or the officer ostensibly seeking big game or new flora in debatable land, knows that if he is found with incriminating sketches or documents, he is disowned by the whole official hierarchy, from his immediate chief who granted him leave, to the Foreign Minister of his country.

But contest on a fair field without favour could not survive warfare, the object of which was predatory, as so much of offensive warfare has been; and when the consequence of defeat has been plunder, rapine, slavery, and slaughter, there was and is no sanction strong enough to prevent the use of subterfuge or other condemned means of escape. Plundering was the last to survive of these once customary practices. It had full swing down to the close of a century ago. What the spoils of Italy did for the armies of the Directory is notorious. The difficulties of Wellington in the Peninsula with looting troops is known. In our day it is only when Christian expeditions operate against the unhappy Chinaman, that ancient practices are surreptitiously but too effectively revived.

Until recent centuries, two causes tended to mitigate the severities of war. One of these was the kinship of gentle blood, an international bond more powerful than the minor consequences of allegiance in ages of divided kingdom and empires. In such times, the titles of great nobles, from the Sicilies to Scotland, were cosmopolitan in their diversities. The Dutch Princes of Orange, for example, took their name from territory in the Midi and were subjects of Spain. These conditions made for personal sympathies, stable amid shifting allegiances. The present war has, curiously enough, shown us several instances of this fast-disappearing condition. A German prince, Battenberg, until the other day was at the head of the British Admiralty. Pensions from the British Treasury are paid to royalties whose dependents are with the German forces. Three centuries ago, such conditions were normal. Moreover, the great gulf which separated those of gentle blood from the bourgeois and the peasant, made for a kinship. The French and Spanish nobles, up to, say, two centuries ago, were nearer to each other than either to the other social classes of his own race and speech. The prisoner and he to whom he surrendered had occasionally the bonds of blood, and usually those of a highly valued social equality which made for courtesy and good treatment. Mutual recog-

nition of the claims of gentle blood was demanded by self-interest, if this class privilege was to retain its value. There are many examples of the effectiveness of this motive, before that of humanity secured for the common soldiery equal consideration. This social bond made for fighting without animosity. Signs of bitterness, which had been wanting in the wars between France and England up to 1749, appeared in the Seven Years' War. But the "frog-eating Frenchman" was not the typical enemy of the Briton until Napoleonic times, when the victories of France were won by *ci-devant sans-culottes.*

But while class distinctions weakened, regular armies were coming into existence, and with them grew up a feeling of professional solidarity. The officer *pro tanto* enhanced the prestige of the commission he held from his King, by respecting the commission of another State. It will be remembered that Washington insisted on the recognition of military rank conferred by Congress. Again, during the earlier period, the influence of the free lance supplanted the force of these social and professional bonds. Fighting for personal ends, a Hawkwood, a Gattamelata, and the baser of their sort wished to minimize loss in defeat—to gain most with the least expenditure. Between these leaders grew up conventions which have been incorporated in the rules of land war. These rules, taking ever higher planes, have reached the standards of to-day, referred to in the opening paragraph, without having exercised an equal influence in sea-fighting.

Returning to the divergences there noted: in regard to the first, there are certain obvious reasons why there should be this difference in safety of property. The property of the non-combatant enemy on land is primarily his house, his provisions, and clothing for himself and family, his stocks of goods, his factories, and his live stock. Humanity revolts from destroying these, and leaving a population homeless and starving. Military expediency normally supports humanity. Means of transport are necessary to the movements of the

invading force, so roads, bridges, and railways are most likely to be destroyed by a retiring defence. In olden times, when transportation was less perfected, the invader strove to live off the country; and a country in which the population remained in their homes was easier to live off than one blasted by destruction. Louis XIV had no intention of putting an army of occupation in the Palatinate when, under the orders of Louvois, it was ravaged by De Tessé. Again, discipline reinforced humanity and military expediency. None had a wider knowledge of the subject than Napoleon, and in his retrospect at St. Helena his view of pillage was as follows: "Policy and morality are in complete agreement in their opposition to pillage......but nothing is more calculated to disorganize and completely ruin an army. From the moment he is allowed to pillage, a soldier's discipline is gone."

On the high seas, none of these considerations counted as strongly. The ship inherently is a hazardous property compared with a house. Her lading is at all times sent forth to risks from the Act of God, the King's enemies, the restraint of princes, the dangers of navigation, from barratry and pirates. It may be essential to the fortunes of its owner, but from its position it is without question unessential to the immediate sustenance of himself and his dependents. To capture a valuable ship and cargo damages a non-combatant enemy. It does not revolt humanity as destroying a farm or burning a town. The owner has willingly risked his property on the high seas, on which are hostile cruisers. He had other alternatives. The landsman whose property is fought over had no choice, and therefore deserves greater consideration, which is normally accorded. Again, humanity is not outraged by loss of life, and destruction of a country side means indirectly loss of life. If there is no fight the crew of the merchantman captured are as safe as if they had escaped every hostile cruiser. It is only in these last weeks, after many generations of prize-takings, that crews have been endangered. Perhaps stronger than these considerations is the fact that every vessel is potentially useful in maritime warfare or conjoint operations. Many were, and a few are still capable

of armament, and it is only the exceptional which, as supply ships or transports, are entirely useless.

Again, we find at sea the survival of old conditions which have disappeared from land. There the looting of the captured town was once a matter of course. It has disappeared as legitimate. Its disappearance has been followed by that of the perquisites of commanders. All the benefits of land successes, except glory and professional advancement, now go to the country of the victors; on the other hand, every enemy's war vessel sunk or captured puts money in the pockets of the victorious crews. The practice of Britain is not peculiar. On the 16th of February, at Westminster, Dr. Macnamara, Secretary of the Admiralty, "made a statement of the Government intentions in regard to the questions of prize bounty and prize money. Prize bounty, he explained, was an award for the taking or sinking of enemy ships of war; prize money an award of the proceeds of the capture of merchant ships. As regards prize bounty, it was proposed to proceed mainly on the lines adopted in the past under Sections 42 and 44 of the Naval Prize Act, which provided that if His Majesty by Order-in-Council declared his intention to grant prize bounty, then such of the officers and crews of His Majesty's ships as were actually present at the taking or destroying of any armed enemy vessel should have distributed among them money calculated at the rate of £5 for each person on board the enemy ship at the beginning of the engagement. The Government proposed to ask sanction by an Order-in-Council to proceed along these lines." In old times, the frigate or line-of-battle-ship taken or sunk was valued, and the division of that value among the captors followed a scale set forth by Royal Proclamation, usually at the beginning of each war. It has been the nucleus of English fortunes. One tombstone of an admiral who saw service in American waters records that he died

"At Hatchlands Park, in Surrey,
a Seat he had just finished
at the Expense of the Enemies of his Country, Etc."

So there still commingle, for the naval officer, the motives of "the servant of his King and country" with those which sent the privateer to sea. How fine a tribute it is to sea commanders of later generations that one has to go back many scores of years to find conflict between these motives. Then the wavering of the line between one duty and the other could be abundantly illustrated. Two instances may suffice. The merchants of West Indian Islands claimed that, in the war of the Austrian Succession, men-of-war sent out to clear these seas of enemy privateers neglected this duty, and spent their time in making prizes of enemy merchantmen. In 1758, the English Government appointed General Amherst to command the expedition against Louisbourg and Quebec. He was then serving in Germany, and the expedition sailed without him. He followed in the *Dublin*, commanded by Rodney, then a great sea-fighter, whose name later victories were to make more illustrious. The expedition waited at Halifax for him until, following instructions intended for such a contingency, they had set sail for Louisbourg. As they were leaving the harbour the *Dublin* arrived with Amherst. Surely, if in that war a voyage should have been prosecuted in the shortest time, it was the one being made to carry the delayed commander of the capital military operation of the year. Yet a fortnight of that delay was caused by Rodney turning back to convoy beyond chance of recapture a very rich French merchantman he had taken as he passed Brest.

The third difference which has been noted, is the use of subterfuge and trick at sea. The more mature of us have seen, as a convention, the painted portholes on old timber "drogues" which once were useful in confusing the pirate of eastern seas. None, however, of possible tricks has been so common as the use of a misleading national flag. It has at all times been customary. On its constant possibility has been based the equally recognized "Right of Search" at which, if conducted in accordance with the rules, no neutral nation takes umbrage. Were it not so, search for contraband

would be useless, and effective blockade impossible. Maritime nations do not broadly legislate against it. British law excepts from the penalty for wrongly flying the British flag a ship which does so to avoid capture, so an enemy merchantman captured after its fruitless employment is no more surely condemned in the Prize Court than if she had struck her own national flag. It is only in these last few weeks, after centuries of a great, if waning, maritime history, that Holland has made it an offence for a foreign vessel to carry the Dutch flag or other national marks for any purpose.

The object of flying false colours is: for advantage in warfare; or to facilitate the capture of the enemy's ships; or to escape from superior forces.

The chances for use in naval operations is limited. The case of the *Emden* in Penang in the autumn of 1914 is typical. By mounting a false funnel and flying the enemy's colours, she gained a position of vantage from which she successfully attacked ships of war, which, had she approached undisguised, would have been prepared to meet her in superior force. This dashing adventure is naval subterfuge in its most striking form. It is difficult, however, for more than a single ship. Any large fleet of men-of-war would find it useless, for they could usually be identified. So the trick would be hopeless, and, on sea as well as on land, the trick which fails is discredited, and not likely to be undertaken by those solicitous about their reputation or sensitive to ridicule. It is said Von Müller's exploits so charmed the sporting Australians that the proposal was made to give him a banquet when he was brought a prisoner to Sydney. Be this as it may, there would have been nothing but ridicule for him had the *Emden* been captured with a false funnel, flying the Japanese flag. The detected disguises of a man-of-war would be as undignified as those of Monsieur Blond in that merry piece "Le Roi."

Fanning, a lieutenant of Paul Jones, sailed down the channel through the great British fleet, by carrying British colours, though he was privateering out of Dunkirk; a British ship about the same time went out to India under the Danish flag; and "Cooper's History of the American

Navy" gives at least two instances where, in the close of the eighteenth century, vessels of the American navy used this common *ruse de guerre*.

Such exploits as the *Emden's* in all generations are those in which military operations at sea are nearest to privateering, in which the predominant, if not the sole, motive is booty or its counterpart, destruction. Then we find trickery, rather than vanquishing in fair fight an enemy, most commonly employed. In those spring days of 1587 when Drake sailed into the roadstead and harbour of Cadiz, "to singe the King of Spain's beard," he came undisguised. When that great feat was done, he cruised to the Azores in search of the treasure ships of Spain. On those seas he fell in with the *San Fillippo*, greatest of merchantmen afloat. He came on without colours, and broke out his flag with his first broadsides. In this fashion he captured the richest cargo of his day (a million sterling it proved worth), as well as access to the secrets of the East, on which, says Corbett, later enterprise laid the foundation of our Indian Empire. It was otherwise in contemporary practice, with privateering or possibly frank piracy, for the distinction was as faint between them as between the upper ranks of privateering and the practice of King's ships. The year before Drake's exploit, Sir Walter Raleigh sent out two "pinnaces," the *Serpent* of thirty-five tons, the *Mary Sparke* of fifty. They cruised to the Azores. John Evesham, the chronicler of the voyage, writes : "But at the first, not greatly respecting whom we took, so that we might have enriched ourselves, which was the cause of this our *travaile*, and for that we would not be knowen of what nation we were, we displayed a white silke ensigne in our maine toppe, which they seeing, made accompt that we had bene some of the King of Spaine's Armadas, lying in waite for English men-of-war; but when we came within shot of her, we tooke downe our white flagge and spread abroad the Crosse of S. George, which when they sae, it made them to flie as fast as they might.......and thereupon immediately we tooke her, wherein we also tooke a gentleman of Spaine, named Pedro Sarmiento, governour of the Straits of Magellan, which

saide Pedro we brought into England with us, and presented him to our soveraigne Lady the Queene."

Eight score years later, New England saw as successful use of the false flag as perhaps any years of the interval. French memorialists urging the foundation of a settlement on Cape Breton had pointed out that prevailing winds and currents made a port for refitment on that island of value to the East Indian trade of France. Louisbourg was founded, but until war broke out in 1744 this trade did not avail itself of the advantages of that port. One French Indiaman called in 1744, with such benefit that the greatly flourishing Companie des Indes sent out orders for its fleet, homeward bound in 1745, to touch at Louisbourg for refitting and convoy across the Western Ocean. Louisbourg fell to the New England troops under Pepperell, supported by Warren's squadron, on the 17th of June. The French flag was flown after the fall of the town. A well-laden ship from France came unsuspiciously to the port on the eighteenth and was towed in a prize. On the twenty-second the *Charmante*, then in July the *Heron*, both East Indiamen, and the *Notre Dame de la Déliverance* from Lima, fell into the trap, and enriched Warren and his men, as the capture of the Acapulco galleon two years earlier by his friend George Anson had made the latter a man of fortune. Warren's Lima ship had over £300,000 in specie, besides "Cocoa, Peruvian Wool and Jesuits' Bark." As Drake's captured *San Fillippo* showed the riches of Spanish colonial trade, these prizes of 1744-8 revealed the flourishing condition of French overseas trade. It whetted the appetite of English merchants for a share in it, as the lading of the *San Fillippo* spurred on Elizabethan adventurers. That clamant cupidity led to the Seven Years' War, in which that appetite was glutted.

The etiquette of the sea seems to have been that, when conditions were absolutely pacific, ships flew their flags in coming within sight of each other; abstaining from answering a display of colours in times of war, or in waters infested by pirates, was suspicious but not necessarily hostile. If there was to be a conflict, even the pirate broke out his black flag

before firing, as did Drake, most chivalrous of Elizabethan commanders. In the eighteenth century, the courteous sea commander placed himself on the level of the French Guards at Fontenoy. He broke out his flag in the presence of the stranger and saluted it with a single gun, which was in French of the period to *saluer la flamme*. This, however, was the courtesy of the chivalrous; the captain who so acted was like the knight who laid his lance in rest only when his opponent was ready.

The use of false colours to escape capture has many examples. The Hamburg-American liner *Bohemia* entered New York harbour on August 15th, 1914, flying the British flag and the house flag of the White Star Line. So consecrated by custom is its use that the Briton admits without shame that the *Lusitania*, pride of his country's mercantile marine, went up the Irish Channel flying the American flag. The difference between sea and land is shown by contrasting his feelings over this incident and those in a hypothetical case of a company, say of the Black Watch, donning German uniforms, and thus tricking the enemy out of trenches.

The writer likes best among the cases he has noted, that of an old New England captain who escaped from the *Tallahassee* by flying the British flag. When the Confederate commander saw it he abandoned the chase. The old man, in telling of his escape, said if it was all to do over again he would prefer capture to getting clear by such a trick. The attitude of the New England merchant captain might not have been satisfactory to the owners of the other sixty-fourths than his in the ship he commanded, but it illustrates the pressure of responsibility on an honourable man. It establishes across the centuries his kinship of the spirit, if not in action, with Sir Richard Grenville. He, in the little *Revenge* with the squadron of Seville to windward, that of Biscay to leeward, "utterly refused to turne from the enemie, alleaging that hee would rather choose to die then to dishonour himselfe, his countrey, and Her Majestie's shippe."

