OUR FUTURE IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

A NATION IN A COMMONWEALTH OF BRITISH NATIONS

A BOOK under the title of "The New Era in Canada" is being given wide circulation throughout the Dominion. It is a collection of essays or articles by some fifteen individuals upon subjects of public interest.

Amongst the articles is one contributed by Mr. J. W. Dafoe, Managing Editor of the *Free Press* of this City, which proposes that the future of Canada and the other Dominions shall be that of independent states in an alliance under a common Crown.

The future of Canada in the British Empire is a matter that will appeal to the great majority of the readers of the book and to the world at large and more particularly to the people of Canada. I may be pardoned, therefore, if I offer a contribution to the discussion.

The following quotation from Mr. Dafoe's article seems to set forth concisely his ideal as to the future of the British Empire:—

> Canada, a nation with *full sovereign powers*, to be linked in a perpetual alliance with the other British Nations on terms of equality *under a common Crown* with a common citizenship.

With reference to this quotation I desire to submit the following questions:—

1. What is meant by "a nation with full sovereign powers, etc., ... *under a common Crown?*"

So far as I know or can understand, the King (or the "Crown" in that sense) exercises no judicial or legislative power whatever. The "Crown" to which we all owe allegiance is the "Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland," the supreme governing Parliament of the British Empire, com-

posed of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, and the King, and with the elected House of Commons as the real governing body; and the House of Commons is the servant and representative of the people who elect its members. So that eventually the "Crown" to which we all owe allegiance is the "people" of Great Britain and Ireland. And herein lies a defect in our present state. If that "Crown" could be enlarged so that it would mean the "people" of the British Empire by giving to all the people of that Empire, so far as possible, direct representation in the supreme governing Parliament we would indeed be a body of nations (though not each clothed with full sovereign power) under a common "Crown," which "Crown" would be ourselves, collectively asserting through that Parliament the will of ourselves, collected and organized into one Great State or Commonwealth of British people.

To what is it that we really owe allegiance and really give allegiance? It is not to a *common Crown*, if that means the King personally, although our oaths of allegiance swear us to allegiance to King George V. They would be truer in form if they swore us to allegiance to our country. We owe allegiance to, and give allegiance to a common country, to a common national imperial history and development, to a common language, to a common democratic form of government and democratic ideals, to the evolution and present organization of certain people into one great world power in the number of great world powers, in a word we owe and give allegiance to our country which is ourselves as a people organized into one great self-governing state or Empire much more than to any "common Crown" in the sense of a king or even a parliament.

2. How can you have a number of "nations with full sovereign powers linked in perpetual alliance. . . . . on terms of equality under a common 'Crown?'" or linked in any other way in a *perpetual* alliance?

I cannot imagine such a conglomeration. Can each of these proposed independent nations declare war and make

peace on its own behalf? Can any one of them declare war upon any other of them? What flag will they adopt as the emblem of their nationhood? Of what country will their people be citizens or by what name will those citizens be known? Can they make what treaties they like? Enter into such alliances as they like? Even hostile to each other? Surely the right to declare war and make peace is the right of an independent nation. Surely the right to enter into such treaties and alliances as they see fit is included in the powers of an independent nation. And what other nation can have "full sovereign powers" except an independent nation?

3. Does not the adoption of Mr. Dafoe's view of Canada's future in a British Empire mean the dismembering of the British Empire? Does it not mean that there shall be no British Empire or British Commonwealth? Does it not mean that Great Britain and Ireland shall go back to where they were before two hundred years ago, despoiled of the Dominions beyond the seas? Does it not mean that England, Scotland and Wales shall be a kingdom—with Ireland as a thorn in the side? and that Canada shall also be a kingdom? and Australia and New Zealand a kingdom? and South Africa a kingdom? all under a "common Crown," all independent sovereign states; but all connected by a *perpetual* alliance" under a "Common Crown." What kind of an alliance? Shall it be one in black and white—on paper? Or is it to be one of mutual aims and laws and language? the latter is the kind of an alliance that exists to-day between the British descended people of the United States on the one side and the people of the British Empire including Canada, Australia, South Africa, etc., on the other. Such a proposition so far as I can understand it means, as I said before, the dismembering of the British Empire. The British Empire, or the British Commonwealth, or the Commonwealth of British nations, or by whatever name you call it, is ended.

4. How can a number of nations with full sovereign powers be linked in perpetual alliance *under a common*

Crown, no matter what that "Crown" may be, unless that "Crown" is above them? They can hardly be under the "Crown" unless the "Crown" is above them. Is not the idea of a number of "nations" linked in perpetual alliance *under a common Crown* impossible and absurd, unless you at the same time provide for this common "Crown" that is to be above them all? And if you are going to have one common "Crown" under which they all shall be, how can they "each have full sovereign powers?" Is there not such a contradiction of terms and conditions here as no reasoning can reconcile? How can a number of independent self-governing states or nations owe allegiance to a *common Crown*, which "Crown" is the "Parliament of Great Britain," unless they remain subject to that parliament and through that parliament to the people that parliament represents? Can it be that the pill of "dismembering the British Empire" is being sugar-coated with the suggestion that Canada is to be "a nation with full sovereign powers, etc.—under a common "Crown?" And is the sugar coating when examined found to be a fraud, a delusion, an impossibility?

5. Would it not be better for those who want an independent Canada to declare at once that their ideal for Canada is that Canada should become an independent sovereign state or nation under no "Crown" or "parliament" or "people" except *our own*, if that is their intent; and that Canada shall not take the other course open to her choice and which course if successfully followed puts us upon a footing of equality with the people of Great Britain and Ireland, and which would lead us to demand direct representation for all the British people in an Imperial or Commonwealth Parliament to govern and control affairs of Imperial or Commonwealth concern. Let them be honest in the matter and declare their real intentions.

6. Suppose the idea in this quotation was carried out, what would it be right to do, in case, after a few years, Australia demanded to withdraw from the alliance or South Africa or Canada wished to withdraw? Would it be right

for the other nations in the alliance to oppose that withdrawal by force of arms, as the Northern States did with the Southern States in 1861-1865? Suppose further that, in addition to withdrawing, any one of those "allied" nations "under a common Crown" wished to join in alliance with some other independent sovereign nation, hostile to the rest of the alliance, what would the other nations in the alliance have the right to do? Just where are we placed in this alliance of "nation with full sovereign powers—in perpetual alliance —under a common Crown?" Suppose in the event of any future war the people of Canada or Australia or South Africa wished to withdraw from the alliance and to go into the category of neutral nations; or suppose after this present war is over they wish to issue, as the United States did, a Declaration of Independence, adopt a new flag, and a new name for their citizens, what is there in this idea of our future to prevent us from doing so? And what right would any other member of this proposed "Alliance" of sovereign nations have to prevent us?

7. Let us face the issue. Must we have a consolidated Commonwealth of British nations as a Great World power, governed and directed by one central common parliament, or other body, representative of all parts of the great Commonwealth, in its dealings as such world power with the other world powers of the earth; and with such powers of local self-government vested in the various parts of that Commonwealth as it may appear feasible from time to time to grant; yet with such powers of local self-government at all times subject to over-ruling by the central parliament or authority in cases where the proposed action of the local governing body may affect the whole of the Commonwealth? Or must we have a dismembering of the British Empire or Commonwealth; must we have it cut up into several free and totally independent self-governing states or nations with different citizenship names, citizenship rights and national flags? Shall there be a Commonwealth of British nations with a common British citizenship, as far as possible, of which

every soul enjoying it may be proud? or shall there not be a Commonwealth of British nations with such a "common British citizenship?" I do not understand what is meant by a "common white citizenship?" We have, both in the British Empire and the United States, already gone much further than a common *white* citizenship.

Shall Canada be a British nation in and part of a Great Commonwealth of British nations, and shall the people of Canada, both those who are born British citizens or those who become naturalized from time to time, continue to call themselves British citizens, as by their birth, descent, language, institutions, race and stock, or naturalization they are entitled to call themselves, or shall we openly become an independent state (a republic no doubt would be the name to be given to a country with our democratic form of government) with a new name for its citizens and a new flag to fly over them? For surely we would not in our full-fledged importance as an independent Republic continue to fly the Union Jack as our flag.

The issue is simple; it is open and clear. No camouflaging can conceal it from us.

Another quotation from Mr. Dafoe's article is as follows:—

> There is one simple touchstone for every scheme of Imperial reorganization: Does it place Canadian lives and Canadian treasure at the disposal of a body, legislative or executive, which the people of Canada *do not control*? If it does it means that Canada loses those elements of nationhood which constitute her strength and becomes, however relatively important, a *subordinate* part of a newly-constituted organism.

In the first place let us add the word "independent" before the word "nationhood" and the words "as a sovereign self-governing state" after it, in order to obtain the proper meaning of the word as used by Mr. Dafoe. If Canada is to be built upon the foundation fact that "Canadian lives and Canadian treasure" shall not be at the disposal of any "body legislative or executive" which the people of Canada *do not control*, then there is no chance for a reorganized British Commonwealth with Canada in it. Such a policy amounts to

nothing else than a refusal to go into a rearranged British Commonwealth with Great Britain and Ireland, Australia, South Africa, etc. For if we continue on as part of the British Empire with these others, surely it means that Canadian lives and Canadian treasure shall be at the disposal of the joint legislative and executive body that will have evolved under any new scheme for or evolution of the Empire. Those following any such selfish policy as he proposes must refuse to go into any reorganization of the Empire or even into an alliance of any kind unless Canadian lives and Canadian treasure are left under the control of the people of Canada. What people or nation would go into such an alliance with the people of Canada? I do not mean only a trade or commercial treaty, but an alliance for offensive or defensive purposes. What nation or people would go into such an alliance with us, having as one of the terms of the treaty of the alliance the provision that notwithstanding the alliance the men and money of Canada would or would not be used in the common cause just as it might be determined by the people of Canada from time to time? Much less can there be any reorganization of the British Empire that would provide for any such thing. Why do the supporters of such policy not come out openly and state that they want Canada to become an independent sovereign self-governing state, separate from the British Empire? In that way only can they obtain what they propose, namely, that Canadian lives and Canadian treasure must not be at the disposal of any body, legislative or executive, that the people of Canada *do not control.* To-day and under our present status in the British Empire the lives and treasure of Canadians are placed at the disposal of such a body that the people of Canada *do not control.* When the Parliament of Great Britain declares war against another nation we are at war with that nation; we cannot be neutral; and Canadian lives and Canadian treasure and the Canadian constitution, freedom and self-governing powers are at once in jeopardy on sea and land, whether we send armies to fight or not. The supporters of the policy suggested do not want

that state of affairs to continue. A great many people of Canada do not want that exact state of affairs to continue. Many have come to think that we ought to be represented upon the supreme governing body and have a vote and an influence in and upon the decision of such questions. Many propose a reorganization of the British Empire along those lines. Such a reorganization would not leave the lives and treasure of Canadians under the absolute control of the people of Canada. It would put them, together with the lives and treasure of the people of Great Britain and Ireland and of Australia and South Africa, etc., at the disposal of and under the control of the jointly representative body. But supporters of the above policy do not want such a reorganization. They want Canada to become an independent sovereign state, free from the present or any reorganized British Empire; free from alliances of any kind except such we will ourselves make after we have issued our Declaration of Independence, abrogated the British North America Act, reorganized and re-confederated the Provinces of the Dominion of Canada, given ourselves a new name, a new citizenship, and a new flag. Perhaps the "opportune moment" has not yet arrived for the "meaning" of the policy above suggested to be thus clearly stated.

As an example of what must be done in order to obtain the status of an independent sovereign state I would point to the following quotation from the "Declaration of Independence of the United States of America":—

> We, therefore, the representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA in GENERAL CONGRESS assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which INDEPENDENT STATES may of right do.

Is this what is desired by those who are constantly crying out about Canada being an independent nation and about our parliament being a sovereign parliament? Or what else does all this talk about sovereign parliament and a free nation etc., mean? Is this what the people of Canada, Australia, South Africa, the British Isles, etc., want? Let us be honest about it. If we, in Canada, wish to become a sovereign state, let us do so openly and in a manly manner, with reasons given, and with all reasonable and required formality. Let us not try to steal into that position, nor to sneak into the family of independent nations and sovereign states.

It was the common people of Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa who gave their lives, their wounds, their sufferings, their sorrows, their toil and their wealth to win the war and to save and protect their British citizenship and free democratic British institutions and liberties. They went into the war as one people. Surely the same common people have the right, now, to decide the future of the Empire, by their votes, if necessary, after the issue has been properly promulgated and discussed. Are we to remain a United Commonwealth of British Nations all subject in the end to a control of a central supreme governing body; or are we to split up into a number of independent sovereign states with sovereign parliaments at Ottawa? Let the people of Canada, so far as Canada is concerned, be heard from in a proper manner as well as the people of other parts of the British Empire so far as they are concerned; not the newspapers of these places only. Newspaper editorial columns do not always truly represent the thought or wish of the people. Let the people be given a fair chance to decide this question by their vote. It is not a question to be decided for, or imposed upon, the people, by newspaper editorial writers or by politicians.

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A TRAVELLER IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF WILLIAM AND MARY

SOME years ago I picked up in Holland a dumpy vellum-bound duodecimo written in Dutch and published at Utrecht in 1699. Its title (translated) is as follows:—"Remarkable notes made by a traveller through the whole of England, Scotland and Ireland in the years 1697–8." The work is anonymous. There are some indications that it may have appeared originally in French. The name of the author I do not know, and have not been able to discover. He seems to have been a member of the diplomatic corps. From internal evidence it appears that he was attached to the court of King James II of England in the days immediately preceding the Revolution. He was a man of keen perception and wide reading, with a sense (not a very delicate sense) of humour. On the matters with regard to which I am competent to check his statements he is extraordinarily well-informed. Certainly his account of the English constitution leaves nothing to desire in point of accuracy. Perhaps therefore we may be justified in attaching some importance to certain other matters which occupy his attention in this little treatise. Of the manners and customs of the English he has a good deal to say. It is principally on this side that his book may be found to be not without interest. The work, I should add, is arranged alphabetically like an encyclopedia. The words "England" and "English" are taken first, rather out of order, but the reader soon finds himself in the midst of Archbishops, Archdeacons and Academies; and so may saunter through the alphabet until he reaches and ends with "sugar," which in Dutch is spelt with a zed. The entry under this head runs thus:—"*Sugar*—I do not know why people in Holland and France say that the English put sugar in all their food. I have not observed it."

Now let us recur to the beginning of the book to read the character of the English, or of their ancestors, in the pages of this very friendly critic:—

"*The English*:—The inhabitants of this excellent land are tall, handsome, well-built, with fair complexions and flaxen hair, agile, strong, brave, deep thinkers, pious, lovers of the arts, with as good a turn for the sciences as any people in the world. I do not know why one often hears it said in France and elsewhere that the English are perfidious. Strange that they should have such an evil reputation; they whose noble natures cannot endure that two men should fight without equality of weapons whether for defence or attack. Anyone who should think fit to give another a blow with a sword or stick, when the other had only his hands to defend him, would run some risk of being torn in pieces by the schoolboys and common people of the neighbourhood."

Want of politeness, then as now, was charged against the islanders, the reason being, as Englishmen like to think:—

> Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
> Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
> Duck with French nods and apish courtesy.
> Cannot a plain man live and think no harm
> But thus his simple truth must be abused
> By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Our author on this point is sympathetic. He says that the English are charged with bad manners because they usually meet without bringing their hands to their hats, and because they have not that superfluity of obliging speeches which flow from the mouths of Frenchmen and Italians.

A few pages later the writer's enthusiasm for the English character breaks out in a veritable panegyric: "What splendid, honourable men I know in England; what composure, what nobility of character! What uprightness of heart! What piety, what philanthropy, etc.!" All this is very flattering to the national vanity, but of course our author lived a long time ago.

The table manners of our ancestors perhaps were not quite perfect: "The English eat much and at intervals, and fill their pockets as well; but the evening meal is of no great consequence. They are gluttonous at morn, frugal at night. I have always heard that they are great flesh-eaters, and so I found it. I have been told of many Englishmen that they have never eaten bread; indeed it is but little eaten. From time to time they munch some crumbled bread, while they have their mouths full of meat."

The general standard of cooking was no better then than now (truly the English are a conservative people!): "Two dishes make the meal, for example a pudding and a piece of roast beef, or a piece of boiled meat which has been salted some days before, flanked with five or six cabbages, carrots or turnips, accompanied by salt and pepper. Two such dishes make the usual meal of an honest gentleman or citizen."

The pudding, it seems, is a national institution: "Every Englishman congratulates himself on its invention. It is made in fifty different ways. The ingredients include milk, eggs, butter, sugar, fat marrow and raisins. It is a veritable manna, but unlike the manna of the wilderness you do not grow tired of it. "Ah! what a splendid thing is an English pudding. To come in 'pudding time,' that is to say when the pudding is being served, is the happiest season in the world." The clergy, however, did not share in the enjoyment. One recalls the chaplain in *Esmond*, who " though he loved pudding, as all parsons do, always went away before the custard."

"At Christmas time every decent family has its Christmas pie. To know how to make it is a real science. It consists of minced ox-tongue, birds' marrows, eggs, sugar, currants, lemon and orange peel and various spices. Another concoction is made with raisins; it is just as good as the pasty, and is called plum porridge."

From pudding to poetry is an easy transition: "The English hold their poetry in great esteem. They think their language the best in the world, and have an even better conceit of their verses. They repeat or read them in quite a different

tone from their ordinary voice. You would think that it was another person speaking. The voice becomes soft and affecting; the reader is quite enraptured; his face pales with emotion."

This strange people is fond of various sports: "Besides the usual games and diversions which the English share with other European nations, as tennis, dancing, going to the theatre, etc., there are others peculiar to themselves, or for which they show a greater taste than is seen in other lands. Cock-fighting is a favourite amusement. Fights are also got up between dogs and bulls or bears, and sometimes between bears and bulls, but they are not so fierce as the cock-fights. Street-fighting is a constant delight. If two youngsters quarrel in the street, the passers-by at once make a ring and encourage them to come to blows. Thereupon each removes his necktie and his coat. Sometimes they strip to the waist. Then the blows begin, usually directed to the face, together with kicking of shins, pulling of hair, etc. If one floors the other he may give him two or three extra blows, not more. During the combat the spectators delight in spurring the fighters on, and never separate them so long as the rules are observed. The spectators consist not merely of other lads, porters, etc., but also of persons of standing. Some push through the crowd to get a good place; others climb up the shop windows. Fathers and mothers look on like the rest and animate the combatants. Fighting is not so common amongst grown men, but is not infrequent. In case of a quarrel with the coachman of a hired carriage, if challenged to fight, the coachman readily accepts. The fare lays aside his sword, stick, gloves and cravat in some neighbouring shop, and fights in the manner above described. If the driver is soundly thrashed (and this commonly happens, for a gentleman will not engage in such an encounter unless he thinks himself the better man), the coachman gets his drubbing in lieu of payment. In the contrary event the gentleman must pay the sum in dispute."

"I have seen (our author continues) the late Duke of Grafton thrash a cabman in the middle of the Strand. In other countries one strikes this sort of people with a stick, and sometimes with the flat of the sword; but in England this is not done. One does not use a stick or sword against a man who is not similarly armed; and if an unhappy foreigner should do such a thing (it would never occur to an Englishman to do it), he would have fifty people on him in a twinkling, and would run some risk of never standing on his feet again."

"Playing on the lute is also a favourite diversion with Englishmen, particularly in the northern counties. Bell-ringing is one of their greatest delights, especially in the country, but their bell-ringing is nothing like the ringing of bells in Holland and the Netherlands. In winter, football affords a useful and pleasant pastime. This is a ball of leather filled with wind, the size of a man's head. The ball is kicked through the streets by any one who can come at it. This is all the knowledge of the game required. Throwing sticks at a cock from a distance of forty or fifty paces is a pleasant recreation, which, however, is only practised at a certain season of the year."

The character of a people is often seen in its usages on the occasion of funerals and weddings. These topics the writer handles at considerable length. With regard to the first a short extract will suffice: "When the funeral party is ready to leave the house the coffin is nailed down. Then the men- or maid-servants present to the mourners basins full of sprigs of rosemary. Everyone takes one and carries it until the body is laid in the ground, when he throws it into the grave. Before leaving the house the practice is to offer the whole assembly something to drink—Spanish wine, or white or red wine mulled with sugar and cinnamon, or some other like drink, of which everyone partakes two or three times. A man called Butler, landlord of the Crown and Sceptre in St. Martin's Lane, told me that when his wife was buried an oxhead of wine was drunk, to say nothing of red brandy-wine with sugar and herbs. It should be noticed

that a woman's funeral is attended only by women, a man's funeral by men. But in drinking, as in other matters, this class of women is a thorough match for the men. In respect of chattering there is no comparison."

The marriage ceremonies are not altogether in the modern taste. In the middle rank of life marriages are usually made as secret as possible for avoidance of expense. Early on the morning of the fatal day, the parties armed with a marriage licence repair to a church, or even without a licence to a privileged chapel. If notice has not been given overnight they knock the parson out of bed, and pledge their faith in subdued tones in a room with closed doors. They pay a guinea to the clergyman, five shillings to the clerk. Then they depart on foot or in carriages separately. They meet for dinner at some appointed place, and in the evening go quietly home together. Before going to bed there is drinking all round: "When bed-time comes the bridegroom removes the bride's garters which she has previously untied so that they hang down. These trophies are fastened by the bachelors (I suppose by the two bridesmen) in their hats. Then the bridesmaids take the newly married bride to her bedroom, undress her and put her to bed. The pins must be thrown away or got rid of. If even one of them remained the bride would be unlucky and everything go wrong. The bridesmaids too would be unlucky, if they kept a pin, for they would not be married before the following Easter. Then the husband who, assisted by his friends, has undressed in a neighbouring apartment, comes in his nightdress to visit the bride, who is attended by mothers, aunts, sisters, friends, etc. Without further ceremony he gets into bed. Some of the women run away, others remain; but a minute later they are all back again. Then the bachelors take the bride's stockings, the spinsters the stockings of the bridegroom. They sit down at the foot of the bed, and each one throws the stockings over his or her head, trying to make them fall on the married pair. If the bridegroom's stockings, thrown by one of the girls, fall upon the husband, it is a sign that the

girl will be soon married. A like significance attaches to the throwing of the bride's stockings by the bachelors. This merry sport often leads to engagements to marry. The proceedings conclude with the drinking of a posset, a kind of drink composed of Spanish wine, milk, yolks of eggs, sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, etc. When the husband's patience is exhausted he gets out of bed. The girls run away, the men follow."

Nothing escapes our author's attention. The gruesome subject of hanging is described with a fidelity which indicates first-hand knowledge.

"*Hanging*:—This is one of the common punishments in England. This execution takes place on the high-way a quarter of an hour out of the suburb of London called Tyburn, and sometimes the criminal is actually hanged in front of his own door. The sessions for criminal offences are held not oftener than eight times in the year, so that it often happens that full twenty rascals have to hang at once. Five or six of them, or more often three, are set together on a cart, and drawn backwards, with the rope round the neck, to the fatal Tyburn. The gentlemen sometimes obtain permission to make the journey in a carriage. The executioner brings this cartload of dirt to a stand under one of the cross-beams of the gallows, and attaches the ends of the ropes, which are round the necks of the victims, to the beam. This done, he whips up his horse, the cart goes on, and these men of renown are left hanging between heaven and earth. The executioner does not give himself the trouble of pressing on their shoulders or arms so as to pay them the compliment of strangulation, but the relatives and friends undertake the task. They pull the dying man by the feet, and give him heavy blows with the fist on the breast in order to shorten the agony."

"The English are people who make fun of the softness of other nations where such a to-do is made about being hanged. The great courage of the English esteems this utterly mean, and they laugh at the pretended disgrace which, according to the opinion of other peoples, falls upon the relations.

"The man who has to be hanged or put to death in any other way first thinks of getting shaved and dressing himself in neat, smart mourning, or wedding clothes; then he employs his friends to get permission for him to be buried and to take his coffin with him, a permission which is readily accorded. As soon as the coat or nightdress, gloves, hat, peruke, nosegay of flowers, coffin, shroud of flannel and all the apparatus thereto belonging have been bought and prepared, the most important part of the business is done, and his mind is at rest. Then he begins to think about his soul. Generally he gets off by heart a speech which he delivers under the gallows, and gives a copy of it to the sheriff or to the clergyman who is consoling him, requesting him to get it printed. Girls sometimes dress themselves in white with large taffeta shawls, and carry baskets full of flowers and oranges, and distribute these last favours on the way hither and thither about the streets. However, to present things as they really are, one finds often enough people to dress themselves up in this fashion and assume a smiling face, but there are others who let themselves be hanged in miserable neglected clothing and with a very wretched demeanour. One day, walking in the Park, I came across a lusty, well-dressed wench who was wearing mourning for her father who had been hanged at Tyburn a month previously for uttering false coin. Every land has its own peculiar customs."

Not the least remarkable passage in the book relates to Ireland, which our author also visited. This is in part what he says about the Irish peoples:—

"In speaking of Ireland one must distinguish three or four elements in the population; for example, the natives and original inhabitants of the land of whom some live in a strange, wild manner, while others are tolerably civilized. Then there are the families of English origin, which, although settled in the country for centuries, have nothing in common with the 'old Irish' as they call them, and will not intermarry with them. Lastly there are the Scotch, who live after the fashion of their own country without entertaining any relations with

the native Irelanders, while on the contrary, they live on terms of friendship, intercourse and alliance with the English. Most people of consequence amongst these native Irelanders understand the English speech and are tolerably civilized in their manner of life, but the common folk is half savage and differs scarcely at all from their ancestors as described by Strabo, Pomponius Mela and other ancient writers more than sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago. Their religion is, after a fashion, Christian and popish, but the superstitions and numerous errors of papistry which they have adopted are combined with such a great number of other absurdities that it is impossible to say what the belief of these men really is. They offer a kind of service and reverence to the moon and the wolves, for when the moon is new they throw themselves on the ground and repeat several times the Lord's Prayer with other prayers as well. And when the moon is disappearing from the firmament they pray this heavenly light to leave them in as good health as it found them. They say that Jesus Christ loves the wolves, and this obliges them to pray to God for the wolves and for their good health. They have so-called sorcerers or exorcists to whom they go for advice in an endless number of events, and these sorcerers never omit the *Pater Noster* and the *Ave Maria* in their ceremonies of exorcism. When one of them falls sick they only speak of his getting better and never of God or of his salvation; but sometimes the sick man asks for the communion, and then he is looked upon as one who despairs of life. Straightway they bring him to a high-road or other open place; passers-by are attracted by loud shouts; and everyone addresses a hundred senseless questions to the poor dying man, as, for example, why will he leave the world which is so fair; to what land will he go to better himself; has he not a beautiful, good wife, pretty companions, good children, good relatives, good friends, good horses, good cows, good milk and butter, everything to make life pleasant. Then they lament for his soul which they call cruel and thankless if it will leave the shapely body which has housed it so long and so delightfully. When the

soul has departed the cries and lamentations begin, shrieking and howling and awful cries of misery. The companions in particular (the daughters of the deceased and his foster-family) of whom there are commonly several, make an uproar enough to frighten anyone. All the women who are there join in, tear their hair from their heads, direct great blows against their foreheads and their sides, strike their hands together, raise them to heaven, and make a to-do like men without hope. But awful as all this noise may be, it is merely a foretaste of the noise on the day of the burial."

The above extracts may serve to indicate the character of our author's observations and the quality of his mind. But he by no means limits his remarks to what is curious or peculiar in the habits of the peoples of the British Isles. The book contains besides, as I have said, very careful and exact information about the constitution and procedure of Parliament, the functions of the Crown, and other such matters, with all of which the writer was evidently thoroughly conversant. He also traces in detail the events which preceded and followed the flight of King James. One little incident may be recorded. The writer, as he tells us, was himself present. He narrates it as follows:—

"On 30th October, 1688, King James received from Newport by special messenger a letter of congratulation upon the destruction of the Prince of Orange's fleet. This occasioned great delight, and the insolence of the papists knew no bounds. I was myself present when King James received the news. During the midday meal he ate with one hand, constantly keeping in the other the welcome letter from Newport. Turning to Monsieur Barillon, the French Ambassador,—"See," he said, "the wind has declared itself papist." Then assuming a solemn expression and dropping his voice somewhat he added: "You know that for the last three days I have exposed the Holy Sacrament."

The King's satisfaction was of short duration. The news from Newport was contradicted on the evening of the same day.

R. W. Lee

THE POLICY OF GREECE SINCE 1914

THE last number of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE traced the policy of Greece before and during the Balkan wars down to the summer of 1914; and the outbreak of the Great War.

When that war came, the policy of Greece seemed easy to predict: almost as easy indeed as that of Serbia, who indeed had no choice; infinitely more easy than the policy of Bulgaria or Roumania. Here was a maritime nation, created originally by the Allies, Russia, France, Great Britain: dependent always upon those same allies, as the chief maritime powers, for its free use of its seas; here also was a nation already re-allied with Serbia since May, 1914, and pledged by a curious treaty to assist Serbia in the event of any two powers attacking her; not pledged, therefore, to help Serbia against Austria, but bound to intervene if Bulgaria joined Austria. Further, Greece had no enemies in the world except Turkey and Bulgaria, the only two states in the world likely to join the Central Powers; it was, in fact, because Greece had so much reason to dread a joint attack of Turkey and Bulgaria that she signed the treaty—reluctantly—with Serbia in May, binding herself to assist Serbia in the similar event of Serbia having two wars on *her* hands. Finally, Greece was absolutely secure against the German Powers: they could not reach her by land except through Serbia; they could not reach her by sea while France and Great Britain controlled the Mediterranean.

Obviously, therefore, every motive of interest or of history placed Greece on the side of the Allies. And yet for three years she never reached that natural place, but disappointed her allies and her own best leaders, and played a part which humiliated her beyond measure, which made her name a byword, which revived all the ancient historic scoffs about the perfidy, the meanness, and the cowardice of Greeks.

It was, in a sense, a greater tragedy than the tragedies of Russia and Roumania, of Serbia and Belgium. Russia, presumably, was bound to fall to pieces if hard pressed, in spite of all the courage of her half-armed armies; she was governed by dishonest schemers. Roumania, presumably, was forced by Germany and by Russia to choose between them, and was likely to suffer in either case; Serbia did marvels, but how could she stand against Austria and Bulgaria with Germany at their backs? Belgium did marvels, but still less possible was it for Belgium to find allies sufficient to stem the German flood.