J. S. McLennan

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

MANY have written and spoken of the changed relations which, it is thought, must exist after the war between the United Kingdom and the Dominions. If the present writer ventures into the field it is not to challenge comparison with the industry or insight of others, but because it is sometimes useful to reduce a problem to its simplest terms. Some of our brightest intellects are finding relief from the horrors of war in reconstructing the British Constitution—on paper. This writer has no such ambition. If he ventures upon suggestion, it will be rather on the side of caution and conservatism than of ingenious inventiveness.

It is not an easy thing to understand the constitution of a country. You may think you understand it, but it is apt to elude your grasp. First, you must learn the law of the constitution, a task not free from difficulty. Then you must interpret the law by the light of constitutional conventions; and if, as is likely, your knowledge both of law and of conventions is largely derived from books and newspapers, you may still fail to understand the constitution as it works and acts. Even statesmen sometimes mistake the semblance for the reality and misdirect public opinion to irrelevant issues.

As an example of such an irrelevancy, I may cite the statement that Canada is powerless to change her constitution, a statement often made with the added inference, express or implied, that the fact is in some way imputable to the wickedness of Downing Street. The Colonial Office has much to answer for, but not this. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the Home Government would refuse to Canada what has been freely conceded to the Commonwealth of Australia and to the Union of South Africa—the power to make and remake her own constitution. Would

it not be more honest to admit—what is the truth—that the British North America Act was made in the Dominion; that it is altered or added to from time to time at the instance of Dominion ministers by an obedient Parliament at Westminster ; that the functions of the Imperial authorities in the matter are merely ministerial ; and, lastly, that the difficulties in the way of radically re-casting the constitution of Canada arise from the internal circumstances of the Dominion, and have nothing whatever to do with the Home Government, except so far as it must reluctantly play the part of trustee of the federal settlement of 1867?

Another complaint equally unfounded relates to the appellate jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. This is exercised either as of right from the Provincial Courts, or both from the Provincial Courts and from the Supreme Court of Canada by special leave. Appeals as of right the Provincial Legislatures are competent to limit or to exclude at pleasure. The prerogative right to grant special leave to appeal to His Majesty in Council, sanctioned by an Act of the Imperial Parliament (7 and 8 Vic. c. 69, s. 1) cannot be taken away except by the same authority. But both Australia and South Africa have taken power in their constituting Acts " to make laws limiting the matters in which such leave may be asked," subject only to the proviso that laws containing any such limitation shall be reserved by the Governor-General for His Majesty's pleasure. It is open to Canada to do the same. The power of reservation, certainly, would not present a barrier to a sustained demand. In fact, as the late Mr. Todd long since pointed out, the appeal to the Privy Council exists not for the advantage of the Home Government, but for the convenience of the Dominions.

I have touched upon the above matters in order to show that if Canada is constitutionally in swaddling clothes (as some affirm) in certain respects, at all events, she can free herself at will. I go on to speak of a constitutional limitation of a more fundamental character, the fact that Canada has

no share, or no apparent share, in initiating and directing the foreign policy of the Empire.

Whether the mass even of educated opinion in the Dominion regards this limitation upon the power of self-government as an anomaly, let alone as a grievance, may be doubted. If one raises the question in any casual company, the prevailing attitude of mind towards it is often expressed in the proverbial watchword of conservatism, "Why can't you leave it alone?" or in the protest, "We are well enough as we are." But there are feelings and tendencies which point in the other direction. In the first place, there are those who see something derogatory in any limitation of national existence, something humiliating to national self-respect in a normal relation to the Mother Country in which she affords protection as of course, while the Dominion, except when she is inclined, gives nothing in return. The sentiment is a generous one; and notwithstanding the splendid part that Canada is now taking in the defence of the Empire, the argument holds good. Secondly, our statesmen, being statesmen and therefore ambitious, would willingly play their part on a wider stage. It is a fine thing to be Prime Minister of one of the Dominions. It is finer still to be Prime Minister of the British Empire. If every little U.S. American has White House in his knapsack (is that the phrase?), why should not every little Canuck carry 10 Downing Street in his wallet? Finally, it is a commonplace that revolutions are made by minorities. When a number of persons are calling for something to be done, it is likely that the more persistent amongst them will get what they want. Whether they, or any one else, will be the happier for having it is, of course, another matter.

The demand that the Dominions should share in directing the foreign policy of the Empire involves a constitutional change of some significance, namely, the Independence of Canada and the other Dominions. Write "Independence" or "independence" as you will, that is what it comes to. If you add an independent initiative in foreign affairs to the

existing plenary control of internal affairs independence comes full circle. So much is implied in the postulate of an executive not collectively responsible to the British Parliament, and in the consequent limitations of the powers of that Parliament as supreme arbiter of the destinies of Empire. Logically, the change should mean the destruction of the sovereignty of the King in Parliament—the *Rex in Parliamento* of the lawyers—and the substitution for it of as many sovereignties as there are Dominions and one more—the sovereignty of the United Kingdom. But since logic is nowhere more out of place than in politics, the sovereignty of the King in Parliament may very well be retained as a formal constitutional expedient. In any case, for Canada the sovereignty of the British Parliament will necessarily continue until the Dominion has come to an understanding with herself as to a method of making and changing her constitution to take the place of the existing method by Act of Parliament of the United Kingdom.

I assume, then, that those who would have the Dominion take a part in directing the foreign policy of the Empire desire for Canada the same independence in foreign affairs as she now enjoys in domestic affairs. I assume further that it is not desired that she should become an international unit wholly disconnected with the United Kingdom as by establishing a Republic of Canada, or connected with the United Kingdom by the loose bond of a personal union, such as that which existed between Scotland and England during the 17th century, or between Ireland and England from 1782 to 1801, or, until recently, between Norway and Sweden. Assuming, therefore, the desire for independence and for union, but only for so much unity as is compatible with independence, we arrive at federalism as the only possible solution; for federalism is the only known form of government which allows two or more independent units to combine into a larger unit intended to be permanent without losing independence or identity. The problem then is—how to federate the Dominions with the United Kingdom: in

other words—how to turn a partnership in which the oldest member is sole managing director into an association in which the younger partners also shall have their assigned part in directing the business of the firm.

Writers on politics who undertake to enlighten us on federal government illustrate their subject by examples drawn from widely different lands and ages. Comparisons of this kind are apt to be too abstract to have much value in practice. Perhaps the most persistent character of federalism is its pervasiveness. It confronts you everywhere and in the most unexpected places. You are always up against it. It is like—

> "the high
> Uno'erleap'd Mountains of Necessity,
> Sparing us narrower margin than we deem."

In federal systems the adjustment of the spheres of federal and of provincial authority, and the accommodation to each of these of the rights of the individual citizen are matters of incessant interest. No form of government generates so much friction. It might be thought, therefore, that the simpler forms of federation have an advantage over the more complex in that they afford less occasion of misunderstanding and dispute. On the other hand, the complexity of the system may be an indication of a closer union, of a more intimate association of the parts in an organic whole. In Canada, as in the United States of America, the federal power pulses through each vein and artery of the national life. Whatever may have been the intention of the framers of the British North America Act, the force of events and the course of judicial decision have woven the warp and woof of federal and provincial authority into an inextricable fabric. The "lets and difficulties" of the system are tolerable because they are familiar—more than that, because they are necessary. We do not resent the federal power as a curtailment of our provincial liberties because we do not think of ourselves as citizens solely of Quebec, or primarily of Ontario, but as citizens of Canada. We tolerate the complexity of our

system as we tolerate the complexity of the atmosphere. We can no more be merely provincial than we can fill our lungs with nitrogen and remain alive.

Now, if the Dominions are to federate with each other and with the United Kingdom, it is obvious that the federal union must be, at first and perhaps always, something very different from the federal union which exists between the provinces of Canada, or the states of the United States of America. The end in view being to secure to the Dominions their proper share in the direction of the foreign policy of the Empire, and to leave them the completest freedom of self-government, the terms of the federal pact must be limited to that end. Neither the British Government nor the Dominion Governments will welcome a curtailment of their several powers. The British Parliament must be humoured into forgoing its omnipotence. The Dominions will take what they want, and give what they will. In such conditions the scope of federal authority will be limited to the merest minimum consistent with the existence of a federal union. It will include foreign policy, treaties, defence, taxation for defence, and these only so far as they are matters of imperial interest. It need not include more. It cannot include less.

This being what Imperial Federation means, the next question is how to secure it. The idea of introducing representatives of the Dominions into the British House of Commons or of creating a score or two of colonial barons to swell the numbers of the upper chamber may be dismissed as beside the mark. It is not federalism and it is not sense. Certainly nothing so modest would satisfy those amongst us who have convinced themselves, and seek to convince others, that the only alternative to disruption is the institution of a complete machinery of federal government — a federal cabinet, responsible to a federal parliament, chosen by a federal electorate. Since this scheme is earnestly advocated as in its main outlines the one possible solution of the problem of the commonwealth, it is entitled to the most serious

consideration. I shall try to examine it in detail, filling in one or two *lacunae* which I have noticed in its presentation.

The federal cabinet, I suppose, would consist of an Imperial Prime Minister, Minister of War, Minister of Marine, Minister of Aerial Defence, and Chancellor of the Imperial Exchequer. The general plan is a reproduction on a grander scale of the familiar apparatus of representative and responsible government. Let us suppose the Parliament assembled. Writs have been issued from the Crown Office in Chancery (are we to have a new Imperial Chancery?) addressed, perhaps, to the officers charged with making returns in Dominion elections. The members are assembled —where and in what numbers still undetermined. As regards numbers, the assembly must, at all events, be reasonably limited. Meanwhile the business of forming a cabinet is going on behind the scenes. Mr. Asquith, let us say, is invited by His Majesty to form a ministry. The Dominions, of course, will be represented in it. Sir Sam Hughes shall be Minister of War. The Minister of Marine will more probably be an Australian or New Zealander. Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. McKenna may be Minister of Finance. A few more ministers with or without portfolio will be added, since all the Dominions must be represented, and also, perhaps, to secure to the United Kingdom an influence proportioned to her wealth and population. In due course, the estimates will be submitted to the Federal Parliament for its approval. The burden of defence, whether in money or in men, ships, munitions of war, etc., will then be apportioned amongst the Dominions and the United Kingdom. So far all is plain sailing. The practical difficulty is to raise the money. We are told that no Federal Parliament is possible which cannot impose and collect its own taxes, and this is explained as involving the power of distraining upon the individual tax-payer. It is said that we are led to this conclusion by an inexorable chain of reasoning. I question the inexorability. There is too much paper logic about it. What use to furnish Jupiter with a thunder-bolt if his arm is

too weak to launch it? I do not know what is meant by a legislature collecting its own taxes. Taxes are collected by officials acting under statutory powers. Are we to have an army of federal tax-collectors responsible to the Federal Parliament, irresponsible to the Dominion Parliaments? "Try it," said to me lately a man experienced in public affairs, "the tea will soon be in the harbour." If Imperial Federation rests upon so unacceptable a foundation, we must, I fear, despair of its realization.

The scheme propounded has another defect. It fails to take account of the probability that one or more of the Dominions may be reluctant to contribute money to an Imperial Exchequer. It is all very well to say that it is impossible to distinguish between local and imperial defence, that the policy of Dominion fleets and Dominion armies is wasteful and ineffectual. But what if the Dominions prefer to spend their money within their own borders and to be masters in their own houses? If those who are so devotedly and earnestly promoting the imperial idea cannot have what they want, they must be content to take what they can get, even though an "inexorable chain of reasoning" may lead to another solution. After all, a Canadian flotilla, where love is, is better than an imperial navy and hatred therewith.

Though a Parliament (federal or otherwise) cannot collect taxes it can do other things. It can talk, it can legislate, it can criticize. As to talking, this is the oldest function of Parliament, and it is still the only purpose recognized in the royal proclamation summoning the British Houses, which declares the King's desire "to meet our people and to have their advice" in Parliament. But we enjoy to-day means of exchanging ideas which did not exist when Edward I summoned the Model Parliament. One of these instruments of debate is the Imperial Conference, now an established institution, which would seem, so far as talking goes, to be quite as competent as a body brought together with all the expensive, elaborate, not to say vicious circumstances of a Parliamentary election. The next function is legislation.

But what is the Federal Parliament to legislate about? Not on any single one of the matters which touch the national life of the Dominions other than those expressly devolved upon the federal power. These, as we have seen, are foreign affairs, defence, and the provision of the means of defence. Even the control of the tariff, we are told, must be left to the national governments. Of course, the Dominions and the United Kingdom might consent to a more extensive measure of devolution, but we may not assume that they will. Supposing the federal authority confined to the matters above mentioned, the scope for legislation is singularly narrow. The conduct of foreign affairs is not matter for legislation; nor the making of treaties; nor the declaration and prosecution of war. The legislative activities of the Federal Parliament, therefore, are likely to be confined to raising men and raising money, or (more correctly) to ordaining that men and money shall be raised. There its functions will end; and it will be powerless to enfore its resolutions. There seems no reason why we should go to the trouble of creating a Federal Parliament, when the existing Imperial Conference is entitled to as much respect and enjoys as much authority. As to criticism—the third function of a legislature—perhaps this more than anything else is what the advocates of a Federal Parliament have in view. The argument is this. Ministers must be responsible to a parliament. The new federal ministers cannot be responsible to the old British Parliament. Therefore there must be a new Federal Parliament for them to be responsible to. The major and the minor may be conceded without accepting the conclusion. The idea of a parliament which exists for nothing but that a cabinet may be responsible to it, is, it must be admitted, a little ludicrous.

I might enlarge upon the weaknesses of the proposed scheme of a Federal Parliament, but it is enough to have directed attention to a few of them. Must we then abandon the idea of a closer union between the United Kingdom and the Dominions, and acquiesce in a policy of drift, which would

lead us, it is said, inevitably to disruption? I do not think so. The British Empire is held together not—

"By inky blots and rotten parchment bonds,"

but by common ideals, traditions, institutions. It is being welded, as all great nations have been welded, in the fierce furnace of war. When the war is over, the claim of the Dominions to share in determining the foreign policy of the Empire will be readily admitted by the Mother Country. The Dominions on their side, it is hoped, will realize and will act upon the duty of contributing their fair quota to imperial defence. These are the cardinal points of a federal bond based not on common interest alone, but on mutual understanding and affection. Given these, nothing else matters. Make of your federal system a supreme federal government or a system of confederated states; organize it as you please; call it what you will;—it will succeed, if men are minded to make a success of it. But just in proportion as you multiply occasions of dissent and controversy (and so you do, if you make your machinery complicated and intricate), so far you plant the seeds of disillusionment and failure. Now, federal government, we have seen, means friction; and this is tolerated when it is a familiar and necessary part of men's lives, as a man will live for years in an incommodious house, because he has no better to go to. But when you come to federate independent nations like the United Kingdom and the Dominions every restraint attributable to federation will be felt as an incubus, as something added to the necessary burdens of national life. There will not be wanting those who from a parochial habit of mind, or for whatever other reason, will be prepared to seize upon and magnify every occasion of offence. Let us, therefore, go slowly at first. For one thing is certain, that no paper constitution, however logical, however skilfully constructed, will stand the test of experience unless it commands the good will of those who are to be governed by it. "It is on opinion," Hume has taught us, "that government is founded." Not in the British

Empire are men to be "driven like brute beasts, against their sentiments and inclination."

I said at the outset that I did not aspire to engage in the fascinating game of constitution building. Perhaps I shall not be quite proof against the temptation to essay a certain measure of constitutional re-adjustment. At all events, I will direct attention to a few factors in the situation which point the way of sane and cautious advance.

First, there is the Privy Council, which for many centuries has been the kernel of executive government in the British constitution. It is as Privy Councillors that British cabinet ministers tender advice to the King. The cabinet has, in fact, been described as an informal committee of the Privy Council. There would be nothing unconstitutional or revolutionary in the establishment of a committee of the Privy Council, specially charged with the direction of foreign policy and with the problem of imperial defence. In composition it would not differ very greatly perhaps from the existing Imperial Defence Committee; but its constitutional importance would be very different, for instead of being an advisory council of the British Prime Minister, it would be an advisory council of His Majesty the King.

Secondly, the happy withdrawal in recent years of foreign policy from the sphere of party conflict and the corresponding aloofness of the Foreign Secretary from the House of Commons. Is it too much to expect that after the war imperial defence will be placed upon the same neutral footing?

Thirdly, the presence in the British cabinet of Earl Kitchener on the special condition of complete detachment from party politics.

Fourthly, the practice in recent years, which the lessons of the war have rendered imperative, to remove the supreme direction of affairs from the collective British cabinet, and to concentrate it in the hands of a small committee of ministers, known as the inner ring of the cabinet.

Fifthly, the fact that the office of High Commissioner for Canada is being discharged by a member of the Canadian cabinet.

Sixthly, the Imperial Conference, which is not likely to confine its future debates to matters of merely secondary importance.

If I were to weave these facts, and a few more, into a scheme of Imperial Federation I should present it not as the conclusion of an inexorable chain of reasoning, but merely as one of many possible solutions; as a solution tentative, no doubt temporary, but less disturbing and therefore less repugnant than more ambitious schemes. The federal cabinet, I think, would consist of the inner ring of the British cabinet, afforced by representatives of the Dominions, of India, and perhaps of the Crown Colonies. The Dominions would be represented normally and continuously not by the Prime Ministers, who have quite enough to occupy them at home, but by the High Commissioners. These being members of their respective Governments, or at all events in intimate and confidential relations with them, would express the policy for which the cabinets accrediting them were prepared to stand sponsors before their respective parliaments. There would be no collective responsibility, if by that we are to understand the power of the popular chamber in any one legislature to dismiss the whole cabinet for the delinquencies of a single member, or even from dissatisfaction with its general policy and proceedings. But each Dominion ministry and the ministers of the United Kingdom would be collectively responsible to their several parliaments for the advice tendered to His Majesty by their representative upon the Imperial cabinet. If they failed to justify it he and they would have to go, to be replaced by another ministry with another cabinet and another representative. On the other hand, the fall of a British or Dominion cabinet on a purely domestic issue need not involve any change in the personnel of the federal cabinet. If foreign policy and imperial defence can be withdrawn from the sphere of domestic politics, there seems no reason why the ministers charged with these interests should not be simi'arly withdrawn. We demand and we get this detachment in our judges, most of whom are party

men before their promotion to the bench. Why not then in the men who are charged with the supreme destinies of Empire ?

I know well that objections may be urged against this scheme, as against any scheme whatever. I will mention only two. It will be said that the federal cabinet collectively may come to a determination to which one of the national cabinets represented upon it may decline to give effect. It will be said further that even if the cabinets are unanimous one or other of them may fail to win the support of their parliaments or ultimately of the electors. Both contingencies must be admitted as possible I know no way of excluding them. But is it possible to devise any system of Imperial Federation which will not be exposed to the same dangers ? When it is a question of concerted action between individuals or states, if one stands out there are only two ways of procuring conformity, to compel or to persuade. Now, in the case of the British Empire, compulsion is unthinkable. Persuasion remains as the only alternative. It would be better to face this fact as the fundamental condition of any constitutional rearrangement. No scheme which ignores it has any chance of succeeding—except on paper.

In the few remarks I have made about possible developments, no place has been assigned to the Imperial Conference. It will continue to be what it is at present—a debating society of Empire. But I can find no more definite function for it in the near future. An imperial legislature is not yet wanted. An imperial executive must be continuous. It will, however, play a useful and important part in ventilating projects of legislation, to be submitted later for adoption to the parliaments of the Empire. Its resolutions will command great attention and respect, perhaps ultimately—obedience.

R. W. Lee

"MEN OF HER BLOOD"

CANADA TO ENGLAND

(*Written before the war*)

Ah, does she know? The wheaten spear
Falls, bruised and broken; stirs the wind
The scattered heaps:—so disappear
The men that left her shores behind:
But lo! there springs again, again,
Her sturdy race—their joy, their pain!

Ah, does she know? That not the wind,
Wheeling, in autumn, o'er those graves,
Laments one spark to earth consigned
Of that old spirit which she gave:
Against the kernel of the grain,
Time's hated scythe has beat—in vain!

Let England's need appear!—that day
God smother in the womb of Time!
But suffer it—then, think to stay,
Upon the hill, the winter's rime!
The sun is risen!—see the snow
In torrents from the mountains go!

Ah, does she know? Did treacherous foes,
Combining, shake that noble strength,
As, from the hills, the melted snows,—
The headlong torrents pour their length,
And, all unhindered, find the tide,
Men of her blood must reach her side!

CHARLES TWINING

MR. A. J. BALFOUR'S GIFFORD LECTURES

IT may seem somewhat inappropriate to write upon the assumption that there can be any real interest in speculative theology or philosophy during this time of war. And yet if there is one thing that, more than anything else, has now definitely taken hold of the popular conviction in regard to the war, it is the truth that it is ultimately one about the philosophy of life of the belligerents. "In the eyes of the superficial historian, empires rise, flourish and decline, peoples struggle, and armies destroy each other. But behind those nations and their armies are the principles they represent; behind the ramparts and the batteries ideas antagonize each other."

Then again, war or no war, a book* by Mr. Balfour is sure of a wide circle of readers. It is to many people an event of capital importance. The Lectures whose substance it reproduces were the celebrated Gifford Lectures before the University of Glasgow, before an audience well aware of the importance of the place and the occasion. They aroused the greatest interest at the time on account both of the intellectual eminence of the lecturer and of the apparent intrepidity of his thought. The British public already knew Mr. Balfour as a philosopher and man of letters, as well as a statesman and a prime minister, and a great national asset. Every one had heard, in connexion doubtless with the impression created by his personality, of his early " Defence of Philosophic Doubt," and most people in middle life can now recall something of the sensation and the storm created by his "Foundations of Belief," in 1895. "Mr. Balfour as Christian," "Mr. Balfour as sceptic;" "a plea for supernaturalism;"

* "Theism and Humanism." Gifford Lectures, 1914. Arthur James Balfour, M.A., F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L. Hodder and Stoughton, London, New York, Toronto.

"written in the interest of the powers that be and the established creed;" "God forbid that religion should ever be led to rest its case on pleadings such as these;" "religion no foundation"—such were some of the typical criticisms and comments upon the book. "We are supposed," said one critic, "to be taught theories of belief and realities; but we find the beliefs qualified out of existence, and the reality attenuated that it is slighter than a shadow." "Preachers will find in it," said another, "much to repay their studies and to contribute to their work;" while a rationalist like Mr. Benn recommended the book to Roman Catholic believers as bringing "grist to their mill." But Dr. Barry, on the other hand, who doubtless knew more than Mr. Benn about Roman Catholicism, pronounced, in the Dublin Review, that "the foundations are not true and will never stand. Universal doubt rather than religious dogma will gain by the stroke that smites reason to the ground." And against such a finding there was the comparison of the book by such a representative liberal theologian as Professor Marcus Dods to Butler's Analogy, and his declaration that "there are many who read the older master with dissatisfaction who will find in the teacher of to-day the conviction and help they seek."

Now, there is no reason for overlooking the fact that up to the moment of these Lectures Mr. Balfour stood before the thinking public of to-day as a prominent conservative leader in the world of affairs whose final philosophy of affirmation was based upon a somewhat sceptical or dialectical theory of the first principles of thought and conduct. And even in these Lectures there is much that, on his own admission, might justify such an interpretation of his ultimate attitude to life and thought. "Whereas reasons may, and usually do, figure among the causes of belief . . . it is always possible to trace back the causal series to a point where every trace of rationality vanishes, where we are left face to face with conditions of belief—social, physiological and physical, which considered in themselves are quite logical in their character." "The belief in universal causation is

not based on argument, nor yet on observation. It depends on what I have called an intuitive probability." And, again, "the philosopher refuses in theory [a very important qualification] to assume anything which requires proof. I assume, among other things, the common-sense outlook upon life, and the whole body of the sciences"—the point being that to Mr. Balfour both common-sense and science proceed upon hypotheses and that: "If we build, as I build, upon our common-sense beliefs about the natural world, our theories about the supernatural world will surely share the defects inherent in their foundation. Our final theory or philosophy, that is to say, cannot be any less imperfect than our daily life and our scientific constructions."

His point of departure, then, is the common-sense beliefs of mankind, the inevitable beliefs of men in regard to (1) the world of our ordinary life and the things and persons of our ordinary experience; (2) the world of duty and the great ends of action; (3) the world of beauty (including history, romantic love and so on) and the emotions it arouses. By the first he means the creed of common-sense. He means, with everybody else, the belief in the things and persons, the events, and the laws, by which we believe ourselves to be surrounded, and also the universal religious beliefs of mankind shared by all ordinary men, and by all extraordinary men in their ordinary moments. By the second he means those loyalties to ideals, those altruistic emotions and beliefs about what is ethically best that differ altogether from animal necessities, and that determine all that we call civilization, devotion and heroism. By the third he means the values of art and disinterested affection, of any true appreciation of history, or even of natural beauty. Now what, he asks, does the acceptance of all those inevitable beliefs imply? Does naturalism or naturalistic science explain them? This query being answered in the negative, Theism as the only alternative to Naturalism becomes both true and real—a humanistic Theism with Immortality and Freedom and Providence and Inspiration, in distinction from the purely logical absolute

of the metaphysicians "for whom no man has ever yet been moved to do anything at all." "When I speak of God I mean something other than an identity in which all differences vanish, or a unity which includes, but does not transcend, the differences which it somehow holds in solution. I mean a God whom men can love, a God to whom men can pray, who takes sides, who has purposes and preferences, whose attributes, howsoever conceived, leave unimpaired the possibility of a personal relation between himself and those whom he has created."

Such is in effect the main argument of the book, although, in addition to the three worlds just spoken of, Mr. Balfour devotes many pages of his argument to a consideration of the "intellectual values" of science, of mathematics and of the general philosophy of nature—the beliefs in probability, in continuity, in the universality of causation, the conservation of energy, and so on. Can these beliefs too be explained as natural products? The answer is again in the negative. You cannot "base reason on unreason. All creeds which refuse to see an intelligent purpose behind the unthinking powers of material nature are intrinsically incoherent." "The root principle which, by its constant recurrence in different forms, binds together like an operatic *leit-motif* the most diverse material, is that if we would maintain the value of our highest beliefs and opinions, we must find for them a congruous origin. Beauty must be more than accident. The source of morality must be moral. The source of knowledge must be rational. If this be granted you rule out mechanism, you rule out Agnosticism; and a lofty form of Theism becomes as I think inevitable."

Now, there are points or topics connected with this procedure and its results that might naturally form the subject of immediate discussion. There is (1) the consideration of Mr. Balfour's attitude to common sense and common-sense beliefs, and the fact of their being used by him along with science to sustain the entire weight of his philosophy. (2) The legitimacy, or the illegitimacy, of his argument from

demands and postulates and inevitable beliefs to the being of an apparently external God as their ultimate reason and ground. What is the logic of his supreme principle of congruency in virtue of which what he calls a "congruous" origin must be found for our highest beliefs and emotions. (3) His claim of Theism as the only alternative to Naturalism, along with the inevitable question of the relation of God to his free creatures and to the world in general. What, for example, of the Providence and the Inspiration that he simply postulates as involved in the kind of theism he is inclined to advocate? He admits Providence and Inspiration to be categories for which systematic philosophy has as yet found no great use. He contends for their reality, or for the reality of the experiences they symbolize, because by so doing he is able to keep an open as opposed to a closed universe, a humanistic universe in which men and God may be really related to each other. But all this Mr. Balfour has doubtless the right to defer to his second set of Lectures, after the world itself has perhaps come to some new conclusions as to the working of God in human history. (4) The question of his real philosophy of first principles, and his apparent treatment of what he calls inevitable beliefs as first principles, as the true point of departure for a philosophy of the universe. (5) Mr. Balfour's confessed suspicion that it is the lectures dealing with the "intellectual values" that will arouse most serious opposition, and his defence of the irrationalism and the scepticism that have, as he admits, been associated by his critics with his philosophy.

Upon all these, or most of these, questions we will have to content ourselves with such light as is thrown by a consideration of Mr. Balfour's general approach to the problem of philosophy. He has given us explicit help in this connexion in the account he has given in his fifth chapter of his mental development, at Cambridge in the sixties of the last century. This will be to many perhaps the most interesting portion of his volume.

Mr. Balfour sees clearly and is prepared to prove that all philosophy, rational as well as empirical, rests upon assumptions upon things or facts or experiences that we must take for granted. That the experience philosophy of Mill and Spencer certainly does so has of course been demonstrated again and again in England, both by Mr. Balfour himself and in the many expositions of the recently dominant Kantian or Hegelian school—by Green and the Cairds and their associates. The portions of "Theism and Humanism" in which this is done again, albeit with the brilliance and the elevation and the dialectic skill that characterize them, are not in one sense the portions that will excite the greatest interest among students of the thought of the last forty or fifty years. But that Rationalism makes assumptions, the Rationalism that we all know so well in its Anglo-German form, the form that has ruled in all our schools of philosophy up to the time of the war, that this Rationalism makes assumptions, that it is so far untrue to its own professions, that it should be passed over almost entirely by Mr. Balfour as inadequate to the life of the ordinary man and to the ordinary life of the extraordinary man—this is something that will at least command attention, and that ought to command attention at the present time. And the average reader ought to learn that to the philosophical student at least the most characteristic feature of "Theism and Humanism" is its outspoken indifference to the Transcendentalism, the semi-German metaphysic that was supposed a few years ago to have swept everything before it in our contemporary thought.

I have already quoted Mr. Balfour's words to the effect that its Absolute, its God, is a purely logical creation for whom no man has ever yet been moved to do anything at all. And along with this rejection of its Absolute, there goes too in his pages his rejection of the kind of metaphysic with which Transcendentalism has been associated. To this I shall refer again below. Mr. Balfour has, in short, the most sorry opinion of the rationalist metaphysic that has been supposed by

many to have ruled our British thought (almost indeed as the Prussians would have wished) up to the memorable August days of 1914. And despite this there is something quite in keeping with the freedom of our British traditions that he should have been asked by Glasgow University to come before Scotland and the world in the very precincts of the Cairds, to advocate a philosophy so far removed, as his is, from the spirit and the letter of the rounded Absolutism represented there a generation ago by these notable men and their associates. Having been brought up, as I confess in the preface of a recent book,* under the influence of the great Critical School, I have an interest in Mr. Balfour's negative attitude to Transcendentalism that surpasses my admiration for the trouncing that he has given again to the dead dog of Naturalism. I say to the dead dog of Naturalism, for, as Mr. Balfour himself says, we "know too much about matter now-a-days to be materialists."