But the Greek tragedy from 1914 to 1917 was so gratuitous, so unnecessary, so accidental—just the accident of autocracy; Greece was cursed with a king who was brother-in-law of the prime offender, the German Emperor; this kinship, or the general influence of German bluff and arrogance and intrigue, so weighed with King Constantine, a Russo-Dane by origin and a Greek by birth, that it outweighed common sense and even common prudence. He pressed the royal claim to control the foreign politics of his country; the Kaiser's claim, the claim of King Carol of Roumania—successfully resisted in Roumania by the statesmen of the country—the claim which the Kaiser professed even to recognize in the King of Great Britain and Ireland. Constantine pressed this claim in defiance of the Premier and the Parliament of Greece, and he pressed it successfully for three weary and shameful years. Of course, there were special reasons for his success; he had led the Greek armies during the two Balkan wars with an efficiency very different from his disastrous campaign against Turkey in 1897; he had made his subjects fancy that he was the best soldier on a European throne; and most unfortunately his special opponent, Premier Venizelos, the soul of conservatism and of monarchical sentiment, had himself done his best to endorse and popularize this fancy, and the fancy had taken a firm root in a nation not accustomed to military success, till it became a

thorn in the side of the conservative Premier. His well-meant eulogies of his King became for a long time his undoing.

When the Great War broke out in 1914, Venizelos was on his way to Berlin to confer with the Turkish ambassador there about the islands of the Ægean, and the relative claims of Greece and Turkey to their possession. His own ambassador in Berlin told him that Bulgaria and Turkey were already allies of Germany. This was manifestly a premature German bluff; but it was not wholly false, for within a few weeks Turkey, by audacious German intrigue and by the unauthorized use by German officers of the two German ships, the *Goeben* and *Breslau*, which had escaped the British fleet and reached Constantinople, was in the month of October driven even against her will to make war upon Russia. The more crafty or the less pliable Bulgarians retained their independence of action for nine months longer, and signed no positive treaty with Germany till July, 1915.

Presumably, Venizelos was in correspondence with the Allies, offering them the alliance of Greece as early as this autumn of 1914. But in any case, in January, 1915, he offered them a Greek alliance; Greece to receive, if the war were successful, Græcia irredenta, or the western coast of Asia Minor, whose population has always been Greek, together with the islands not already in Greek hands. On the other hand, Venizelos was ready to make sacrifices to Bulgaria if she also would join the Allies; Bulgaria was to receive Kavalla from Greece, and Serbia also was to make concessions in Macedonia. If Bulgaria were satisfied with these terms, Roumania also, delivered from the fear of a Bulgarian attack from the south, would take the same line and attack Austria-Hungary in the north and rescue Roumania irredenta—the lands of Transylvania and Bukovina.

The Allies, under pressure from Russia, were contemplating the attack on Gallipoli. Venizelos suggested the despatch of a Greek division to assist the Allied fleets by land.

But in these plans he met a double defeat, both at home and abroad. At home his king repudiated him, and denied that he had ever agreed to cede Kavalla. Abroad, the Russians protested against Greek soldiers approaching Constantinople; it was the prize of Russia, not of Greece.

The inherent weakness of the Allied cause, that they were Allies, with more than one front, one policy, and one Generalissimo, frustrated Venizelos at the outset. He was afterwards to be frustrated a second time, when Italy joined the Allies, by a new enemy. Italy also was no less jealous of Greece than Russia was. She had quarrels with Greece about Epirus and Albania where Greece threatened her control of the Adriatic; she had quarrels with Greece about the islands round Rhodes, where the people were Greek, and the government (since the Italo-Turkish war) was Italian. But in January, 1915, Constantine and Russia were Venizelos' opponents. The King not only refused to cede Kavalla, but he and his staff ridiculed the idea of capturing Gallipoli. They maintained that it was impregnable with or without a land attack by Greek troops. Venizelos, who is nothing if not constitutional, recognized that a constitutional king has rights against a Premier, if the Premier leads only a moribund Parliament, which may have exhausted its mandate, which may no longer represent the ultimate sovereign, the people. He recognized in the King the same right which the British Constitution (before Mr. Asquith made havoc of it) gave to the House of Lords, the right of forcing an appeal from a moribund House of Commons to the people.

Venizelos resigned in February, 1915, and was succeeded by Gounaris in the interval of a new election. The election came off at the end of May, and Venizelos was returned with a majority of 50; but the King was ill, or appeared to be ill, and no change of Premier actually took place till August, 1915.

Meanwhile, things had taken a bad turn for the Allies in spite of the accession of Italy (May, 1915). The Russians were swept back out of Galicia and out of the Carpathians;

the hesitating Roumanians were confirmed in their hesitation; the Bulgarians, hesitating in the other direction, were emboldened, and in July made their treaty with Germany.

The action of Bulgaria brought Greece to a crisis; she was bound by treaty to join Serbia when Bulgaria attacked her. Hitherto there had been no overt attempt even on Gounaris' part to deny the obligation; everyone had assumed that Greece would fight for Serbia if Bulgaria should attack her. But the general assumption had become less confident, more dubious, for obvious reasons of prudence and less obvious reasons of German diplomacy. In May, while Gounaris was still acting Premier, Baron Schenk had arrived in Athens as German ambassador, with his German credentials; that is, first and foremost, with what American slang knows as a "barrel." The German theory of democracy is simple, if not always sound: a democracy is government by newspapers, and newspaper men are not usually very rich, and naturally can be bought. Baron Schenk followed Bismarck's principle and established a reptile press. Copies of it, I suppose, were sent to every Professor of Greek on this continent; certainly they were sent to the University of Toronto. Incidentally, too, it is worth noting that stronger inducements were used in the greater city of New York. The Greek paper there (*Atlantis*), had been vigorously pro-Ally. About this time its editor, one Blastus, was sent for to Athens; before he came back he had turned a corner. He returned as "Blastus, the King's chamberlain," and reputable Greeks in New York had to start a new organ, the *Elhnikos Kerux* which still represents them.

This press campaign against Venizelos was making headway even before Gounaris retired from office. Venizelos suspected that Gounaris was already wavering while in office about the obligations of Greece to Serbia. He said so when the new Greek Parliament met in September, 1915. This sparring between the two statesmen, if not edifying, is at least entertaining and characteristic of Parliaments; it does not require the more recent advent of women to Parliament to render

Parliaments very like sewing circles, where the sitters score neatly in turn off each other; only we may fairly expect the scores to be neater in the future.

"Do you assure me there was no change on your part?" asked Venizelos (Sept. 21, 1915).

"I assure nothing," answered Gounaris; "but I want to know what charges I have to meet."

(V.)—"If the member for Patras (Gounaris), can say that he never wavered on this matter while Premier, I retract what I said."

(G.)—"Please do."

(V.)—"You don't make the statement."

(G.)—"You retract; that is sufficient."

(V.)—"But my retraction was conditional."

Bulgaria mobilized in August, 1915, for war against Serbia, and Greece was at once bound by treaty to aid Serbia, and Venizelos prepared to do so. But now a second time the King interfered and this time with the naked claim that foreign politics belonged to the King. Between the 21st and the 28th of September Venizelos had again resigned, and his friend Zaimis, an ex-Prime-Minister and the G.O.M. of Greece, was in his place to carry out the King's policy of non-intervention.

Why did Venizelos tamely submit? His conservatism and his monarchism had stood many tests before successfully, but was it reasonable that they should submit to this test? More probably Venizelos thought that the country was too deeply divided; that he had the majority of the voters and the navy, but that the King had the majority of the army and reservists. In any case he resigned, and for the moment accepted Zaimis.

The friends of Serbia carried the Serbo-Greek treaty to Zaimis that he might read it and realize that Greece was bound to act. With some humour, Zaimis answered that since he was in office to resist the application of the treaty, it was superfluous to read it.

We have reached the last week of September, 1915, and the landing of the Allies at Salonica, and the controversies that hinge thereon.

The Serbo-Greek treaty bound Greece and Serbia to furnish each 150,000 men in arms if either state were attacked by a second foe. Against this second foe Serbia, already engaged for twelve months and more in a war with Austria, had only 120,000 men to spare for the Bulgarian front. Some time in August or early September Venizelos had enquired of the Allies if they would make up this deficiency in Serbia's resources and supply troops to reinforce the Serbo-Greek armies. This was, he insists, a provisional question, a démarche. He was not signing a treaty, he was not acting, he was paving the way for action by clearing the ground and ascertaining the possibilities open to him. Venizelos is an admirable, even an heroic figure; but after all even he is a politician, and evidently he had to guard himself against the mischief making of his opponents.

But the Allies who had dillied and dallied, shillied and shallied for a year or more with Bulgaria, now for once acted upon Venizelos' letter without further delay and without attempts to safeguard the reputation of the writer with his jealous countrymen. They read the letter as a request for allied troops, and despatched the Franco-British army under Sarrail, which landed at Salonica on the last day of September.

Venizelos said he had been misunderstood; war had not actually begun, therefore Greece was not yet absolutely bound to act, therefore Allied support to Greek action was premature; and he put in a formal protest. His successor Zaimis did the same. No protest other than formal was ever made at this time by the Greek Government against the presence of the Allies in Macedonia. The protests made by Greek soldiers against the presence of Bulgarians there were more drastic and less perfunctory.

The Germans made great play with this Franco-British landing at Salonica. "Exactly," they said, "the usual hypocrisy of the Allies; they set on fire the world with clamour

and protests because we invaded neutral Belgium, and now they invade neutral Greece."

What is the answer? Would it be sufficient to say that he who sups with the devil needs a long spoon, and that he who fights the devil must use devilry, that he who fights treaty-breakers must himself at need follow suit? Hardly a sufficient answer, perhaps. Would it be sufficient to answer "that Greece is not Belgium, that Greece is not a guaranteed neutral, but very far from it. That by the treaty of 1830, which created Greece, the three creating Powers, France, Russia and Great Britain, are authorized at any time, provided they are in agreement, to occupy her ports? That this clause, though it disappeared mysteriously or carelessly from the papers of the British Foreign Office, had never been rescinded? That the Allies could act upon it whenever they chose? That they might have acted in 1914 or in any month of 1915 without waiting for Bulgarian action? That they might have landed the Gallipoli troops at Salonica instead and to much better advantage, provided Russia were willing, and might have successfully checked Bulgaria and successfully saved Serbia by placing a good army along the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier?" The answer would be a better one.

But the true answer no doubt is that the action of the Allies toward Greece, though lamentably late and insufficient in the number of troops employed, was really anything but German. Sir Edward Grey was so hypersensitive, so ultra scrupulous, that until Bulgaria declared herself, and until Greece was bound by treaty to act for Serbia, he would not use his treaty rights against Greece, nor touch her shores. He would not use her ports as a way of reaching and overawing Bulgaria, though every consideration of prudence and common sense shouted aloud that Bulgaria needed such arguments. Sir Edward did nothing until Greece was involved by Bulgaria's action, and even then he had a letter of invitation, or suggestion at least, from the Greek Premier, before he acted.

And, of course, if it be worth stating, there was in any case no vital parallel, no deadly parallel between Macedonia

and Belgium, between Salonica and Brussels or Louvain or Termonde or Aerschot or Antwerp; no shooting of hostages, no murdering of nurses, none of the concomitants of Deutschthum and Kultur. Greek Venizelist volunteers joined the Allies from the first, if Greek royalists scowled at them.

But though it be easy to answer the Germanising analogies between Belgium and Macedonia, it is not easy nor even possible to justify Allied diplomacy and Allied policy towards Serbia and Bulgaria throughout the spring and summer of 1915. It is generally supposed that France was less to blame than Great Britain; that she saw more clearly the importance of the Serbian front; that individual Englishmen, Mr. Lloyd George in particular, agreed with France; but that Great Britain as a whole was still almost in the same mood as Sir Edward Grey when he announced in July, 1914, that Great Britain had no direct interests in Serbia; if not even in the same mood as the pacifists and radicals of July, 1914, who dotted emphatically all Sir Edward's i's for him, and marched through London with banners reading: "To Hell with Serbia."

It is generally supposed also and with obvious plausibility that the difficulty lay with the British generals in France; that they simply could not consent to detach men so badly needed there for Macedonia. They were just about making their first push then; the result showed how far they still were from a manifest superiority in the field. If this be so, apparently the whole question comes back to the initial difficulties of the Alliance. It was an alliance, and it had to listen to Russia, and to engage in Gallipoli expeditions and to forego better openings to satisfy Russia. It is obvious now that as things turned out the Gallipoli troops would have been invaluable in Macedonia in that summer of 1915. They would have prevented Bulgaria from acting and they would have saved Serbia. As it was, the Franco-British troops arrived so late and in numbers so few that they could not make their way successfully up the valley of the Vardar to join the Serbian army further north; the country and the Bulgars were too desperately difficult to handle.

They retreated ultimately to Salonica and stayed there for three long years, practically doing nothing (though the Serbians a year later recaptured Monastir for them), while unhappy Serbia, their only ally and only whole-hearted friend, was over-run, laid waste and conquered, and a large portion of its population subjected to a quasi-Armenian massacre at the hands of Bulgars, who manage massacres not less drastically than Turks themselves.

It is no wonder that criticism of British diplomacy has fixed upon the cities of Belgrade, Sofia and Athens and upon the months between September, 1914, and September, 1915, as the places and the times wherein British diplomacy failed most signally.

It is no wonder that people began to say that even the House of Commons would have done better had Foreign Politics been the function, as in France, of a standing committee of the House; nor that a society should have arisen calling itself "The Union of Democratic Control," just for the purpose of transferring foreign politics and diplomacy to the House of Commons. The only reason probably for the lack of support to that society was the obvious yet accidental obstacle of its personnel. It was founded by the five most cordially distrusted, not to say detested, personages in British politics, Normal Angell, E. D. Morel, Charles Trevelyan, Arthur Ponsonby, Ramsay Macdonald: a combination sufficient to discredit even a really angelic control of foreign politics.

But if a sober man trembles to think of these five persons controlling foreign politics, and would infinitely prefer Sir Edward Grey in perpetuity, it is only as a choice of evils, and it ought to be possible to choose less reluctantly. Why should British diplomacy have so failed in Bulgaria that her tear-shedding Czar humbugged the Allies for a whole year and chose his own time for action, without anyone being ready for him? Two amiable aristocrats, the Messrs. Buxton, toured the country repeatedly and repeatedly announced its good intentions and its inclinations towards the Allies: yet

in October, 1915, Bulgaria was in the full tide of war against us. It is quite true that prophets at once predicted that as Bulgaria was the last state to join Germany so she would be the first to betray her. It is quite true that September, 1918, in a sense cancelled September, 1915, but no repentance on Bulgaria's part can atone for the losses to all the Allies which her action in 1915 caused, and for the horrible massacring by her of Serbians and Greeks. She ran amok for three long years and tried to the uttermost—to put it mildly—what Venizelos calls "the incurable sympathy of the British for Bulgaria."

The phrase is not too strong. The reasons for that sympathy are curious and complex; almost all of us share some of them. They are about evenly compounded perhaps of the associations of 1878 and of Mr. Gladstone's campaign about the Bulgarian atrocities and of larger things. Pity is akin to love with all of us, not only with Gladstones. The Bulgarian peasant still has a chromo of Mr. Gladstone on his cottage wall, and we see the peasant as reflected from the Gladstonian features; but there are other reasons more historical and less sentimental.

We all of us felt until the summer of 1917, when the Athenian white book appeared, that Bulgaria had been shamefully treated both by circumstance and by her allies in the first Balkan war, and we fancied that her people were innocent of the second war. We argued, therefore, that she was justified in her intense disappointment with the Treaties of London, Bucharest and Adrianople in 1913; and this sympathy with her lasted for the first three years of the war.

And finally there is a quasi racial sympathy between British and Bulgar. When the Serbian statesman, Myatovich, was in Toronto recently, he referred to this. "I tremble," he said, "for my country. She is the Ireland of the Balkans, but Bulgaria is Scotland." He knew that most of us are humble admirers of the virtues of Scotsmen, of their dour silence, their tenacity, their fighting qualities, their acquisitiveness.

To return to Venizelos; after his second resignation, he supported Zaimis for a few weeks, apparently thinking he might keep his ministry straight. He thought afterwards that nothing could be done further in this direction. The ministry fell, and was followed soon after, in October, by a Skouloudis ministry, the worst ministry that Greece has had since the war began. This ministry called for new elections in December, 1915. The Venizelists abstained at their chief's advice; less than two-fifths of the electors voted (250,000 out of 750,000). Even had the Venizelists not deliberately abstained, they might well have been beaten, for many of them would have abstained involuntarily. They were mobilized and under arms and were forbidden so far as they could be identified to leave their quarters, while supporters of the Government conversely were allowed to leave camp and vote; it was a species of gerrimander.

Under these circumstances, the majority of the two-fifths minority voting went in favour of Skouloudis and he remained in office in the new Parliament, which met in December, 1915, and which practically continued in being until July, 1917.

But Greece was growing suspicious of it. In January, 1916, at some bye-elections, Venizelists carried Kavalla itself, the very district originally most hostile to them because Venizelos had proposed to hand it to Bulgaria.

There was ample reason for these suspicions and for Kavalla's reconciliation with Venizelos. He had proposed to cede it to Bulgaria for a price; the new Government was preparing to surrender it for nothing, or for nothing but vague promises. In May, 1916, the Bulgarian and German representatives in Athens announced that Bulgaria would attack the Greek possessions in Eastern Macedonia, Kavalla and the neighbourhood. Skouloudis acknowledged the receipt of the notice without comment. In May, accordingly, Fort Rupel was attacked and under orders from Athens surrendered without fighting. Some of the garrison escaped to Salonica and joined the Allied armies; the rest were rail-

roaded to Germany via Sofia "as the guests of Germany." That was the Kaiser's pretty and consolatory description of them.

And then for a moment the Allies woke up, and on June 21, 1916, demanded new elections. Skouloudis resigned. Apparently the Allies acted on the general rights given them in 1830 (and acted upon in 1863), to secure constitutional government in Greece; but they might have acted on the same grounds just as well and far better half a year, a year, or even a year and a half earlier, instead of waiting till June, 1916. They might have acted in January, 1915; at any rate and without any scruples in September of that year.

Zaimis came in a second time as Premier of Greece, and Roumania joined the Allies in August, 1916. But the Greek opponents of Venizelos, General Dousmanis, the Chief of Staff, and his supporters, had always said that Greece would act if Roumania acted. Venizelos now took them at their word and gave notice that if Greece did not join the Allies, he would formally raise a revolt.

For the first time there seemed a real chance of the Greek King's conversion; the action of Roumania almost forced his hand. Here was a Hohenzollern king declaring war on Germany, while a Russian-Dane of Greek birth still remained neutral; it seemed an impossible neutrality. Constantine took to his bed again—perhaps to gain time—but he authorized Zaimis to see Venizelos and patch up a peace with him.

But the Kaiser intervened; he telegraphed that within a month he would overrun Roumania. He begged Constantine to hold off Venizelos for that length of time. Constantine agreed, but as a result Salonica revolted at the end of August and declared itself a Provisional Government.

Venizelos did not at once join it; he waited a little longer. On August 27th, 1916, he called a public meeting in Athens which passed a resolution demanding war and appointed twenty-five presons to present it to the King. The King refused to see them.

On September 1st, Venizelos and Admiral Condouriotis withdrew to Crete, and Crete seceded from the King and appointed Venizelos and the Admiral, with a third member to be selected by them, as a triumvirate. They appointed General Danglis to be the third, and moved north to Salonica via the Eastern islands which joined them.

Meanwhile, all chance of a new election had been cut off by the Bulgarians, probably at Constantine's suggestion. They were continuing their invasion of Greek Macedonia, and occupied sixty constituencies or so. The Fort of Kavalla had surrendered to them in August; the city of Kavalla itself surrendered on September 14th, 1916.

And so the very place which Venizelos had been willing to surrender for value received was lost to Greece without any compensation, and guns and munitions were lost also.

The Allies demanded in return the cession of the Greek fleet to them. One ship had already revolted from Constantine and had sailed to Salonica.

Zaimis, failing to bring the King to the policy of war, resigned a second time in this same September, 1916. He was succeeded by Kalogeropoulos and a Government friendly to Germany.

The new Government, after lasting a few weeks, collapsed and was followed by the premiership of Professor Lambros: a very neutral, colourless and academic style of government, but the Greek fleet was surrendered to the Allies.

Further, the Allies demanded, and secured at last, during this same month, the expulsion from Athens of the German ambassador and corruptor-in-ordinary, Baron Schenk, and with him the other representatives of the Central Powers and their allies. They increased also the blockade of the Greek ports and the refusal of coal to Greek ships.

But for some reason they paid a heavy price to the King for these concessions from him. They agreed not to recognize the Venizelist government at Salonica; they helped Venizelos with money and supplies but they did not recognize his government. They went further, too, than this negative action

against him; they refused to allow him to extend his sphere of influence south and west into Thessaly and Epirus and they even forced him to withdraw from Katerini, the city south-west of Salonica. They set up a neutral zone between him and the Greek Royalist troops in Thessaly.

As a result, the Venizelist movement grew very slowly. Its adherents could not reach it, the numbers of its army apparently only reached the figure of some 6,000 men for a long time, and the parts of old Greece which were friendly to him could not act. The island of Cerigo in particular, off the Peloponeese (the ancient Cythera), was forced to dismiss his emissaries. However, the King gained little by that particular stroke of allied complaisance towards him, for Cerigo losing its Venizelist agents, nevertheless refused its support to the King, and set up an autonomous government of its own. And so Greece enjoyed three governments at once, one at Athens, one in Salonica, and a third in little Cerigo.

People asked in Great Britain and in other places why this tenderness for a hostile King? Why this grudging and half-hearted support to a good friend such as was Venizelos?

Mr. H. G. Wells (who must always be in the limelight or perish), started a theory of his own and with it a Republican propaganda in England. He traced England's policy to her monarchical obsessions, and he discerned King George's hand or his mother's hand in the sparing of Constantine. People who take Mr. Wells seriously can believe his theory. There are other explanations for persons more sober. Remember, all this was in the autumn and early winter of 1916, and that the Czar's Government was still in power in Petrograd. It is much more likely that the Russian Government, the marplot which had resisted the sending of a Greek division to Gallipoli when Venizelos suggested it to Constantine in January, 1915 (lest that division should end up in Constantinople, their own peculiar prize), was still against Venizelos, and anxious on general principles to protect the Greek autocrat. It is also certain, unfortunately, that Italy was equally at this

time hostile to Venizelos as the ablest man in Greece and, therefore, the most dangerous for Italy.

It has been the chief misfortune of the Allies—as was to be expected—that they were allies each with special interests of their own. Italy has had its double quarrel with Greece from the outset of the war; that Greece wants the coast of Asia Minor and the islands off it where the population is Greek, but where Italy has occupied, ever since the Turkish war, the twelve islands round Rhodes. She has concessions for railroads on the adjoining mainland. (Cobden, by the way, entertained a pathetic belief that trade would end war. Later economists have sometimes argued that the essence of trade (and of life), is competition, and the essence of competition, war. In any case, those railway concessions off Rhodes, like the Silesian coal fields, are an awkward commentary on Cobden's simple creed.) Further, Greece wants northern Epirus and some parts of southern Albania, where the population is Greek. Greece actually occupied these parts of Epirus in the autumn of 1914, after retiring from them in 1913. Italy has a second time (1913 and 1916), compelled a Greek withdrawal from Epirus. The double collision between Italy and Greece, like the single, but recurrent, collision between Italy and Serbia, has hampered the Allied recognition of Venizelos and of the causes which do not appeal to Italy.

It is too soon even now to foresee what policy Italy will ultimately adopt. She began by being intransigeante, but in the conference in Rome in 1917 she showed signs of reverting to the more generous policy of Mazzini, who had called upon her to recognize all struggling nationalities. Indications much later than 1917 are again unfavourable, yet it is incredible that Italy should tread the path of Hungary and pass from the champion of liberty to the defender of usurpation.

Some Frenchmen have said that Baron Sonnino, as half an Englishman, might naturally be expected to take a high hand and an imperious tone on Italy's behalf. To these fears it would seem to be a sufficient answer that this is an age of the democratic Englishman, not of the old and over-

bearing aristocrat. The modern Englishman's salient characteristics are casual good nature, and an abounding charity. (It is he and his American cousin who, at the moment of writing, are displaying much more tolerance of Bolshevism than the French display.) If Baron Sonnino is affected at all by his English affinities, they should make him more easy going and more generous than otherwise to the claims of Serbia and Greece.

Venizelos was prepared to come to terms with Italy and to wait for a general peace before pressing the Greek claims in Epirus and the Ægean, but for a long time his advances met with little support in Italy; and the land of Mazzini was dominated by that moral abortion and contradiction "*sacro egoismo,*" which even when the "*egoismo*" is national and not individual, is redolent of her earlier alliance with Deutschthum.

And so, during the autumn of 1916, nothing went well. Roumania collapsed and was conquered by the treachery of Russia, who forced her into the war and then deserted her. General Sarrail failed to advance to Roumania's aid from the south, and except for capturing Monastir (through the gallantry of his Serbians), made no progress, and King Constantine and the pro-Germans in Athens became more and more insolent, though Baron Schenk was gone and the fleet had been surrendered.

On December 1st, 1916, the French Admiral in Athens landed troops to impress his views, but apparently he had not counted the cost, or he had counted too much upon the King's assurances that he only wanted a good excuse for surrendering. The troops were only a handful of blue jackets, partly British and partly French. They were attacked by a Royalist mob and forced back to their ships with some loss of life. Their allies, the local Venizelists, suffered heavily, were arrested, maltreated and shot down. Finally, on Christmas day, Venizelos was solemnly excommunicated by the Metropolitan of Athens at a solemn service, as "the man who was an enemy of the King." The Church of Greece, like other state churches at other times, has been terribly Royalist.

The Metropolitan, who called himself a Christian Bishop, celebrated a Pagan service of commination. He cursed a bull's head, and laid the sins of Greece—its sympathy with the Allies—on the bull's head and on Venizelos. Then he deposited a stone of cursing, and everyone else who was present added another stone, and a cairn of stones arose. (But by the next morning the cairn was covered with flowers and through the flowers ran the inscription "To Venizelos, from the Venizelists of Athens.")

It seems that in the Ancient Greece of the Classics these stones or cairns of cursing were usual, while in ancient Egypt the cursing of a bull's head, as a national scapegoat, was not uncommon. The modern Christian Archbishop contrived to surpass pagan Greece and pagan Egypt; he stoned with ancient Greece and he cursed with ancient Egypt.

One of the excuses for this extraordinary and antiquated solecism was a forgery, a forged letter, which the King and his friends asserted had been written on November 7th, 1916, by Venizelos to one General Korakas in Athens. It told the General that the Allies would restore Venizelos to Athens by force, and that certain persons had better, at a convenient season, be put out of the way.

The Allied ambassadors at Athens were as clumsy as usual. They put out a notice—without waiting to hear from Venizelos—that he was *not* going to be restored by them by force. His enemies, of course, promptly accepted the disclaimer, adding that they had known anyhow that Venizelos was lying; it was his way.

Then the Ambassadors heard that the letter was a forgery, and published a second note to say so, and then the anti-Venizelists countered, as might have been expected, with the observation "that really the British Ambassador was too soft and credulous; no one who knew Venizelos had ever expected him to authenticate his criminal letters. Of course he disowned them; it was his way."

Whether the British ambassador was too soft and credulous (after his nation's custom), or not, he was certainly not

too soft and credulous towards Venizelos. It looks as if he did lay himself open to those charges of softness and credulity in his dealings with Constantine.

As for the forgery, it was not only a forgery, but a transparently silly one. Dr. Burrows has set forth all its silliness in "The New Europe." It began, "Mr. Korakas" (in English, that is), not "Dear Mr. Korakas," or "Dear Korakas," or "Dear General," etc., etc. It went on to murder the Greek language, by using ἐπιβουλή, plot, for the much more technical and less easy word, ἐπιβολή, "the imposition" of something. It was vague, obscure, long-winded and turgid, and it ended, like a Canadian student's Greek prose, by confusing the pronouns "thine" and "yours." "Fare thee well, ever yours," it ended: ἀσπάζομαί σε ὁλῶς ὑμέτερος.
The signature which followed was not even a good copy of Venizelos' signature.

But, lest a doubt should remain, the absurd document was written on foolscap, larger than the pages of this magazine, and placed without folding in a huge envelope; whereas, Venizelos, like the rest of us, writes his letters on paper of an ordinary size for letter-writing, and puts them in small envelopes.

The forgers realized their mistake, and no one has ever been able to see the original, but, fortunately, it was first photographed for the benefit of Athens by the Anti-Venizelists, and so published; and the photographs betray it.

Even the patience of the patient Allies was exhausted by all this, by the pagan ceremonies and the forgery. They demanded apologies and received them in January, 1917. They demanded the demobilization of the Greek Royalist army in Thessaly, and the removal of all forces not demobilised to the Peloponeese. They demanded the cession of mountain batteries from Corfu, as a compensation for all the guns surrendered to the Germans in Forts Rupel and Kavalla, and they seized the telegraph and railway systems.

During the next few months these demands were slowly and reluctantly conceded, but bands of Royalist brigands

continued to infest Thessaly and threaten Sarrail's rear, the King, of course, protesting that he could not control his friends. He did not overtax his health in the attempt.

What ultimately did control King and friends both was the Revolution in March, 1917, at Petrograd. With the fall of the Russian monarchy came also the end of Constantine's autocracy.

Whoever had been protecting him—Czar or Italy—protected him no longer. The islands of Zante and Cephalonia revolted, though Venizelos was not there to suborn them, and the Allies did not interfere. They explained, instead, that though they were pledged to isolate Venizelos from Royalist Greece, it was a different matter if Greece, of herself and independently of Venizelos, ceased to be Royalist.

In June, Constantine abdicated and withdrew to Switzerland, and the Lambros government at the same time fell and Zaimis came back for the third time as the safe man suitable for a period of transition.

But Venizelos himself was back in Athens and in power by July, and Greece at last declared war against the Central Powers under a new king, Alexander, one of the sons of Constantine. The Parliament of September, 1915, the last legal Parliament, was recalled and resumed its long interrupted sittings.

Naturally, many of the members of this Parliament protested against Alexander's appointment, and declared for a Republic. Venizelos characteristically still defended monarchy. He is an ingrained Conservative. Had he been born in England instead of Crete, he could not have illustrated more emphatically the instinct which tells Englishmen that a Republic, still more a democratic Republic, is like a woman, a very delicate and sensitive organism, and much in need of a good veil against the world's sleet and wind and rain, and that it is worth paying a good price for the veil. Constitutional monarchy is such a veil, and protects its emotional, nervous and susceptible wearer—and democracies are as emotional as the most womanly woman—against the worst

perils of politics, the mad ambitions of three reckless suitors —the demagogue, the millionaire, and the soldier.

At any rate, whatever exactly was Venizelos' instinct in this matter he argued that monarchy was the safest form of government for Greeks and might even now be given one more chance.

He showed the same conservatism by refusing to admit the members from northern Epirus to the Greek Parliament.

"Greece," he said, "has had no constitutional claim to northern Epirus; her claim has rested on race and occupation. Now that our occupation of it has ceased, part of our claim drops. We must wait for the end of the war and the general treaty of peace; then we may hope to recover from Europe and Italy a district which is Greek and not Italian, and which does not involve Albania as a whole, nor threaten the Italian control of Avlona and the Adriatic."

Nothing can shake the man's instinctive moderation and conservatism, neither cold shoulders from Great Britain and France, open jealousies from Russia and Italy, nor cursings and cairns from his own countrymen.

He started at once a new mobilization of the Greek army. The numbers of Greek soldiers at Salonica were estimated at 40,000 in May, 1917; by July they were not less than 60,000, and by June of last year, 1918, they probably were near three hundred thousand. We used to hear all last summer of the approaching descent of Mackensen to sweep them into the sea; nothing came of it; there was no descent. Even before this, they had already distinguished themselves in January of last year, as in 1912 and 1913, by good fighting against the traditional enemy, the Bulgarian. In the great crisis of last September, they stood side by side with the soldiers of Great Britain, and if they could not directly and immediately drive the Bulgars from their inaccessible lines upon the heights between the Strymon and the Vardar, at least, with the British army, they held the Bulgarian left wing pinned to the mountain walls, and enabled the French

and Serbians away to the west to break through and roll up the whole Bulgarian line and end the war in the mid-east.

As for Constantine, he waits in Switzerland. Long may he wait and enjoy the scenery and climate of the Alps, and learn to forget the land of ancient glory which has never sunk quite so low in the estimation of the world as under his kingship; which has never before seemed to verify so emphatically the old scoffs of the Romans and the classical scholars, about the meanness, unmanliness and low cunning of the politicians of Greece, for all the national cleverness, or rather on account of the national cleverness. Greece could well afford to exchange a large measure of its cleverness for a little more will and courage and honesty, for a tithe, in short, of the qualities which have endeared Venizelos to the friends of Greece, and have—through Venizelos—redeemed the name of Greece.

Venizelos—the Allies to-day can hardly doubt it—is the greatest of Greek statesmen since the death of Pericles.

What has become of his political enemies, I hardly know. Gounaris was, I think, arrested the other day in Athens; Skouloudis and General Dousmanis are under surveillance, I believe, in Corsica; he has a free hand at last.

Venizelos is statesman rather than orator, but some of his phrases deserve mention, and have been quoted not seldom. When he was asked to betray Serbia and the Serbian Treaty of Alliance, he objected caustically and pungently, "Greece is not strong enough to be treacherous. Only a strong nation can afford treachery; a weak nation has to be honest." And again, "What is the prayer of Greece? Is it to be, 'O Lord, grant us to live through to-day somehow, and for to-morrow, in God we trust.'" Demosthenes would have appreciated that sarcasm at Greek slackness, ῥαθυμία. Yet a third aphorism, "You do not push a nation into war by a strong policy; you do push her in by wavering;" and finally, "The pledges of Greece and the constitution of Greece have become a worthless rag, such as International treaties now seem to be in some people's hands."

To-day the worst for Greece is over. The man who made of International Treaties a worthless rag is an exile in danger of trial. Venizelos is at work in Paris pleading the claims of Greece to Epirus, to the Dodekaneese, to Smyrna and the Asia Minor coast, conceivably even, if the United States are unwilling to shoulder their share of the Allies' responsibility for the old Turkish Empire, to Constantinople itself; and our own Empire, which was threatened with prompt extinction in 1914 if it joined France, and with deferred death at the hands of the one-eyed giant, if it did *not* join France, Ἄγγλιν ἐγὼ πυμάτην ἕδομαι μετὰ οἷς ἑτάροισιν said the German Polyphemus then—has issued at last, like Odysseus after countless agonies safe from the cave; and only the incoherent complaints and uncouth bellowings of the blinded monster now assail our ears.

MAURICE HUTTON

AGRICULTURAL REORGANIZATION

IN consequence of the devastating influences resulting from the war Canada has learned that the vital interests of the country are largely dependent upon the most complete development of the agricultural industry, and that to secure such development there must be a reorganization of interests designed for the promotion of agriculture.

That Canada's future economic and financial strength depends, in no small measure, upon agricultural development is abundantly evident from a comparison of the values of exports, for the past three years, in agricultural produce and in manufactures:—

Canadian exports	*1916*	*1917*	*1918*
Agricultural produce	496,897,497	608,501,176	591,891,098
Manufactures.....	377,138,502	678,318,994	569,311,437

The figures are most suggestive of the relative value of the agricultural industry of the country, particularly in view of the fact that a considerable portion of the manufactures exported consisted of war material. The future development of the agricultural industry has become so important a problem that the Federal Minister of Finance has been led to say: "With regard to our agricultural production (including animal products) which last year enabled us, after satisfying our domestic requirements, to export products to the value of over seven hundred million dollars, the outlook would seem to be most hopeful and encouraging. With the end of the war there will be the increased demand for food for enemy populations numbering hundreds of millions of people, large numbers of whom will be in a condition of starvation and whose demoralized agriculture cannot be speedily restored. There would seem to be no reason to apprehend any failure of markets for all the food that Canada can produce. Our

grain, livestock and their products with those of our fisheries, should all be in keen demand at high prices. *The policy would seem to be as during the war to increase to the utmost our agricultural and livestock production.* We have the land and a highly skilled agricultural community. The slogan in this department of our national activity should be the same as during the war. Production, production and again production. *Increase in our agricultural production will not only help to furnish food to a hungry Europe, but will be a chief factor in maintaining our favourable international trade balance as well.*" Such is the opinion of Canada's Finance Minister who believes that finance is, in reality, a matter of food.

The question naturally arises then as to whether the agricultural interests of the country are so organized that the maximum development of the industry can be expected. By exposing some of the weak features of the present agricultural policy, which are responsible for duplication of effort, overlapping of interests and a needless extravagance in public expenditure, the writer hopes to make it clear that a reorganization of the agricultural interests is imperative.

The Federal and Provincial Departments of Agriculture, the agricultural colleges and experimental farms, in their respective spheres, have accomplished notable results in the betterment of agricultural conditions. These results have been largely instrumental in the remarkable progress achieved in the development of Canada's agriculture; progress achieved, however, not through efficient organization but in spite of the lack of it. Among the institutions named above there has always existed a sordid lack of co-ordination and co-operation with the result that Canada has never had a well organized national food production policy.

The Federal Department of Agriculture.

One of the chief obstacles in the development of progressive national agricultural policy lies in the nature of the organization of the Federal Department of Agriculture. The department comprises the following branches:—

I. Experimental Farms:
   (a) Central Farm, Ottawa.
   (b) Branch Farms and Stations (eighteen).
   (c) Substations (seven).

II. Dairy and Fruit:
   1. Dairy.
   2. Extension of Markets.
   3. Fruit.
   4. Cold Storage.

III. Live Stock.

IV. Health of Animals:
   1. Contagious Diseases.
   2. Quarantine.
   3. Research.
   4. Meat and Canned Foods.

V. Seed:
   1. Seed Testing.
   2. Seed Inspection.

VI. Publications.

VII. International Agricultural Institute.

VIII. Exhibition.

The nature of the development of the Department and the origin of a number of the Branches is most suggestive that there never was established a clear-cut policy but that one thing after another *just happened*, with the result that many of the Branches overlap in their interests. In making the statement that conflicting interests exist among several of the Branches of the Department it is to be distinctly understood that this is not a criticism of the personnel of the various Branches but is a criticism of the loose character of the organization as a whole. For some time it has been obvious to the public that the work of the Experimental Farms Branch is not always in harmony with the work of some of the other Branches. Then again, just why the dairy and horticultural interests are combined in one Branch is not easy to

understand. The Extension of Markets Division of the Dairy and Fruit Branch must have considerable concern over the marketing interests of the Live Stock Branch. These few examples of the lack of proper and efficient organization are sufficient to point to the necessity of reorganization.

When the Mosely Educational Commission of England visited the United States in 1903, Professor H. E. Armstrong, one of its members, reported as follows: "The most striking illustrations of American organizing ability are to be met with at Washington. So far as I am aware, there is nothing anywhere to compare with the way in which science is being utilized in the service of the State by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, which is located at the capital." A comparison of the organization of the Canadian Department of Agriculture with that of the United States Department of Agriculture serves to emphasize the weak features of the former. Reference to the United States is not made with a view of extolling results secured in agricultural effort, but simply to show that the United States has an efficient administrative organization, which is more than can be said of Canada. The U.S. Department of Agriculture comprises the following Branches:—

I. Office of the Secretary.
II. The Weather Bureau.
III. Bureau of Animal Industry.
IV. Bureau of Plant Industry.
V. Bureau of Forestry.
VI. Bureau of Chemistry.
VII. Bureau of Soils.
VIII. Bureau of Statistics.
IX. Division of Entomology.
X. Division of Biological Survey.
XI. Division of Accounts and Disbursements.
XII. Division of Publications.
XIII. Office of Experimental Stations.
XIV. Office of Public Road Inquiries.
XV. Library.

Surely the urgency of the maximum development of the Canadian agricultural industry demands the reorganization of the Federal Department of Agriculture, since it is responsible, to a considerable extent, in shaping the national policy.

Federal and Provincial Interests

There is a lamentable lack of co-ordination of interests between the Federal Department of Agriculture on the one hand and the respective Provincial Departments of Agriculture on the other. Perhaps this is best evidenced in the development of the marketing system, although the same feature prevails in many other lines of activity. Practically all the provinces have incorporated co-operative enterprises of long standing. When the Poultry Division of the Live Stock Branch of the Federal Department began conducting an active campaign of co-operative marketing of eggs naturally there developed misunderstanding between that body and the Co-operation and Markets Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture in respect to the organization of egg circles in Ontario. In Alberta the Provincial Department of Agriculture and the Federal Department of Agriculture are separately extending their interests with respect to the marketing of eggs. The above cases are cited merely as examples of the overlapping of interests between the Federal and each Provincial Department of Agriculture; there is a certain amount of overlapping of interests in respect to nearly every line of agricultural work.

What is needed is a well defined policy for the Federal Department and the complete co-ordination of its work with that of the Provinces. While it is not in the province of this paper to suggest the limitations of the activities of the Federal Department of Agriculture, nevertheless, it is quite clear that its chief work is fundamentally of an administrative character which should assume a definite policy in its relation to the Provinces and to the Dominion as a whole. The administrative interests of the Federal Department should be co-ordinated

with the administrative interests of the Provincial Departments. Much could be accomplished through mutually co-ordinated effort, although it is not to be expected that friction, jealousy and misunderstanding would be eliminated completely. Under present circumstances it is probable that the initiative in any reorganization of activities will be instituted by the Federal Department, and therein lies the danger of certain provincial interests being sacrificed to Federal tendencies.

Inefficient Provincial Policies.

What has been said with reference to the organization of the Federal Department may be applied with equal force to certain Provincial Departments. Without a well organized Provincial Department the provincial policy cannot be efficient. Naturally each Province has its own problems, but the principles involved in different Provinces are frequently so similar that it is most desirable that the Provincial Departments should each learn from the other.

In regard to agricultural educational work in the provinces, there never has been a proper understanding between the Provincial Departments of Agriculture and the agricultural colleges. The nearest approach to an understanding, as far as I am aware, exists in British Columbia, where a statement has been published as to the future interests of the B.C. Department of Agriculture and the Agricultural College respectively. This understanding, however, is in writing only and really awaits the practical test.

The policy of the agricultural colleges is also open to criticism. In this field it is most unfortunate that it is the exception rather than the rule that ideas are exchanged. The staff members of one college are almost totally ignorant of the educational problems of sister colleges, although they all have many common problems in the solution of which united effort would make for the greatest progress in agricultural educational work. In a sense the colleges have been too

narrow and thus have not fulfilled their complete duty. Under existing conditions there is practically no co-operation whatever among the colleges, whereas the whole field of agricultural education should be attacked by the colleges as a unit.

The ultimate purpose of the agricultural college and experiment station is to increase the production of crops, livestock and other food products by farmers through the most efficient utilization of land and labour. The recent and continuous emergency has forced home as nothing else could the great importance to national welfare of education and research in agriculture. In this connection, however, there is an undesirable feature in the relationship between the agricultural college and the experiment station. The Experimental Farms System of the Federal Department consists of the Central Farm at Ottawa, eighteen Branch Farms and Stations and seven Substations. There are eight Provincial Agricultural Colleges, exclusive of Macdonald College, and three Provincial Schools of Agriculture in Alberta. From a purely educational standpoint the existence of the experiment station as a branch of the college, as in the United States, is a distinct advantage over the Canadian system where the experiment stations are directly under the control of the Federal Department and are most distantly related to the colleges.

Agricultural education in the main consists of research, extension and teaching, the extension work constituting the connecting link between the college and the station. I have just referred to the unfortunate circumstance of the complete separation of the experiment stations from the colleges with the consequent result that there never has been a well-organized policy relating to the dissemination of information. For a long time my impression has been that the experiment stations have been doing almost as much extension work as experimental or research work. Up to the present it is difficult to get a clear idea from the character of the publications of the stations as to what the field of the station was

conceived to be and how its work is differentiated, in some respects, from that of the college, A condition which has undoubtedly injured the scientific standing of experiment station publications has been the publishing of information not related to work done by the station or properly in the field of station work. In the report of the last convention of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations there is a suggestion by the Committee on Experiment Station Organization and Policy to the effect that "In the judgement of this committee, the stations ought frankly to accept the fact that their present field and functions are agricultural investigation and experiment—the discovering and verifying of exact information pertaining to agricultural science and practice, and this view ought to be clearly reflected in their publications." Waugh in *The Agricultural College* says that "the distinction between extension service bulletins and experiment station bulletins ought to be perfectly clear." Pearl, late of the Maine Experiment Station and one of the foremost experimentalists of the United States, has declared recently, "I have felt very strongly ever since I entered upon experiment station work some ten years ago, that the function of the experiment station is, or should be, simply and solely scientific research on the basic problems of agriculture. That is its fundamental purpose and object, as I understand it, and I believe that the same general principle holds as true in time of war and during this great emergency as at any other time." To me it seems apparent that Canadian experimentalists are not sufficiently imbued with this spirit, and if they ever are then the work of the experiment station will be of a higher grade and will be confined to experimental and research work and the nature of the publications will be in keeping with investigational results accomplished.

Teaching in preparation for extension service is a particular field in which the colleges are fairly well equipped. Because of the great importance of extension work in the improvements of farming operations and the extent to which

this work can be developed it is not to be thought that any college will neglect such an important function.

The need of special training for the men who conduct the experimental and research work of the experiment stations is very apparent. The colleges have been relied upon by the stations to supply the necessary men and the requisite training, but the courses of study in the colleges do not supply the whole need. The courses supply a general knowledge of theory and practice but do not give opportunity for contact or experience with research. Men who are preparing for an experimental or research career need such training as will give them an understanding of the real meaning of science. Something should be done, therefore, to permit of co-operation between the colleges and stations in providing the requisite courses needed for the best results in graduate study.

Steps in Reorganization

In order to promote the most complete co-ordination of effort in the establishment of a national system of agricultural education there should be formed an Association of Canadian Agricultural Colleges, and better still, if such were possible, an Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Farms. Through such an association the public, the farmers particularly, could be properly advised of the condition of the Colleges and Farms and of their potency and promise. Through such an Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Farms agricultural problems of national importance could be studied from the national viewpoint. Such an association would provide for the co-ordination of activities upon an authoritative, comprehensive plan of operations.

In conclusion, it is to be hoped that steps will be taken toward the development of a national agricultural production policy. Although I have but hinted at some of the problems of policy involved, I hope I have made it clear that the Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations should participate more fully in the organization of Canadian agriculture and

country life. It is my opinion that these institutions should assume the whole field of food supply, distribution and conservation in so far as it relates to instructional, investigational and experimental work. There should be a sound distinction between the control functions of the administrative departments of agriculture and the educational and investigational functions of the colleges and stations. In order to establish this sound distinction it might be well if there could be established a national commission on agricultural education, which could assist in defining the functions of the various agencies for the promotion of agriculture and their relationships one to another. It is evident, at least, that something must be done in the way of a reorganization of agricultural interests if the agricultural industry is to be of the greatest service to the country.

M. A. JULL

JOHN COWPER POWYS

A MOSES has arisen to lead us through the wilderness of modern literature. Since the death of Oscar Wilde there has not been an inspired critic of English literature, and now comes one greater than that "Uranian baby," indeed the greatest literary critic that has written in English. Fired with genius, endowed with clairvoyant understanding, purified by Hellenism, united to us by the bond of the flesh, John Cowper Powys might well be said to be a reincarnation of Orpheus. To lay down his books is to reopen the old question as to whether the appearance of a supreme genius is the result of the desperate need of the age for just such a leader.

The need of him was never greater. The mere bulk of Victorian literature is appalling, and before it is a quarter digested we are choked with the result of the most prolific twenty years that literature has ever seen. This superfluity of talent has given rise to endless schools. There is the new Irish element gathering for preservation around Yeats, Synge and A. E., the hordes around the banner of the new Realism almost frighten one by their numbers, and even Mysticism—of all things—is as clearly defined as the work of the pre-Raphaelites in painting. When even catholicity of taste has become a cult it is high time that Orpheus, Pan, and Apollo should send a messenger to re-affirm the high and holy uses of the word.

It is not altogether the dullness and dreariness of our Saintsburys that is alarming. There is more to fear from the hopeless inadequacy of their method. To study literature as one would study geography has become a Herculean task utterly beyond the capacity of any human brain in the allotted three score years and ten. No, we could not have and did not want a meticulous judge to weigh, to measure, and to pass final sentence. What the world needed was a High

Priest of Literature, one who would again vitalize the ritual with the holy unction of a high sacrament; and this High Priest we have in John Cowper Powys. With his uncanny precision he calls his first work "a book of literary devotions."

And what is his method, this omniscient critic who has come to regenerate us? In a word this: casting aside the acid of sarcasm and the sword of logic he comes to his task with only a mighty enthusiasm. He has all the boisterousness and yearning and delicacy of a youth in a first passionate love experience. That is it. His critical essays are love letters, and who does not know that a love letter is but the desire to express the reflection of the beloved? First giving himself ardently to the subject of his study he comes back, all aquiver with emotion, to give us the "psychic residuum" of his passion. This method is so apparent that it hardly needs his explanation. "It is impossible to respond to a great genius halfway. It is a case of all or nothing. If you lack the courage, or the variability, to go *all the way* with very different masters, and to let your constructive consistency take care of itself, you may become perhaps an admirable moralist, you will never become a clairvoyant critic."

Perhaps the essence of genius is the spirit of youth. Certainly to carry over the years in all its freshness the first rapture of contact with a great poet, and then to reproduce it with a vividness and strength and skill that betokens maturity, certainly this is genius, and unique in the history of criticism. But cannot any fool rave in extravagant language over a book or an author? If you are asking yourself this question it is plain that explanations are in order.

John Cowper Powys, of what degrees he has I know nothing and care less, has been staff lecturer for Oxford University extension delegacy; he has held posts in the Education department of the Free City of Hamburg, in Dresden and Leipzig, and he is now an outstanding figure in the University Lecturers Association, New York. My academic readers will now breathe easily. He cannot be very young and he must have a modicum of scholarship.

In 1915 he published "Visions and Revisions" containing the following essays: Preface, Rabelais, Dante, Shakespeare, El Greco, Milton, Charles Lamb, Dickens, Goethe, Matthew Arnold, Shelly, Keats, Nietzsche, Thomas Hardy, Walter Pater, Dostoievsky, Edgar Allan Poe, Walt Whitman, Conclusion. In 1916 he published "Suspended Judgments" containing the following essays: The Art of Discrimination, Montaigne, Pascal, Voltaire, Rousseau, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Guy de Maupassant, Anatole France, Paul Verlaine, Remy de Gourmont, William Blake, Byron, Emily Brontë, Joseph Conrad, Henry James, Oscar Wilde, Suspended Judgment. Just a word here for book lovers only. These two volumes will give physical pleasure. The type is large and clear and the depth of margin positively luxurious. Special thanks are due to Mr. G. Arnold Shaw for seeing that the mechanical detail is in every way fitting to the matter contained.

Besides the works mentioned John Cowper Powys published a volume of poetry in 1914 and has added two novels in 1917 and 1918. He is also the author of a text book on reading called "One Hundred Best Books." The contents of these four you may discover for yourselves.

Apart from the matter of his essays the style of John Cowper Powys is a thing of note and a joy forever. Style—what nonsense has been written about it by ponderous pedagogues! Style is the grammatical expression of the personality. That is why one turns wearily away from the dead levels of the so-called stylists to the style of Walt Whitman. When you have felt the thrill of

> " Who touches this book touches a man,"

you have given conscious recognition to the style of Whitman. When you have drunk in page after page of John Cowper Powys to the point of intoxication you realize that by the alchemy of genius he has transmuted paper and you hold in your hands the lovely, living, fiery soul of the author. This wealth of personality coupled with that eerie perception of his leads him in "Conclusion" into this Whitmanesque utterance.

"We have been together, you who read this—and to you, whoever you are, whether pleased or angry, I make a comrade's signal. Who knows? We might be the very ones to understand each other, if we met! We have been together, in the shadow of the presences that make life tolerable, and now we must draw our conclusion and go our way."

I think with amusement of what a high school teacher would do to an essay submitted by Mr. Powys. He obeys the higher rules of grammar and his composition would be sadly pruned by the little man marking it. Why he is verbose! He piles word on word and figure on figure, and the thing rolls on like a sonorous organ. To read him aloud, to mouth over and taste this luscious verbiage, is to partake of a feast. The luxuriance of vowels and liquid consonants makes one wonder whether Mr. Powys is not a musician, a singer. That sense for the mellow sounding word is unerring; some of his longer crescendos remind one strangely of Milton. One really has to go far to find comparisons for his language. I think he learned from Rabelais what force can be packed into a group of words, but as his verbal pile driver descends there intervenes his Hellenism like a shock-absorber. The piston strikes, the pile is driven home, but there is no jar. It is wonderful, that perfectly controlled force.

Two faults would be recorded against him by the teacher of composition. He has no sense of proportion. Some paragraphs are big and some little. One paragraph contains but five words. I know of a sentence with three words, a conjunction, a preposition, and a noun. Is it not scandalous? That paragraph contains a priceless idea, but that would have been no factor in my school days. Then his sentences are too long. Why, I have counted one hundred and thirty-seven words in one of them and am sure I did not get the most horrible example—one hundred and thirty-seven words flowing with the continuity, clearness and grace of a mountain stream. And lastly, oh most terrible of all, I never read so many adjectives and adverbs in all my life. The board of studies is right. Let placid Stevenson continue to be the model, for

I can imagine nothing more cataclysmic in a literary way than for a novice to attempt to imitate the style of John Cowper Powys. But in the hands of a master—the master—how refreshing is this disregard for all the little theories of pretty prose.

Another structural characteristic is his directness of aim. The opening paragraph of each essay is a shot which enters the very middle of the target. No preliminaries, no bows to the gallery. Apparently the bomb would go off in his head unless thrown in the opening second. Here is the opening of "Keats":

"It is well that there should be at least one poet of beauty—of beauty alone—of beauty and naught else. It is well that one should dare to follow that terrible goddess even to the bitter end. That pitiless marble altar has its victims, as the other altars. The 'white implacable Aphrodite' cries aloud for blood—for the blood of our dearest affections; for the blood of our most cherished hopes; for the blood of our integrity and faith; for the blood of our reason. She drugs us, blinds us, tortures us, maddens us, and slays us—yet we follow her—to the bitter end."

Now comes our modern Polonius asking "what is the matter?" With the Dane I would fain answer "Between who?" But the literal fool would come back with "I mean the matter that you read, my Lord," and with Hamlet I should be forced to lay evasion aside and say, "Slanders, sir. This satirical rogue says here"—

"An age which breeds a world of uninteresting people whose only purpose in life is working for their living is condemned on the face of it."

And of Oscar Wilde he says, not in excuse but in praise, "From the Narcissus flowers growing on the marble ledges of Parnassus, where Apollo still weeps for the death of Hyacinth and Pan still mourns for the vanishing of Syrinx, to the passion flowers growing on the slopes of Calvary, he, this lover of eidola and images, worships the white feet of the bearers of dead beauty, and finds in the tears of all the lovers

of all the lost a revivifying rain that even in the midst of the dust of our degeneracy makes bloom once more, full of freshness and promise, the mystical red rose of the world's desire."

John Cowper Powys is a lyric poet writing literary criticism, and new terminology must be found by which to relate him to other writers. One thing, however, I know; the shibboleth of "constructive criticism" must be thrown overboard before one can understand his "comrade's signal." We have worshipped this meaningless ticket, this word, this shadow, mistaking it for substance; our worship is vain. For every construction contains the seeds of dissolution and every tumbling ruin inspires anew the architect. To destroy the temple is to build it again in three days. Look within what is called constructive and you will see a mighty engine of destruction. As Whitman says:

> "There was never any more inception than there is now,
> Nor any more youth or age than there is now;
> And will never be any more perfection than there is now,
> Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now."

So when my friend glibly said of Mr. Powys "constructive criticism," I looked at him sadly.

John Cowper Powys is an Englishman, but not of the roast-beef variety that Mr. Chesterton loves to tell us Browning was. Mr. Powys has in him a predominating Latin strain. The witchery of moon-lit shadow-checkered lawns fascinates him. His delicious, delirious abandon, his repeated use of the adjective Dionysiac and his contempt for moralists are alien to the normal English mind. It is significant that he uses such a proportion of Latin words that one is pleasantly reminded of Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Powys in making himself free with the King's English does not lay himself open to the charge of obscurity commonly laid against the learned writer who writes for the educated. His sentences are elongated but perfectly clear and straightforward. Above all he does not, like Pater, lead us into a labyrinth of classical allusion, until in desperation we reach for Bullfinch or put "Marius" back on the shelf. His

vocabulary is fat and luscious and delicately flexible, his diction almost Euphuistic, but he has never contracted the pedantic habit of working in strange and obsolete words to impress the reader.

To read John Cowper Powys is to acquire, instanter, a love for every man to whom he devotes an essay. I have seen his "Matthew Arnold" overcome a lifelong prejudice. There is ample reason for his title "and Revisions."

Imagine the exceeding mellowness of Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" and the eager enthusiasm of a more spacious and euphonious Hazlitt added to the grasp of a slightly reduced George Saintsbury, and if your intellect survives the ordeal you will have a composite photograph that will resemble John Cowper Powys as much as a modern photograph resembles the subject. But do not mistake me. Mr. Powys is not only an arresting but also an original figure. Lacking the complacent sneer of Mr. Chesterton he is yet capable of all the latter's wealth of satire against industrialism and efficiency. One is reminded in some of his remarks about Dostoievsky of Ruskin's "smoking tea-kettle" and the great English "Goddess of Getting-on."

"He is the best possible antidote for the peculiar and paralyzing fatalism of our time, a fatalism which makes so much of 'environment' and so little of 'character,' and which tends to endow mere worldly and material success with a sort of divine prerogative. A generation that allows itself to be even *interested* in such types as the 'strong' efficient craftsmen of modern industry and finance is a generation that can well afford a few moral shocks at the hands of Dostoievsky's 'degenerates.'"

Mr. Powys is essentially a poet and never breaks that spiritual umbilical cord uniting him to his mother muse. Perhaps he has done his greatest critical work because it was so necessary and in obedience to some occult command from her who conceived and sent him. True to his individuality, he writes best, so I feel, about the great poets. To choose among his essays is like asking a man with no

knowledge of the intrinsic value of precious stones to choose between diamonds, pearls, opals and rubies. So probably I am prompted by my own love of poetry to place among his best essays those on Matthew Arnold, William Blake, Milton, Keats, Paul Verlaine and Walt Whitman. The essay on Byron makes one wish that nothing else had ever been said on the subject. Or it may be I like these best because in them verbal grottos are more frequent and more bewitching. What could be more delicate, and at the same time truer criticism than this single paragraph from "Matthew Arnold"?

"There is a large and noble calm about the poetry of this writer which has the effect upon one of the falling of cool water into a dark, fern-fringed cave. He strips away lightly, delicately, gently, all the trappings of our feverish worldliness, our vanity and ambition, and lifts open, at one touch, the great moon-bathed windows that look out upon the line of white foam—and the patient sands."

No bald statement of critical dogma with its catchwords could convey to the mind the eternal essence of Paul Verlaine as does this random sentence out of his twenty-five page essay. "Like a leaf whirling down from one of those tremulous poplar-trees that hang over the Seine between the Pont Neuf and the Quai Voltaire—whirling lightly and softly down, till it touches the flowing water and is borne away —each of these delicate filmy verses of his falls upon our consciousness; draws up from the depths its strange indescribable response; and is lost in the shadows."

Nor are his utterances all floral tributes laid on the graves of his beloved dead. On the next page, in all its bareness, is the great threat of the artist.

"Wherever the spirit of Art finds itself misunderstood, mistrusted, disavowed, disinherited; driven into the taverns by the stupidity of those who dwell in 'homes,' and into the arms of the submerged by the coldness and heartlessness of those who walk prosperously on the surface; the figure of this fantastic child, this satyr-saint with the Socratic forehead,

this tearful mummer among the armies of the outcasts, will rise up and write his prophecy on the wall.

"For the kingdom of art is as the kingdom of heaven. The clever ones, the wise ones, the shrewd ones, the ones that make themselves friends with Mammon, and build themselves houses of pleasure for their habitation, shall pass away and be forgotten forever."

How the huge "Gargantuan Laughter" booms and echoes through his "Rabelais" and the uncaught secret of the sea allures and ever eludes in those opening pages on "Conrad." He goes from Milton to Anatole France, and in each case the soul of the subject is momentarily imprisoned and incarnated in the inscribing hand of John Cowper Powys.

His religion, his philosophy, his "stand," ah, that is so hard to tell about. Arnold Bennett says of Swinburne, "he never connected art with any form of morals that the British public could understand." So John Cowper Powys' critical art is something outside the ken of the normal Anglo-Saxon. I think he is "a Christian of the faith of Rabelais," which being interpreted means an unmitigated heathen. His ritual is surely an astral revel with Pan and Dian. He plaits wreaths for Apollo while he sings of the "sublime and imaginative figure of Christ."

Well, to march manfully to the work of revealing not his heterodoxy but his downright paganism. I will have to take you back to Oscar Wilde's attitude to the Christ. For Wilde the Christ legend was the greatest of the myths, the most beautiful and satisfying artistic creation that the world has seen. James Branch Cabell in "The Cream of the Jest" does the thing better by converting Felix Kennaston into a vestryman in the firm belief that only a Divine Mind could have conceived the tragedy of a Creator walking unrecognized among his own puppets. With tender, reverent blasphemy Powys impliedly assigns to Christ the position of the quintessence of Art.

Now that the believers have him lodged safely in the Inferno we may go on and consider his moral and philoso-

phical "stand." Again I speak in parables. Lord Dunsany has a gem called "The Sorrow of Search" in which the seekers for truth trudge on down the long road. By the side of the road are many temples and at the door of each is a priest crying "This is the End." Some turn in at one temple and some at another. John Cowper Powys neither wearies his feet on the road nor seeks the false shelter of a temple, but lies happily on the grass by the roadside wondering about the great unproved hypothesis of a hereafter, and communes directly with the eternal gods. For be it ever remembered above all things that while untroubled by Hell and unallured by Heaven he is ever conscious of the forces behind the veil. When he talks of "the things beyond memories" and "the life stream that surrounds us" he is as conscious as we are that he has been thrown on our bleak shores by a great spiritual tide, which at its ebb will carry him again out into the undreamed ocean of Being.