Mr. Balfour does not say much here about his objections to Critical Idealism except in the matter of the difference between its God and the kind of God he is anxious to establish and in the matter of the comparative failure of the metaphysic to be associated with it. We know, however, what his attitude is from his previous work—that in spite of its professions Transcendental Idealism is not really as far above "sense" and "science" as it thinks it is. With the former it has to accept on faith or trust the reality of the world of things and persons in which we live, and with the latter it certainly exercises a faith in such things as "continuity," and law, and the ultimate rationality of the universe—whenever we travel in our thoughts beyond the experience of the mere moment. He is right therefore, I am inclined to think, in returning in these Lectures to the subject of belief (his chosen subject) as the characteristic attitude of man as man, to the universe at large. It is the latter to Mr. Balfour, as to David Hume, for the reason that man is not merely a knowing being but an acting being, a being who must and who

* "Pragmatism and Idealism." A. & C. Black and the Macmillan Co., 1913.

does act in a thousand ways (in conduct, in artistic creation, in "love," in his faith in the ideals of civilization) in advance of that demonstrable certainty which is the professed ideal of the rationalist. "I recognize that the whole human race, including the philosopher himself, lives by faith alone." "The philosopher asks what creed reason requires to accept. I ask on what terms the creed which is in fact accepted can most reasonably be held." I am inclined to make a good deal of this idea of the creed which is in fact accepted, for my experience of men and my study of comparative religion incline me to the opinion that by the great majority of mankind the world in which we live is taken to be a spiritual world, a world in which our experience is after all a spiritual experience, implying therefore a spiritual Being at its core with whom the whole human race is somehow in communion. Again, "Our beliefs must be provisional, because till we approach complete knowledge, all beliefs are provisional. We cannot claim that they are good as far as they go; but only that they are as good as we are at present able to make them."

Now, in failing to recognize all this ordinary experience of life—for it is certainly such—about the faith of both ordinary and extraordinary men, metaphysic, as Mr. Balfour sees it, has so far failed to touch or to explain the world as we know it. It has failed, too, to recognize the trust in reason itself that is involved in all the generalizations of science and philosophy. "It has asked the ordinary man [this is only too literally true] to rethink the universe as a whole instead of talking to him about some of the more interesting things in his experience—about the very vitality and reality in short of his experience." It is a very important part of Mr. Balfour's service to contemporary philosophy that he has placed among these most interesting things, in the very fore-front as it were of the field of philosophy, as part of its very subject-matter, the active faith and the value reposed in the world (as the sphere of our conscious endeavour) by both the plain man and the man who thinks. His quarrel with Rationalism,

like that of the Pragmatists with the same, is that by its very question of the creed which Reason requires us to accept, it tacitly presupposes an ideal of reasoned truth apart altogether from the world of experience in which alone we use reason and in which alone reason finds its material. He has of course no such complete system as that of the Anglo-German Idealists to offer us, and also no theory of knowledge as such, the one thing of which modern philosophy makes so much. To some this omission may seem not merely a confession of poverty but a cardinal sin, an irredeemable fault. His reply would be that he knows nothing about knowledge as such, nothing about a knowledge that has no relation to the human experience that includes both action and volition, as well as the sense-knowledge and the scientific knowledge with which modern philosophy chiefly deals.

The chief difficulty, to be sure, of the critical reader with these lectures will be that Mr. Balfour seems in them to be trying to pass in the old mid-Victorian way from sense and science to a Beyond, to a God and a Heaven that have no very definite relation to, or hold upon, the world that now is. From an apparently inevitable Naturalism he would pass as it were to a hypothetical Supernaturalism. Had he gone more deeply than he seems to have done into the arguments of Idealism in respect of the impossibility of an "object" without a "subject," of "matter" without perceiving and sustaining "mind," he might have treated, had he cared, of the world of scientific naturalism as *from the very outset* the abstraction, or the fiction, that it really is to metaphysic—a mere artificial construction that has no reality on its own account. That he has not done this is the fault, I am inclined to think, of the imperfect philosophy into which he was introduced at Cambridge years ago and of the people there who had to refer him to Mill as his best guide into the world of thought.

Now Mill is indeed an outstanding figure in the middle of nineteenth century thought, and a fine Englishman, a veritable saint of rationalism and all that, but a most imperfect

thinker from the point of view of all constructive philosophy. He is the most typical of all the transition writers of the time, a man who, if he had suddenly got into heaven out of his "permanent possibilities of sensation" and his "probable future of the working of the working classes," would at once (as Carlyle suggested) have set about examining the machinery of the place. The truth is that Mr. Balfour himself, in virtue of his broader education and his more actual hold of the agencies and institutions that shape the life of the average man, is at once a far more representative thinker and a far more representative Englishman than Mill who faced life throughout from the point of view of the hypothetical "sensations" and "ideas" of his father and the Benthamites and the associationist psychologists. And the really great thing about the present Lectures, their chief positive value n fact, is the incursion that represent into the world of the schools and the schoolmen of a personality and a line of reflection to whom and to which the spiritual world as a whole, and a living, or a dynamic, view of things are far more of a reality than they are to the scientists and the intellectualists as such. To the latter it is their hypotheses and their theories that matter. To Mr. Balfour, on the contrary, these are but secondary to the inevitable beliefs of men, and the ultimate postulates of all the sciences in respect of the unity and intelligibility of the world that we actually know and experience.

If we would gain an idea of this spiritual, or living, view of things upon which he reposes throughout his Lectures and his life we must think of sentences such as the following: "There are some observers who would have us believe that the energies of western civilization are now entirely occupied in the double task of creating wealth and disputing over its distribution. I cannot think so; I doubt whether there has been for centuries a deeper interest than at this moment in things spiritual." Or again, the declaration at which we have already hinted: "We now know, it seems to me, too much about matter to be materialists." Or, as partly illustrative of his manifest superiority to the point of view of mere science,

or mere rationalism, the following: "The world, alas! is not so made. The things which are clear and distinct are usually things of our own creation." Definitions, abstractions, diagrams, syllogisms, machines, such and such like are or may be clear and distinct. But the great facts which we have not made—these at our present level of knowledge are never clear and never distinct. Life, the organism, the self, the state, the world, freedom, causality, the flow of time, the relation between mind and body, between perceiver and perceived, between consciousness and sub-consciousness, between person and person (I say nothing of beauty and virtue or of God), who is there who will dare to say that he either finds in these notions, or can put into them without injury, the qualities which Descartes deemed the inevitable marks of real and certain knowledge. God must not be treated thus as an entity, which we may add to or subtract from, the sum of things scientifically known, as the canons of induction may suggest. Or the confession of which I have already spoken in substance that: "These difficulties of theory never disturb the ordinary man nor the extraordinary man in his ordinary moments. Mr. Balfour's meaning is here that both the ordinary man and the philosopher have a larger field of thought and experience than that signified in the world of reasons and discussions in which the theory of knowledge confines us. I certainly agree with him in this, thinking it a fault, for example, of a thinker like Mr. Bradley that he has never made any serious attempt to reconcile the apparent finality of a Hegelian book, like "Appearance and Reality," with his many confessions to the effect that "absolute certainty is not required for working purposes," that "the intellect is not the highest part of us," that "reality may be identified with goodness or satisfaction," and so on.

Another interesting aspect of the spiritual philosophy of Mr. Balfour is the transformation that the ethical life undergoes in his book into an essentially religious or spiritual life, a life in which the "love of God becomes a moral end or motive which reconciles other moral ends because it includes them."

"It is not intolerant of desires for our own good. It demands their due subordination, not their complete suppression. It implies loyal service to one who by his essential nature wills the good of all. It requires therefore that the good of all shall be an object of our endeavour; and it promises that in striving for this inclusive end we shall, in Pauline phrase, be fellow-workers with him." Now, in praising this, I am aware of course that I am apparently praising theological morality, which is to some no morality at all because it seems to them the being moral for a reason extraneous to morality. I do not think, however, any more than does Mr. Balfour, that humanity would continue to believe in goodness if it ceased to believe in God. A belief in goodness is implicitly a belief in an active goodness greater than our own and raises the demand for a comprehension of all things in the light of the Divine Goodness, that is to say in God. I use this idea therefore of the transformation of the ethical life into an essentially spiritual, or religious, life as but another illustration of the fact that to Mr. Balfour after all God, or the Divine Life, is inextricably interwoven with our moral and intellectual experience when completely understood. In his notion too of men as fellow-workers with God he shows that to him faith is not the antithesis to reason that it is to some, but an intelligent participation in the work of life, faith in a world which, to be sure, contains good as well as evil, but a world in which good or God is the triumphant principle.

Such then, in outline and in abridgment, is the argument and the significance of these Lectures from the point of view of the general thought of our time, and from that of the present general reaction—in consequence of the war, if we will—against both Naturalism and Rationalism. They would have been strengthened, in the opinion of many, by a theory of knowledge that would have shown up both sense-knowledge and scientific knowledge to be as partial and as hypothetical as they are from the very outset. But we cannot desiderate everything in a course of general lectures before a general audience. These must deal, in the main,

with tendencies and conclusions, and with broad principles rather than with the rigorous theory demanded by the specialist. The reader will find in them the brilliant examination of the principles of Naturalism already referred to, and also the suggestive indication of the shortcomings of Rationalism and Absolutism in the light of the real facts of the moral and spiritual life of man. Prepared to a large extent, as we are told by their author, in the stormy months of British politics just before the war, and delivered and revised in the course of the war, they are significant of the great revival of serious thinking that is now everywhere in progress. And they are significant, too, in their own unique way, of the high tradition that has long been set in respect of the mental and the moral qualifications of the men who come to the fore in our British public life.

W. Caldwell

THE NEW ENGLISHWOMAN—A SOCIAL RESULT OF THE WAR

WHEN the last shot shall have been fired and the bursting of shrapnel shall have ceased; when treaties are signed and peace, fully armed, sets about the task of repairing the ruin of these dark and dreadful months, we shall look round and survey what will then be the present state of affairs, and we shall no longer see as through a glass darkly. The smoke of battle, the wild enthusiasm of patriotism, the orgie of despite in which all of us, in more or less degree, have indulged against our enemies—these things will no longer warp our vision and cause us to see obliquely. Then, stretched out in front of us, will be the rolling plane of present conditions. How different those present conditions must be from those which obtained on August 3rd, 1914, one day before Britain declared war, it would be idle to conjecture. Yet, though we have not reached the day when we can see clearly and unmistakably, certain things stand out now, and we know that they are problems and new factors for us after the war.

Strange happenings at home as well as on the field have been the order of these strange days. New conditions have sprung up, have often been created, and while these—our leaders would insist—must not be regarded as precedents, it will be difficult to get them out of the public mind as such. It was inevitable that they should happen, since, to prosecute this war to its utmost success, everything else went by the board, but, having happened, their removal or ultimate place in our British scheme of things is going to be a problem extraordinarily acute. Not the least important task which England will face after the war is that of deciding what is going to be done with and for women.

And, consonant with this and, indeed, as a corollary to it, the evolution of a new type of woman in Great Britain

and just how that evolved type will, first, compare with its prototype, and, secondly, fit in with the problem which I have stated in my last paragraph, are questions which will have to be considered too.

I

When this war happened the whole world was interested in the evolution of a new type of woman, and in her efforts—some frantically foolish, some wise and sane—to adjust society to her own strange ideas. We had begun, at last, I think, to take the New Woman seriously. It is a far cry from the mid-Victorian dame to the alert, business-like, thinking-for-herself woman of 1914. In the early years of this century the New Woman was more laughed at than respected. Even in this country, so far ahead of Great Britain in its masculine attitude to its womenfolk, the woman who talked about having a vote was a butt for the cheap cartoonist and a topic for pink teas. Gradually, however, that attitude changed. Women who shrieked for the vote gave astonishing reasons for their shrieking. In 1914 there must have been some thousands of women in responsible positions in England. Compared, proportionately, to the same class here, their number was small. But still, by that date, concrete evidence of capable womanhood—in half a hundred different spheres—was offered to doubting man, in England. In short, woman's suffrage, one of the main demands and outcomes of the New Woman, was nearing a definite fruition. There be few, I judge, who really doubt that statement. Sir Almroth Wright frothed a good deal, and he had his coterie. But the consensus of thinking, masculine opinion in England knew that the hand of woman was surely going to grasp the ballot paper, and, what is more, her right to it was, in the main, conceded.

When the long-hoped-for haven was almost in sight the war broke. In a moment every shrieking suffragette laid down her personal arms and took up national. Without hesitation, though some of these women had been striving

for the end now in sight for a quarter of a century and had run the gauntlet of a bitter, biting scorn, they dropped their agitation—active or passive—and offered themselves to England for work in any capacity. Let me say that, in my opinion, there has been nothing grander, nothing more heroic in the course of this war.

And, happily enough, there has been nothing that could better have advanced the very cause which the New Woman temporarily sacrificed. Woman's suffrage is doubly assured by reason of the fact that its advocates were big enough and fine enough to abandon pursuit of their aim and devote themselves entirely to the service of their country. They did anything and everything, big and small, that they were asked to do. Men who had charge of affairs delegated different work to their womenfolk, who took it up and did it well. The time came when the demand for more fighting men became more and continuously insistent. The only way in which such call could be answered was for women to take the places—in a degree never before imagined—of the men. Thus we see women handling the affairs of the Bank of England. There are women mail deliverers and women messengers; women managers of business, great and small; women agitators—extraordinarily successful—who went and are going up and down England recruiting, and, having so done, taking the places, in huge numbers, of the men they had recruited. And last, but by no means least, there were and are women operators in their tens of thousands in our factories and workshops. The government has been amazed by the results of its canvass in forming a register of women who are willing to enter trades who have never been in any sort of business before. In the last census there were four and three-quarter million out of fourteen million and three-quarters over ten years of age in England who were wage-earners. If a census were to be taken now we should see that first number doubled.

It is important, too, that we should note that many women who were thrown out of their own employment by the war have acquiesced, and that gladly, in the *status quo*, which

means they had to take any work that offered and was necessary. The painter, teacher of the latest dance, garden-planner, curio-dealer, musician and music teacher, and even journalists—women who may be said to minister, in some sort, to the tastes and needs of the rich—suddenly found themselves without bread and butter. In many cases they might have returned to their homes, for many of them came from comfortably-off families, but whether from necessity or from anxiety to be of some use to England in her extremity, they are now doing the thing that comes to their hand, whether it is making khaki, or banking, or clerical work, or dull, unthinking labour of the lowest sort.

The problem of their immediate remuneration is not acute, since, in their enthusiasm, they will take what they are given. But what will these women be worth as wage-earners after the war? Many of them will never again be content to stay at home. Many of them have found daily work, whatever they have tried, congenial and entirely possible to their attainments and capacities. Will they want to leave it? And if they stay in it—if the women of England become workers to an extent never before known—will they not want suitable remuneration? If a woman is taking the place and doing the work of a man, will she not want a man's wages? And if she does, will she get them? That is the first problem.

I think, to a certain extent, she will get a man's wages. It must be remembered that England, after the war, will recommence her business organism shorn of all the men who have fallen in this war. There must, in the very nature of the circumstances, be a dearth of male labour of all kinds. There will not be enough bankers, doctors, lawyers, clerks, business men; there will not be enough labouring men, even, if business, after the war, attains the enlarged dimensions which our experience warrants us in expecting. That is one reason why women in England will have a rate of pay for their work which they have never had before.