In praise of Powys I am not afraid to outadjective Powys. Far better ground in the shallows of Euphuism than leave this man unacclaimed.

Mr. Powys will never be on the curriculum of any Canadian university in our generation. Any man who talks about "Browning's fourth-rate Protestantism" must stay outside the sacred walls. To slash desperately at Puritanism and Philistinism is to alienate the affections of pious professors. It is right and just that he should be barred. His salutary and frank avowal that art has nothing to do with morals is perhaps strong meat for babes.

"When I encounter a catholic and impassioned lover of books—of many books and many authors—I know two things about him—I know that he is the opposite of a moralist and I know that he is free from any maniacal vice. I might go farther and say that I know he has a rooted hatred of moralists and a tolerant curiosity about every other form of human aberration."

And yet, and yet—one turns to him so gladly from such cautious moralists as Professor Stuart P. Sherman "On

Contemporary Literature." Mr. H. L. Mencken has wit and wide knowledge but he lacks the great heart, the spiritual rapport. Arnold Bennett in "Books and Persons" does good work. I shall never forget "the exceeding strangeness of a poet like Swinburne in a place like England." But Bennett has chosen to be a popular novelist and probably he could never quite rid himself of the dreariness of the Five Towns. Oscar Wilde with his "half-truths" and Mr. Chesterton with his "inverted half-truths," do not, in the last analysis, satisfy. Walter Pater was so shy that he never learned our language and insists on talking over our heads. Hazlitt is charming but lacks catholicity, and I fear that Matthew Arnold could not have caught the spirit of Conrad. In beauty of diction there is little to choose between Coleridge and Spinoza. Stevenson's curious envenomed attack on poor dead Villon is alone sufficient to expel him from the class of great critics. James Elroy Flecker showed rare insight into his own craft when he wrote, "It is not the poet's business to save man's soul but to make it worth saving," but he died leaving no substantial body of literary criticism. Clement Shorter, Lionel Johnson, George Saintsbury, Edward Dowden, Churton Collins, Walter Raleigh and the rest. Let us economize on ammunition and like Baron Munchhausen line up our birds and put a single shot through the row of heads, even if the bullet is only an imitation pearl. They are earnest well-instructed students of literature, not inspired critics.

Who but John Cowper Powys has or ever did have the large humour to draw that subtle distinction between "the marching breast forward of Mrs. Browning's energetic husband and the taking to the open road of Whitman!" He has dealt largely, beautifully, adequately with thirty-three writers, a fine and permanent contribution to English literary criticism, the best thing of its kind in the language. Will he go on? With his "wholesome dread of cynicism and flippancy" he is just the man to complete a series of say three hundred such essays. Free from the idiosyncrasies of Mon-

taigne, washed clean in the Hellenic fount, Powys can give us, if he will, a body of literary criticism superior to that of that great Frenchman, even perhaps superior—who knows? to the work of Sainte-Beuve.

Whether or not he completes the cycle he will at least have done us signal service in setting up a new standard of criticism, founded on the eternal verities and ornamented with the skill of an imaginative poet. The tremendous need of him is shown by the fact that he first published "Visions and Revisions" in the first year of the war and in three years four editions have been exhausted. This is the more remarkable because of his necessarily restricted audience. He will be an offence to all upholders of the industrial system, to all bolsterers up of the social order. His contempt for the workers is only less than his contempt for their rulers. Then I can imagine a minister reading as far as that wonderful portrait of Nietzsche as the re-born Christ, and fainting dead away before he had time even to burn the book. Professors will be mildly insulted at his off-hand references to them and outraged over the brotherly hand he extends to Jean Jacques Rousseau. The unlettered mob will read him no more than they read Swinburne. No one in fact except lovers of art and literature, as such, will respond readily to him. His popularity therefore shows that to-day on this continent there is a decided minority distinguishable from "those who, in their utter inability to become as little children, are as completely shut out of the kingdom of art as they are from the kingdom of Heaven."

William Arthur Deacon

THE FIELD TELEPHONE SPEAKS

SEEN in daylight Watling Street was not a thing of beauty; was, indeed, emphatically all that a properly constructed communication trench should not be. It lagged far behind the regulation dimensions for such things, in respect of both breadth and depth. Perhaps it had never been built to conform to them; or perhaps again it was, but had been almost immediately battered out of every likeness to its original plan by the German artillery.

Certainly it bore no resemblance to the broad spacious Roman highway, from which presumably it derived its name, save that it too had been constructed as a passageway for troops. In this very similarity of function, indeed, lay the greatest incongruity between the two; an incongruity best expressed by saying that whereas the original, after the lapse of centuries, could still sustain the stately march of the legions, the more hasty construction of a later war had become, within a month of its completion, an object of malediction to every unfortunate working party that had painfully to make their way along in it single file. Even the telephone wire had been lifted out of the trench to run above ground, despite the risk of shell-fire. Only the old German wires were left, twisted congeries of various coloured threads, sagging and drooping underfoot from both walls of the trench where they had been torn from their staples.

Narrow it was, yet shallow, combining the maximum of inconvenience with the minimum of safety to the hardy voyager who attempted to follow its tortuous sinuous course. More than one full bodied brigadier, pursuing his bustling way to the front line, was said to have stuck fast between its clammy sides until extricated by his staff and foisted heavily to the realms above, henceforward to continue his journey along the berm. Lesser men habitually disdained it, preferring the overland route.

And, indeed, this was the best course, for in places the trench was hard to distinguish from the debris of the surrounding fields.

Here, both sides had caved in and their fall had rendered the trench impassable; there, it had widened out and merged into the surrounding shell holes, like a stream that has overflowed its banks. It resembled an Earl's Court switchback, up here, down there, so that at one moment the wayfarer was lost to view, while the next he would emerge visible from the ankles upwards, fair mark for a wakeful sniper's bullet, as he strove to surmount a mound of earth where the trench had fallen in. It was a journey up hill and down dale.

Elsewhere the trench in summer resembled a country lane, for, owing to its comparative disuse for reasons above stated, wild flowers had overgrown both its banks and stretching out towards each other formed a mass of blooms, cornflowers, poppies, even wild roses, through which the hasty traveller had to force his way, his passage being clearly marked by the agitation of the foliage above his head, as if he were voyaging up some virgin off-shoot of the Amazon.

When on a night like this, however, the full moon hung low in heaven it threw a silvery glamour over what was merely crude and ugly seen by day. The dirty white chalk of this trench in Picardy turned to marble and the shadows of poppies in the wind seemed like the swaying of palm trees on a tropic shore. The discarded rifle and battered helmet became relics of an older, more romantic war, and the broken rusty wire some web of elfish weaving.

A company headquarters stood in the trench not far from its junction with the front line, and the moonlight, as it fell down the sodden steps of the dug-out, mingled with the light of the guttering candle within. The company commander was sitting on a rude wire bed of enemy construction writing a letter with his knees for a desk. On an upturned wooden box beside him stood his field telephone.

From time to time the officer looked up at the instrument as if he knew that it would ring sooner or later. He was

expecting a message from the adjutant about some rations which had not yet reached the company.

The company commander closed his writing tablet and looked up at the telephone. He was very tired and it struck him that here was an opportunity to snatch a little sleep. Everything was in order in his sector of the trenches save these confounded rations and he could do nothing to hurry them up. The senior subaltern was on duty, the rest of the company officers asleep in the next dugout. If the telephone rang it would waken him, or the runner standing outside the entrance would hear. He called to the soldier and gave him instructions to rouse him if the bell rang, then, resting head on hand, closed his eyes. The last thing he saw as he did so was his telephone.

The light from the flickering candle threw dancing shadows on the walls of the dug-out. Once he turned and half opening his eyes looked at the telephone as if he had heard it ring.

It stood on its box, a little squat black thing, save where the moon fell on the steel parts of it, with its black tentacles trained along the wall and passing up the steps into the darkness of the trench outside.

Though silent for the moment it had a sinister look of waiting, as if to say,

"Yes, I am here your master. You never knew me before you came to war. At home I was merely a necessary drudge in your business, a slave of your every whim, a convenience for the use of your wife in assembling her dinner parties. Here it is different and our positions are reversed. I am the master, you are the slave."

The mouth of the telephone appeared to have grown in size, to have become a well of inky depth mingling with the black fantastic shadows on the walls. It seemed to fascinate him, to be drawing him towards it, to be engulfing him.

"Here am I, the modern voice of Mars, able with my tinkle to summon his votaries, and you my servant, more loudly and quickly with the very noise of battle than ever did clarion or bugle, watchfire or beacon. And you can never

escape me, you who are sworn to my service, or refuse to listen to me, when I call, and to do my bidding, for I am with you by day in dugout and billet and at night I sit by your bedside and the thought of my voice disturbs your rest and mingles with your dreams."

The man on the bed stirred uneasily in his sleep but the telephone went on.

"I am with you always, whether templed in state at Headquarters with a room given up solely to me and my companions, tended by acolytes with the blue and white band of my service on their arms; or whether you worship me alone by night in a little dugout in the front line where I can stand up straight but you perforce must bend before me when you wish to have speech with me.

"To whom do you turn save to me in times of sudden peril when the panting runner falls into your dug-out with news of the attack! Then my voice wakes those of my other servants, the guns, in swift retaliation and all is well. Or perchance it is not, and then I give warning to others, sound the alarm.

"Again, my servants carry my missives hither and thither at top speed and great doings wait upon my word to start.

"You take great care of me, as well you may. When I am injured anywhere throughout my length, you send my best attendants forth to find the place and mend it—if they can. At all times go they forth, even when death rains thickest on the ground, and if they return not again why then you send others—and if need be yet again others—till I am whole. For I am your hope of victory."

The noise of laughter and men talking came from outside, but it did not wake the sleeper. The candle was burned out now, but the moon still shone. It was not yet "stand to."

"Generals are my servants and in the great hours they do nought but commune with me, clasping me to them, holding me tight to one ear while they muffle the other so as to hear me alone. I am alike the friend and the curse of subalterns. I crawl with them through sap and along trench. I go with

them, paying out my length across no man's land, close behind the thundering reeking barrage. I am first into the captured trench, and it is my voice that proclaims it ours to those that wait behind. Men have died clutching me, spending their last breath in the effort to talk to me—and I, I have not always chosen to hear. It is I who give news of victory, and the sudden ceasing of my voice is often alike the first warning of danger and the final presage of defeat. I am Life, I am Death. I am Victory, I am Defeat. I am all that the brain and science of man can devise to make certain an event—and yet a thing of chance. For I am War."

There came a sudden commotion in the trench without, mingled with the crash of shells in front.

A runner, out of breath with haste, steel helmet gone from his head, his kilt caked with mud, stumbled down the steps of the dugout. It was nearing dawn and the very lights were pale against the growing greyness of the sky. The company commander awoke with the ringing of the telephone bell in his ears.

The panting runner spoke.

"Sir, Mr. Jones says that they've blown in the parapet in two bays and . . . . . "

"Which ones?" He was wide awake now.

"K3 and K4, sir."

The company commander seized the phone. He did not appear to hear its ringing.

But when he took up the receiver the nicely modulated voice and crisp intonation of the youthful adjutant first met his ear.

"That you, old man? The C. O. wants you to detail an officer, a sergeant and four other ranks to attend a lecture on Christianity in war at Warloy to-morrow at—What's that?"

"Damn," said the company commander, "they are shooting up K3 and K4. Put the battery on, will you?"

He stood and waited, till the swish of out-going shells overhead told him that his request had been attended to, then seizing his trench stick and helmet turned to the door.

The telephone rang again and, cursing, he went towards it.

"Is that enough, old thing? or shall I ask the L. O. to give you another fifteen per gun? All right."

"Oh! about those rations. I am afraid that we will not be able to get them up before to-morrow night. But I shall ring you up later. You don't see any Boche about, I suppose? Well, ta-ta."

He rang off.

Was it a trick of a late moonbeam on the steel cap of the telephone, or had it really winked at him?

W. G. PETERSON

ANY HUSBAND TO ANY WIFE

Often as I have failed you in the past,
  By word of love kept back defrauded you,
  By thought unshared, deprived you of your due,
Much more by overt fault have seemed to cast
Doubt on the loyal bond that holds us fast,
  For all I ever did to make you rue,
  All ever left undone to prove me true,
Grant me the kiss of pardon at long last.

Let us join hands once more, as old Allies,
  To bide together the swift years' assault,
    Knowing they must o'ercome us, soon or late.
There yet is time allotted to be wise,
  Repledge our faith, our love re-dedicate,
    Haply more strong for failure and for fault.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE IN QUEBEC

ONE of the most important subjects that will be debated this winter in the Quebec Legislature will be that of educational reforms. While Quebec has made intensive progress since Sir Lomer Gouin first outlined his educational policy in the Montcalm School in Montreal in April, 1905, yet very much more remains to be done if our school system is to be brought up to the standard modern democracy demands in its effort to train all its children to be efficient workers and capable citizens. While safeguarding its own educational freedom, Quebec must see to it that all her children get more education, enough education to fit them for the new conditions of living and of business life, and to enable them to compete with the best educated children of other provinces. There lies the problem, to guarantee that the children are all equipped sufficiently to meet in competition the children from other parts. The whole community, whether French-Canadian or English speaking, is coming to realize this fact of educational competition as never before. One of the most important phases of this problem, and one that demands immediate solution, is that of a compulsory attendance law. Now that the whole of the United States and every other province of Canada compels attendance up to 14, 15 or 16, as the case may be, such a measure has become a matter of practical politics in Quebec. The problem already clamours for an early solution. As industrial competition becomes keener now the war is over, the clamour will grow louder, and more determined. And as the demand for labour is relieved, the need for child labour will be lessened, and it should be easier to put such a law effectively into force.

It is difficult to discover just when or how the demand for compulsory education first arose in Quebec. For it is no new question. At any rate the trend of the legislation in

France between 1871 and 1882 most assuredly had a tremendous effect in making the French-Canadian people very suspicious of compulsory education. In France this measure had the immediate effect of forcing many children into state schools, as there were not private schools in every commune. Hon. Boucher de la Bruère, speaking before the Cercle Français of Quebec City, in February, 1881, voiced the prevalent notion of the time that such a reform was closely connected with the French "Ligue d'Enseignement," founded in 1865, by Jules Macé, and as such implied neutral schools. Such a statement, coming from a source of such authority, produced a deep impression which has lasted. It is well that every one should realize the cause of this dislike of compulsion, as such knowledge prescribes for every reformer the only possible course of successful propaganda in this matter. But as time went on, people began to realize that the situation in Quebec was not similar to that in France, but rather more like that in Belgium. Schools multiplied in Quebec and no state schools were formed, but religious schools, both Protestant and Catholic, were opened in every municipality. When the whole Province was completely covered with the dual system, how could any child be forced to attend a state school?

One of the earliest, if not the very earliest, to propose an attendance law at Quebec, was Hon. M. F. Hackett, in 1893, when he was the Member for Stanstead County. But his voice was only the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Since that day the wilderness has become well populated. In 1912, Dr. J. T. Finnie took up the matter and tried to get a compulsory law for Protestants alone. His bill was drawn on the model of the Ontario law, which was one of the most imperfect attendance laws in Canada. Moreover, Dr. Finnie did not see the difficulty of enforcing a penal enactment of this sort for one class only of the community. The Prime Minister had no difficulty in showing the impossibility of such a one-sided law, containing clauses threatening punishments to careless parents of one half of the people and allowing

other classes to be quite free from blame or punishment. Yet great credit is due to these early reformers, even if their attempts did for the time prove abortive. Most important reforms have had to suffer this same fate of being rejected several times before they were brought to a successful fruition. But the leaven then scattered has been fermenting and working though ever so silently. The present agitation must bring real pleasure to these pioneer reformers. Let us never forget that we are going to reap, if not the crop they sowed, at least on the ground they tilled.

> Give these, I say, full honour and glory
> For daring so much before they well did it.

About a year ago the agitation revived in several localities by a sort of spontaneous generation. The School Board of Drummondville, followed by that of St. Jerome, the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers and the Deputy for St. Hyacinthe all took up the matter again at about the same time and quite independently of one another. It soon became very evident from the debate started by Mr. Bouchard in the House that much water had flowed past the ancient citadel since 1912.

Undoubtedly the earlier reformers were greatly hindered in their advocacy by the fact that the law in the neighbouring province seemed to be imperfectly enforced in the rural parts. It did indeed look at first sight as if Quebec had as satisfactory attendance at school as her sister province to the west. To meet this criticism the School Attendance Committee of the Teachers' Association started out to analyze the statistics of the different provinces and to collect information about attendance laws that were properly enforced. It was quickly discovered that while Quebec did lead the other provinces in the matter of the per cent of average attendance, this one item provided no proper or equitable basis of comparison whatever between the provinces, as it was calculated in so many different ways and rested on such different data, while it left entirely out of account the children who were

not enrolled. By means of a comparison of the enrolment with the federal census this Committee was able to show that a very large number of children were unenrolled every year, about 70,000 children more than were indicated by the school statistics. When the enrolment figures of Quebec were compared with those of other provinces, a most alarming dropping off was discovered as children reached the ages of 12, 13 or 14 years. At the request of the Teachers' Association, the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction took up the matter and sent a unanimous request to the Government for the adoption of such a law.

The matter now began to attract public attention, and different papers opened their columns to a free and frank discussion of the subject. For the last six months educational reform has been discussed in Quebec as never before in all its history. Papers of all shades of opinion and of both languages have allowed and encouraged the discussion of this and kindred topics. During the month of September last the lamented P. E. Lamarche wrote an open letter in *Le Devoir* to Rev. Abbé Maurice and showed more clearly than was necessary the pressing need of reforms that would secure more education for all. Later on *La Presse* began a remarkable series of interviews with prominent French-Canadian educationists and political leaders on the subject of "public instruction." Certainly more credit is due to *La Presse* than to any other paper for insistently keeping the matter before the public. Until *La Presse* started these interviews, no one ever imagined so many people had been quietly thinking of the need of educational reforms and particularly of a compulsory law.

With very few exceptions almost all the persons interviewed for that paper have been in favour of an attendance law or at least have not expressed themselves as opposed. The few opponents have been well answered by Rev. Abbé Dubois, who gave *La Presse* two articles, of which the latter may be characterized as categorical. The only paper that has openly opposed this reform is *L'Action Catholique*, of

Quebec City. It unblushingly stands for the obsolete view that education is not a matter of justice to the child but one of charity. It frantically preaches the medieval view that it is not necessary to educate all the children, but only that society should be "generally educated." Surely such statements, made in the twentieth century, carry their own condemnation and need no comment. But in this opposition *L'Action Catholique* has so far stood unsupported.

However, one or two criticisms, made in all fairness, are worthy of being answered. One is that compulsory education is a modern reform and that its efficacy has not been proven. But why, if it is demonstrably ineffective, have so many nations and states adopted it within recent years, until to-day practically all of the civilized world except Russia and Quebec are enjoying the benefits of such legislation. The very fact that this reform has spread so rapidly of late and has been added to the statute books of so many states is evidence that these states at least consider it effective. And if they so consider it, it merits at least favourable consideration in Quebec. If its enactment were accompanied by a great educational campaign in which the clergy and business men were to take their part, then it could be put in force in Quebec as easily as elsewhere. It must come as a natural growth to a community and the educational campaign is a necessary part of this growth if the best results are to be obtained. The campaign begun in the papers ought to be only the beginning of a greater campaign to arouse the parents to the need of more education. Then Quebec would not hold the unenviable position of being classed with Russia. Our provincial *amour propre* ought to spur us all on to help to remove our province from such "detestable company," as one paper expressed it.

But an attendance law can be made wonderfully effective when it is carefully drafted and properly enforced. For example, in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, practically *ALL* the children of the compulsory ages are in school. In the U.S.A. as compulsion has been more generally applied and

better enforced, the per cent of the enrolment to the school age population has steadily risen until in 1914 it had reached the splendid figure of 97.5%. That was four years ago, while four states were without compulsion entirely, and several other states had only local option, while in some cases the law was indifferently enforced. Yet for all that the school enrolment so nearly equalled the school age population in states where it was well enforced that 97.5% of the children of school age in the whole of the United States were enrolled. The school age population is taken from the federal census and not from any imperfect school census. Surely that is a wonderful record and presages well for the future efficiency and welfare of the American nation. A comparison of a state which has had a compulsory law for over two generations with one that has no such law gives the following results. California adopted compulsory attendance in 1874. Every child in California between the ages of 5 and 18 attended on the average 121 days in 1914. In Alabama every child attended 50.6 days the same year, and in Louisiana only 45 days. Alabama had no attendance regulations in 1914, and Louisiana had adopted local option only a couple of years before and the results were not yet apparent. Every child in California in the public schools last year made on the average 164 full days of attendance. Or, to put the matter another way, every child in California between 5 and 18 attends on the average about 8¼ full years of 200 days each, while in Alabama each child within these ages attends only 3¾ years of 200 days and in Louisiana only 3½ years. And the result? Read the literacy tables for these states. California has for all classes an illiteracy of 3.7%; of the whites it is 0.5% and of the blacks it is 7.1%. Louisiana has the highest per cent of illiteracy of any state in the Union; the general per cent is 29; of her whites 15% are illiterate and of the blacks 45% are illiterate. Why this difference? Just because California has put more emphasis on education than has Alabama or Louisiana, and because California has enforced attendance for two generations. These figures are

worth studying, as they are made up from the reports of the U.S. Bureau of Education from information there supplied.

The suggestion has been made that while it may be necessary to force careless parents to send their children in the cities, still it is not necessary to do so in the country. Advocates of this view point to the fact that so many young people are leaving the farms to go to the cities. But why? Only three years ago the Protestant Inspector of Elementary Schools for what is probably the most prosperous section of Protestant Quebec, and is very largely an agricultural district, pointed out in his report that there were no school gardens at all in his inspectorate, which comprised nearly 100 schools in 11 counties. The lessons in agriculture, when given, were only theory and not living, attractive subjects of elementary education. The course of study in the past has not been particularly planned to induce children to love the farm life and to spend their days there. All this is being changed, though ever so slowly. And to-day the farmer's sons and daughters need more education than ever before. Wages are high in the country, and the farmer must use the most approved methods to get the most out of the farm. He must know about fertilizers, rotation of crops, he must learn to use machinery and keep it in repair. To keep in touch with modern farming methods he must take agricultural journals, and a good education is needed to comprehend their contents and to enable the farmer to apply successfully the lessons he learns there. He must also do much of his business through the bank to-day, and for this a knowledge of business methods and business forms is necessary. The up-to-date farmer, who wants to eliminate waste, must keep a set of books and be able to estimate his profits and losses on the different items produced from the farm. He must know whether his dairy is being run at a loss or a profit, the same about his poultry and his pigs. To do this, more knowledge is required than the farmer's son will obtain in 3 or 4 years of elementary schooling. And do not country children need to be prepared for citizenship? How can an intelligent Democ-

racy be created except as its individual citizens are intelligent and well trained? How can the rural populace any more than the urban populace become intelligent without a sound education adapted to its particular needs being insured for every one of its members? And intelligent Democracy implies and rests on intelligent municipal government. The reproach should be swept away forever that in this province some municipalities still are without enough men who can read fluently and write easily, to fill the positions of municipal councillors. Surely education is of supreme importance in training up intelligent citizens and public-spirited voters, and the need in this matter is at least as great in the rural parts as in the cities, if not more so.

If local option were granted, the communities with the least education, and therefore in the greatest need of it for their children, would be the very ones to appreciate it least, and the last to adopt the by-law. This is a *reductio ad absurdum* of all progress in government and spells stagnation. If our province is to keep pace in agriculture with the other provinces, the whole province must work as a unit and the progress should not be only in patches. Of course an attendance law would grant exemptions. Young children in the country could not be forced to attend if the school was too far away from their homes. Nearly every law grants exemptions to boys over 12 to work on the farms during the seeding and harvesting seasons. Such a law would not entail hardships, particularly as poverty is practically unknown in the country.

The movement for compulsory attendance has made very rapid progress during the last few months. Senator Dandurand, while speaking at the Convention of the Protestant Teachers early in December, promised to carry on a campaign among his own people. He fulfilled his promise by speaking at the Reform Club of Montreal on this topic on the last Saturday in December. His speech marked the close of an old year in the educational history of Quebec and the opening of a new one; let us hope the latter will prove the

annus mirabilis so far as education is concerned. The enthusiasm stirred up by this speech was both remarkable and sincere. A few days later, his colleague, Senator Belcourt, said that Senator Dandurand had presented arguments which had more completely convinced him, though he believed so before, that the Province of Quebec ought to try the application of an attendance law, which would keep the children in school up to 15 years. One of the French papers said Senator Dandurand's speech pleased it more than any speech delivered in Montreal within 25 years. It is only to be regretted that the English press did not seem to realize to the full what an important page in educational advance had been turned when Senator Dandurand made himself the lay champion of the cause.

Professor de Bray, Mr. Gonzalve Desaulniers, the President of the Alliance Française, Senator Belcourt, Senator David, Mr. Napoleon Champagne of Ottawa, and others have spoken strongly in favour of a compulsory law in their interviews with *La Presse*, but the place of honour most assuredly belongs to Rev. Abbé Nazaire Dubois, Visitor of Schools, who, by his bold and frank acknowledgment of the facts, and his whole-hearted plea for more education for the children, has made himself the clerical leader of the reformers among the French-Canadians. Not only does he observe the usual non-attendance as he goes on his visits to the schools, but every day from his study window hundreds of school age children are to be seen playing in school hours on Park Lafontaine. His words are the words of one with authority. With remarkable keenness of vision he looks into the future and he tells his own people that the coming history of their race in Canada depends largely on the training they give the children. Without a proper training to enable them to compete with other people, he declares the French-Canadians are likely to be condemned to inferiority and eventually to be blotted out. So he boldly asks the question, why so much trouble to conceal an evil from which we are suffering. He attacks Mr. Magnan, the Inspector General of Schools, and

tells him a few things he ought to know. When Mr. Magnan pleads for the liberty of the parent to refuse his child an education absolutely, Abbé Dubois asks if the Inspector General knows what liberty really is, and suggests a negative answer. To the dislike of Mr. Magnan for penal laws, he cites a similar dislike on the part of the Bolsheviki for such laws. Many people who have simple notions of logic will jump at some such conclusion as this, he says; there are penal laws against parents for neglecting to clothe and feed their children but there are none against people for neglecting to educate their children, therefore education is not important. He notes that when the authorities wished to inculcate notions of hygiene, and to prevent people from spitting on the sidewalks, they enacted punishments against those who did this, and people at once began to realize the importance of hygienic measures. Such laws are really useful in forming public opinion and in abolishing abuses.

Quebec is not the only province that needs this unsparing self-criticism. It has too long been considered the polite thing to search out reasons for self-congratulation such as Mr. Magnan has so often indulged in with reference to our educational results. But daring analysis and the uncovering of our own faults form the first step in true progress. Abbé Dubois has swept away all cant and foolish pride; he has told all of us, whether English or French speaking citizens of Quebec, the one way we must all go to attain further progress in education. It will indeed be a new way for Quebec, but Abbé Dubois has thrown up a highway in the desert, and he promises us that the rough places can easily be made smooth.

This controversy will add at least one word to the vocabulary of educational subjects, at least for this province. Magnanism ought to be self-evident. It is the quality of mind which glosses over our own educational short-comings with flattery; it sees the mote in the eye of a sister province, but is too short sighted to see the beam in our own. But it remained for a French Canadian newspaper to improve on this by calling an irreconcilable opponent a "Super-magnan."

The Catholic Committee of the Council of Public Instruction has not yet pronounced on the question but the matter is likely to come up for discussion at the next meeting of that Committee. The seemingly sisyphean task so long upheld by M. Bouchard almost alone, has been accomplished, and the wheel has been slowly pushed up the long incline and at last over the crest by the energetic action of Senator Dandurand and Abbé Dubois. The final result is now assured. I have before me as I write the last copy of *Le Canada*. It says it is no longer a question whether it is necessary to adopt a compulsory law; but that the only difficulty now is the practical one of settling just what form the measure should take. When the French organ of the Liberal Party here in Montreal can speak in that way, surely it is the bearer of good tidings of great joy.

IRVING O. VINCENT

PARALLEL PATHS IN PHILOSOPHY AND LITERATURE*

"ART is long and life is short, and success is very far off. And thus, doubtful of strength to travel so far, we talk a little about the aim—the aim of art, which, like life itself, is inspiring, difficult—obscured by mists. It is not in the clear logic of a triumphant conclusion; it is not in the unveiling of one of those heartless secrets which are called Laws of Nature. It is not less great, but only more difficult."

Thus speaks the author in his preface to the "Nigger of the Narcissus." We all admit that Conrad is one of the great writers; though there is, so far as I know, no book on the "philosophy of J. Conrad," we are justified in fearing that it will come sooner or later. Conrad, I imagine, would rather not be called a philosopher; he would prefer the name artist. He tells us, in this same preface, that the artist's appeal has an effect which endures for ever; "the changing wisdom of successive generations discards ideas, questions facts, demolishes theories. But the artist appeals to that part of our being which is not dependent on wisdom; to that in us which is a gift and not an acquisition—and, therefore, more permanently enduring." In other words art transcends philosophy and science; it is at once higher and deeper. Painting, music, fiction, are the forms of art here named: and for the present we will take it that Conrad is speaking only of that fiction which aspires to be art.

Art as such appeals to temperament. Philosophy also has been described as a matter of temperament. Schopenhauer declared that differences of theory depend on differences of temperament, and the average person in his average scepticism is inclined to the same view. We grow tired of the conflict

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of opinions and decide that truth is finally a matter of taste. Much knowledge is a weariness of the flesh, and much reading of fiction causes a disintegration of the mind. It may be profitable to consider for a short time the varieties of human thought, their differences and their similarities.

It is always convenient to classify things, and for the present purposes we may consider that human thought ranges from philosophy to fiction. I do not propose to say that philosophy stands highest and fiction lowest: we need not concern ourselves with values at all: but the classification will help us to go forward. Between philosophy and fiction we must put science, for science is, as the older writers said, a natural philosophy; and also to some extent a product of creative imagination. I shall not deal with science to any extent but limit my remarks to what can legitimately be called philosophy on the one hand, with fiction as its antithesis. Further, I shall divide my subject into two parts, one being historical, dealing with the evolution of thought; the other, more or less relevant comments.