The second, and greater, is that employers, headed by the government—a surprising number of government clerkships are being filled by women now—will recognize the justice of the woman's case. While it is true that there must be found a place for those men who have sacrificed their previous positions to shoulder a gun, it is equally the fact that post and adequate reward must be found for the women who, no less certainly, have helped England in her need.

Up to now there have been certain professions or trades where women, in comparison with men, have been ill-paid. The first that comes to mind is that of the teacher. Many women are teaching as competently as men; yet, so far, this has never been recognized in a monetary way. I think it will be after the war. I think it will be if only by sheer weight of numbers. For, though those in authority are men, the circumstances will be sufficient to ensure justice to women in the matter of reward for labour.

That will mean that such women will be more independent.

What result will that have upon them collectively as a social factor?

II

In considering this we must go back and note that, granting the New Woman which the last ten years have evolved to be very excellent in many ways, we may yet urge with fairness that from a social standpoint she was somewhat to be regretted. There was much truth in the plaint of Mrs. Humphry Ward and those who, with her, accused the New Woman of being far too masculine. Perhaps, in the stages of evolution, it was inevitable. We see woman, for the last ten years, in a continual battle, where sometimes she lost, sometimes she gained, but where—the sum totals being witness—she made real progress along the line which she sought. Gradually woman began to find she had a tongue beyond mere conversation, sewing-meetings, missionary teas, and reading circles. She began to speak upon this subject

and that, in public. She began to write, not, as at first, non-challenging, but controversially. She got into business. She "made good" surprisingly. She began to take positions of importance and dignity. Hence we find lady sales-managers, treasurers, purchasing agents, all of them posts far removed from the clerical desk, or the typewriter, which up to a certain point had been her only business portion. In a word, the New Woman found that she made an amazingly good sort of business-man—to use an Irishism—and aping and following and rivalling man in this phase she aped and followed and rivalled him in personality. That is, she did to some extent. Instead of being any longer womanly, if she were not mannish at least she became womanish, reserving the least worthy abstract appurtenances of her sex and swooping down upon traits and characteristics that were always regarded as man's only. She lost the spirituelle and she took on the merely spirited. To attain the position of "equality with man" (hateful and hackneyed phrase) she sacrificed those things which were most to be desired. In the main, it is my opinion that the New Woman did not seize upon the position she wanted in our organism and bring to it the charm, the dignity, and the sweetness which had been the best part of the position she left. She, coming into her own in the world, on a sort of par with man, abandoned those things for which the noun woman had always stood. All this is without prejudice to the fact that she was, more or less, compelled to do so.

How, then, will the fact of her being still more independent after the war affect that class of woman?

And how will it affect the other class, the vast middle-class; women, who were accustomed to stay at home, whose life wholly centred in and grew around "society"? In this category we may include such people as the woman of position who, nevertheless, did not put into practice the aims and thoughts and views she possessed. And we may include what we may call the average girl who stayed at home (as distinct from her sister who went to business), learned to play a little and paint a little, and read Omar Khayam, and

go to four o'clock teas. A great proportion of middle-class, "educated" girls has never needed to consider work as a means of life. By reason of tradition, or position, or example of associates, these girls have become members of a "smart" set—so called. They have had money enough to secure comforts, and, to a degree, luxuries. They have been fitted and able to enjoy life as they are, alone, as opposed to the matrimonial relationship. It is not only the idle rich which form the "smart" set. Those who are comfortably off and are moving in their own little coterie have become, during the last few years, indifferent to the prospect of wifehood and motherhood. They have not been rich, it may be, but they have had enough of this world's goods to make them say that, unless marriage will provide more, they will have none of it. No one can say that marriage, as simply such, has been the fashionable thing during the last decade, which, be it remarked, is the period when the New Woman has come to her own. It is true that there have been those to whom marriage was something to wait for, sigh urgently and perennially for, and welcome with open arms, and one cannot too strongly deprecate the view of matrimony which has seen in it only a relief from present poverty and discomfort and a means of obtaining some sort of better living without working for it. But these women formed only a sub-section.

In the main, the second class I named has been too comfortably off to bother with marriage. It could not give such women anything worth while in exchange for their present conditions, and their question has been, "Why should I bother with marriage?" This, I say, has been one of the fundamentals of the "smart" set. Money, position, "a good match"—those, or the bachelor state, have been the objectives. Love has been relegated to a back place. I do not think it is open to question that during the last decade women have become far more materialistic than their grandmothers. The love match, the simple, beautiful mating of two people who were in love, has gone out of fashion. It

hasn't been "the thing." "People don't do it now, my dear," the mother, who moves in this "smart" set, has said to her daughter.

How is the war going to affect such a daughter? Will it affect such a class, and affect it for good? I think that we shall see the revival of the simple beauty of life relationships. This war, if it has done anything, has torn down our false idols, shattered our elaborate pretences, destroyed our unsatisfying artifices. It has brought us back to the things that really matter. Already it has done this. Already the love match is in the ascendant. The women of England have re-learnt habits of sweet industry, recognized again the joy of service. Many of the women who have become independent have become so on the basis of "service." The war has made all classes, to a marked extent, altruistic, unselfish. It has taught women that the cultivated lady was not half so much worth while as the true woman. It has shown that the idle, spoilt, self-indulgent existence of the woman who lolls round stores in the morning, gyrates round a polished floor at a tango tea, powders and titivates for an evening reception—*and nothing else*—is not the best to be got out of life. For her thousands of poorer women have toiled and worked for years. This war, if it has done anything, has democratized us, "smart" set and all. The lady of fashion who has become dirty and tired in scrubbing floors, washing dishes, sewing, and the like for love of her country has learnt that such things, for love of the man who has nothing but *his* love to give, would be far more worth while than the dreams she had dreamed of herself as a woman "in society." The women of England have been humanized. They have been all one in love of country, and from that common starting-point rich and poor alike have seen a new Promised Land filled with the simple things of life; perfectly simple and therefore simply perfect.

Thus, already, has come amongst us another and a better New Woman.

This whole question is of vital interest to us here in Canada. Many Britishers, who have met the Canadians in England and fought shoulder to shoulder with them in France, will never again want the narrowness of "comfortable" life in England. They will cry out for a place to live where men and women *live*, and not merely exist. And they will bring with them this type of the New Woman who has learnt the value of the simple things of life, and who, having learnt that value once, will want to run away from any chance of return to the old set of false fundamentals. Emigration will have a great boom after the war. English women and English men alike will seek outlet from England to a land which, if it means anything, means hard, happy work, and happy, well-earned reward.

Much that has been said in this article applies to our women-folk in Canada, too. We, here, have had to reshape our ideas, reconstruct our systems of social values. We shall share in the production of the real New Woman. We, too, shall have the virtues of the other type, the go-ahead, well-equipped, purposeful woman who is taking a big place in the world's work. But instead of the masculine attributes we shall have that same woman rounded off, complemented and supplemented by the simple virtues, the real characteristics of the *real* woman. Simplicity will come into its own again.

And this result of the war will mean more to us and to those who come after, than the acquisition of any new territory.

HUGH S. EAYRS

THE INVASION OF THE VOLUNTEER

FRANCE has a particular tenderness, easy to understand, for the sufferers belonging to her own invaded territory. That the Germans should be in actual occupation of part of their beloved country, is not only a sorrow but a humiliation as well, and the Republic is in every way trying to alleviate the personal loss and distress. Families are assisted to find new means of livelihood; the refugee children are cared for, and efforts are already being made to repair the destruction of towns and villages. And it needs but the pathetic addition, "Je suis des pays envahis," to a *poilu's* letter, for his god-mother-of-war to redouble her efforts to secure him comforts, necessities and "douceurs."

The comprehension of the military invasion was swift and universal, but that of a secondary invasion that has been taking place in town and country all over France has been very gradual. Certainly it is a well-meaning and by no means destructive occupation, but none the less signs are not wanting that at a time like this of strain and crisis, it too is undesirable if not superfluous.

The womenkind of the Allies, in a generous but vague tumult over the calamity of war, the dulness of remaining at home, genuine desire for service, the romance of work in a belligerent country, and a deeply-seated belief that of all people the French require most showing how to do things properly, and will gladly suffer such showing, have hastened in unnumbered hordes to offer their assistance, and were received at first with a sort of dumb passivity, as part of the new and dreadful order of life. There is a heroic side to it undoubtedly. Travel is infinitely tiresome and no one can disregard its risks. Dangerous ocean and channel crossings, dread encounters with officials, delay, fatigue, ingratitude, are hard things to face. A clear sense of duty, a sure belief in a

mission, will support one through these difficulties, but people who would seem to have neither, present themselves undauntedly before them. Only a vague restlessness, a "noble dimness" of purpose, compels them. Simple-Simon heroism perhaps.

For the trained and disciplined service of the various hospital units, ambulance corps, Red Cross societies, self-organizing and self-supporting canteens, and so on, of the Allies, there can be nothing but sincere gratitude and admiration. It is the invasion of the well-meaning, untrained worker that is open to criticism. The Frenchwoman is not saying much, but she is looking and otherwise betraying a disapproving impatience. The untrained worker can still be of use in her own country. If she is an alien, she is superfluous in France. She has her value and her place but it is not among women who do not understand her standards, her abilities or her language, and whose language she possesses imperfectly. She is criticized and studied. Why does she not remain in her own country? No Frenchwoman's mind is sufficiently uncomplex to believe that a simple and disinterested demand for work of any kind does not carry with it some unexpressed motive on the part of the foreigner.

America has patronized Paris for so long that the beginning of it is lost in United States antiquity, and England has every reason to invade France freely. Leaving aside all but Canadian women, the reason of their voluntary exile may be enquired into. The chief incentive to exodus from Canada was the warm-hearted desire to be Florence Nightingales, ladies holding up lamps to lighten the supposedly mediæval French darkness of ignorance regarding the care of the sick. "Their hospitals aren't a bit like ours, my dear," ladies, whose knowledge of hospitals at home was confined to luxurious, flower-filled private rooms, told each other in horror. "There are no trained nurses at all in France, you know—only nuns, and they've all been expelled—and you know what the French are!" This last dark insinuation usually turned the scale and sent the ardent Nightingale of the New Crimea off to buy

her ocean ticket. That was exactly where the mistake lay—is exactly where it lies. We did not know what the French were, nor, above all, did we know what the Frenchwomen were, and it is a salutary lesson to a good many impetuous volunteers to realize that the crudest untrained Canadian is not superior to the average Frenchwoman in a hospital ward, is not superior to the inferior French worker at anything, and may be in fact herself inferior in courage and devotion and unflinching determination to be of use. Her ideas conflict continually with those of the Frenchwoman, of course, and she must naturally give way, finding more than occasionally that mediæval methods work best in the end for those accustomed to them. The Frenchwoman over the bed of the wounded soldier is France herself suffering for and with him, gathering him into her heart, enduring as he endures, rejoicing as he recovers. He is her country, her son, her lover. The volunteer Canadian over the wounded French soldier is a well-meaning, kind, and often hopelessly puzzled and dismayed untrained nurse. And it may be added that she has very often a good deal of jealous resentment to contend against. It is true that a year or more ago, a number of Canadians, men as well as women, went to the South of France when confusion reigned over the improvising of many hospitals without facilities for such an undertaking—and it seemed as if the women of France were too shocked by the dislocation of war to be able to collect their mighty latent forces—and did admirable and needed work there. They became thoroughly efficient and made a permanent place for themselves until the end of the war. But the women of France incredibly soon rose to the dread emergency of war with magnificent energy and resource, and began to look with an unfavouring eye upon amateur alien assistance.

Hospitals in France are not conducted on the strict lines of modern science and sanitation expected by Canadians and Americans, admirable as is the equipment of the leading Paris institutions and world-wide as is the reputation of the French surgeons. Nor is nursing in the highest state of

technical efficiency, but there does exist such a thing as hospital training for women which is very thorough in its way. The *Oeuvres Sociales* of the Republic are well understood by every Frenchwoman, and it was not for the first time that she put on her apron with the Red Cross, and fastened her white veil over her hair, and worked night and day in the terrible August of 1914.

The French Red Cross dates from 1864 with the foundation of *La Société Française de Secours aux Blessés Militaires.* This was followed by a separate but supplementary branch called *L'Alliance des Dames Françaises* in 1879, and, in 1881, by a third league, *L'Union des Femmes de France.* The common badge of all three is of course the Red Cross, but though there is this unity of outward seeming, each member of each separate branch is jealously tenacious of her own rule, and bitterly disparaging of the work done by the others. This has proved to be not a bad basis for thoroughly good work, but it is a matter for prayerful study and discretion for the unwary foreigner who associates herself with one or more of the rival colleagues, so to express it.

Nearly twenty years ago a very remarkable woman, Mlle. Génin, started a small dispensary in a Paris suburb which grew into a free hospital for the poor of the quarter. Presently there was an out-patient department, and in time a training-school for nurses—the forerunner of one hundred and twenty such in France, all founded by the same practical feminine genius. Here the ladies of the Croix-Rouge came and submitted themselves to inflexible discipline and learnt the practical care of the sick. No playing at First Aid with nice well-behaved, helpful models, but the unsavoury realities of poverty and dirt. At the end of four months they took their examination for the *Diplôme Inférieure*, and after acquiring this degree the successful candidates could sign on for a two years' course, hard work all day and every day, with a night "on" at least once a fortnight. Then they obtained a second and valuable diploma. For twenty years Frenchwomen have been following this course in the "humanities" without

attracting any attention to themselves, as a matter of democratic discipline and co-ordinate work for the Republic, never as a means of advertisement or idle distraction. When the Great War of 1914 broke out there were at least 15,000 Red Cross nurses in France trained under Mlle. Génin, ready and admirably fitted for work. Until lately the professional trained nurse in France was drawn from the lower and rougher classes of the community, which was possibly one of the reasons for the establishment of the volunteer system of the Croix-Rouge. Of recent years, however, young girls of good family, anxious for independence or forced by poverty to find a means of earning their living, are going in for the free training supplied by the Hôpital Ecole, a vast building on the remote and shabby edge of Paris, or in the other numerous hospitals. The course is a three years' one, excessively hard, but excellent in every detail. The pupils live in the school and may only go out on Sundays, and then only by the written authorization of the friends with whom they are to spend the day. They must be back in the school by nine o'clock. They have of course spare hours during the day, but these must be spent within the hospital boundaries. When the course is finished and they are full-fledged nurses they may take paid positions in other hospitals, or work as free-lances out in the world.

So that it will be seen that even the volunteer nurse in France has usually had some valuable practical experience in taking care of the sick poor. And in nearly all the public work connected with the war, you will find the sheltered little French girl to-day—very often a school-child with her hair down her back—taking a real part. Children are not allowed to be "infirmières," of course, but they are—at sixteen or so—encouraged to visit the hospitals to read or write for the soldiers, and to work in the linen-room, or the dispensary, or the diet-kitchen. In our hospitals children would be thought a nuisance, but here it is part of the social system, and naturally the hours are strictly regulated. The French girls are all, of course, "marraines," and take a personal and particular

interest in one or more soldiers "sur le Front," sending letters and comforts to them. A dreadful story is told of a little godmother-of-war who was informed that her *filleul*, an Alpine Chasseur, was on leave, and had come to visit her. She went downstairs to find herself instantly received into the capacious embrace of a large-sized pale-blue overcoat—and her godson was an Algerian negro of the darkest variety!