If, for practical purposes, we contrast philosophy and fiction we must not invite condemnation by hastily assuming that the word fiction means no more or less than "novel." Any imaginative construction of ideal relations may be called fiction; for the term itself covers all types of work dependent on imagination. Works of fiction should, therefore, include at least epic and dramatic poetry, some lyric poetry, those parts of the sciences which are distinguished as theoretical, and all constructive philosophy. But if we emphasize this point we risk an appearance of pedantry. The myth, the fable, the story and the novel proper are what most people and all good librarians call "fiction." Myths and fables are as old as the human race: the novel proper is a modern product. It is universally admitted that the novel to-day is the most popular form of composition. For many people it is almost the only thing which they mean by literature. How has it come by its qualities? What are they? Has it any specific meaning or purpose? Does it mark growth or decay of the

human mind? These are the questions which seem worth some careful consideration. If I have not unfortunately missed the right book, I am correct in saying that no one has yet considered with care the general relations between philosophy and literature. I use those terms loosely in the common mode: and my meaning is, I think, plain—namely, that philosophy has one aim and literature another; whether the philosophy is literary or the literature philosophical is not a relevant question. I aim, now, to supply some suggestions about the relation between philosophy and literature, relying upon studies in philosophy which have led me at various times to consult works on literature and recalling that, as a whole, the literary people seemed rather indifferent or even ungrateful to the philosophers. To those who unblushingly ignore philosophy and still aspire to study literature I would say with emphasis: "Remember the hole of the pit whence ye were digged." The reasons for this will be shown in time. As an interlude, I would state that one of the best known philosophical works of the last year was by a novelist. I refer to May Sinclair's "Defence of Idealism." A novelist among philosophers is a refreshing spectacle. Many novelists profess to have a philosophy, but that is a wholly different thing from professing to be a philosopher; and Miss Sinclair's book leads one to hope that novelists may not be unregenerate as a class but may strive to rise above their usual level to a more expert and technical knowledge of the great philosophers. But now for the history.

About the ancient world I would say as nearly as possible nothing. Let it suffice that Greek and Roman literature and philosophy could be made a single comprehensive topic if properly treated. There we could see the primitive story-teller at work, the poet expounding the ways of God to man, the philosopher elaborating cosmic theories, and then a final movement producing a kind of novel. As Dryden said of Chaucer, "Here is God's plenty;" but we will leave it with only one comment. So long as social and political life retained its breadth, so long as men thought first of their

God and their nationality, there was none of the modern romantic or sentimental writing. It was the coming of individualism which heralded that mode of composition. We get it first in Aristotle's sketch of characters; then in the well-known characters of Theophrastus, on which was based to some extent the character studies of the later comedy; finally in the comedy of domestic manners and the romantic tales of personal adventure and private sentiments. With this pseudo-classic and Alexandrian type of literature we plunge into the dark ages and wait till Europe sees the resurrection of its buried thoughts.

After the night daylight came again in the temple of literature, and behold! the ancient gods still sitting in the repose of their unchangeable perfection. Only the worshippers are new, a little strange to their surroundings and uncertain of themselves, yet instinctively bowing to a knowledge which they had not invented and a beauty which they had not created. At first the study of the classics is like a ritual, formal, remote and exotic. Plato and Aristotle, more or less known, are rebuilt into a Catholic system of thought which deals almost wholly with essences, types and qualities essential or accidental. Without more detail, I wish to emphasize this point. The keyword of the thirteenth century was system. Divine theology and almost divine philosophy stand at the apex of human thought because they transcend or ignore the individual and expound those everlasting truths which may be regarded as superior to all our personal activities or frailties. No one could write a novel about people when they were collectively no more than species of the class "rational animal." Even the unessential attributes afforded no good material for prose fiction. We need not forget that there were other forms of literature than theology or philosophy; that popular tales and rhymes abounded: or that life itself furnished inexhaustible material, when Abelard loved Héloise and Dante his Beatrice. But the fact remains that all things else lived in the shadow of the great types, and love itself (as the historian reminds us) passed into the pages of literature

as a thesis rather than an emotion, a symbol rather than an experience. The calm of meditation broods silently over the great works of those ages, so that the natural evolution of the following centuries seems a vulgar intrusion.

The beginning of the new era must be dated somewhere in the 13th century. Its character is defined by saying that the theorists shifted their emphasis from the doctrine of intellect to the doctrine of will. To employ modern terms, we might say that intellectualism was met by a pragmatist opposition. This was not by any means a complete novelty; nor was it a heresy. The Catholic teaching had always been quite as much and as legitimately dependent on Augustine as Aristotle; and to Augustine it owed a strongly mystical tendency. This was revived in force by the mystics of the twelfth century (the School of St. Victor), and much of the later history of thought can only be understood when the power and influence of the Victorine schools is properly comprehended. But that was distinctly a religious movement and as such only enters the scope of our subject indirectly. To get the required novelty it was necessary to break the spell of traditional theology: the Pagan world must rise again from the dead and modify the charm of what Geo. Moore calls the "seven deadly virtues." As you all know, the revival of learning came, and on the details of that process I will waste no words: only the significance of it needs to be discussed.

As I have said, the mysticism of the twelfth century and that doctrine of the will as supreme quality which gave a distinctive mark to the thirteenth century, were born of theology and nursed in the bosom of the church.

The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries developed the same ideas on a larger scale. The increasing knowledge of classical writings gradually led men to realize that there had once existed a world of types, admired and imitated, which were not in the category of the Saints. A startling change begins to appear in the tone of the writing. The mystic doctrine of love is edited by writers who incline to take a very natural-

istic view and hint that Aphrodite, like the Devil, was not so bad as people said. Similarly, the doctrine of the will underwent a transformation; not only the will to the good but also the will to power was recognized as one of the great springs of action. As this is really the central topic of my theme, I will ask you to tolerate a little elaboration of the points.

The stories in which men delight have a common character. They involve some play of the emotions and some experience of masterful activity, that is to say a manifestation of the will. On these two, the emotions and the will, we must therefore concentrate our attention. It is notorious that mediæval writers treated their subjects very formally: that is to say, they worked with ideal types, used observation too sparingly, and talked abstractly about human affairs as though one formula could adequately cover the whole diversity of mankind. The rejection of this point of view is the real beginning of modern thought. Among many writers great and small, two stand out as the chief exponents of this new view of life. In the sphere of political thought Machiavelli deserves our gratitude. I do not say that his teaching was good: on the contrary, its chief value depends on the fact that it did not pretend to be good. Bacon summed up the whole matter when he said Machiavelli showed us not what men ought to be, but what they are. Perhaps even so, Machiavelli was not sound in his analysis of character, but he was at least important and influential. The difference between Machiavelli and the mediævalists can be stated in a few words: Machiavelli did not believe that conscience was a universal and supreme faculty, nor did he believe that all men are always aiming at one transcendent good. On the contrary, he would not say that men desire that which is good; he preferred to say that men call good that which they desire. This simple inversion of terms signifies a revolution of thought. Henceforth, in place of the one metaphysical good we have a boundless variety of aims and objects: in place of one type and one law we have infinite variety and no guide

in life but practice and experience. The dominating view is, from this point onwards, the variety of human experiences. For the study of all modern literature that is a supremely important point.

Machiavelli's philosophy was not born out of nothing. It was a perfectly intelligible outcome of the humanistic movement. We find at this period a tendency to neglect the Plato and Aristotle of the mediævalists. A new Platonism develops and becomes the basis of a new naturalism, largely concerned with the questions of love, beauty, and the worth of human sentiments. At the same time other classical writers became prominent. Lucretius, never quite dead, becomes the apostle of a new belief in natural as opposed to supernatural order in the universe; but above all Livy and Thucydides and Plutarch returned to provide a true view of national and individual activities. From these last writers was taken the idea that the real interpretation of life must be based on the study of actual individual achievement, of character as forceful rather than good, of success as in itself desirable. To adopt the phrase of George Eliot, men now preferred to be worldly rather than otherworldly.

I pass on to Montaigne. Here we have largely the same factors, only the theme is more strictly individual and the literary influence even greater. Montaigne openly scoffs at systems: nature is for him a chaos of events: science and philosophy amount to nothing, for we really know nothing except the futility of trying to know everything. This scepticism, as we like to call it, is in reality a true belief: it is not contempt for life nor despair of a good life; but it is a profound conviction of the inexhaustible richness of life, if only men will look for the richness of variety and not the barrenness of system. Alas for the genial philosopher! His disorder was viewed as a new kind of order, and his lack of system became a new kind of system. Therewith Montaigne became anathema, a bundle of negatives of which the chief was, as usual, atheist. But Montaigne was indestructible because he had united thought with experience.

From his time the essay became the literary symbol of the new outlook: the summa, the syntagma, the all-comprehending system was broken into fragments: life was now regarded as a patchwork and it was legitimate to take the items separately and focus a single theme in a single essay.

In his treatise on human nature Kant quoted more than once from Fielding. I cannot imagine that Thomas Aquinas would have found much to quote from such works as "Tom Jones." We cannot help feeling that there must have been a revolution somewhere in the interval, and our instinct is right. What that revolution was and where it was I have tried to indicate in the preceding sketch of thought during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Philosophy, of course, did not accept Montaigne's rejection of system: for it was the business of philosophy to mend that breach in its outworks. But I shall not pursue further the course of philosophy except to recall a few outstanding features. You will remember that Locke called his great work an essay; Descartes built his system on a group of meditations, which are in form essays; Hobbes owed much to Machiavelli, and everybody has since owed much to Hobbes. Practically no return to the method of great systems was made again until the period from Kant to Hegel. As regards literature, the higher interests maintained for a time a certain formalism. The French drama aspired to present again the Stoic philosophy, then greatly in vogue. The conflict of will against destiny or of one will against another really presented the hero of older romances under a more refined form; it attempted to make a sequence of adventures coherent by means of a theory of the will. As such this drama was lofty and classic; also, it was undoubtedly great literature of a rather aristocratic type. On the other hand, Shakespeare presents us with the human scene entirely uncontrolled by theory; and Shakespeare's theatre is the variety of human nature translated, a mirror of mankind for which there is no background of doctrine except such as may be found in the saying:

> All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players.

That the time was not wholly ripe for this view of humanity may be surmised from the violent attacks periodically made upon Shakespeare as such. The seventeenth century was still tolerant of large works, long sermons, and the transcendental movement of a "Paradise Lost." But the birth of the novel marks the final triumph in literature of the sentimental and personal factors. Every writer on literature has his chapter on the rise of the novel, logically followed by another on the domination of the novel, and for the nineteenth century (we are told) the dominant forms of literature have become the novel and the newspaper. So be it. Let philosophy take its defeat gracefully and retire to the limbo of scientific pursuits: let us admit that literature is something apart and that creative writing—what Dryden called poesy—has no end but to delight; let us accept the idle distinction between literature of knowledge and literature of power, forgetting if we can that knowledge is power; let us do all this for the sake of peace, but yet one question remains that should be heard. What has the modern writer to say for himself? Are his products to be judged by their popularity, or their utility, or their intrinsic merits? Does the variety of modern life justify an infinite variety of subjects, styles, and aims; or can we still find reason to separate the good from the bad by some ultimate criterion which is neither popularity nor utility? Has the novelist found any such criterion, or has he openly abandoned art for popularity (in the "problem novel") or utility (in the realistic school)? These are questions at once urgent and practical, for in studying them we may uncover trends of life which have great significance: we may find even at the heart of modern literature, whether philosophy or fiction, that pessimism which makes every form of literature despair of itself, so that novelists try to be philosophers, philosophers try to be men of science, and men of science try to offer their products as if their essential significance was social or moral or religious.

Without pretending to make any serious contribution to these subjects, I should like to comment on the general relation between aesthetic or the theory of composition (Poesie) and philosophical or scientific doctrines.

One phase of the new learning has not been so far expounded: I refer to the five sciences. After the humanistic revival came the revival of natural philosophy; the names of Galileo and Newton supplant Plato and Aristotle in the new catalogue of heroes: while the chaos which Montaigne loved is once more abhorred in favour of law and necessity. In the seventeenth century this phase becomes ever more prominent; physics takes the lead, mechanics make a good second: the ideal of complete explanation creeps over from blocks and pulleys to joints and tendons in the so-called iatro-mechanical school: thence it goes unchanged to nerves and brain: finally it reaches the heart. At the beginning of the 18th century the matter seemed settled. Descartes had reduced the emotions to a strict science of action and reaction, push and pull: the conflict of motives was now solemnly conceived to be in some sort an internal tug-of-war, and of course the strongest motive prevailed. At last the phrase was coined: "Man the machine," and at the sound of it the peoples raged. Following more or less in the wake of Descartes, the French became more and more addicted to the purely mechanical attitude of mind. They could hardly think seriously without dwelling on the balance of power, or balance of interests, or balance of emotions. A mistaken fidelity to nature grew out of this new mythology based on scientific concepts: a most subtle aroma of artificiality spread through life. Gardens were trimmed geometrically; trees were made to grow symmetrically; conversation was refined to aphorisms; smart epigrams or maxims expressed illuminated cynicism in faultless balance of phrase. Leslie Stephen tells us that "the excellent Gilpin, who became an expounder of what he calls the "theory of the picturesque," travelled on the Wye in the same year as Gray, and amusingly criticises nature from this point of view. Nature, he says,

works in a cold and singular style of composition but has the merit of never falling into "mannerism!" Such a phrase shows how completely some people accepted the idea that nature could be judged according as it did or did not conform to reason; with the consequent belief that "art is nature to advantage dressed"—with emphasis on the dressing.

Cartesianism as the geometrical theory of nature and life had a very wide influence. Over against the disorderly richness of the sixteenth century there rises a conscious demand for order, for principles, for rigidity and the strength of compact structures. Both in theory and practice the ideals of clearness in thought, purity in expression, and exact analysis took precedence and excluded any straining after fulness of life or even adequacy. Unity becomes the mark of true art in composition: the emotions are accompanied by reasons which the characters in the plays usually expound as though it were necessary always to justify the feelings as well as exhibit them: Art (it was said) can always be exact because there is one, and only one, way of being right, and this way can be accurately defined: as the critics have noted, the literary portraits of individuals are elaborated in general terms and a person is not vividly described but scientifically (?) defined in such terms as perfect, supremely beautiful, admirable in conduct, and so forth.

But the world is never left with only one prophet. Even on the Continent Descartes was opposed by Gassendi, and this less known philosopher had a distinct following among literary men. Unfortunately the opposition to mechanical order was often associated with opposition to the moral order, and consequently it hardly obtained a hearing. As the Cartesian theory, when it took a literary form, was closely akin to the stoic type of character, so its opponent either was or professed to be epicurean. The exposition of this more liberal view of life began outside of France and for a time held its own in England; but Puritanism finally gained the ascendancy. Hobbes could only be followed secretly, but his great influence steadily leavened opinion. Locke was

popular, but too nearly related to the common sense of mankind to produce any marked effect. Addison exploited Locke when necessary, but no one appreciated that part of his work very highly. The only strong influence is that of Hume which radiates from Edinburgh to Paris. Hume applies his philosophical theory to history and to political economy. In the former he used his analysis of motives to support his interpretation of character and presents a positive view of all human action: immediate interests and circumstances determine conduct: there is no continuity of movement: only a sequence of episodes for which we vainly demand any general explanation. Thus Hume definitely hindered the large constructive movement which makes history a form of literature. What philosophy destroyed philosophy alone could restore, and after a painful void the school of Vico, of Herder and of Hegel again created the new science of historical evolution. Before that renewal of life could be effective a new outlook in the sciences was necessary. The decline of the mechanical philosophy must now be explained and with it the rise of a different type of thought.

During the vogue of the mechanists there has been a persistent undercurrent of antagonism due to the combined scientific and philosophical interests. The philosophers did not wholly accept the rule of necessity: there were also libertarians, whose arguments were directed to sustain the freedom of the will. But no headway could be made until some different evidence was available. At the close of the eighteenth century the science of life began its career; biology was created by the famous group of men who were responsible for the improvement of the microscope and the consequent improvement in knowledge of organisms large and small. For these men the mechanical views were of no scientific value; nor did the chemists find any advantage in their use. The chemistry of life therefore afforded a new outlook, for, to put the matter briefly, a chemical product is more than and different from its component factors; you cannot add one chemical to another in the way that you add one brick

to another in a building. There is a kind of addition in growth, but it is not mechanical addition: it is organic increment. Here was a new point of departure and the honour of making it generally useful belongs to Rousseau. All that literature owes to Rousseau it owes to his vague but right intuition that sentiments are not qualities to be measured with a foot-rule or a scale. Though he lamentably failed to shake off formalism and obviously retained the belief that, *e.g.*, the idea of property is a *thing* that can be put into the mind as surely as a nail can be put into a wall, yet Rousseau inspired others to do better and he was the means by which the sentimental school triumphed.

The latter part of the eighteenth century presents a very complex page of literary history—not yet properly rewritten. As was said above, the Cartesian influence never had a complete monopoly. In a history of literature Shaftesbury's work must always be acknowledged, and that lofty but over-refined spirit did actually achieve more than might have been expected. But the way was long and indirect. In England the exact sciences gained influence after 1660 and led philosophy captive. On the Continent mysticism and Leibniz combined to sustain a much more expansive point of view. Then, at the close of the century, there was an elaborate mixture of views. A flood of translations made Germany familiar with Locke, Hume, Shaftesbury, Hartley and others. The Germans were sufficiently impressed to make the experimental philosophy a fetish: but they took it their own way. By experimental they meant dependent on experience, and by the appeal to experience they meant the extensive use of introspection. The magazines, the confessions and the diaries which sprang into being at the call of psychology were almost without number: they formed for two decades a stream of pietistic, romantic, and semi-scientific literature which has since proved altogether too deep for the modern historian to fathom, but certainly constitutes one of the most powerful influences in the last quarter of the century. From Rousseau's Confessions to Haller's Diary we have an interminable

procession of self-observations and self-revelations. They differed in the degrees to which they aimed at systematic explanation, but some may be classed as bad psychology, while others were what a later generation called "human documents." In any case we may sum up the whole movement of this period as a final culmination of the process by which the individual first realized his social and political significance, then lost himself temporarily in a haze of scientific generalizations about art, nature and human motives, emerging finally into a new realization of the life which pervades both man and nature. With Lessing and Herder the German conception of spontaneous activity and creative power passed from the philosophical work of Leibniz into the whole field of thought: while the science of the inner life passed from decadent psychology into the stronger, though not entirely healthy, sentimental romance.

The outcome is known to everyone. We call it the Romantic movement, but perhaps no one, except the very ignorant, would care to define that term. But, lacking definition, we may give some general description. Leibniz had set on the throne of reality a vague but inspiring conception of life; not only of life as active spontaneity but also of life as continuous, so that long before Hegel or Darwin, the aesthetic value of evolution was at least seen in the distance. With Leibniz we must reckon Spinoza, for whom the universe was one indivisible manifestation of a transcendent reality. These philosophies were not perhaps fully understood by the literary genius, but their inspiration was felt. The unity of nature and man became, in consequence, an object of passionate aspiration: one after another men rose up from the midst of their prosaic labours to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of ideal beauty. The long struggle between reason and feeling now drew to a close: in the harmony of perfect form they were to be forever reconciled. Lessing, having declared that Spinoza was the one and only philosopher, went on to expound what was in fact the view of Leibniz, but arrived with fine inconsistency at the end his own genius

dictated: the Spinozistic conception of necessity was read into the dynamic theory of life and the compound exhibited through the classical idea of form.

The same cross-fertilization of ideas is seen in Goethe. On the one hand, the eighteenth century theory of experience becomes obsolete: the experience itself becomes primary. There is no longer philosophical thought about individualism; the individual asserts himself, not his theory. Goethe protests that he cannot write what he does not feel; he declares that his literary work is one long confession: a sublime egoism elevates each successive crisis of his life into a drama, a record of "sorrows," a transcript of traveller's impressions, finally a synthesis of individual and cosmic forces as we have it in *Faust*. On the other hand, Goethe becomes objective and tries to give meaning to nature as man's other partner in reality: he becomes absorbed in the biological sciences and makes significant contributions to morphology, the point of union between law and life, form and growth. He invades physics and in a study of colours revives the old questions of the actual effect of colour on moods: the attack he makes on Newton brings him well-deserved ridicule, but it is significant: the age wants to go beyond mathematical formulæ and discover everywhere concrete spiritual meaning.

In close harmony with all this the great philosophical systems develop, leaving behind them the simplicity of the French enlightenment. From Kant to Hegel the central theme is the great synthesis: thought is nothing if not cosmic, and if we care no longer for the particular metaphysical subtlety of Kant or Hegel, we may render that idealist school the tribute of remembering that they produced the last great epics of the cosmos, the prose poems of the universe. Idealism is the common bond which unites great philosophy and great literature: for that reason the early nineteenth century presents the unique spectacle (since Plato) of a real spiritual unity between philosophy and literature. We can speak of Goethe, Kant, Schiller and Hegel without any sense of incongruity: Herbert Spencer and George Eliot, Darwin and

Tennyson most emphatically do not present the same harmony of tone.

None the less we can have too much of a good thing. In Germany the philosophical view was worked long and perhaps worked out: the later novelists (such as Auerbach) took their philosophical mission too stolidly. A fresh impetus came from France and began in science. Bichat studied human and animal organisms from a new point of view and formulated a distinction between processes controlled by thought and processes independent of thought. Here was a new cosmic theme ready to hand: in place of a wholly intelligible world, dominated by reason, there might be a baffling complexity of clear purpose and dark unfathomable impulses. Evil, the bane of all absolute idealists, might lurk in the obscure driving forces of our nature: the will to live, which brought us here before even we reasoned, which held before us the changing phantoms of ambition, and left us in the end sadder and wiser but still victims of its eternal purpose,—this well might become a new and tragic theme for another epic of the universe. So thought Schopenhauer, directly inspired by the work of Bichat. With Hartmann and Nietzsche to follow him, Schopenhauer sank deep into European thought. Here again was God's plenty, though no novelty. As Nietzsche said, it was the doom beloved by Greek tragedy which had come to birth again: it was the philosophic formula for the struggle between man and his environment, the germ of that idea of all-conquering will which has inspired every version of man and superman, the theme which we all comment on in the daily revelations of life.

We have come down now to 1860. We are in an atmosphere that naturally recalls some famous titles—Man and Superman, the new Macchiavelli, and many others. But I cannot indulge in any speculations about the kind of public opinion which modern writers so skilfully exploit. I must hasten to other things.

The limit of time will not permit me to follow out the history of thought in the nineteenth century. If this were done I think it would be clear that the main lines have been steadily preserved, but that on the whole there has been a tendency for writers and readers to confuse the functions of philosophy, science, and fiction. It is not that there has been any lack of thought on the subject, but rather that there has been too much straining after alien effects and too much desire to fulfil many ends at once. There has been a continuous increase in what we might call the self-consciousness of literature. As a consequence it becomes increasingly hard to find a pure type. The poet becomes not only a poet who by virtue of his insight can teach, but also a professed teacher, a channel for diluted philosophy or such scientific notions as can be incorporated into verse. The prose writer abuses his freedom still more: he claims to reform both theory and action and becomes the slave of his own technical apparatus. The novelist, for example, usurps various functions and can be described as a historical, a psychological, or a realistic writer. These are names without meaning. We ought not to consider whether the historical aspect of a work of fiction is accurate, and therefore we ought not to require such a confused term as "historical novel." Similarly no novelist can help being psychological, but he must not pervert his method into an exposition of psychology as such, confusing his art with the rigidity of the text book. Nor should he parade his science, as the so-called realistic school has obviously done. Zola's famous adoption of the scientific method was the most extreme form of this tendency and his programme was the epitome of its vices. In his essay on his own methods he openly adopted the theory of the French physiologists and exalted his merits in the following words:— "To be master of good and evil, to regulate life and society, to solve all the problems of socialism, to supply solid foundations for justice by solving questions of crime, is not this to be useful and moral workers in the field of human labour?" Let us underline the words useful and moral: for they must

console us for the total neglect of consideration for art. Moreover Zola did well to enlist under the banner of pure science. He thereby proclaimed himself one more victim of positivism and gave indisputable proof that the novelist has a tendency to follow the lead of the dominant philosophical theory. That was characteristic of the age. Transcendentalism gave way to positivism, and the aspirants to public favour rushed to print unenviable versions of the positivist creed. The vogue subsided and their work subsided with it. Its successor at the close of the 19th century was the purely reactionary intuitionism which escaped from rationalism into a new doctrine of vital impulse. To one group of writers Bergson has become a saviour who delivers man from good sense and consistency. To another group, pragmatism appeals as a sanction for bad form. Current criticism is full of references to these doctrines, so that we forget that there are such things as life and art. In this we need not be understood as imputing blame to anyone: the first aim is to state causes and effects or at least some correlation of different tendencies. There seems at the present time to be a dangerous harmony of opinions. Philosophically there is too much eagerness to meet the demands of the plain man for something he can understand, whereas there is no proof that truth is limited by the plain man's power of understanding. The consequence is a futile glorification of incoherence, a tendency to reproduce in theory the ragged edges of experience, when the whole business of theory is to knit up the ravelled sleeve: the abandonment of philosophy cannot be called a new kind of philosophy. In literature the situation is worse and the danger is greater. The standard tends to sink until it is dependent on public opinion: the publisher creates the type, the author creates the specimen: the critics write about the books every one is reading, and have no agreement about anything: if the work is badly constructed it is none the less "great;" if its theme is despicable it is none the less "true to life;" it may in fact be anything except dull, which is a purely relative term and means nothing, except, perhaps, that the work was not

a "best-seller." Goethe once said "about aesthetic matters everyone may think and feel as he likes, but in natural science the false and the absurd are absolutely unendurable." A man may make remarks like that when he means by "everyone" little more than "all the experts." If Goethe had been thinking of an age in which the majority have the ability to read and sometimes go so far as to have opinions, he would have softened down that "everyone." But was he after all right? From the cheapest novel to the most expensive treatise we find to-day the solution of all problems in the idea of relativity. That is our latest formula: the man of science and the philosopher understand it; the poet can ignore it, for poetic excellence is never popular in the bad sense: but will the prose writer survive? He has tried the lofty philosophical implication, and need never try it again: be has tried being faithful to life and in his 27th edition Zola is called by the critic "merely fatiguing" and by an overfed public "unedifying." Some, like Nat Gould or Charles Garvice, stick to the plain tale and are beyond criticism: they are simply read, which is at least a solid recompense for the lack of divine discontent. For Marie Corelli and company I have no formula: it is said "if you *can* read Corelli you can *not* read Meredith." If the matter is purely one of taste, then there can be no such thing as bad taste. For "good" and "bad" imply some necessity, some obligation to choose. For the older generations this obligation was moral or perhaps we should say "ecclesiastical": at any rate the final criterion of art was such that beauty could be called "an effulgence of the Divine." To modern ears this language seems little more than pretentious. We find the emphasis now laid primarily on the biological terms, on survival, adaptation, fitness. Moreover we glory in change: the eternal and immutable does not commend itself. Consequently the effective influences in modern life seem to be those which encourage rapidity of action and unlimited adaptability. As we said, the first formula in which the modern world realized itself was the motto:—"That which men desire

they call good." Are we to admit, in the end, that a similar motto must be written over the tomb of contemporary literature:—"That which men liked they called beautiful"?

EPILOGUE

Some criticisms passed on the above sketch make me desire to accentuate one or two points and avoid misunderstanding. My ultimate intention was to give by historical retrospect an idea of the general trend of modern thought. I selected three aspects with the conviction that those three were capable of treatment on one principle: for they seem to vary by a common law, as functions of life. It was not my intention to prove or even suggest that philosophy produced science, or science produced fiction; it was enough to postulate a system of social relations in which some degree of each was found and some common foundation of all. Given the common source and the interaction, can we define the matter in detail and can we get any instructive conclusion? No one would dispute the political question, that *e.g.* Charles and Cromwell, royalist and puritan, coexisted by no mere accident with different types of thought and literature. But we cannot always stay in these narrow limits. In good literature, says Croce, there must always be an aristocratic element. Granting that, where does that element exist in a democratic scheme of life? To some extent it is apparent. Wealth has stepped into the breach: the capitalist can promote and preserve what the masses would neglect. But that too may be a passing phase, and perhaps true beauty is never really more at home in a museum than a wild bird is in a cage. When beauty is not essential to life, when it is a cult and not a spontaneous expression, when we learn painfully the excellence of Egyptian or Greek pottery and care nothing about our own plates and dishes, when the people in general are indifferent to the vulgarity of their songs or their advertisements, there is no paradox in asserting that art has ceased to have vitality and beauty has lost meaning.

This was not meant to insinuate that there might be no ultimate standards. If medicine were neglected and sanitation ignored, the truth of the matter would remain and be exhibited in such facts as the increased death rate. But to say that art always has some objective reality and truth, seems to be irrelevant: the actual existence of artistic products is relative to the means of production and the inducements offered. This practical point was my real concern, and since the novel more than any other type of production shows the influence of demand, I referred to it as a crucial test. Let us by all means remain optimistic about art. But we who write and read are already prejudiced, and perhaps already academic. If we stop to think that to others we are contemptible as "highbrows," that in fact a whole vocabulary of opprobrious epithets is now available for discrediting refinement, we may feel to some extent the inner significance of the discussion. Science may gain by its material results a spurious kind of respect: it is already notorious that pure science hardly feels so much as the reflected glory of this utility. Literature and philosophy, less tangible in their values, have still more reason to expect that cheap popularity and adroit subservience to temporary cravings may end in a corruption worse than that which results, from like causes, in politics and industry.

G. S. Brett

THE FIGHT AGAINST THE U-BOAT

SINCE the first few weeks of the war the naval operations of the Allies were largely directed against the enemy submarine, for no type of war vessel effected more damage and destruction of life and property at sea than the underwater craft of the Central Powers. Since then, the sinking of H. M. S. *Aboukir*, *Cressy*, and *Hogue*, September, 1917, while scouting toward the mouth of the Ems and Borkum, farthest western rendezvous of the German Navy in the North Sea, no other craft has been destroyed and captured in such numbers as the U-boat that was to sweep the Mercantile Navy of Britain off the seas, and starve the British Isles into defeat and subjugation. Roughly, some 69 per cent of the total output of German submarines never returned to their home base, many having been captured, and many more sent precipitately toward the bottom of the sea.

It is very difficult to over-estimate the courage and endurance of those mercantile seamen, by the aid of whom the Allies throughout the four years of hostilities were not only fed in great part but were also provided with munitions of war. Those in particular, whose vessels were not convoyed. The enemy calculated upon attrition of nerves and body, upon the seaman wearing himself out in an agony of waiting: once again, he mistook the psychology and physical characteristics of British Jack for those of his own seaman. The attack came as often as not all invisibly, for they who assassinated the merchant ships, liners, and fishing craft, crawled and prowled in the depths beneath, and unseen by the keenest lookout on board ship. The vigilant gun-crews, that were placed so reluctantly as time went on in merchant vessels navigating the war zones—and popularly known in shipping circles as "Dams" because of their vessels having been titled departmentally as "Defensive Armed Merchant Ships"—were not

always able, despite their incessant watch hour after hour, day and night, to pick up the furtive tip of the enemy's distant periscope—a thing infinitesimal when more than a mile off—and their first intimation of his neighbourhood might come in a torpedo just grazing the ship's stern.

To take an attack in instance. The merchantman begins to twist about like a thing demented, and the gunners open fire energetically. The vessel is steering so as to present herself end-on to the U-boat that is manoeuvring again to place herself in a suitable position to discharge her second torpedo. Shut off from sight of sea and sky, ignorant of disaster till it engulfs them in a twinkling of the eye, they that fire the high blistering boilers need a stout heart in such a fight; and they, too, that move in the engine room amid columnar masses of machinery, where gleams from electric or flickering lamp streak the polished crossheads swiftly jogging up and down, and flashes illume the bright brasses and steel of the speeding cranks. On the engineers and firemen as well as on the deck officers and men depends the ability of the merchantman to fight the submarine. Before disaster comes a watchful motor-boat patrol scurries upon the scene, and opens a hot fire with her 3-pounder semi-automatic gun. The enemy is compelled to withdraw his attention from the merchantman, and defend himself against the virulent sea-wasp by submerging to escape the shower of shells that may pierce the thin steel of his hull in colander-fashion. A depth charge released by the "movie" hastens his departure.

Is the U-boat running free? Over the horizon a destroyer patrol have picked up the sound of firing, and the steamer's wirelessed call if she is so equipped. Three units of the division turn at right angles in obedience to a signal from their Flag-boat, and fling themselves forward at full speed in line ahead. Low, lean, long and lithe looking, with cocky high bows, or, again, turtle-back noses, that slice the waters instead of rising to their lift, they storm onward with the speed of an express train, plumes of grey vapour trailing from their stumpy funnels. Deep has the U-boat's steep slant

taken her; but keen, long-trained eyes on board the destroyers pick out the slight wave formation caused on the surface by the submarine's passage below, and, perhaps, the faint, very faint, line of bubbles sent up from her exhaust of foul air.

The leading destroyer all of a sudden makes a spurt forward, opening a rapid fire, and the others zigzag about, also firing hotly. They twist in a maze of intricate criss-crosses, their guns spouting shell. In a short time their cannonading stops as suddenly as it was begun. A great expanding smear of oil gathers on the face of the sea. The "Unter-see Boot" is "unter" for the last time. But to make sure, for the Boche has been known to release a quantity of heavy oil from his tanks to simulate disaster, the destroyers lay down a buoy marking the position for investigation later on by divers. As, however, the average maximum depth up to the present for divers is from thirty-five to forty fathoms, these investigations have had to be confined to the shallower soundings.

II

Of all the anti-submarine offensive the destroyer has proved to be the spearhead. The underwater boat has had encounters with the "M.L." or motor-launch or other light patrol craft, the U-boat mounting two quickfirers proving valorous enough on occasion; but she has consistently declined an engagement above water with the destroyer.

The destroyer's high speed, wide helm with astounding ease of manoeuvring, her 4-inch armament, together with her splendid seagoing qualities, have rendered her the submarine's most dangerous foe. In the last two years of the war her capacity for destruction was made still more effective by the use of the depth charge, and the gun firing a non-ricochet shell. By means of the depth charge that carries from 200 to 300 pounds of T.N.T. the destroyer, following in the wake of a submerged U-boat, has had an 80 per cent chance to destroy the Boche completely, or so damage her that she has to rise to the surface and surrender, or sink to her own destruction. The shock of the bursting depth charge is felt

underneath in all directions, capsizing, throwing about, or literally blowing in the hull of the submarine. The shock of the exploding gases in forcing themselves to the surface tends to hoist up the submarine, tail or stem first, like a feather-weight. The non-ricochet shell, adopted in 1918, is a variation of the depth charge, and does not require like the latter a directly vertical drop to penetrate the water, and also can be adjusted to burst by pressure of the water at any given depth. Not ricochetting on the surface, it, if it misses the hull or periscope of the submarine, still bursts in her vicinity, and gives a result similar to that of the depth charge.

On a limited scale, still better work than the destroyer's was that accomplished by the sea-plane and other air-craft. Hundreds of ships were convoyed in coastal waters by air-craft, and in only a few instances did the submarine dare to attack. When the sea-plane or airship sighted the hostile underwater-boat the German usually sought refuge as best he could under the surface, seeking to hide in the loom of a shoal.

The air-craft coming along at a speed from 80 to 100 miles an hour begins dropping bombs often sooner than the submarine has time to submerge. The airman from the altitude at which he flies detects the submersible below the surface, and drops his bombs quicker than she can reach safety.

In one case, a U-boat, relying on the stiff headwind, had with great daring and skill dived under the armed escort, and torpedoed two merchantmen under the very noses of the Navy men. The headwind was greatening into a gale, but, overhead, the airship shot down like a hawk, and along the track of the second torpedo; glimpsed the submarine slanting downward, and released her depth bombs in a half circle. After less than a minute or so a geyser of spray shot up—a column of water—and then, significantly, the seas ran smooth with the great evulsion of oil.

Among the static contrivances contributing to the defeat of the submarine few have proved so embarrassing in certain zones as the use of steel nets of wide mesh, weighted along one edge, and buoyed at the opposite ends. On the locality of a

troublesome U-boat having been established, the net was paid out over the end of the trawler or other patrol craft, and dropped where the track of the submersible was calculated to be. Other craft cast about for her, harried her, and, on the underwater-boat driving her stem into the steel mesh, telltale buoys on the surface went along with the net and her. Then the patrols "set about finishing" the enemy.

The use of nets was also effectively applied for the defence of ports and naval bases, and relatively narrow waterways and other reaches frequented by the hostile submersibles. Every such barrage net was closely watched by a line of small craft, and, as soon as any of the surface floats showed signs of disturbance, depth charges were promptly dropped around in the neighbourhood—often with effectual accuracy. It was while British drifters were engaged on this work in the Southern Adriatic, May, 1917, that Austrian cruisers sallied out of Pola, and sank fourteen of them.

Nets and mines were to prove effective in protection of the Grand Fleet, although early in the war there were no northern bases secure from U-boat attack, and, as Admiral Jellicoe has stated, the Fleet was occasionally hunted from pillar to post to find security necessary for coaling operations and shipping other supplies. At that time there were constant scares of hostile submarines being in the vicinity of the Grand Fleet, and if one had reached striking distance it was possible for her to sink a battleship for every torpedo she carried.

The use of mines became very extensive against the enemy. One great area was that enclosing the Heligoland Bight, and, indeed, latterly, protruding into and through it, the enclosing minefields extending, roughly, from the southern entrance to the Zuyder Zee, off the coast of Holland, up to the extreme N.E. point of Denmark. These barrages, however, having to stop at territorial waters limit, there is every reason to believe the German boats made full use of the coastal stretches in order to reach the open sea in safety. In certain circumstances the underwater-boat can creep under a minefield, just as in certain circumstances she can shear her way

through a net barrage by means of mesh cutters attached to her stem. Creeping under, however, is to be checked by setting the mines at varied depths: one row, say, at twenty feet, and the next at thirty, and so on from the sea-bed, according to the depth of water and condition of the bottom.

The greatest of the mined areas to defeat the U-boat has been that proclaimed in May, 1918, by the British Admiralty. The base of this vast minefield formed a line between Norway and the north of Scotland, and the peak of its triangle headed northward toward the Arctic Circle. It was a danger area of 121,782 square nautical miles, involving the use of millions of mines, and formed a barrage shutting the north gateway of the North Sea. The south gateway athwart the Straits of Dover was also held by a strong barrage of mines, nets, and small craft; and in the end effectually was the enemy's exit into the British Channel blocked and barred.

III

But after all it was the men behind the machinery of deadly contraptions who defeated the German underwater campaigns. And no force became of such efficacy as the Royal Naval Trawler Reserve. Early in the war Fritz-am-Meer was taught to respect, and then to dread, their small one-funnelled, two-masted, dumpy small craft; painted the usual steel-grey of the British Navy, wearing the White Ensign, and each her number set in large white letters on her bows. The craft worked in pairs under the direction of their Flag-boat, in which was the Senior Officer in charge of the six vessels. According to the nature of their "catch" was their method of clearing the waters of the German menace. Snaring submarines and mines involved the use of specially devised gear, and trapping the U-boat was the perquisite of the drifter as has been already indicated.

In the R.N.T.R. they have many queer tales. As instance herewith. There was a R.N.T. craft busy upon her duties, when she got a U-boat entangled on her line. The British skipper put his engines full speed astern; but the tin-

fish was stronger, and ran away with the trawler, instead of coming to the surface and fighting it out, as the real rules of the game lay down. The German's two 4-inch, or 6-inch quickfirers against the British trawler's pop-gun.

The trawler held on to her end of the line, a stout steel-wire hawser, and making use of her wits towed a tarpaulin lashed into an open pocket off her stern to keep down speed; and so at a snail's crawl she was hauled away toward the enemy's home waters. Just when her skipper was calculating for the tenth time how soon it would be before hostile patrols hove in sight, a subdivision of British destroyers came up, intent on business away to eastward. But they tarried in their stride, and one was detached. She got to work with her submarine sweepers, each of which contain some 250 pounds of T.N.T. so towed astern as aye to keep its depth. With these she cruised across the U-boat's track at high speed and in widening spirals. It was the trawler that came home to tell the tale.

IV

So thoroughly were all these means utilized to suppress the underwater attack, that since April, 1918, to the end of the war, the sinkings dropped from 56 vessels to six, and very occasionally twenty, vessels all told per week. Perhaps the best proof of all is that afforded in that out of the 13,500,000 men transported by the Navy and Merchant Marine since war broke out, only 2,700 men were lost at sea through action of the enemy.

That was the Defeat of the U-boat.

PATRICK VAUX

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

MOST readers are familiar with Mrs. Browning's love-story, tragic only in that it cut her off for life from the absurdly selfish and obstinate father for whom her strong filial affection remained unshaken. Most readers are familiar with that romantic story and with its exquisite expression in the veiled "Sonnets from the Portuguese." So large does the adventure loom in perspective that to think of this woman poet is to think of her elopement with Browning. In the case of Christina Rossetti it is not so—Christina Rossetti whose love poetry, notably the personal sonnets entitled "Monna Innominata," reveals the passion and the renunciation of love and the yearning for it, again and again. Her asceticism never quite smothered the pure white flame of woman's love which burned in her deep, true heart. For Christina Rossetti is popularly known as a religious poet of the first rank, having composed a very large body of religious verse. But she is also a poet of the passion of love singing out of her own sharp and abiding suffering. At the ripe age of fifty-four she wrote "One Seaside Grave," a little lyric long supposed to refer to the burial place of Dante Gabriel Rossetti at Birchington-on-Sea. But now we know, since Mr. W. M. Rossetti has told us, that it is the resting grave of Charles Cayley whom she loved deeply and passionately but would not marry, and who, in turn, loved her until death. We find traces of this sorrow in a poem, "Sleeping at Last," written the year before her death at sixty-three. More than once on her dying bed she talked with her brother about Cayley and of her love for him "in terms of passionate intensity."

The Rossettis, father, mother and four children, were an unusually talented family, two of them belonging to the high company of genius. Gabriele Rossetti, an exiled Italian

patriot, settled in London and married Francesca Polidori, daughter of an Italian author who had been secretary to the poet Alfieri, and sister of the Dr. Polidori who was Byron's travelling physician. The only strain of Anglo-Saxon blood in the Rossetti family came through the maternal grandmother. Mrs. Rossetti was well educated and taught her daughters entirely except for some early lessons in dancing and singing. She was a devout member of the Anglican communion. Her husband, who had been reared a Romanist, abandoned all dogma but believed and practised the morality of the Gospels, as many an "unbeliever" has believed and practised in all ages. He lived by teaching Italian privately, a professorship in King's College, London, earning nothing but a few fees; and he published several volumes of verse and prose, the expense being borne by English friends. The verse had some vogue in Italy; but the prose, especially a daring interpretation of Dante and of other mediæval writers, was prohibited in that country. Also, when young he had shown talent for drawing.

To Gabriele and Francesca Rossetti were born four children: in 1827, Maria Francesca who entered a Protestant sisterhood and who wrote "A Shadow of Dante," a book for average readers who wish to learn somewhat of the "Divina Commedia"; in 1828, Dante Gabriel the well-known poet-painter; in 1829, William Michael, biographer, critic and poet; and in 1830, Christina Georgina. That her children were about the same age was counted an advantage by the mother, who used to say that the four were no more trouble than one. While they were young and growing and while the father's health held good, they lived in ample comfort on an income ranging from £220 to £280 a year, not a penny going for mere physical luxuries. The essentials in that obscure home were quite other. And when the day of "pinched and pinching" came, the struggle with ways and means was maintained with an utter unconsciousness of appearances possible only to a family whose chief concern was with the things of the mind. As told by Mr. W. M. Rossetti,

the story is a sublime study in genteel poverty, a worthy lesson to complaining, ambitious families of our day. In the Reminiscences published some years ago, Mr. Rossetti tells how, when a lad of fifteen, he was asked to spend the day with a school friend who lived in the wealthy region of St. James's Palace; and how, with Prussian-blue paint, he daubed the whitened elbows of his blue coat to make it presentable. Shortly after, he was taken from school and placed in a Government office, his salary "helping not a little in the stinted household." And he remained in the Civil Service for half a century, when he was superannuated from the Inland Revenue with a pension of six hundred pounds. For many years he was a mainstay of the family, and he was writing continuously for such journals as the *Spectator* and the *Athenæum*, besides doing considerable critical editing and biography. In his long life, Mr. Rossetti has been a diligent and conscientious writer. Before either Dante Gabriel or Christina published a line, he succeeded in getting a poem printed in the *Athenæum;* and he never wrote indifferent verse, but his name was overshadowed by their greater names. Certain it is that we owe him a great debt for his frank and noble revelations concerning the famous family which was Italy's unwitting gift to England. Mr. Rossetti married a daughter of Ford Madox Brown, the eminent painter. Though not a painter himself, he was the seventh member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the editor of their organ, *The Germ*, and the only one of the seven who quarrelled with nobody in the Brotherhood.[1]

Naturally, the Rossettis all knew Italian as they knew English, and each one translated Dante. From childhood they practised writing *bouts rimés*, and three of them learned to compose with facility. They also wrote tales in prose, Christina's first childish attempt being an ambitious Oriental adventure. Her first verses, addressed to her mother, as were many of her poems through life, were privately printed

1 Since this paper was written W. M. Rossetti died at the great age of eighty-nine.

when she was twelve, by her grandfather. Henceforward, until the last trying illness, she composed without ceasing. About one thousand poems are contained in the complete edition of her poetry, and there are left some sixty unpublished. She published a volume of short stories and half-a-dozen devotional prose works including "Called to be Saints" and "The Face of the Deep." Her first volume of poetry, "Goblin Market," did not appear until she had reached the mature age of twenty-nine. Like most of her books, it was dedicated to her mother.

Though comparatively healthy in childhood, the dawn of girlhood found Christina Rossetti exceedingly delicate, and her life gradually became a patient, unremitting struggle with ill-health, the elderly years with Graves' disease of the eyes, and finally with that painful and incurable malady, cancer. While the family circumstances were low, she assisted her mother in teaching a few pupils, and occasionally spent short periods in gentle families teaching conversational Italian. And always she was composing verse. She was a girl of eighteen when the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was formed of young men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two. It has been said that she was named by them "The Queen of the Pre-Raphaelites," but Mr. Rossetti calls it an appropriate and pleasant little fiction. She contributed seven poems to the first three of the four numbers of *The Germ,* which was born in January and expired in May, 1850. Two were unsigned, and five were signed "Ellen Alleyn," a pseudonym chosen by Dante Gabriel whose contributions included "My Sister's Sleep" (written before "In Memoriam" but in the same form) and "Hand and Soul," a strange allegorical tale meant to show that a work of art should exhibit the soul of the artist.

It was to one of those seven young men, a domestic painter named Collinson, taken into the brotherhood by Dante Gabriel Rossetti though opposed by Millais, that Christina became engaged. Brought up in the Church of England, shortly before joining the Brotherhood Collinson had

been won over to the Church of Rome by Cardinal Wiseman. He had a small income from his family and earned something by painting. Introduced to Christina, he fell in love and proposed, Dante Gabriel advocating his suit in loyalty to a Pre-Raphaelite Brother. She refused on the ground of incompatibility of religion, whereupon Collinson reverted to his former faith and renewed his suit. That was in the autumn of 1848. She accepted him, and the engagement continued until the spring of 1850, when Collinson went back to Rome and she broke her troth with regret and pain. Mr. Rossetti explains Christina's love for this early lover: because he was in love with her she gave him her heart's affection "freely and warmly," and in breaking with him, her sensitive soul suffered for both. But I am persuaded that half the pain was wasted. "A blight was on her heart and her spirits, and the delicacy of health which had already settled down upon her, increased visibly." Mr. Rossetti remembered a day withing four or five months after they separated when, accidentally seeing her quondam lover near Regent's Park, she fainted in the street. Soon after the engagement ended Collinson resigned from the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood giving for excuse his obligations as a devout Roman Catholic. Three years later, he entered a Jesuit College, but left it again, resumed painting, and married. Meeting him many years after, Mr. Rossetti found his religious ardour "greatly abated"; but with characteristic honesty and charity, he thought it might be only a passing mood. Collinson died in 1881.

In the selection from Christina Rossetti's family letters selected and edited by her brother in 1908, there are several written to him during this engagement. The first is addressed to him at Pleasley Hill near Manchester where he was visiting Collinson's people. She is glad that he likes Miss Collinson, but has "a notion that she must be dreadfully clever." There is a brother's wife also, and she asks: "Is either of these ladies alarming? Not to you, of course, but would they be to me?" Collinson had painted her portrait, which she wishes them to believe flatters her. (This must be the small oil-portrait exhibited in the exhibition in Glasgow in 1901.) The

next summer she is at Pleasley Hill herself, but her fiancé is not there. And at least one of the three letters written to her brother during the visit seems to show that the two families were essentially different. "Local converse," she writes, "wearies me somewhat. . . . The talk of beaux is perpetual. However, fewer jokes (?) have been passed on me than might have been anticipated." She knits lace desperately, and essays a little gardening, but—"Ah! Will, if you were here we would write *bouts-rimés* sonnets and be subdued together."

Before passing to Miss Rossetti's second and far more serious affair of the heart, mention ought to be made of some poems composed during the engagement to Collinson. Those appearing in *The Germ* have the touch of melancholy, and a long poem, "From House to Home," contains that whole experience in an allegory, as Mr. Rossetti has more than hinted. Reading such lines as these, who would doubt that she wrote out of her own suffering?

> "No more," I wailed, "no more," and trimmed my light,
> And gnashed but did not pray,
> Until my heart broke and my spirit broke.

The love poems bearing dates during this time have no notes of joy, though she was but a young girl with a capacity for happiness. The happiest poem of that time—and who would call it happy?—is the familiar one beginning:—

> When I am dead, my dearest,
> Sing no sad songs for me.

One of the loveliest is the sorrowful phantasy:—

DREAMLAND

> Where sunless rivers weep
> Their waves into the deep,
> She sleeps a charmèd sleep:
> Awake her not.
> Led by a single star,
> She came from very far
> To seek where shadows are
> Her pleasant lot.

* * * * * *

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over brow and breast;
Her face is toward the west,
The purple land.
She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain,
She cannot feel the rain
Upon her hand.

* * * * * *

"Dreamland" and "An End" from which I take one stanza were written in 1849 and appeared in the first issue of *The Germ*.

Love, strong as Death, is dead.
Come, let us make his bed
Among the dying flowers:
A green turf at his head,
A stone at his feet,
Whereon we may sit
In the quiet evening hours.

And now we come to the second experience of love in Christina Rossetti's life, a passion so deep and abiding that it makes the first youthful one look like a spiritual young girl's love for her ideal and not for the man who, she would fain believe, represented that ideal. When she had reached the age of thirty-two, she began to meet Charles Bagot Cayley, a shy scholar who had once been a student of her father's, a rare unworldly spirit as deeply steeped in Dante as the Rossettis themselves. Cayley translated Dante's great poem, keeping the original *terza rima*, a translation which has never been excelled. He also translated from the Greek and Hebrew, and supervised a translation of the New Testament into Iroquois. As scholar and man he was known to an exclusive circle. Ford Madox Brown put him in a picture, "Crabtree Watching the Transit of Venus," in Manchester Town Hall. There it is this day for any who are curious to see the portrait of the man whom Christina Rossetti loved while he lived, and whom she mourned when he died. The painter's son,

Oliver Madox Brown partly drew him in a novel, "Dwalebluth," as the scholarly, absent-minded clergyman, Oliver Serpleton.

In 1862, Cayley was seeing a good deal of Miss Rossetti, and she fell in love with him. They were singularly alike in taste and in other-worldliness, also in intellect, with a difference—the difference of genius, which lay with her. He was a thoroughly old-fashioned gentleman whose clothes were always shabby, "yet with a kind of prim decorum in his costume." Mr. Rossetti tells us that Christina loved him before 1863 and that he proposed to her in 1864. The first poem in the series "Il Rosseggiar dell' Oriente" (which I think have never been printed in English) written in December, 1862, reveals her feeling for Cayley. The series extended to 1876, but she kept them in one group.

IL ROSSEGGIAR DELL' ORIENTE

(Canzoniere all' Amico lontano.)

AMOR DORMENTE?

Addio, diletto amico;
A me non lece amore,
Chè già m'uccise il core
  Amato amante.
Eppur per l'altra vita
Consacro a te speranze;
Per questa, rimembranze
  Tante e poi tante.

The poignant and beautiful "Prince's Progress," a long poem, written in the years 1861-1865, may have in parts the personal element. "By Way of Remembrance," a poem of four sonnet-stanzas, written in 1870, was addressed to Cayley. In it occur these lines:—

I love you and you know it—this at least,
  This comfort is my own in all my pain;
  You know it, and I can never doubt again,
And love's mere self is a continual feast:
Not oath of mine nor blessing word of priest
  Could make my love more certain or more plain.

The "Monna Innominata" purporting to be a series of fourteen dramatic sonnets, is personal. It was Mrs. Browning's trick over again; in the "argument" at the head, there is a graceful reference to the poet of the "Portuguese Sonnets." Remembering Beatrice and Laura and a bevy of unnamed ladies sung by minor poets, she herself would fain be the voice of some lady in troubadour days, "sharing her lover's poetic aptitude while the barrier between them might be one held sacred by both yet not such as to render mutual love incompatible with mutual honour." A sonnet of sonnets she named it, and poured out in those songs her passion and her pain.

Why did she not marry Cayley, loving him so? "She would gladly have accepted his offer," says her brother, "but that scrupulous conscience of hers put it to the old test of faith." His religious views were far removed from hers and there would be a barrier between husband and wife. Consequently "with a sore heart," she refused to marry him. Knowing her feelings, her brother urged her to accept; and since Cayley's means were limited, he offered them a home under his roof. "She and her husband would be most welcome as members of my family." The decision, however, was on religious grounds. Their friendship remained unbroken and he continued to be a frequent visitor at 30 Torrington Square, which was Christina Rossetti's last home. He died in sleep one night in December, 1883, at the age of sixty. It was the night of her fifty-third birthday. When she heard the news she went straight to her brother's office in Somerset House. "I shall not easily forget," he says, "the look of her face, and the strain of self-command in her voice; she did not break down." Until her own death in 1894, Cayley's memory was the most precious human thing to her.

Cayley's will appointed Christina Rossetti his literary executor: "And in the event of my dying before my dear and kind friend, Miss Christina Georgina Rossetti, I bequeath to her the remainder of such books as have been published for me by Messrs. Longman & Co., and which they are in the

habit of selling on commission for me . . . . and the said Christina Rossetti is also to have my best writing-desk and any packet that may be lying addressed to her, and she shall be entitled to reclaim in order to be destroyed any letters of hers which may be found among my papers or effects."

The poem, "One Seaside Grave" refers, as I said, to the grave of Cayley who was buried at Hastings.

Unmindful of the roses,
Unmindful of the thorn,
A reaper tired reposes
Among his gathered corn;
So might I, till the morn!

Cold as the cold Decembers,
Past as the days that set,
While only one remembers
And all the rest forget,—
But one remembers yet.

ELIZABETH PARKER

When sinking in death and scarcely able to speak, Christina asked her brother's forgiveness for a perfectly harmless deception. He had recommended her not to see people, and she had gone to the Cayleys to luncheon or received Cayley at luncheon. "I was so fond of him," faltered the faint voice of this saint—and woman. She had practised confession, and so fearful were her theological views that with her own hands she baptised her brother's dying baby. She implored, and he gave a willing consent for her peace of mind; and the rite was performed by her in presence of the nurse only. With her Puritan over-scrupulousness, she gave up chess in early life because she had been so keen to win. Oddly enough, she would take a hand at whist or cribbage, and cards she never gave up until her mother's death. But æsthetic or no, Christina Rossetti loved in woman's way.

E. P.

HOW THE CANADIANS CAME TO FRESNOY

Fifteen fifty—or thereabout,
Look at this gay, fantastic rout,
Fresnoy village in days gone by,
Banner and pennon streaming high;
Fight and dance and lark and song,
Marching legion and village throng,
Fat old priest with a roguish mien,
Lovely lady in silken sheen,
Fool in motley with wit so keen;
Steel-clad baron with glances bold,
Stately knight of the Fleece of Gold,
Sturdy soldier with sword on hip,
Dainty maiden with ruby lip,
Wandering pilgrim with staff and scrip;
Jolly old miller with round, red face,
Innocent nun with childish grace.
Mill sails flapping in lazy wheel,
Flash of jewels and glint of steel,
Briar rose lifting its pearl-pink shell
Amid violets and cowslips and asphodel,
While the wheat in gold waves o'er the landscape flows,
With the poppies between in crimson rows.
Such was Fresnoy in days of old,
But such no longer is Fresnoy hold;
Ring down the curtain and clear the stage
While the Muse of History turns a page.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen,
Bloodiest year that ever was seen.
What is this fierce, blood stirring sight
Disclosed as fold the wings of night?
Deadly hush in the startled morn,

Hush of wrath and terror born;
Tense forms crouched for the tiger spring
When the call through the miry trench shall ring.
'Tis the lull before the cyclone breaks,
When the startled watcher in terror quakes,
As he waits for the roaring blast of doom
When the storm king shakes his sable plume.
Hark a whistle and then a flash,
And the red earth rocks to the barrage crash;
"Ho there ready," and row on row
Over the top they forward go;
Sliding, slipping, gasping, " Wow,
You are not on Portage Avenue now."
Down through the shell holes filled with mud,
Forward through the Red-sea flood;
On with the force of a battering ram,
Where that white head leads like an oriflamme;
See him stride o'er the bloody sod
As cool as if Winnipeg's streets he trod.
Varsity, Queen's and old McGill
Surge together up yonder hill,
As you did on that day in the warm sunshine
When you swung at the champion's bending line.
Never again will you see the quad,
Winding river and cool green sod,
Shady woods where the violet blows,
Nor tall green elms in bending rows;
Never again will you hear the call
To ivied chapel and lecture hall,
But choke and stagger and yield your breath,
Kissed by the scorching lips of Death.

Surging swing of the waves of Hell,
Whine of bullet and crash of shell,
Torn limbs hurled in the startled air,
Clash of sword and star-shell's glare,
Struggle through smoke clouds rolling high,

Or sink in the mud and gasp and die,
Where the poisonous barbed wire clingeth tight,
Savage and sharp as a serpent's bite.
Over at last and into their trench,
Well may even the Prussian blench
And call on his heathen gods for grace,
When the red steel flames in his brutal face.
Blue fire leaping from splintered bone,
Scream of wounded and dying moan,
Flash of a wrist through the crimson foam,
Sough of the bayonets driving home;
One more rush and the fight is done,
One more rush and the village won;
Murmur a prayer for the passing soul,
Sound the bugle and call the roll;
Poor Jim and Harry and Dick and Bill
Down in the mud now cold and still,
Never again will they hear the band
Play "Home, sweet Home" at Happyland.
Such is the picture the Muse unrolled
When the fierce Canadians took Fresnoy hold.

Nineteen hundred and fifty-one,
The fields lie warm in the April sun,
And the violet once more lifteth up
From the soft, brown mold her sapphire cup,
While down below in a woodside dell
The daffodil swings her golden bell,
And the soft, white mist of morn is unrolled
In a delicate mantle fold on fold.
Through the amethyst gates of morn
The Spring steps in o'er the sleeping corn,
And rouses the buds with her airy tread,
While a lark's song floats from the blue o'erhead;
Sweet and clear each liquid note
Doth through the calm air gently float,
As though a soul that had won release

From pain, breathed a message of hope and peace.
The white mist rises and mill and stream
Bask in the Spring sun's golden gleam.

A youth looks down from the long green ridge
On the old gray mill by Fresnoy Bridge.
"What are those low mounds row on row,
Where the wind-flower swings and the daisies blow?"
"Bare your head and breathe a prayer
For the hero dead who slumber there,
For those splendid boys who in thousands died,
That you and your sons in peace might bide;
They were scarce your age when in deadly fight
Their spirits stepped out on the shell-swept height."
"What unknown Genius slumbers here?"
"Pause and drop on these graves a tear;
Bring rose and lily and maple and pine,
Plant them in ordered line on line,
Blend dark fir bough with the maple's sheen
While the tiny crosses gleam between;
And let the birds and the winds of Spring
Through the circling years a requiem sing,
Till the crimson seed here freely cast
Shall wake at the Judgement trumpet's blast,
And clad in robes of dazzling white,
Bloom once more in the fields of light."

CECIL FRANCIS LLOYD

WOUNDED AND CAPTURED

AT the beginning of dawn, April 23rd, 1915, our Company charged. In the excitement someone got me, and later I awoke slowly to find that the battle had passed on. That day I slept and trusted that stretcher-bearers would come with night. None came, so I tried to crawl away. In fifty minutes or thereabouts I had travelled some fifty yards and had more than that number of shots fired at me. Though I was not hit again the noise of the bullets worried me and I lost much valuable energy. At last I got clear of the open ground in front of the enemy trench and crept up a little rise. But I could not keep awake and morning surprised me scarcely a hundred yards from where I had fallen. The second day also I slept, but I awoke so often that there was really no pleasure in it. In the afternoon shells kept crowding into the field where I lay and things began to look so serious that I wondered whether my life insurance would be paid without delay if I disappeared in a coal-box; some minutes later I was thinking that my insurance would be paid sooner than I wished, for life seemed to be slipping away. Then I smelt coffee. I listened eagerly to discover who were the coffee-drinkers. They were a short distance away in the next field and behind me, but though I could not see them their speech betrayed them and I played possum as hard as I knew how.

At dusk several Germans walked past me, but I lay still and they did not investigate. Later I awoke once more. Night was coming, and thirst and weakness tempted me to call for water. By yielding to that temptation I acquired three most unpleasant years and an acute understanding of the writings of Jeremiah. Also I became quite apt at making the best of a bad job.

Soon two Germans were standing over me. I was uncertain whether they would stab or help, but I could not

help feeling surprised when they picked me up carefully and carried me to their trench some thirty yards away. Here they gave me water and said that the doctor would come soon.