Those who have adopted blind soldiers go down to the old convent of Ste. Clotilde, part of which is now known as the "Annexe aux Quinze-Vingts,"—the great Paris school for the blind—and give up their free time to amusing these tragic victims, cheering them and teaching them, and inventing little treats for them, with an unselfish tact and sweetness that seems beyond their years. The school-girls are specially enthusiastic and energetic in the canteens for soldiers and refugees. They put on their pinafores and navy-blue veils, and take themselves very seriously indeed, charmingly pretty little "serveuses" and "distributrices," thrilling with youthful excitement—occasionally curbed by a watchful mother—over the *poilus* who are by far the most popular objects of attention, but willing to take their turn at the more disagreeable work of waiting on the long tables filled with refugees, poverty-stricken sad men, and peculiarly ungrateful women, and their "gosses."

The temporary war-hospitals, which have aroused so much goodwill and practical sympathy in Canada, are by no means palaces of modern science or convenience; but when it is recalled that they were for the most part public-schools, barracks, hotels, convents, sometimes theatres, in no way adapted for their present use, the wonder is that so much has been made out of them. Double-mattressed wooden beds, inadequate sanitation, shortage of hot water, and absence of ventilation are inconveniences that dishearten a vision-led Florence Nightingale without disturbing the philosophic calm of the French "infirmière" in the slightest degree. She lays no undue stress on the benefits of water and fresh air, and that excessive cleanliness is essential is not part of her nursing

creed. Moderate precaution, and the window open to "change the air a little," perhaps once or twice in the day—and not at all at night—yes, certainly. But mugs and basins are put to strange and indiscriminate uses, towels and cloths take on a hue approaching the raven's wing, milk for the "régimes" is kept altogether too near the dirty linen baskets, bandages are exposed to dust, and the air of the ward grows heavy, and nobody protests. In time of stress and overwork this is only natural perhaps, but during the slack time it is apparently only too natural. In many hospitals things could be very much better managed than they are, even with the resources at their disposal which are as a rule inadequate, but to make over the hospitals you would have to make over the French nation. And as it is, mediæval as the means sometimes seem, the results obtained have been magnificent. If every wounded soldier could have a specialist's attention, there would be fewer maimed and crippled no doubt, but then that is true of all sufferers, in peace as well as in war.

Into all these French works of war, hospitals, orphanages, Red Cross societies, patriotic leagues, canteens, and so on, the Canadian woman determined to administer voluntary aid may penetrate, but as certain of our own poets have said she is "not necessary." Frenchwomen are reticent, clannish, suspicious, not any more generous with their sympathy than with their money. They question the ingenuous foreigner, even bearing gifts, which if large enough will nevertheless give her a status of some sort. The stranger in Paris, if English-speaking, is always supposed to come from London or New York, and to be—unless an artist—presumably rich. Parisians are not very much aware of any world outside Paris, but these two geographical names are fixed in their heads. If the stranger is not rich, why is she not—in war-time—at home, spending what she has on her own people? Real riches command respect tempered by criticism. The English canteen at one of the great Paris railway-stations, to belong to which each member not only gives her entire time but two guineas a week as well; the magnificent hospital belonging to Americans

where volunteer nurses pay for the privilege of putting on the uniform and carrying trays; the devotion of the women who feed convalescing *poilus* on cakes from Rumpelmayer's at four o'clock every afternoon, are charities which meet with ironical sympathy. When she sees these things the Frenchwoman is perhaps justified in thinking that she alone understands how to spend money wisely and obtain its due return. Frenchwomen, "infirmières" or of whatsoever service, can be anything but agreeable, as well as all that is pleasant. But the stranger outside their gates is always aware of their impenetrable reserve and of the barrier of feeling and language and continual criticism. Their very voices, the incessant flow of their conversation, are a considerable strain, and the effort to appear as innocent of motive as you really are occasionally achieves another result. You may give your work certainly. It will be tolerated, but you are not greatly desired, and when you leave you will not be missed. The Frenchwoman is superlatively feminine—which implies a sharp, attentive jealousy—and superlatively hard. In the mixture of these qualities lies much of the secret of her greatness. She has no sentimental tenderness for the possible susceptibilities of patriotic exiles. She understands only the patriotism that begins and ends at home. And she has no desire that outsiders shall do a Frenchwoman's work, or even share it. She doesn't say these things, but she conveys them.

She has been compared to Joan of Arc, and she has the heroic virtues of courage and devotion, and private grief and anxiety may not intrude upon her public service. She finds nothing too humble or too hard, and with a courage that is superb and the very compassion that first used her pitiful expression, "these little ones," she goes into that most dreadful of sad hostels in Paris where lie the hopelessly mutilated—men from whom their own closest flesh and blood have turned away with a fainting spirit, unable to endure what they see.

You can only give her your unreluctant admiration and realize that gradually she has forced her point of view home. You are compelled to conclusions which you admit to be probably superficial or perhaps merely feminine.

That all nations asked to go shares in anything, even war, have a certain amount of individual resentment to work off.

That the most active societies for public welfare are founded on internal jealousies.

That toleration which may be an excellent doctrine for churches, is an uninspiring bond between women working for a common object.

That the untrained worker ought not to exist.

That, existing, she ought to disembarrass foreign countries of her presence.

That Canada for Canadians in the sense used by Bourassa is an untenable doctrine, but that Canada for Canadian women—always supposing them to be unskilled workmen and not compelled across the ocean to be near a mobilized lover or son—is an admirable slogan for the restless, for the duration of the war.

That you have only one language.

MARJORIE COOK

COUNT APPONYI AND THE WAR

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE.*

THE following letter from Count Apponyi was received on the very day when the February number of this MAGAZINE was ready for issue. It was, therefore, impossible to carry into effect the desire which it contains. It is hoped that the readers of the MAGAZINE will consider the emendation of the reference to Italy as having been made.

EBERHARD,

Xmas Eve, 1915.

DEAR MR. MAVOR,

Correspondence is not easy between Canada and Hungary in these terrible times, so your letter dated Nov. 14th reached me only yesterday. I hasten to answer it in order to be in time, if possible, for the February issue of your UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. I have, of course, no objection whatever against the publication of our correspondence. I should like to see the paragraph, where my execration of Italy's policy is expressed, so far softened down that it should not contain contempt for Italy—but "for Italy's present policy"—because I try never to lose sight of that future in which the belligerents of to-day must somehow manage to get on with each other.

As to the merits of our discussion, I have hardly anything to add to my former statements. As I said in my first letter, I never had the slightest hope of convincing you or whomsoever on your side. I can only, just as yourself expressed it in your last letter, "feel confident that some day you will see these things in juster proportions than is possible in the heat of conflict and (here I must alter your words) *so very far away* from the seat of war."

I say "so far away" because only being "very far away" makes it possible not to perceive the aggressiveness of Russia's policy against Austria-Hungary, and more pointedly still, against Hungary. Of course you didn't feel the pressure at Toronto; but *we* felt it every day all the year round; we felt it through Servia's plotting in the South and through

* For the earlier published correspondence see The University Magazine for February, 1916. The letter of November 14th, 1915, alluded to by Count Apponyi, contained merely a request for permission to publish the correspondence.

an organized, orthodox propaganda (which had nothing whatever to do with religion) in the north. On this subject I claim to be believed, as far as the statement of fact goes ; I had to grapple with it while at the head of our education department ; I have watched it in the whole network of conspiracies, in the system of political assassinations originating in Servia, of which Franz-Ferdinand's violent death was only the last episode. Take my word for it, all those who in any sort of responsible position watched the undercurrents of our national life were bound to see the danger of disintegration threatening our country and the Muscovite origin of that danger. Seeing it, we had to make a stand against it ; we did our best to keep within the narrowest limits in that counter action which it was our duty to start ; it would have remained localized, and we gave a solemn promise that way; it would not even have interfered with Servia's national independence. But then the real culprit, Russian Czarism, appeared on the stage, confessing thereby his complicity with the aforementioned intrigues, espousing their cause. The rest is but too well known.

As to your forecasts, announcing final defeat of Germany and of her allies, I feel confident that they will be frustrated by the natural course of events. Now, the Balkanic peninsula is in our and our allies' hands ; the attempted throttling of Greece by the " defenders of small nations " (talk of Belgium after this !) will link her to our cause. The way is open to us into Central Asia. A great system of power is in the making, which expands from the northern sea to the borders of British India, and which, by its self-sufficiency, economic and otherwise, is able to defy the pretensions to monopoly of any sort and the aggressiveness of any combination. The day of peace may be far away, but it will come not through the crushing of Germany's military power (an idle dream), but through the recognition of her natural position in the world, which will make it less incumbent on her to keep herself in a state of permanent military efficiency and readiness. And Austria-Hungary too, Hungary to begin with, will have to be considered. We have no ambition but the single one to enjoy safety and peace ; of course we must insist now upon getting stronger guarantees of security than we had before.

And Poland? Do you really wish to see it subjected again to the Russian yoke? Nothing of the kind must happen ; the natural boundaries of western civilization being once restored, it is intolerable to think that Muscovitism should again break through them with all its abominations and all its darkness. It is beyond me to understand how men of a high intellect and devoted to the cause of liberty and light can fail to see this side of the present conflict, or, seeing it, to be thereby determined in their verdict. When I pressed the point, I never got any but embarrassed and evasive answers ; but still, it is the real issue, or at least

the chief one, which the war is to decide. You cannot crush Germany without making Russia, the Russia of the Czars, of arbitrary power and intolerance, omnipotent. It is too bad for a nightmare, and still it is what some civilized powers are working at!

Well, I must stop, since we have mutually to exclude every hope of convincing each other. As to Mr. Andrassy's pamphlet, I see no means of sending you a German copy. The English translation which you saw may be very bad, but the pamphlet itself seems to me a most luminous statement of the case.

Whatever our divergencies may be, we can join on Xmas Eve in the common prayer that the God of Peace should come into his own again and reign forever in this poor distracted world.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed). ALBERT APPONYI

In reply to the foregoing, the following letter was despatched :—

TORONTO,

25th February, 1916.

MY DEAR COUNT APPONYI,

I received your letter of Christmas Eve on 11th February, and instantly communicated with the Editor of THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE in the hope that effect might be given to your wishes. Unfortunately the MAGAZINE was already printed and was actually issued the following day. * * *

I have again to thank you for a very interesting and illuminating letter.

In regard to your charges against Russia, I cannot help remarking that it is strange that the evidence, if any exists, has not been brought forward and that Austria should have been quite prepared to come to terms with Russia in the last week of July, 1914, had Germany not intervened.

Sir Maurice de Bunsen, the British Ambassador at Vienna, remarks in his despatch to Sir Edward Grey, on Sept. 1st, 1914, " It is deplorable that no effort should have been made to secure by means of diplomatic negotiations the acquiescence of Russia and Europe as a whole in some peaceful compromise of the Servian question by which Austrian fears of Servian aggression and intrigue might have been removed for the future. Instead of adopting this course, the Austro-Hungarian Government resolved upon war."*

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* Miscellaneous No. 10 (1914) [Cd 7596] London, 1914, p. 2.

In a previous letter I have indicated what appear to me to be the reasons for believing that Prussia thrust Austria into the war for purposes of her own, and now your statement of the scheme for the establishment of "a system of power extending from the North Sea to the borders of British India" very amply confirms this view. It is evident that the conquest of the Balkan Peninsula and the penetration by some means of Turkey were necessary for the accomplishment of the design formulated in Berlin for the erection of a new and widely extended Empire to be composed of numerous states, vassals of Prussia. A pacific solution of the Serbian question would by no means have suited the Prussian policy; to exploit the assassinations of Serajevo and then to cripple Bulgaria by throwing her at the throat of Serbia were "strategic necessities." The main object of the Austro-Prussian intrigues in the Near East now "springs into the eyes."

That the development of this "system of power" would place Germany in her "natural" position is, you will pardon my putting it abruptly, an extraordinarily crude assumption. In what manner can Germany vindicate what she considers her rights as against Nature? The natural place for Germany is where she is at any particular moment. In so far as there is valid opposition between "natural" and "artificial" in such a connection, it may truly be said that the German Empire as at present constituted is an artificial construction without organic unity, and that the projected "system of power" would also be an artificial construction. The "system" is by no means yet established; but if it were, the instability of it would be obvious. So far from making for peace, as you suggest, the menace it would imply to British India and to the Russian possessions in Central Asia would keep the "system" in continuous conflict with two great Empires, and so far from military expenditure being diminished, it must be enormously increased. In an interior sense also, such a "system" must be unstable because in the design of it no account is taken of the national aspirations of its constituent parts. The complete subordination of Austria, Hungary, the Balkan States and Turkey to the domination of Prussia would extinguish national feeling in some of these countries and would excite revolt in others. The history of both Prussia and Austria affords ample illustration of the incapacity of their rulers for the administration of subject peoples.

Further, at the present moment Prussia is dominant and would thus possess the hegemony of the projected "system," but the centre of political gravity may alter. Dynastic changes may occur; Prussia may lose her hegemony even over the North German States; Vienna or Budapest may take the place of Berlin in the determination of the policy of the "system," and these changes could with difficulty be accomplished without frequent wars within the "system."

Thus, alike from external pressure and from tendencies towards interior dislocation, the "system of power," otherwise the Teuto-Turkish Empire, must be unstable. The peace of the world can, it seems to me, be secured only by the thwarting of Prussian ambitions, and this is rapidly being accomplished in the sanguinary conflicts which are now in progress in France and Flanders and in the Russian advance in Asia Minor.

I venture to believe that your apprehensions about Russian Czarism are unfounded. It is a thing of the past. Now released from the malign influence of Germany through the Court, the Army and the Civil Administration, Russia has at least the opportunity of embarking upon a new political life. The war, fruitful in misery as it has been, seems likely to result in the completion of the regeneration of Russia which began after the Russo-Japanese War. Her people have the satisfaction of feeling that they are fighting alongside of the democratic communities of France and England for freedom, and it is not probable that they will afterwards countenance either internal or external oppression.

Poland, after her devastation by Germany, will, we may hope, rise from her ashes, not under the auspices of a discredited and enfeebled Empire, bankrupt in moral prestige and in means, as Germany has become, but under the influence of a re-invigorated Russia.

In short, the real menace to the progress of the world is not Russia, which has not the faintest possibility of becoming "omnipotent," but Prussia, which has been making a formidable bid for universal power.

As for Greece, Great Britain and France were bound under their treaties to protect the Greeks against violation of their constitution. They were expressly invited to occupy Salonika by the Constitutional Greek Government of the day, and they were entitled to attempt to perform for Serbia the offices which Greece was under treaty bound to render. No injury has been inflicted upon Greece. On the contrary, the civil population has not been molested, while the Greek troops on the frontier are being supplied by the Allies. There cannot be the slightest doubt that had the Allies not occupied Salonika Germany would have done so, and had the Greeks resisted, Greece would have been overrun and ruined according to the usual programme. That the annexation of Greece is even yet contemplated is suggested in your reference to the probability of Greece becoming part of the "system." As the case stands, there is no manner of parallel between Greece and Belgium. The former is benefiting immensely through the temporary occupation of Salonika by the Allies, while her sovereignty, as she well knows, is in no peril from them; the latter is prostrate under the heel of Germany, the treaties which should have ensured her neutrality have been violated, large numbers of her civil population have been deliberately slaughtered and her towns have been plundered, many of them reduced to ashes.

It seems to me obvious that there can be no abiding peace in Europe until the Governments and the peoples are thoroughly convinced that no power, whatever may be its military strength, can be suffered to make with impunity criminal attacks upon surrounding and unoffending nations. If by any means the Central Empires should succeed in this campaign, we may say farewell to peace for an indefinite period. Every country in the world must arm itself to the teeth against the common enemy and prepare for an onslaught upon him at the first opportunity. If, on the other hand, as we may hope, Prussia and her Allies are thoroughly defeated and the Prussian methods discredited through their non-success, the lesson to ambitious and unscrupulous nations will be salutary. For many a day thereafter no empire will risk destruction by adventures such as those which Germany, under Prussian leadership, had undertaken.

This conviction, I am credibly informed, is growing in the best minds of Germany. They are beginning to realize that in her provocation of the war and in her conduct of it, Germany has humiliated herself beyond redemption for many generations, apart altogether from the humiliation which the Allies may be able to inflict upon the Prussian Government. When such a state of mind is influential enough to affect that Government, we may find the Central Empires suing for peace ; but it is useless to discuss any terms of peace until the fantastic scheme of conquest, which you call the " system of power," is explicitly abandoned.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES MAVOR

Since the foregoing letter was written, the further advance of Russia in Asia Minor, the substantial failure of the German offensive at Verdun, and increasing evidences of exhaustion in Germany have combined to render the establishment of the "system of power" extremely unlikely. The economic aspects of the projected "system" are noticed in the single word "self-sufficient" in Count Apponyi's letter. It is clear that the area proposed to be subjected to the "system" is not really self-sufficient, and that if it were, the mere fact would isolate it from the rest of the world. The consuming power of the populations of the Balkan Peninsula and Turkey could not compensate Germany and Austria for the loss of trade elsewhere, so that the latter countries would tend, if the "system" were established, to drift back into the status

of predominantly agricultural states. The "system" could only be advantageous to the Central Empires if it involved economic control of Persia and India, that is to say, it could only be advantageous to Germany in so far as it diverted to it trade at present carried on under the flag of Great Britain.

JAMES MAVOR

DIMITTE MORTUOS

REMEMBER? Nay, they'll not remember
Long, ere the spark
Of every breath-warmed, love-lit ember
Die in the dark.

Grieve? Would you burden them with grieving?
Tears, while you slept?
Or is this haunted world you're leaving
Worthily wept?

Here on the shore the sweet sea's giving
Has left, O man,
A flower of pearl, a flake, outliving
Thy loftiest span.

Raise, with the hand that death is taking,
The brimming shell,
And wish them, half 'twixt sleep and waking,
Hail and farewell.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL

THE NAVAL BLOCKADE

THE practice of blockading an enemy's ports so as to prevent access thereto or egress therefrom is of ancient origin. We are told that about 300 B.C. Demetrius, King of Macedonia, hanged the master and pilot of a vessel which attempted to break through the squadron stationed in front of the port of Athens, with the object of reducing that city by famine. According to modern civilized practice the blockade-runner is not personally punishable for the offence, but the ship and cargo are liable to seizure and confiscation. The history of blockade has been a long struggle between belligerents, whose aim was to intercept all communications with their enemies, and neutral nations whose commerce was interfered with.

In earlier times the claims of neutral commerce received little or no consideration from powerful belligerents whose fleets could command the sea, and the present compromise, which tolerates a certain limited interference with the otherwise unrestricted freedom of navigation and trading, is the growth of centuries of conflict.

Briefly stated, there are two principal measures of constraint which a belligerent is permitted to exercise in time of war against the trading vessels of nations not participating in the conflict:—

1st.—He may seize and confiscate certain kinds of goods (contraband of war) in neutral vessels when they are destined for the enemy's territory;

2nd.—He may prevent the carriage of any kind of goods to or from the enemy's ports by establishing a regular blockade of those ports.

As a necessary incident to the exercise of these rights the cruisers of the belligerent have the ancillary right of visitation and search in order to ascertain whether a neutral vessel is

carrying contraband destined for the enemy, or whether its purpose is to evade a blockading squadron. During the present war the government of the United States has registered a protest as to the method of exercising this right. The complaint is that British cruisers, instead of searching ships on the high seas, as was formerly done, had adopted the practice of bringing them into a British port for examination, thus entailing delay and consequential loss. The British contention is that this departure from the old procedure has become necessary by reason of the enormous size of modern cargo-boats and the consequent impossibility of verifying their contents on the high seas. This grievance is relatively of minor importance, and it appears to be susceptible of adjustment on an equitable basis between two great maritime nations, who are interested in maintaining an effective exercise of the right of search.

The belligerent right of preventing contraband of war from reaching the enemy by seizing it on the high seas is universally recognized. Contraband includes war material, such as arms and munitions, and generally all material useful for war. The *destination* of such articles is an essential element in ascertaining whether they are liable to capture, and by this is meant not their apparent but their real destination. They may be consigned to a neutral port, but if the original intention was to forward them either by the same ship, or by another ship or even overland to the enemy's country, they are seizable as contraband. Thus a cargo of arms or projectiles carried on a ship sailing from New York to Rotterdam is liable to capture by a British cruiser in the Atlantic, if it is not *bona fide* intended for use in Holland, but is intended to be forwarded by rail from Rotterdam to Germany. This extension of the right to seize contraband is what has been called the doctrine of continuous transportation or continuous voyages.

A naval blockade, as already explained, is designed not merely for the exclusion of contraband goods from the enemy's territory, but for the interception of all commerce.

It is effected by the investment of the whole or a portion of the enemy's coastline by a naval force sufficient to prevent transport inwards or outwards.

This serious interference with neutral trade is, however, subject to certain well defined rules and limitations.

In the first place, the blockade must be *real,* that is, it must not be a mere proclamation or "paper blockade" unaccompanied by a besieging naval force. The famous Berlin and Milan decree issued by Napoleon in 1806 and 1807 which purported to declare the British Isles in a state of blockade, and the counterblast of the British Orders in Council following thereafter, were all of this fictitious character. These extravagant claims have long ago been completely abandoned, and the universally accepted doctrine is that a blockade, in order to be binding on neutrals, must be maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

The old practice was to establish a ring of stationary ships whose guns commanded the intervening spaces, but in these days of floating mines, submarines and air craft it is manifest that no blockading squadron could remain long at anchor without being exposed to certain destruction. Even before the invention of these destructive engines the Anglo-American view, that a blockade could be maintained by a cruising instead of a stationary squadron was very generally accepted. As Sir William Vernon Harcourt forcibly argued: "To forbid mobility to ships is to deprive them of that which constitutes their essence and their efficiency. You might just as well require that only dismounted cavalry should be employed in war, or that the use of horse artillery should be forbidden." In view of modern conditions, however, no one would now contend that a blockade could be lawfully maintained only by stationary ships. And in order that a blockade should be effective it is sufficient that the enemy's coast should be watched by a force sufficient to render egress or ingress highly dangerous, no matter at what distance from the coast the blockading ships may be.

The coastline which is subject to blockade must be enemy territory and must not include any portion of adjacent neutral territory, and when a navigable river divides a belligerent from a neutral state the shore of the enemy may be invested but no interference must take place with the trade of the neutral shore.

Let us now examine the provisions of the famous Order-in-Council of March 11th, 1915, establishing the so-called "Naval Blockade," and see how far it complies with the accepted rules and usages above outlined.

The preamble sets forth that "the German Government has issued certain orders which, in violation of the usages of war, purport to declare the waters surrounding the United Kingdom a military area, in which all British and allied merchant vessels will be destroyed irrespective of the safety of the lives of passengers and crew, and in which neutral shipping will be exposed to similar danger in view of the uncertainties of naval warfare............and whereas such attempts on the part of the enemy give to His Majesty an unquestionable right of retaliation...........His Majesty has therefore decided to adopt further measures in order to prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving Germany, though such measures will be enforced without risk to neutral ships or to neutral or non-combatant life, and in strict observance of the dictates of humanity."

To this end the following orders are made:—

"I. No merchant vessel which sailed from her port of departure after March 1st, 1915, shall be allowed to proceed on her voyage to any German port.

"Unless the vessel received a pass enabling her to proceed to some neutral or allied port to be named in the pass, goods on board any such vessel must be discharged in a British port and placed in the custody of the marshal of the Prize Court. Goods so discharged, not being contraband of war, shall, if not requisitioned for the use of His Majesty, be restored by order of the court, upon such terms as the court may in the circumstances deem to be just, to the person entitled thereto.

"II. No merchant vessel which sailed from any German port after March 1st, 1915, shall be allowed to proceed on her voyage with any goods on board laden at such port.

"All goods laden at such port must be discharged in a British or allied port. Goods so discharged in a British port shall be placed in the custody of the marshal of the Prize Court, and, if not requisitioned for the use of His Majesty, shall be detained or sold under the direction of the Prize Court. The proceeds of goods so sold shall be paid into court and dealt with in such manner as the court may in the circumstances deem to be just.

"Provided that no proceeds of the sale of such goods shall be paid out of court until the conclusion of peace, except on the application of the proper officer of the Crown, unless it be shown that the goods had become neutral property before the issue of this Order.

"Provided also that nothing herein shall prevent the release of neutral property laden at such enemy port on the application of the proper officer of the Crown.

"III. Every merchant vessel which sailed from her port of departure after March 1st, 1915, on her way to a port other than a German port, carrying goods with an enemy destination, or which are enemy property, may be required to discharge such goods in a British or allied port. Any goods so discharged in a British port shall be placed in the custody of the marshal of the Prize Court, and unless they are contraband of war, shall, if not requisitioned for the use of His Majesty, be restored by order of the court, upon such terms as the court may in the circumstances deem to be just, to the person entitled thereto.

"Provided that this article shall not apply in any case falling within Articles II or IV of this Order.

"IV. Every merchant vessel which sailed from a port other than a German port after the 1st March, 1915, having on board goods which are of enemy origin or are enemy property, may be required to discharge such goods in a British or allied port. Goods so discharged in a British port

shall be placed in the custody of the marshal of the Prize Court, and, if not requisitioned for the use of His Majesty, shall be detained or sold under the direction of the Prize Court. The proceeds of goods so sold shall be paid into court and dealt with in such manner as the court may in the circumstances deem just.

"Provided that no proceeds of the sale of such goods shall be paid out of court until the conclusion of peace except on the application of the proper officer of the Crown, unless it be shown that the goods had become neutral property before the issue of this Order.

"Provided also that nothing herein shall prevent the release of neutral property of enemy origin on the application of the proper officer of the Crown."

The first observation which occurs to one who reads this Order-in-Council is that it nowhere uses the term "blockade." With respect to the first two paragraphs which prevent transportation of goods to or from any German port the provisions of the order are in substance, if not in form, equivalent to a notification of the blockade of all the German ports, and there is no doubt as to the reality and effectiveness of this blockade as far as the Atlantic ports are concerned. The British fleet, although not stationed in the vicinity of those ports, is able, by its command of the North Sea and its approaches, to effectively intercept all trade with such ports.

But when we come to paragraphs III and IV, which prevent the transportation in neutral vessels of merchandise (not being contraband of war) from New York to Rotterdam, if the goods are destined for Germany or owned by Germans, or the transportation from Rotterdam to New York of goods coming from Germany or German-owned—we at once get beyond the scope of a blockade, because according to accepted modern practice a blockade cannot be instituted against neutral ports, but only against the enemy's ports. Ever since the declaration of Paris in 1856 the rule "free ship, free goods" has been observed, and the neutral flag has been

held to cover all merchandise (except contraband of war) even owned by or destined for the enemy, when carried to a neutral port or even to an unblockaded port of the enemy. A very striking example of the application of these principles is to be found in the case of the "Ocean" (3 C. Robinson, 257) decided by Sir W. Scott in the Court of Admiralty in 1801. A cargo had been shipped for America from Rotterdam which was not then blockaded, but the goods had come overland to Rotterdam from Amsterdam, which was under blockade. The cargo, which had been seized by a British vessel, was restored to the owners, because the internal communications of the country were out of reach of the blockade and could not be affected by it.

Relying on these precedents the American Government has challenged the legitimacy of the Order-in-Council, in so far as it purports to prevent the transportation of innocent merchandise from American to Dutch, Danish or Swedish ports, and *vice versa*.

On the other hand, the British Government was able to answer the American protest with arguments drawn from American practice and precedents when the rôles were reversed. During the American Civil War Great Britain was the neutral and the Government of the United States was the belligerent, and during the blockade of the ports of the Southern Confederacy British vessels carrying cargoes to the neutral port of Nassau were captured on the ground that the ultimate destination of the cargoes was a blockaded port of the Confederacy. The doctrine of continuous voyages was applied by the Supreme Court to cases of blockade, and no distinction was made in this respect between contraband and innocent merchandise.

This is the very thing which the Allies are endeavouring to do at present. They are seizing goods shipped to neutral countries adjacent to Germany, when such goods are intended to be forwarded through those countries to Germany. There is no doubt that a blockade of Germany by merely investing her ports would be illusory, in view of her geographical situa-

tion which permits her to carry on her trade through convenient and adjacent neutral ports. It is equally certain that the present measures of constraint taken by Great Britain impose very serious limitations on the rights of neutral trade.

A recent contributor to the *American Journal of International Law*, James W. Garner, in the October number of 1915, puts the problem very fairly as follows: "It is incontestable that, as a general principle, a belligerent has no lawful right to blockade directly or indirectly the ports and coasts of a neutral state, but if the enemy is wholly or partially surrounded by neutral territory through whose ports he may draw supplies from over the seas and through which he may send his goods abroad, has the opposing belligerent no right to intercept such trade through the exercise of his power to prohibit commerce altogether by means of a blockade? Manifestly, if he has no such right the power which international law gives him in respect to the maintenance of a blockade must in many cases be ineffective, if not illusory........... Germany, as is well known, is flanked by a group of neutral states, some of them geographically separated from her only by a surveyor's line, others only by narrow seas. In the case of the former states, extensive railway connections make it as easy, in some cases easier, to transport goods from certain neighboring neutral ports to points in Germany where they are needed, as it would be to move them from Hamburg or Bremen; in the case of Norway, Denmark and Sweden, communication by sea between those countries and Germany remains open, and it is notorious that large quantities of supplies from America have been going to Germany through the ports of these states, and especially from those of Sweden." The writer concludes that: "We have, therefore, an irreconcilable conflict between the recognized right of a belligerent to intercept trade with his enemy and the right of freedom of trade between neutrals; neither right can be fully exercised without impairing the effectiveness of the other. If the right of blockade is to be maintained, the application of the doctrine of continuous voyage to blockade running must be

permitted, otherwise the right will in many cases be largely worthless."

An attempt to arrive at a practical solution of the difficulty with the neutrals most concerned has been partially successful. In the case of Holland the Netherlands Overseas Trust has been formed, and through this agency all shipments to Holland are handled with the sanction of Great Britain. The aim is to allow the introduction into the country of all that may fairly represent its normal wants, and to prevent re-shipment to Germany. A somewhat similar arrangement is understood to have been made with Denmark, and quite recently word has been received indicating that England and Sweden had reached an agreement under which it is guaranteed that freight shipped to a Swedish governmental agency will not be re-exported to Germany.