A soldier very politely unstrapped my field-glasses, saying: "You will have no further use for these." I agreed tacitly, for I was feeling very weary and was almost passionately longing to get clean before death came. I waited a few minutes for their doctor, and as he delayed his coming I suggested to a soldier that they carry me over to the Allied lines, and then they would not be bothered with me any more. His answer was to offer me a greatcoat and to ask me whether I was cold. No doubt he thought I was mad, whereas in fact I was so confused I had not understood that I had been captured.

Some time later they carried me over some trenches, and just as I was gaily expecting to greet either French or Canadian troops the two gray jackets laid me on some straw in a barn. I realized that I was prisoner, but at that moment I did not care. I muttered "*Kann ich schlafen?*" in my unique German and fell asleep.

A medical orderly roused me, dressed my wounds which had been exposed to the air for two days, and insisted on telling me how good he was to do me so much kindness. He amazed me so with his trumpeting that I stared at him like an ox. After he had put away the iodine and bandages he looked at me significantly and said: "I have been very good to you. Without my help you would have died. May I have your watch? You will not need it any more." The courteous irony of this demand forced me to smile "*Ja, ja,*" as I pondered as to whether he thought that I had done with time. My compass also he took but threw away, for a bullet had split it.

During the first part of that night I was moved from one dressing-station to another. Once an officer questioned me. As his haughtiness made me sullen and as his English was worse than my German we did not get on well together, and he got no satisfaction except that of losing his temper.

In one of these barns the orderlies asked me if I could walk. I told them that I could not. But as they assured me that the distance was short and as they had really been very decent, I got up and went out supported by a soldier. After we had gone a few yards this fellow left me. I have a wild recollection of keeping on a road by the process of avoiding the ditches in turn. I could see in those ditches great goggle-eyed beasts waving their *antennae* and I must confess that I was horribly scared. Those creatures had found me the night before and I had not cared for their company. However, at last I sat down in a puddle and cared for nothing. A stretcher-bearer ordered me to get up. He repeated the order until we both became bored. He began to reason with me, and so far as I could interpret he seemed to be alarmed lest I might catch cold. Finally he set me on my feet and on we stumbled. About this time the rain began to fall.

In the darkness I found myself being lifted up on to the front seat of an ambulance. A fat foe on either side cushioned me, a kindness which their size forced them to show. We drove slowly and the weight of my companions pressed me into the back of the seat so that I could not fall off. The rain fell, the beasts stood up in the ditches and looked at me, and the ruts made me feel very sorry for myself.

At dawn we halted at a hut-hospital, a building about 70 feet long by 30 wide, well-lit and containing wooden double-beds with straw-sack mattresses. An orderly changed my bandages, ejaculated "*Stinkend*" and gave me a hypodermic in the arm. While he was doing his work pride made me pretend that I felt nothing. He was astonished and said: "Englishman, you are very strong." As a matter of fact many of the British in Germany bore pain with such stoicism that the doctors often counted on that characteristic when they used the probe or the knife. On one occasion a lad writhed under the probe and the doctor looking at him reproachfully said: "So! I thought you were an Englishman." Considered with reason, the endurance of pain is

mere common-sense; if you suffer much, you will faint; if you do not suffer much, your groans disturb others. But I must admit that when taken unawares I cried out.

For two or three days I lay on a straw-sack in that hut: it was morning and it was evening, but which I was never sure. Here I lost all my clothes except my breeches, cap, and a bandanna. My boots and puttees, new and undamaged, went first. I was awakened by two Germans trying to pull off my boots. My feet were so swollen that I feared Fritz would dislocate my ankles. After a gorgeous display of swearing in both languages the enemy went off with the spoil, and left me with a temper and aching shins. Another visitor spoke a curious English and asked me why the Canadians fought against the Germans, the well-intentioned Germans who had never done Canada any harm. My reply disturbed him, for the tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued to decry the wickedness of the Canadians. I was so disgusted that I closed my eyes and saw him no more. This was my first experience of the weeping self-righteousness of a sentimental Teuton, and unhappy as I was I felt that my lot was preferable to his.

A pastor appeared and stared at me. He was merely impertinent and ill-bred. He looked useless, bloodless and empty, like the cast skin of a water insect; and I felt sorry for the regiment that had to suffer him as their chaplain. He was not even polite enough to say "Good-day."

But I must give the devil his due. I was awakened by an arm being passed beneath my head, and saw a queer face peering at me: the yellowish eyes, wrinkled face and sparse beard made me think of the gnomes of folk-lore. Half-awake and in that childish mood that weakness sometimes brings on I felt that the King of the Mountain Fairies had got me. But the kobold grinned and put a glass of wine to my lips. Several times afterwards he aroused me for a drink of wine, and to this day I am uncertain whether his gentleness or his ugliness was the more striking. His was a rare spirit, but painfully old-fashioned in that he showed no stain of Kultur.

Of the food in this hospital I can recollect only some stewed prunes. That we had that cosmopolitan dish is a fair argument that the food was not bad. Should any one be tempted to resurrect the ancient boarding-house joke, all I have to say is that in German prison camps boarding-house meals would have been considered as the feasts of kings.

Here I saw no doctors, but they may have come while I slept. Once an under-officer changed my bandages. He also exclaimed "*Stinkend*," and with truth, for by this time my body resembled the offence of Hamlet's uncle.

At last I was to be removed to another hospital. An anæmic orderly flew into a passion because he could not find my "Billet." I lay on the stretcher and looked at the rafters, for I had no idea what all the fuss was about. At first I thought that Germany had lost the war, but when the little rat began pulling my rags off me and feeling under my blanket I told him I didn't have it, whatever it might be. That made him worse, and as they carried me through the doorway to the ambulance he reached his top note of lamentation.

As I lay in the ambulance looking at my feet and detesting everything, two soldiers thrust in their heads and demanded money. "*Geld, Geld*," they jabbered. I told them that I had none. They insisted, and so did I. They withdrew and conferred with each other. Then they drew near once more and threatened to pull me out of the ambulance if I did not give them money. At that moment the ambulance started, and away we went with my two half-sovereigns still safe in my belt. The car went at a good pace and I renewed my dislike of the cobbled roads of Belgium.

We halted at Roulers, where the stretchers were set down before the door of a large church. A fossil man, in a uniform which was no doubt a source of pride to himself but of astonishment to the beholder, appeared on the church steps. My companion was carried in without any discussion, but when the bearers picked up the stretcher on which I was lying, Old Salad became so officious that he trembled with excitement.

He refused to allow me to enter, because I had no "Billet." The bearers left me in the street and the Reichstag opened. The sun shone bravely, but the mists of argument were almost too much for him. The words "Billet" and "*Verboten*" fell like hail. The meeting adjourned while they searched me for the "Billet;" then they spread out their hands in anger and despair, and the pow-wow grew more furious than before. Gradually I discovered the cause of the trouble. At the field dressing-station the orderly had fastened to my tunic an official paper showing my name, rank, etc., and the nature of my injuries. My tunic had since disappeared, and there was nothing to prove to Herr Salad that the *Schweinhund* required medical attention. "No ticket, no wounds, no hospital." So simple and beautiful is Teutonic logic. That *der verfluchte Engländer* had lost his papers was an insult, and the three glowered at me for bringing them to such a dead-lock. There was some more talk, until the doorkeeper had raised his voice to a shriek. That seemed to satisfy his conscience; for he washed his hands dramatically of all responsibility and ordered the bearers to take me in and be damned. I have since considered this matter and have come to the conclusion that they took me in and disobeyed one of the orders of the All-Highest because they wished to use the stretcher again, and were afraid to leave me in the street lest the Belgians should do me a kindness.

Our next abode was a school-room attached to the church. The concrete floor of this room was strewn with wounded or gassed French and British soldiers lying in confusion on filthy blankets and straw-sacks. During the three or four days I lay here the Germans made one attempt to clean the floor and to arrange the wounded in some order; but even after this cleansing the bedding was active. At first we lay in such disorder that those who became delirious would unwittingly strike or kick other severely wounded men lying helpless beside them.

At Roulers I was examined for the first time by a doctor. He also exclaimed "*Stinkend*" and asked me how many days

had passed since I had received medical attention. After a warning that he was going to hurt me he kept his word, but he was too quick to be unkind. Again the question of the wretched "Billet" came up, but this doctor told them to shut up and write out a new slip. One of the by-products of Kultur is that the favoured classes are generally intelligent, and in their laboured way intellectual; whereas the petty folk resemble the shades of frightened parrots.

I suppose I must have lost my breeches here, for the doctor cut off my belt with the two half-sovereigns which he took into safe-keeping. He assured me that he would give me German money in exchange; and some hours later he carefully sought me out from among the bodies on the floor and handed me the money. He knew his own people. As he is the only enemy who gave me value for what he took, I regret that I do not know his name.

While we were concluding this financial transaction I noticed an orderly eyeing us. When he turned his back for a few moments I banked the funds among my filthiest bandages, an ancient trick of the needy and apprehensive. Later this Red Cross soldier aroused me, shook his fist in my face, and said that I was to be hanged in reprisal for the hanging of three Germans by the Canadians. I may be unjust, but I suspect him of having searched me as I slept and of having become so suddenly vindictive because he could not find my treasury. Yet his threat of hanging was scarcely brutal; for that chamber was a place of horror, a fit anteroom to the Abode which the chaplain promises to all careless pagan warriors. Moreover I comforted myself with the thought that should I come to the rope I would probably become unconscious before they broke my neck.

From time to time a sister appeared, but her motive appeared to be curiosity and not humanity. One of them carefully examined the kilt of the man next to me, and only lack of blood prevented me from blushing for her.

The food was war-bread, a kind of coffee, and sometimes a slice of villainous sausage. We ate a little to try and keep

up our strength, but two or three mouthfuls were generally enough.

By day sentries stood about the room, but at night they were withdrawn, the door locked, and there was no one to help us. One night, a sentry, enraged by the screams of some poor devil, unlocked the door and rushed in. With bayonet-point lowered he dashed past to a far corner whence the cries came. There was an abrupt silence. I do not know what actually happened, for I could not see the men and soon afterwards fell asleep; but in the morning they took a corpse away from that corner. Yet the carrying out of one or two dead in the dawn was not unusual. Hell itself could not echo with sounds more dolorous than those which arose at night from that cluster of humanity. But occasionally some stronger spirit would be heard saying: "Buck up, and don't make such a —— of a noise. You're not the only one hurt."

The days were better, being tempered by the humanity of certain sentries. One man, blue-eyed and with a thick tawny beard, was always ready to give any one of us a drink of water. Also he put a folded blanket under my cracked shoulder. The actions of this fighting man were a contrast to those of the orderly, who later kicked away the blanket: that my head was in the way of his foot was of no concern to this wearer of the Red Cross.

Under such conditions no one could get better, and each day I felt nearer the grave. At last I gave myself three more days to live, and slept as much as possible. However closely a man may cling to life, there are situations so disgusting that he becomes content to know that the machinery is running down. While in this apathetic mood I awoke one morning to find that a bandage had slipped from my hip, and became so annoyed that I swore audibly. Immediately some weak voice piped up: "That beggar is getting better, anyway." I was so irritated that I almost replied: "Can't you see I'm dying, you ass?" but thought that such a remark would be really too ridiculous.

During the afternoon of the second of these my three last days a number of us were removed to a hospital-train bound for the Fatherland, and thus I was saved the trouble of dying.

This train was well appointed and managed. Clean beds, a pleasant orderly and comparative quiet did much to restore us. One German churl remarked to a Montreal lad: "The train is far too good for English prisoners." He no doubt would have sent us on our thirty-hour journey in cattle-trucks, as I have since heard was done to some of the wounded from the same battle.

During the night our train stopped for some time, and those who required immediate attention were taken to the operating car. The doctor, a middle-aged gentleman with reddish hair and gold spectacles, was most considerate. He spoke that strangely correct English peculiar to the educated European. When my bandages were removed he held his nose politely, but the word "*Stinkend*" escaped his lips. I was waiting for it, and was pleased to meet an old acquaintance. Whatever we may think of the Teuton he has a generous pronunciation of that domestic word.

Not only was this doctor courteous, but he was not above quieting the mind of his enemy. The condition of my arm had been worrying me, and in answer to my question he said: "Yes, I can promise you that you will keep the arm." Dr. Schneider, for such I believe was his name, impressed me as being able, compassionate and a gentleman. That a German can be a gentleman will sound incredible to most people, but apparently there are exceptions even in well-ordered Germany. Besides, he may have been an Austrian.

Next day I was able to enjoy a little conversation with the orderly, who could understand my French. As he seemed an earnest and intelligent lad I set down one of his remarks: "When the war is finished one of the Kaiser's sons will be King of France and another King of England." That an otherwise sensible person could believe such things was a fair argument for a bitter war. No doubt he had read it, and being German he believed his blinding print.

Towards sunset I was told that we had crossed the Rhine and would soon be at our destination. I was annoyed at not being able to get a glimpse of that famous river and troubled at the thought of having to leave that clean train. I wondered if the next hospital would be any better than that which we had left at Roulers.

A. F. FIELD

WHEN SPARROWS BUILD

Passer tecta parat: nascuntur in ilice frondes:
Nunc redit usque recens in mea corda dolor.
Nam procul arctoas refugit brumalis in undas
Nox, curruque rubet sol referente diem.
Campi illic nivei ceu vellera rubra patescunt,
Laxati et trepidant lumine fontis aquae,
Auraque demisso glaciales vertice moles,
Fluctibus illapsas, verna per aequor agit.

Rapte puer citius, qui me tam fidus amabas,
Te tristi ipsa memor pectore semper amo.
Nonne beatorum sedes transvectus ad istas
Carpere maerentis jam mea verba potes?
Illa gravem quondam tibi nempe tulere dolorem;
Nunc etiam alta manent mente reposta mea.
Ast audire nequis miseram me saepe vocantem,
Heu, mihi fundo imo non rediture maris.

W. S. JACKSON

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE IN CANADA

FOR fifty years before the Civil War in the United States Canada alone offered permanent refuge for the slave escaping from bondage in the South. How many slaves were summarily emancipated by reaching British territory can never be determined definitely, so widely do contemporary estimates differ, but that the loss to the slave-owners was very great is shown by the complaints that were constantly voiced in the South with regard to the protection afforded the runaway in Canada and by the repeated efforts to secure an agreement to surrender fugitives. As early as 1826 Henry Clay drew attention to the loss to the South resulting from slaves running away to Canada and spoke of it as a "growing evil." In that year he wrote to the American minister at London: "They (the refugees) are generally the most worthless of their class, and far, therefore, from being an acquisition which the British Government can be anxious to make, the sooner, we should think, they are gotten rid of the better for Canada."[1] Two years later Clay returned to the subject, declaring that the evil was still growing and pointing out that it was likely to disturb Anglo-American relations. His representations to Great Britain were without effect, however, the answer being made that the American proposals for extradition of fugitives could not be entertained. Britain could not depart from the principle recognized by the British courts that "every man is free who reaches British ground."[2]

The position taken by the British Government was quite in accord with the sentiment of the Canadian people. Sympathy with the fugitive manifested itself in many ways during the half-century that Canada was a city of refuge, and realized

1 Niles' Register, Vol. xxv, 289.
2 Gallatin to Clay, Sept. 26, 1827. Niles' Register, p. 290.

in thousands of cases the hopes expressed in the famous old negro song, chanted so often by black men made free:—

Oh, I heard Queen Victoria say
That if we would forsake
Our native land of slavery,
And come across de lake;
Dat she was standing on de shore,
With arms extended wide,
To give us all a peaceful home,
Beyond de rolling tide;
Farewell, ole master, don't think hard of me,
I'm travelling on to Canada, where all de slaves are free.

As the number of fugitives escaping to Canada grew year by year, becoming a black stream after 1850, the sympathy of the Canadians manifested itself in the most practical way. While the refugees in the northern states were being harassed by federal agents and dragged back to slavery on the cotton plantations, Canadians were proud of the fact that their flag stood for true freedom. There were those among them who by their lives showed forth that:—

. . . . True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free.

For Canada's attitude to slavery was not passive but actively aggressive. After the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill in 1850 the underground railroad, that marvellous system by which slaves reached freedom, could have its termini only in Canada or near the Canadian border, for nowhere else in the North could the slave feel absolutely safe. During the last ten years of the slavery struggle, therefore, that is before the issue was left to be decided by war, Canada was a most powerful factor in the nullifying of the Fugitive Slave Law, in rendering slave property in the South unstable and hastening on the final decision that had to be made whether the American nation could longer remain half slave and half free. The South recognized clearly the part that Canada

was playing. "Underground railroads are established stretching from the remotest slave-holding states right up to Canada," said Senator Polk, of Missouri, in 1861.[1] The very fact that the negroes knew of a free country to the north was a menace to the slavery system. That knowledge had reached the South as early as the period of the war of 1812, when Kentucky riflemen had been surprised to find black men, formerly slaves, fighting in the Canadian forces on behalf of their new-found freedom. The southern negroes hearing of this might very reasonably argue that their master's enemy was likely to be their friend. As the migration to the north grew during the twenties and thirties, negro colonies were founded in Canada which, in addition to providing homes for those who made their escape, also carried on active operations assisting others out of bondage. Native Canadians, as well as negroes, went far into the south spreading the news of the free country to the north. In the early fifties the Anti-Slavery Society of Canada was formed, with branches in the leading towns of Upper Canada, and until the close of the Civil War continued an active force, assisting fugitives and creating a sentiment hostile to slavery and all its works.

The social status of the negro in Canada was adjusted with ease. In a new country, where the work of hewing farms out of the forest was the chief business, any addition to the available supply of labour was welcomed. The negro was taken at his own value. If he were willing to work there was plenty for him to do and he was paid the same wage as the white labourer. If he wouldn't work there was scant sympathy for him and he could suffer the consequences. There was no favouritism and little prejudice. Nor was the political status of the negro at any time in doubt. Back in 1829, when the enforcement of the Ohio Black Laws threatened ruin to the coloured people in Cincinnati, they looked to Canada for help and sent two delegates to York (now Toronto) to find out the attitude of the Canadian Government. They stated their case to the governor, Sir John Colborne, who gave

1 Cong. Globe, 36th Congress, 2nd Session, p. 356.

prompt reply: "Tell the republicans on your side of the line that we royalists do not know men by their colour. Should you come to us you will be entitled to all the privileges of the rest of His Majesty's subjects." When this message was brought back between four and five hundred of Cincinnati's coloured population left for Canada, a part of them founding the short-lived Wilberforce colony and the others scattering through the various towns of the province. The position taken thus early by Sir John Colborne was that of all his successors in office, and on the very eve of the Civil War Sir Edmund Walker Head declared that Canada could still afford homes to the refugees.[1]

Canadian legislation was free from any discrimination against the negro. Occasionally some individual member of Parliament would show unfriendliness, generally for political ends, but no hostile legislation ever marred Canada's good name. The fugitive was shown that the country was ready to give him his chance, and even ready to give him direct aid. An example of such practical help was the policy of remitting customs duties on supplies sent in by the abolitionists of the United States for destitute fugitives. In the liberality of its land grants to negro colonies the Canadian Government also showed its sympathy. The Elgin Association and the Refugees' Home each secured large tracts of land on easy terms with the understanding that it would be re-sold to the negroes on conditions which would make it possible for them to become freeholders. There were no political rights denied the fugitive. He paid his fair share of the taxes and he went to the same poll as his white neighbour to cast his vote. The franchise was exercised and there was no bar to the negro holding office. Austin Steward, one of the founders of the Wilberforce colony, looked forward to the time when there would be a negro representative sent from his district to the Canadian Parliament. In the Elgin Association's settlement negroes held the offices of pathmaster, school trustee and councillor, and Dr. J. Wilson Moore, who

1 Mitchell, Underground Railroad, London, 1860, pp. 155-6.

visited the negroes in Canada in 1858, noted such offices as school trustee and road commissioner being filled by black men. They were also serving as jurymen.[1] The negroes were found to be in touch with the leading political events going on in their adopted country. At the time of the agitation over the Rebellion Losses Bill, in the forties, the negroes in Essex county met and passed resolutions protesting against the terms of the bill and commending the representative from Essex in the Canadian Parliament for his firm stand on the question.

It cannot be denied that there were occasionally some small evidences of race prejudice in Canada, but these were always local and without force of law. Canadian law and the Canadian courts frowned on anything of this kind. Rev. S. R. Ward, in his autobiography, says he read of a case in southwestern Ontario where the whole mass of coloured voters were driven from the polls and for the time disfranchised. "But," he adds, "the injured parties had recourse to law—British law, thank Heaven, and triumphed."

He pays this tribute to Canadian justice as he saw it being administered in the fifties: "Happily for us, we have equal laws in our adopted country, and I know of no judge who would sully the British ermine by swerving from duty at the bidding of prejudice in a case coming before him as betwixt a negro and a white man. I know of more than one instance in which our Canadian judges have acted with the most honourable impartiality in such cases; indeed I know of no case in which they have done otherwise."

The fugitive's rights of citizenship were recognized by his enrollment in the militia of the province. There were coloured fighters in the war of 1812, and during the "Patriot War" of 1838, when there was some danger of invasion from across the border, the negroes quickly offered their services. Sir Francis Bond Head, the governor, says of the negroes: "They hastened as volunteers in waggon-loads to the Niagara frontier to beg from me permission that in the intended attack

1 Still, Underground Railroad Records, p. xvii.

upon Navy Island they might be permitted to form the forlorn hope."[1] Rev. J. W. Loguen, prominent in the abolition cause, says he was offered the command of a company of black troops in 1838, and notes the promptness with which several black companies were organized as well as the valour they displayed. These people, he points out, could scarcely remain passive when the success of the invaders would break the only arm interposed for their security and destroy the only asylum for African freedom on the continent.[2] Rev. Josiah Henson, founder of the Dawn negro colony, was on active service during the troubles of 1838, being a captain in the 2nd Essex company of coloured volunteers which helped garrison Fort Malden for five months. His company had a hand in the capture of the schooner *Ann*, in January, 1838. "The coloured men," he says, "were willing to defend the Government that had given them a home when they had fled from slavery."[3]

As might be expected there were attempts at one time and another to have Canada give up again to slavery those whom she had taken under her protection. The responsibility of Canada for the return of a fugitive slave upon the demand of the American Government, or upon the claim of the former master, was raised during the administration of Sir Francis Bond Head in the late thirties. The case is described in his "Narrative."[4] Jesse Happy, a runaway from Kentucky, having been discovered in Canada, his return was demanded by the governor of that state, the charge against him being that of horse-stealing. Before deciding the application, Sir Francis referred the matter to his Home Government in a memorandum that left no doubt regarding his own views. He points out first of all that a slave can hardly expect emancipation from trial for crimes for which even British-born subjects would be held responsible. Proceeding, he says:—

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1 Head, F. B., A Narrative, London, 1839, p. 392.
2 Loguen, J. W., A Narrative, Syracuse, 1859, pp. 344-5.
3 Henson, Josiah, An Autobiography, London, Ont., 1881, p. 176.
4 pp. 200-204.

On the other hand, it may be argued that a slave escaping from bondage on his master's horse is a vicious struggle between two guilty parties, of which the slave owner is not only the aggressor, but the blackest criminal of the two. It is the case of the dealer in human flesh versus the stealer of horse flesh; and it may be argued that if the British Government does not feel itself authorized to pass judgment on the plaintiff, neither should it on the defendant. The clothes and even the manacles of a slave are undeniably the property of his master, and it may be argued that it is as much a theft in the slave walking from slavery to liberty in his master's shoes as riding on his master's horse; and yet surely a slave breaking out of his master's house is not guilty of the same burglary which a thief would commit who should force the same locks and bolts in order to break in.

Sir Francis urged as a further objection to the rendition of fugitive slaves that even if a slave were acquitted of crime in a state court he would be seized at once by his former master and put back into slavery. His conclusion was that:—

the slave states have no right, under the pretext of any human treaty, to claim from the British Government, which does not recognize slavery, beings who by slave law are not recognized as men, and who actually existed as brute beasts in moral darkness until, on reaching British soil, they suddenly heard, for the first time in their lives, the sacred words, "Let there be light, and there was light." From that moment, it is argued, they were created men, and if this be true, it is said they cannot be held responsible for conduct prior to their existence.

The question was again brought to the attention of the British Colonial Office in 1840 by a communication from the coloured people in Canada through their secretary, Mr. E. de St. Remi. A decision had been given by the British Government in 1839 respecting the surrender of fugitives and criminals escaping from the Danish West Indies into the British possessions nearby. The despatch relative to this contained the declaration that "where the criminals whether slave or freemen shall be satisfactorily proved to the British Colonial authorities to have been guilty of murder or any other heinous crime which the laws of all nations visit with extreme punishment, the safety of society demands that such a criminal should be brought to justice, and it would become the duty of governors of colonies to afford every assistance for

his apprehension and restitution to take his trial in the foreign colony in which his crime may have been committed."

On the face this looked like a fair ruling but the black men detected a flaw. What if the "heinous" charge were merely trumped up for the occasion, perjury used to back it up and the British colonial court so persuaded to deliver up the fugitive. The fugitive knew something of what the slavery interests would do to get back their property. To illustrate their contention an actual case was cited which had recently been reported from the island of St. Lucia. It was openly charged there that fabricated evidence had been used in an effort to recover three slaves absconding from Martinique. The Canadian communication points out that even if declared innocent of the crimes charged, after trial in the Martinique courts these men will at once be thrown back into slavery. It then goes on to emphasize the importance of such a decision to the refugee in Canada.

> The coloured population of Upper Canada distinctly disavow the desire of being screened from the punishment due to any offence cognizable by the regular tribunals of the country, and which would give them the benefit of trial, although they might reasonably dread a surrender, even in such a case, from the consciousness that if acquitted they would again be involved in cruel irremediable slavery; but they pray to be sheltered from the fabrications of masters who charge them with crimes of which they are themselves accusers, judges, juries and punishers.

In support of this position the following pertinent facts were pointed out by the Canadian negroes:—

First, that neither law nor practice allowed trial to the slave in any of the American slave states, except in a very few extreme cases.

Second, that in the few cases where trial was granted, law forbade taking the testimony of either slaves or free coloured persons against whites.

Third, that in several free states the testimony of a free coloured man was not admitted against that of a white.

Fourth, that generally free coloured men, when condemned to a term of years' imprisonment, fell back into perpetual slavery.

The conclusion of the Canadian memorandum reads:—

> The petition of the coloured man prays a thorough searching investigation and examination of witnesses and rigid enquiry into facts; a sifting of evidence previous to a surrender of them as accused felons, although if granted it would by no means insure a bona fide trial to the coloured criminal after surrender. For I do not disguise my fear, that in most cases his punishment would not be death, but worse—slavery.

Under the extradition clause of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842 there was one famous effort made to recover a fugitive slave. This was the case of the Missouri negro, William Anderson, who was arrested in Canada in 1860 charged with the murder of his former master, Seneca Diggs, whom he had stabbed in an attempt to secure his freedom. This case created serious difficulties not only between Canada and the United States, but also between Canada and Great Britain, though in the end Anderson was freed on a technicality. It seems quite clear that the British Government, in adopting the extradition clause of the treaty, had no intention of allowing it to be used for the purpose of recovering runaway slaves in Canada. In moving the second reading of the bill to ratify the treaty Lord Aberdeen stated that there was no intention of delivering up fugitives found in Canada. To escape from slavery was no crime, he held; on the contrary the condition of the slave endeavouring to escape was to be regarded with much sympathy. Lord Brougham agreed with this view, regarding it as a settled fact that a slave arriving in British territory could not, under any circumstances, be claimed or rendered liable to further service. Lord Ashburton's own view was clearly set forth in a letter to Thomas Clarkson, president of the British Anti-Slavery Society. Negroes in Canada, he stated, would be given up only for the crimes specifically mentioned in the treaty. The use of a boat or any means of escape was not robbery and could not be so construed.[1] Clarkson lost no time in communicating this view to Lord Metcalfe, governor of Canada, pointing out that Great Britain would watch with some

1 *Western Citizen*, Chicago, Aug. 10, 1843. File in library of Chicago Historical Society.

anxiety the outcome of the treaty when brought into operation and expressing the hope that Canadians would exercise all possible humanity towards the unfortunate refugees.

If, as Professor Siebert has said, "the underground railroad was one of the greatest forces which brought on the Civil War and thus destroyed slavery,"[1] it must be remembered that without a free Canada at the terminus of the underground this system of deliverance would have been far less effective, and after 1850 would have found its work largely nullified by the new Fugitive Slave Law. Party action might control American legislatures and laws and even courts, but party action in the Republic could not control Canada. And, in proportion as the slave power became more rapacious in the United States, Canada's gates of welcome opened yet wider, offering freedom and opportunity to the oppressed black race. Is it not then true that Canada must be regarded as one of the real forces that brought on the Civil War and destroyed slavery in the American Republic?

FRED. LANDON

1 Siebert, W. H., Underground Railroad, p. 358.

THE WISHING WELL OF YPRES

JEAN MARIE stood looking at what had been a street once, before the war. It was here indeed that visitors to the town had been wont to look with interested eyes at the quaint gabled houses just across the way. They had high narrow doors finely carved and they carried heavy brass knockers. The walls were solidly thick and the windows with diamond panes rested in little recesses. Usually, they were partly open and dimity curtains swayed with the breeze. A century old façade of beautiful design drooped from the roofs, and gazing at these quaintly fashioned dwellings you might easily have imagined an interior to correspond. They lent themselves to settings of one's fancy. You pictured the walls hung with fine paintings and panelled below with richly coloured wood. The windows faced the south and the sun would stream in, but the light would be mellow and in the corners dim. On a mantel shelf an old French clock might tick—a ball of gold resting on cherub's wings—and beside it ornaments to match. A pink dancing girl flirted with her fan and a little cavalier with a blue plume in his cap offered her his snuff-box in perpetual romance. There would be strange stuffed birds under glass globes and a spinet in a corner of the room. You might have imagined, too, that a dainty lady lived in just such a charming house and filled it with her gracious presence. She would wear a lace cap with ringlets peeping out here and there from under it. On summer mornings she sat, busy at her tatting, her little feet resting on a cushion. Or else she walked in the walled-in garden adjoining. Sweet-smelling shrubs, vines, and flowers, for years undisturbed in luxuriant growth, smothered the place in fragrance. A winding pathway of flat stones led to an open space where a sundial gleamed. She sauntered to and fro and wiled the time away amid flowers and birds.

But of all this there was nothing left to your imagining. What Jean Marie saw that day was a mass of wrecked buildings and débris that filled the street. Bare walls stood up at intervals to mark the places where ruin had not been complete, for sometimes you came upon a spot where every stone, beam and support had been shattered to powder and ground into the earth. He had grown to know what war meant, this ragged little fellow, not only the hiding away in a cellar and the terror by day and night but also the desolation and loneliness of it. His playmates were gone,—the children of Ypres had been scattered to the four winds. He was alone. Sometimes he tried to piece together in his mind just what had happened, but try as he might it was always a confused jumble to look back on. Only bits were clear. His imagination had grown to be a wonderful thing; true, he did not know it by its name, though it helped to fill the empty hours of the day and to colour his dreams by night. He often thought he heard footsteps, light patterings behind him, but when he turned his head, there was no one to be seen and no sound either but the rumblings of the guns in the distance.