With the United States no compromise has so far been effected, but there is room for the hope that some adjustment of the difficulty may be arrived at. The diplomatic correspondence on the subject has been conducted without asperity, and is still very far from having reached the ultimatum stage. The American Government cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that, while the Order-in-Council involves a distinct enlargement of the rights of belligerents against neutral commerce, the penalties are far less stringent than in the case of regular blockades. Instead of confiscating neutral cargoes the British government may either requisition them by paying the owners the market price, or restore the cargoes, or make such disposal of their proceeds as may be just. Under the authority of the Order-in-Council, many cargoes have been released and some millions of dollars have been paid to American claimants. Moreover the *argumentum ad hominem*, which Sir Edward Grey did not fail to make use of in his answer to the American protest, makes it a little embarrassing for the American Government to absolutely condemn a doctrine of which their Supreme Court judges may be said to be the first inventors.

Lastly, there is a further practical consideration which may induce the American Government to refrain from pressing to the uttermost degree their objections to the so-called naval blockade. That measure was taken in retaliation for an infinitely more alarming and unprecedented interference with neutral trade on the part of Germany. The establishment of the war zone and the indiscriminate destruction of innocent persons and property on the high seas furnishes a very cogent argument against prolonging the means of resistance of a nation which resorts to such methods, and weakening the pressure of the only maritime power which can cope with such an evil.

E. Lafleur

AN APRIL DIRGE

SPRING comes up from the southland and once more
Will weave her spells as oftentimes before,
Till all the scented shadowy woodland places
Are brightened by the once beloved flower faces.
Ah! violet, bloodroot, columbine and rue,
What welcome can our sad hearts find for you,
While for a dear lad's face our eyes are aching,
Our hearts are breaking?

Soon, as in every happy vanished spring,
Young leaves will whisper and free waters sing;
Lured homeward by spring's impulse through the night,
A myriad wings beat on in level flight;
And spring shall thrill with music as of old,
While all the love songs of the birds are told.
Ah, mocking music! When we yearn to hear
A step, a voice once dear.

Marred are our years. Oh, time and nature bring
Darkness and storm, and bid the four winds sing
Dirges—but do not pierce us with the spring.

M. GOING

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

THE PROBLEM OF KNOWLEDGE.

Douglas Clyde Macintosh, pp. 503. The Macmillan Company, New York and Toronto, 1915.

This is a stimulating introductory volume to the Theory of Knowledge and Scientific Method by a Canadian thinker, who is at present connected with the Faculty of Theology in Yale University. Owing to its numerous subdivisions of the problem, as well as minute criticisms of many representatives of idealistic and realistic, dualistic and monistic epistemological theories, it is not possible to give any adequate idea of its contents in a brief notice.

The general problem is treated under two main divisions: (1) the problem of immediate knowledge or acquaintance, in which figures prominently the problem of perception, pp. 13 to 365; and (2) the problem of mediate knowledge or truth, including the problem of methodology, pp. 369 to 496. Throughout the volume the attempt is made to show, both by negative and constructive arguments, and in the main, as we think, successfully, that there is mediate and yet valid knowledge of reality, just and only because there is, in the first place, immediate knowledge of it.

The detailed examination of various types of dualistic, agnostic (in the philosophical sense), idealistic and realistic theories, chaps. II to XIII, prepares the way for the author's own realistic theory, which is both critical and monistic; and by this is meant the very defensible doctrine "that the object perceived is existentially and numerically identical with the real object at the moment of perception, although the real object may have qualities that are not perceived at the moment; and also that this same object may exist when unperceived, although not necessarily with all the qualities which it possesses, when perceived," p. 311. Considering that these are among the characteristic features of the Critical Realism, developed by Alois Riehl, out of a positivistic interpretation of the Kantian theory of knowledge, it is surprising that this thinker should be dismissed in an early chapter as an epistemological dualist, and hence agnostic. For Riehl, while retaining things-in-themselves (not *the* thing-in-itself!) as an integral part of a theory of experience, holds that we know these in and through phenomena, or the objects of experience, and expressly disclaims any doubling of the objects as a result. Mr. Macintosh himself retains things-in-themselves (as all thinkers must who do not dissolve reality into modes of individual consciousness), and says of them, "they are knowable in part," p. 327. This is the view of Riehl, as it is of Mr.

Hobhouse, in his "Theory of Knowledge." Both thinkers recognize that things-in-themselves out of all relation to sentient organisms, are undoubtedly *Undinge.* Of Riehl's Monism there can be little uncertainty, after a reading of the concluding volume of the *Kriticismus.*

In explaining and defending his own view that "there is immediate knowledge of independent reality in normal perception," and that this renders mediate knowledge, through processes of thought, of the same reality possible, Mr. Macintosh introduces a creative psychical activity, which he consents "to call once more a soul" (without giving a definition), and which appears to us to do more for the author than physiological psychology will vouch for. For while he is anxious that it should not suggest anything ambiguous or mystical, as Bergson's use of consciousness and creative activity does, it yet creates the secondary qualities and thereby renders possible a revelation of the independently existing primary qualities. It is not possible to find in the volume a convincing argument for the startling doctrine that secondary qualities, such as colours, sounds and tastes, are wholly produced by consciousness, which appears to many to be a relational function rather than an entity. Indeed, the author experiences a difficulty in answer to a supposed objection in this connection from the side of subjectivism, which might urge, why should not human psychical creativity be able to furnish an explanation of the primary qualities also? Chap. XIV. Further, he does not seem to have sufficiently considered the question, whether his interpretation of consciousness would not entail a Metaphysical Dualism. What is the source of the psychical activity?

Emphasis of the factor of activistic consciousness in knowledge leads Mr. Macintosh in two succeeding chapters (XV, XVI), one of them entitled "The Genesis of the a priori," to a recognition of the strong as well as of the weak aspects of rationalistic theories, including the Epistemology of Kant, to whom he hardly does justice. The motive of the adoption of an activistic Empiricism seems to lie in the desire to give his Realism a pragmatist coloring and interpretation, from which it apparently gains nothing. It comes out clearly in the second part of the volume, in which, after a critique of Intellectualism, as represented, among others, by F. H. Bradley, Bosanquet and Bertrand Russell, and of its opposite as represented by the Pragmatists and Bergson, the discussion is brought to a close in two chapters on Critical Monism in Logical Theory and in Scientific Method, respectively.

Having discarded several kinds of current Pragmatism which appear unsatisfactory, the author defends a "representational Pragmatism," which is defined very carefully (pp. 444 to 446). Difficulties present themselves in its application, in particular with the terms *practically* and *purposes.* A decision cannot be attempted here as to how far the author can be regarded as having successfully coped with the problem of a criterion of

permanent truth, or has answered the questions: how the Pragmatism he adopts can assure us that we have taken account in any definite case of all the factors necessary to a scientific judgment; or how we can know that the factors or purposes taken account of are the right ones. Notwithstanding Mr. Macintosh's exposition, it may still be urged that unless the proposition, "all truth works" can be shewn to be convertible simply, Pragmatism can shed but a feeble, if any, illumination on the Problem of Methodology.

This problem is sketchily treated in the concluding chapter, which contains some sound remarks on the modern "logisticians." Here an attempt would have been in place to prove the efficiency of "representational pragmatism," by demonstrating its use as an instrument in the treatment of some definite problem of physical science. The discussion of Poincaré's contributions to the theory of science and methodology is interesting, and correct in bringing out what must be clear to all readers of the *Dernières Pensées*, that in his philosophy of mathematics, the author was latterly moving towards the position of Kant, and in his theory of knowledge towards Realism. "It is not logic without intuition (or perception)," says Mr. Macintosh, "that can make any science"—(pure mathematics ?)—"nor intuition (or perception) without logic, but logic in combination with intuition (or perception)," p. 482; a statement that suggests Kant's dictum: "Concepts without percepts (or intuitions) are empty, while percepts without concepts are blind," and one which is in agreement with the views of such able and careful thinkers as Sigwart and Stanley Jevons.

This last chapter would perhaps have been improved by a consideration of the problem of space and time, the omission of which from the volume leaves the discussion of "the problem of knowing reality and the truth about it" incomplete.

This review has been obliged to omit referring to the interesting, critical-historical chapters, which survey the varieties of Idealism, the Disintegration of Idealism, and the rise of the now very energetic Neo-Realistic School in Great Britain and America, for which the ground was prepared by Shadworth Hodgson and William James, "who represent the half-way house between Idealism and Radical Empiricism"—and by Avenarius and Mach (chap. X). The author thinks that the predominating influence of the Kantian philosophy in Germany has prevented the growth there of realistic doctrines.

Mr. Macintosh's book is another of the numerous indications of the increasing interest in realistic solutions of the epistemological problem, and of the partial eclipse of idealistic interpretations of experience, more especially the Psychological Idealism of which Berkeley was the pioneer. Indeed the fallacies of the last are so obvious and have been so frequently exposed in recent years that to discuss them at any length may

seem to amount to little more than "*forcer une porte ouverte.*" And yet in the light of an amusing admission, recently made by a well-known upholder of Personal Idealism, that "it is for the most part only by a considerable course of habituation, extending over some years, that a man succeeds in thinking himself into an idealistic view of the universe," it may be helpful to many to follow Mr. Macintosh's arguments to their well-reasoned conclusion that all the arguments for Idealism are "artificial, fallacious, or purely dogmatic."

LAURENTIAN LYRICS.

Arthur S. Bourinot. Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, 1915.

A little volume, thirty pages long, containing short poems in celebration, mainly of the beauties of nature-out-of-doors, and in particular, as the title implies, such as is found among the Laurentian Mountains. The "other poems" touch on more purely human matter. A few are inspired by the war—one in particular is written "To the Memory of Rupert Brooke." Others are musings on such subjects as "Immutability," "Immortality." One is rather daringly named "Prospice." The author's skill is not always sufficient to carry the initial impulse of these lyrics to a triumphant conclusion, but they show a sensitive feeling for life and its significance, and a keen joy in the loveliness of the world about us.

Lovers of the Laurentians will be pleasantly reminded of the thrill of delight that attends the changing seasons among the mountains.

THE SONG OF HUGH GLASS.

John G. Neihardt. Macmillan Co., New York, 1915.

Those to whom the pioneer days of the American West have hitherto been a not very vivid picture may well have their interest in them aroused by this tale of one of their mighty men. The poem itself is a pioneer in this field, which has formerly been neglected by those in search of material for narrative poems. And yet the episode around which it centres is indeed, as the author says in his preface, of the true stuff of sagas—a record of immense strength, endurance, and greatness of heart.

One could wish that it had been told with more complete simplicity of language. Shorter words than the author at times uses would better suit the ruggedness of the setting. The writer interrupts the straight line of the narrative with meditative passages and descriptive similes that are not in themselves foreign to the custom of sagas, but in which he too often indulges in far-sought images and words, strangely at variance with the plainness of the hero. Even in the body of the narrative such expressions occur as "bulimic," "katharsis" and "susurrent."

Yet in spite of this and of the somewhat artificial conclusion the story is, on the whole, well told. It is interesting and vigorous, and the narrative,

for the most part, straightforward. The long succession of days that pass over the shattered man's terrible journey are counted one by one, yet the movement is swift and direct enough not to be wearisome. And there are passages of simple description that are quiet, clear and effective.

AMERICA'S COMING OF AGE.

Van Wyck Brooks. B. W. Huebsch, New York, 1915.

The title may mean that America has arrived at what should be, but is not, an age of clear reason; or that she is now in a state of adolescence, looking forward to the clarity of thought which shall announce her arrival at maturity. At all events, Mr. Brooks considers her greatly in need of a mentor, who may help her to find herself—and her ideals.

He discusses the cause of the mutual distrust existing in America between knowing and doing, scholarship and practical life, and traces its descent from a similar opposition of ideal and practice among the American Puritans. The great writers of the country, he thinks, have for the most part inherited the remoteness from reality of the spiritual type of Puritan; they "do not express and respond to their social background." Thus American literature, which might have provided a light for daily practice, fails, because it is "not rooted in the life of the people."

What is most needed is interplay between intellect and action, so that one may develop the other, may "quicken and exhilarate the life" of the people. To do this a clear opposition of good and evil is demanded; "to create this resisting background must be the first work for our thinkers." And to hasten the day when the man may arise who can chart the America, which "is like a vast Sargasso sea—a prodigious welter of unconscious life," Americans must "work together . . . . believe fervently in the quality of standards," in their endeavour to prepare conditions for him.

Mr. Brooks attempts nothing constructive. He merely opens the debate, and leaves it with no more than a word of hope as to the great things that may be expected, once the time is ripe. His nearest approach to a theory of how the desired state may be produced is a suggestion that Socialism may do much to help.

Most readers will feel that the book does not fulfil all that its beginning promises. It suffers from a slight want of clearness in its transitions of thought that at times produces at least an effect of self-contradiction. And as a discussion intended to apply to the United States as a whole, it is impaired by the author's assumption that the traditions of the whole country are derived solely from the Puritans. Nevertheless it is interesting and thought-provoking, and is written in an entertaining and even brilliant style.

THE OPERATION OF THE INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM AND RECALL IN OREGON.

J. D. Barnett, Ph.D., Professor of Political Science in the University of Oregon. Macmillan, $2.00. Pp. 218, with bibliography and appendices, 292.

This is a most important study in the amendment of the forms of democratic government. It is interesting to see the effort to get behind representation to the direct voice of the folkmote. The amendments under discussion show democracy trying to lay its foundations deeper in the largest possible area of intelligence, knowledge and goodwill. The advance of education is bringing the people of many communities to the point where they can express a direct opinion even on complex questions, instead of leaving all their thinking to their representatives. The most far-reaching consequence of the extension of the franchise has been the extension of political interest and capacity. This remains true in spite of the exploitation which clouds the issues and debauches the electorate in too many cases—a phenomenon by no means confined to democracies.

Whether the experiments described here in detail, clearly and impartially, are practicable generally is a matter for careful thought.

On the deeper question Dr. Barnett quotes this significant comment from the *Oregon Journal*:—"It takes time to educate a people into fitness for self-government. We are not completely fit, but the very use of this privilege and power will make the people more fit constantly and even rapidly . . . . .It brings the average citizen in touch with current legislation. It brings home the responsibility of helping to make laws . . . . Nobody knows how much benefit has already come to the men of Oregon, by the reflection and study incident to initiative law-making. Nobody knows how many average minds are now grappling with current problems, which never did so in the old days, because all our law-making and all our public thinking was done for us by proxy."

CHILDREN OF FANCY: POEMS.

I. B. S. Holborn Shaw, New York. $1.50. Pp. 256.

It must be very rare in the history of literature for a new poet to make his entrance with so richly stored a pack as this. With a level and unfailing skill, Mr. Holborn treats a great variety of subjects, and invests them all with the distinction of an unusual artistic personality. Some of the poems have already, in the brief time since publication, been widely quoted; notably the beautiful "Home Thoughts from Abroad" in *From the Four Airts* and *The Isle of Foula.* He has made in these and other verses an addition to the poetry of exile which will go straight to the heart of all true Scots. The love poems, with their wistful combination of passion and melancholy, are linked with those whose theme is the passion

of art, always striving, always baffled. The two motives join in the romances, where Mr. Holborn deals either with classical stories (as in *Philistos and Neaira*, or *Narkissos*), or neo-classical invention (as in *The Magic Isle*). All these are narratives of longer breath than most poets of to-day are able to achieve, and are, as romances should be, very pleasant reading. It is in dealing, as he constantly does, with the emotions of the artist—poet, sculptor, painter—that Mr. Holborn shows his most individual quality. No one since Browning has revealed with such intimacy of knowledge and sureness of touch the feelings of the creative artist; indeed Mr. Holborn shows us that rare phenomenon in literature, the craftsman articulate.