Beyond the square, where the trees lay in twisted, gnarled heaps upturned from the roots, was a school house, and except for the broken windows it looked as it did before the storm broke. Peeping in you might have seen the benches, worn and chipped with the digging of many penknives, piled in a barricade at one side of the room. The maps were zigzag on the walls and the teacher's desk was open, the contents spread over the floor, as if in a moment of panic a hurried search had been made. There, in a hall-way you saw where little garments used to hang—hooks high up for some, lower down for others. There was a small grey coat and cap with a rent in it still hanging, waiting for their owners. No wonder, indeed, that Jean Marie stopped sometimes to listen for footsteps. In the play-ground the swings were gone and pieces of wood and rubbish strewed the place. Over in one corner was a summer house with the roof off, but an old, tattered flag waved from one of its posts.

He remembered that they used to take turns running that flag up and down. Would they never come back—the children? The thought was always somewhere in his mind waiting for him.

Over the hill that edged the town to the west were the roads the wanderers took when they went. It was during the harvest time he knew, for the grain grew as high in the fields as the children's heads. When they turned to look into it, in passing, a forest of slender stems blocked their gaze, and towards evening, along the wayside, the hum of a million little singing insects filled their ears. He had seen it, Jean Marie, not as it was now but as it had looked before, long before. A pretty country of ups and downs, gentle slopes and quiet valleys, and one thought that in the springtime many brooks like dark blue ribbons must have found their way about. The roofs of the farm houses were patches of brighter colour than the soft greens and yellows of the fields. The gardens were neat squares and oblongs, their compact rows of vegetable plants hemmed in with flower borders and banked wth lilac, hawthorne, and syringa shrubs. The air in April and May was redolent with perfume. And these were the places the children's feet had known. But still they had gone from the woodland paths and fragrant dells, for they knew they must, poor little ones! Along the road-ways they walked wearily on and on, and with them went, too, the songs of birds and even the rustling of leaves. Instead of these the soldiers came, and then one heard the dreadful machinery of war whistling through the bared branches and the country-side was swept with a numbing sense of desolation and death.

At sundown Jean Marie never missed going to the wishing well. Here had been a favourite meeting place, for they all revelled in its mysteries. For practical purposes long in disuse, and partly moss-grown, the children of the neighbourhood had discovered in the well a place of charm. They said that if you leaned over until your legs were almost perpendicular in the air and breathed your wish softly down

into the water, it was sure to come true—you had to say it three times over. Once, a little boy fell in with a great splash and was hooked out just in time by his cross uncle who happened to be close by. When they asked him if he had got his wish he cried "No!" but it was plain that he had got only as far as number two when in he went! Three times you had to say it, they were surer than ever after this happened, but careful Madeleine insisted on holding the smaller ones. She was a tall girl whose father had a bakery and sometimes she brought a loaf of hot bread with her when she came to the well. Jean Marie loved hot bread and it always made him think of Tête-Rouge and the evening they saw her. Some of them said that she was not a real child; that it was a story the others had made up. He knew differently. He had been there and this is what had happened.

They had been eating Madeleine's good bread and drinking the milk Yves had in his little wooden bucket. His mother kept three fine goats, and he had begged some milk from her. They had gathered wild cherries from the bushes that grew on the river bank, and were having a royal feast. François had put the cherries in his cap, and little Pierre—with the twisted leg, who had to be helped over rough places—was just reaching out for some, when a strange little girl appeared. She dropped them a mocking curtsey, and then, to tease them perhaps or because she was hungry, she took a long drink of milk from the pail, snatched up François' cherries, cap and all, and ran off with the end of the loaf. It was more than they could bear! A moment's stupefaction, and they were on their feet and after her. Down along the river she flew like a wild bird, sometimes leaping up to give a shrill shriek of laughter—a teasing laugh that stayed in your ears—or else hiding low among the bushes. But though they searched and called, though they screamed in derision, "Tête-Rouge!" "Tête-Rouge!"—for her hair was flaming red and streamed in the wind as she ran—they did not find her. The sun had gone down and the twilight was growing misty,

so panting and breathless they gave it up and came back to the well. Little Pierre was sitting where they had left him.

"Did you catch her?" he asked wistfully. But they shook their heads.

"She passed this way again," he said, "and went over yonder."

"It isn't so," they told him, "or we would have caught her."

"I saw her red hair," he declared.

"Then it was Tête-Rouge!" they cried. "It was indeed she!"

But it was growing really dark, and home they had to go without an end to their search, and François without his cap. And though she never came back it seemed to them ever after that she haunted the wishing well at sunset and teased them with her tricks. If they stumbled over a stone while running races they said, "Tête-Rouge has put it there." When they lost their ball in the long grasses, they cried, "Tête-Rouge has hidden it!" And in the spring when birds' nests were robbed of their tiny eggs, they screamed, "Tête-Rouge has stolen them!"

Sometimes Jean Marie lingered about the place for hours, curled up on the edge of the well and often looking down into it. The water was muddy, brown, and the earth about as far as one could see was churned roughly. Again he wondered—was it last summer or the one before since it all had happened? He could not be sure—and he left the puzzle aside to make his way home. His mother chided him for being away so long.

* * * * * *

What was left of the town had been comparatively quiet for some months, and the brave Canadian soldiers fearlessly held the lines in and about it.

"You should not stay here," they said to Jean Marie's mother, at first. "We will help you to reach safety and your friends."

"No, no," she answered. "This is where my husband will come to seek me out if he is still alive." And she told them how she had left the place with the other civilians and had crept back under great difficulties some months ago, looking for trace of her husband. She had not heard from him since they parted on that summer day now so far distant. Strangely enough, of her cottage which stood on the outskirts of the town the little kitchen had escaped destruction. And now it was protected by the débris surrounding it. She worked at her lace-making and lived—well she hardly knew how. There had been days and nights of terror when not even the cellar was safe. There they had crouched until more quiet times had come and it was possible to go out of doors and live in comparative freedom. She had managed to turn over the soil in the garden and grow some roots and a little fruit. Hope wakened again, too, in her heart. The rough but kindly soldiers sought her out, brought her food, and their shirts and socks to wash. When they offered her money she would laugh and say:

"But, messieurs, what should I do with your money? There is nothing to buy!"

"Keep it till your good man comes home," they said. And they hung a sock near the hearth and dropped the coins in. There was better news, too, those days.

"We are pushing Fritz back," they told her. "We are pushing him back!"

Sometimes they would sit in the kitchen a while and tell her stories of Canada—of grain fields, an endless yellowy mass, of rolling prairie lands where cattle grazed, of huge mountains ever crowned with snow, of rivers and lakes like the sea. They told her of sleigh rides through the country in winter, of maple groves and sugar time, of home scenes and customs dear to them, of the hundred simple things that help to make the little lives of men.

Jean Marie listened till his eyes widened with wonder—he would go reluctantly to bed. One night, however, he went earlier than usual and he did not have to be coaxed.

The puzzle grew with the days and tired his head. And as he slept he dreamed—a dream full of rest. For it seemed to him that up at the end of the town where the rich people lived the boulevards again looked fresh and green. The lawns were closely cut and snugly trimmed and precise flower beds grew up stiffly, just as they were meant to do. Pretty ladies with dainty parasols over their heads drove in their carriages and immaculate babies were wheeled about in perambulators by staid nurses. Fountains in the squares threw sprays of diamonds in the sunlight, birds sang, and the children played and laughed as before. The streets were busy with the comings and goings of men and women. In the windows of the old gabled houses, big boxes of flowers bloomed and lacy vines crept over the masonry of the thick walls. Around the corner from where Jean Marie lived a school bell clanged sharp and loud—and there were the children flocking out and running in all directions. Red and blue caps, grey, green, and brown coats, school bags and hair ribbons flying in the air. The boys, a noisy whistling crowd—the little girls skipping and singing. To Jean Marie it seemed so real. He followed them over the hill and down towards the well. But there the shadows waited and he could not see clearly. Somebody was wishing—three times over. He was sure of that. He wakened suddenly to see his mother sitting by the little window. It was a soft summer's night. He called to her:

"Maman! I've had a wonderful dream. Listen, till I tell thee!"

She listened and though once or twice her eyes filled, she did not let the tears fall, for she was a Belgian woman and brave.

"What did it mean?" he asked. "That wishes come true, Maman?"

"It means," she said, "that the Angel of Peace has passed this way and kissed thee in thy sleep."

And she went back to sit by the open window and look into the quiet night, while Jean Marie slept to dream again.

STELLA GERTRUDE SEMPLE

FRENCH ENLIGHTENMENT AND ITS VITALITY

THE earthquake, followed by a tidal wave which overwhelmed Lisbon in the year 1755 on the first of November when the churches were crowded with worshippers, and these being the heaviest buildings suffered the most destruction, was grist to the mill of that enlightener of the popular understanding, Voltaire, who used the occasion to flick the prevailing European optimism and to combat some current fallacies, based on unanalyzed tradition.

> Direz-vous en voyant cet amas de victimes;—
> Dieu s'est vengé, la mort est le prix de leurs crimes?
> . . . . . .
> Lisbonne est abimée et l'on danse à Paris!

In such verses he dealt a blow at the widespread belief that earthquakes and other unusual natural events were arranged by heaven either to chastise mankind for their shortcomings and sins or to warn them against resistance to established authority. If this were the case, reason would say that Paris rather than Lisbon should have been the target of celestial wrath. In recent times, Martinique suffered destruction; New York and Berlin escaped, because they are built on a different kind of geological formation. If, said Jean Jacques Rousseau, who believed most naively in the beneficence of nature, so many people had not come together on the earth's surface as at Lisbon, so many would not have been destroyed. But the reply of reason is that since more have come together in Paris, this city would have offered a better opportunity of punishing erring humanity. In his philosophical romance "Candide," in which the superficial apologies of Leibniz are brilliantly exposed, the Philosopher of Fernay launches a deadly thrust at this uncritical theory of the world by making the hero,

who is scourged at an *auto-da-fé*, held in expiation of the Lisbon catastrophe, say: "If this be the best of all possible worlds, what must the others be like?" And thus said Schopenhauer, who goes to the opposite extreme from Leibniz, the paltry argument of the latter that evil sometimes produces good received an unexpected illustration by the "Théodicée" calling forth "Candide."

In reacting against a smug and self-complacent optimism which quite recently has displayed itself in an unscientific Pragmatism, Voltaire took a malicious pleasure in bringing into prominence the darker sides of existence over which thinkers like Leibniz and Berkeley and theology generally drew a veil of thread-bare arguments or pious make-believe. He was eminently practical; he suited himself to the conditions of the time. He knew that it was useless speaking to an African negro in the transcendent language of Plato. His method of criticism was undoubtedly limited, and, as is the case with most of the earlier rationalists, unhistorical; but it was eminently useful and very effective, and were he alive, he would probably have to speak to many Canadians in nearly the same language to-day. A surgeon who has removed a cataract from the eye has done a great service even though the organ of sight is not immediately able to enjoy the prospect from an elevated summit. Voltaire hoped to prepare the way for such a prospect. He wrote with lucidity and simplicity so that everyone could understand. Probably no one before or since has occupied a position of equal influence and prestige in the general enlightenment movement. Thanks to his work, and that of able co-operators and to the general spread of science, it is no longer necessary or desirable that any one individual should.

Voltaire's views on war are well known. Like all followers of reason, he sees in war a barbarous and stupid means of settling national differences. Aristophanes would have enjoyed his article on "*Guerre,*" in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique,* in which he indulged his sarcastic humour without restraint. "It is certainly a noble art which instructs how

to devastate country-sides, destroy human dwellings, and cause the death of 40,000 out of 100,000 men in an average year. The curious thing about this infernal enterprise is that each Captain of murderers has his banners blessed, and solemnly invokes God before setting off to exterminate his neighbour. If a chief has only the luck to massacre two or three thousand men, he does not thank God. But when there are about ten thousand persons exterminated by fire and sword, and for a crowning mercy some town demolished from roof to cellar, then they sing a long song in four parts, composed in a language not understood by the people who fought, and moreover full of bad grammar.[1] The same song serves for marriages and births as well as murders, which is unpardonable in a nation which has the highest reputation in the world for new songs." At the thanksgiving services, "a certain number of orators are always paid to celebrate these days of massacre . . . all the orators speak at great length, and when there has been a battle in Sweden, cite what happened a long time ago in Palestine."

One would have given much to have had Voltaire alive again to hear the German clergy and academic panderers to William II discoursing on the nobility of war. A part, however, of his delightful ciriticism would have missed fire. He would have seen his own people forced into a war and fighting for their existence, and led by men like Clemenceau, Briand and Joffre, his own disciples, who refrain from *Te Deums* and biblical interpretations. He would certainly have poured out his irony on some of our own apologists who contended that the war was a blessing in disguise, and a moral purifier, because it gave men a chance to display self-sacrifice, and will thus help the world to move on! *O! felix culpa* of the Germans! Let us have some pain and misery; it lends shade and colouring to the picture said Bishop

1 Trans. by Professor Gilbert Murray. This passage may have been in the mind of a certain English writer when he put into the mouth of William I of Germany, at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, the verses which brought on him the displeasure of Queen Victoria:

Ten thousand Frenchmen gone below,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

Berkeley. Let us neglect the drains of our city, it will afford an opportunity to the citizens to display self-sacrifice during the ensuing plague. So talk those who generally let others do the sacrificing. How hollow and nauseating! It reminds us of Pangloss, who laboured to show Candide that, if he had not been chased from his castle by marauders, had not gone to South America and lost his diamonds and sheep, he would not have found his present wife and be now eating exquisite ices in Constantinople; to whom Candide replied, as would doubtless M. Clemenceau under similar circumstances: *cela est bien dit, mais il faut cultiver mon jardin.*

Before the war, many among us had supposed that France had been irreclaimedly touched by the seeds of decay which are always being scattered by the imagination of superficial or prejudiced historical writers, who hold that a nation, like an individual, has an appointed term of life after which it is bound to slip into the spacious historical tomb. And in recent times there were particular interests which supported and applauded this loose historical philosophy. German historians and political writers, some of whom exercised an undue influence on the British mind, had for national reasons, which must now be apparent to the dullest follower of Lord Haldane, put upon it the seal and authority of their learning. Had not Hegel, the great guide of Haldane and the Scottish school of which he is representative, said in 1821 that the leadership in civilization was to descend on the German people? Such had been the thesis of von Treitschke at Berlin for thirty years. The Germans in writing a philosophy of history—in any case a doubtful enterprise, since it involves the assumption of an unity of development—placed themselves, not without some reason, in the centre of the world. Angered at the outward splendour and influence of the British Empire (which they regarded as rather a sham because it was not mechanically organized) and the English-speaking races, that they did not yet feel strong enough to attack, they girded at and misrepresented France, which

they hoped to detach from its allies and strike mortally alone. In this they were supported by the Vatican which by its oracles everywhere proclaimed that in dispensing with its Church, France was inviting ruin; and Protestants seeing that France had not substituted their creed for that of Rome were disposed to share the dismal outlook for the country. How could a nation dispense with religious instruction in its schools, which frequently takes the form of unintelligent answers to unintelligible questions, and continue to be morally healthy and vigorous? Books appeared in which France was pictured as a land where delicate boys hanged themselves on fruit trees because of the general depression produced by secularism. Clemenceau, Viviani, Poincaré, Briand, Delcassé, Anatole France were indeed extraordinary exceptions. But a country which can produce such exceptions is not badly off! The suicides in Saxony and other parts of Germany were proportionately greater than in France; the criminal statistics of France compared favourably with those of its neighbours, but prejudiced reasoning, which proceeded on the assumption, that if a people were not superstitious they could not be serious or moral, simply ignored such facts. The low birth-rate caused apprehension among learned sociologists and old-fashioned moral philosophers, who did not sufficiently consider the compensating health and prosperity of the country, and who can now consider the opposite cases of Russia and Austria-Hungary with their high birth-rate. Since the disestablishment of the Church, the influence of the Vatican has tended everywhere towards the slandering of France. Now a studied silence is preserved over the fact that it is her enlightened and rationalistic statesmen who have saved her.[1]

During the last thirty years there have been many indications of an intellectual and moral and artistic revival in

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1 Much is made in certain quarters of the fact that Marshal Foch, who is a devout man, led the Allied arms to victory. But it is now known that it was M. Clemenceau who saved this able man from being retired and who insisted on an united command: to whom the British Premier paid this handsome tribute at the opening of the Peace Conference: "I know no one to whom victory is more attributable than the man who sits in this chair. In his own person, more than any living man, he represents the genius of the indomitable people of this land."

France, which has borne splendid fruit in the recent heavy trial. M. Sabatier, a religious man, estimated some ten years ago, according to Mr. Joseph McCabe, that there were between 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 faithful Roman Catholics and about 600,000 to 700,000 Protestants in a country which had a population of some 39,000,000. Many who were quite indifferent used the churches, he said, on definite occasions, such as births, marriages and deaths, perhaps on the principle that it could at least do no harm, and might ward off evil, while the majority in the cities were openly anti-clerical. If it had been otherwise, the rupture with the Church would not have been the easy affair it was. A recent report of a revival of dogmatic religion in the country seems to have little tangible basis of fact, although it would not be surprising that under the stress of the war many might seek comfort and solace again in the ancient offices. Have we not seen among ourselves a remarkable recrudescence of belief in the grosser phenomena of spiritism? A very significent fact is that one of the greatest living scholars in the Church in France, M. Loisy, has during the war definitely cut loose from it: a feeble grandson of Renan has joined it!

Undoubtedly since the time of Voltaire, who is very typical of the later French educated mind, and who developed certain British seeds of radical thought, which in England were kept in check through balancings of prudential utilitarianism, France has been increasingly rationalistic, and hence anti-clerical. Few of the notable men who have recently nerved and sustained her have the slightest connection with the Church. Marshal Foch is in this respect rather an exception than otherwise. Her statesmen, educators, poets, philosophers (even M. Bergson), men of science and business, for the most part take not the slightest interest in the cobwebs and yarns which have been spun around the story of a wonderful religious movement with whose humanitarianism their own outlook is in close accord. In the recent terrible struggle they did not expect problematic aid from any Jahveh, and so organized themselves the better. How

different from the German ex-Emperor who called ineffectually on the "good old German God" to preserve and extend the most precious gift of Christianity (!) to civilization, *German Kultur*. "Peradventure he was asleep or on a journey!" Unlike many of the German clergy who supported the detestable submarine campaign and who believed that humanity, in the shape of the other nations, must be crucified through a war in order to be elevated, men like Poincaré, Viviani, Clemenceau, fighter though the last mentioned can be, see in such views a wretched inheritance from barbarous and less enlightened times. Their desire to promote the fraternization of the nations, to develop and ensure individual freedom everywhere agrees with the humanitarianism of Christian ethics. On the other hand, the Christianity of the German Emperor and of the Vatican have this aim in common, to effect complete control and produce absolute submission of all the individuals under their jurisdiction. "You are not to have a will of your own," said the ex-Kaiser repeatedly to his subjects: "my will is to be your will." This reflects in the political sphere a claim similar to that of the Roman Hierarchy in the religious. Both have been shattered by the French resistance, led by its enlightened statesmen and military geniuses, and helped by the dauntless spirits of Great Britain and North America.

Carlyle's "French Revolution" has had something to do in spreading false views respecting the French character, which seems to us pre-eminently logical and practical. But if one inferred from his *Sartor* and *French Revolution* the character of the English, one would go sadly astray. Carlyle was really not British; and his Frenchmen are not typically French. Carlyle understood only a few of the elements in modern life, his mysticism and Calvinism, the latter reflecting the influence of a hard Hebraism, making him narrow on the intellectual and artistic side. What would he now say about his German swans and about Prussia, the Mount Zion of the Universe? The first part of the French Revolution was a quite sober and solid business; the second part was the work of the masses

who had been brutalized by an unjust regime of spoliation and repression in which religious authority had long co-operated with the civil power, and their horrible excesses have been exceeded by the recent doings of the stolid and placid Slavs. It is very unsafe to generalize from such an unique event. When Voltaire raised the cry: *Écrasez l'infâme*, he meant a particular concrete institution whose conduct had been infamous and which had been trying to re-establish in France the horrors of the Inquisition. By his pen he saved two "heretics" from the gallows. Anatole France is a calm and lucid writer, and yet an enthusiast for liberty, equality and fraternity. It is not the mere words, but the ideas representing the realities behind these words which stir him and Clemenceau. In regard to *la Patrie*, the Frenchman is far less sentimental than the German regarding *das Vaterland*; and that is why most Englishmen understand him less. The French mind is too clear to be mesmerized by the glamour of militarism and stateism. It was left to British pacifists, who are essentially sentimental and lack the capacity either to perceive or think clearly, to be misled by the hypocritical peace offers of the ex-Kaiser and the talk of German statesmen about the rectification of frontiers. It was left to a writer who took a Tolstoian view of the war to write a book "Above the Struggle," and again to British pacifists to declare that his serene mind saw things as they were above the fumes of passion. But the majority of Frenchmen knew better than to suppose that elderly humanitarians like M. Loisy, Clemenceau and Anatole France were blinded by passion and revenge, and did not know what they were fighting about. They knew perfectly well that if the district of Longwy-Briey remained in the possession of Germany that it would gain enormously, and France would sink permanently to a lower economic level. Let us hope that no feelings of revenge or groundless fears for future safety will becloud the deliberations of the French Statesmen at the momentous Peace Conference!

It is because the French mind for the most part is neither sentimental like the Teutonic, nor credulous like the Slav, that

France has frequently led European civilization. Before the Reformation in England and Germany, French lawyers checked the presumptions of the Papacy, but political circumstances were not favourable to a revolution there as they were in the former countries. But what could not be appreciated in England was seized upon and developed logically in France. The seeds of enlightenment thrown out by the rationalist Hobbes, who was admired in Paris, while he was feared at home, and the democratic views of Locke were transported by Voltaire, Montesquieu and others to French soil, where they were worked out with courage, clearness and consistency. While English Deism was still in a stage of puberty, the French mind had reached the stage of D'Alembert, Laplace, and Diderot: David Hume was appreciated in Paris long before he was noticed in England, among the barbarians, as he called them, who inhabited the Thames. While English liberalism was delayed by prudent suggestions, France burst out with the whole programme of modern democracy.[1] The republicanism of France is now more obviously than ever a sign post to the future, as is also its significant action between the years 1901-1905 in eliminating the inter-meddling of the Church in civil and educational affairs: a result which has surely been rendered permanent by the great triumph of 1918: for which it was attacked, as were the Allies generally, by the clerical press of Italy, for nearly three years of the war, which said that Germany was the scourge of heaven to punish France for its impiety, and its Canadian echo, M. Bourassa in his "Pope, the Arbiter of Peace"! declared, "*que Dieu châtiait justement la France immorale et athée.*"[2]

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1 One reason why the practical consequences of English rationalism were drawn in France and not in England is doubtless due to the fact that the older order confronted the new with unyielding antagonism, and that it was more hollow and rotten than in England, where society had better absorbed the new forces into itself.

2 The official organ of the Vatican has recently voiced its approval of the League of Nations according to the Paris plan; but it is still careful to show its "neutrality." It expresses the hope that the peace will not humiliate the German people (as if there could be a peace that would not); also the Vatican's uneasiness at the Holy Land falling into the hands of non-Catholics, as if it were not enough to have it rescued from Turkish control!

For the last two hundred years France has stood and now stands for the future, instead of the Middle Ages of its clerical opponents. To the surprise of its enemies and *a priori* writers of history, it refuses to retire into a decayed gentility like some countries, supported by German and Roman oxygen. Even if there had been no question of treaties involved, even if it had not been a question of self-interest and defense, it would have been desirable for Great Britain to have supported France in the recent struggle, because France has been a pioneer in the greatest struggle, the struggle for the advance of mind over brute force and ignorance. The heroic endurance, conspicuous bravery, elevated and elevating patriotism of its people and leaders have shown the world better than the rhetoric of its admirers could do, how men can find strength and inspiration in the enlightened ideals which they have themselves created. The intellectuals of France have won out brilliantly.

What an encouragement and stimulus ought not this to afford to countries in which the diffusion of knowledge is very slow owing to the reactionary influences with which education is hedged about as *e.g.* in Canada, where the general state of intellectual enlightenment is about one hundred years behind that of the leading countries of Europe? The position of France refutes the calumniators of freedom of thought who try to frighten the uneducated everywhere by pictures of what happens in countries where the masses are better educated, and who raise the cry of penal laws when an attempt is made to put through a measure of compulsory education. A country in which the people are not generally educated must take a back place at the present day in the rivalry of the nations: it cannot for long compete in agriculture, industries and commerce with countries like the United States, which shows a most impressive faith in the power of education, an outflow of French thought as reflected in the views of the founders of the American Republic, in which educators and teachers are every year taking a more important place. It is tremendously to the credit of such a

country that a scholar like Woodrow Wilson could have attained the highest political position, and that during the last twenty-five years its Presidents should have been men of such high attainments and character—Cleveland, Roosevelt, Taft. And this in a country which is held up as a warning to uninformed Canadians, because it has secularized education and has "godless" schools. The latter cry is used as a cloak to hide the real desire of those who use it. Has the United States done so badly with its schools?

The French in their admiration of truth and beauty come nearer to the Greeks than any other modern nation: if any city, viewed externally, deserves the name of the modern Athens, it is assuredly Paris. The educated Athenian was a wonderful combination of the thinker and artist; and in his disinterested desire for knowledge—science—has presented the model attitude for all later time. And the modern mind seems to us to have more contact with the Greek than with the medieval Christian mind, limited and confined as it was by an attitude towards Nature which tended to dissolve thought into a prayer. Matthew Arnold held the French to be worthy of stirring the emulation of other peoples on account of the high esteem in which they held ideas, had overcome the distances between classes, and achieved culture in the universal and humane sense of the word.

It was the directness and lucidity of the French mind, the fine artistic sense and the cultivation of the beautiful so widely diffused throughout the country, that appealed to the great German, who loved France more than his native land, and who made it his boast that, although he was condemned to write in German, he nevertheless thought in French. *Pereat vita, fiat veritas* was the motto of the work, a book for "free spirits" as he called it, which he significantly published on the hundredth anniversary of Voltaire's death, and which reflects the all too brief period of reason and science, the happiest of Nietzsche's career. And the influence of the French "illumination" persisted even to the last period

of his thought; it is reflected in the belief, eminently sanguine and encouraging, that it is possible for science and education to create a new civilization and new men. "In the course of biological development," said Guyau who stimulated Nietzsche, "there must be the possibility of producing species and types far higher than men. And who can say that it may not be possible to produce beings, or whether such may not already be in existence who would correspond with the gods of antiquity?"

The French thinkers of the eighteenth century illumination period were, and their successors are probably yet too hopeful of the immediate practical effects of the cultivation of intellect and the promotion of science. Education cannot make out of beings with a long historical past and an animal and semi-human ancestry almost anything it pleases, at all events not immediately: it strikes insuperable barriers in inherited tendencies and warped and perverted dispositions. It takes many years and persistent labour to change the Ethiopian's skin and the leopard's spots. But medicine and psychology show that much can be done that was undreamt of three hundred years ago, and this not by soul and spirit worship and invocation, but by learning something of the natural causation of events. Incantations, said Voltaire, will destroy a flock of sheep if administered with a certain quantity of arsenic: I look for the person with the arsenic and do not concern myself with the incantations. The advances in psychology of the last fifty years have been due to the introduction of exact method, and a naturalistic treatment of the phenomena, to the exclusion of hypothetical faculties and occult qualities, which, if present, would disturb all the effects of the training of character. Education, of course, must not be taken in the narrow sense of a training of mind merely, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that mind must be taken not in the sense of cognition alone, but as necessarily including behaviour as well. Without knowledge, man's impulses and instinctive activities cannot be directed properly, he is no better than an animal. The thesis of

Socrates, one of the oldest and greatest of rationalists, that knowledge and virtue coincide, is eminently defensible, for, according to Socrates, reason is neither exclusively theoretical nor practical, but consists in the harmonious union of thought and practice, of which he himself offered one of the greatest examples in history. His death illustrated the practicability of the standpoint. At the end, Socrates used reason to show his disciples, who were urging him to flee, what a poor and silly figure he would cut, even if he escaped! Thus one of the greatest teachers in history showed that "Fate itself is subdued by the mind which leaves nothing to be purged by the purifying fire of time." This is the emancipation of the free man.

There is much vague talk at the moment about the necessity of the new outlook and reorganization of affairs being based on a spiritual foundation. The term spiritual is very foggy: it has been both the convenient mental opiate and universal solvent of a type of confused philosophy for hundreds of years. *Verschwommener Idealismus* is justly a phrase of reproach; and unfortunately most "Idealismus" is "verschwommen." Of course no organization of society can be lasting or elevating that does not imply the existence of proper ideals. The great practical ideal of rationalists is Humanitarianism: the amelioration of the lot and the heightening of the activities of human beings; for the achievement of which both science and good-will are indispensable. An ethical outlook that is not based on science may be no better than that of a savage. But how is it that the Germans went so astray with all their science? it has been asked, even with an amusing inconsistency by some who before the war said, that Germany was the home of spiritual realities. Science, it is said, did not prevent them from displaying a barbarism: it helped to make their barbarous conduct worse. Nor did their sentimentality save them, let it be added for the benefit of those who, contrary to the teachings of physiology and psychology, suggest that the organ of guidance is in the heart, instead of the head. Knowledge in Germany was abused, it lacked a

sense of responsibility to the interests of mankind, it was employed in the interests of a limited ideal. Still if the Germans were ever near winning the war, it was largely on account of and through the organization of their scientific knowledge; and we had to adopt and learn something from them before we won. And science has made war so costly that even the victor hardly finds it pay: an aspect which the somnolent ethicist has overlooked. The limited ideal of the German nation and romantic deification of the German state, which Nietzsche saw over forty years ago would lead to dire consequences to the German mind and to Europe, was so fostered and cultivated as to become a collective obsession from which only a few of the strongest minds could keep themselves free. The false teachings of nationalistic historians, economists and militarists were substituted for the wide and elevating outlook of Kant, Goethe and Helmholtz. Yet even here it is worth while and important to remark that while no prominent minister of religion raised a voice against the atrocious and abominable conduct of their government on the seas and towards the prisoners, it was from socialists and scientists, with clearer vision, that the only protest came against such practices and the mad laudation of the war. I mention Liebknecht, Nicolai, Einstein, Foerster; and the German teachers of the technical school at Aleppo who expressed their disgust and horror at the Armenian massacres. In regard to such things the Archbishop of Cologne and the Rev. Dr. Dryander, and the General Superintendent of the Prussian Lutheran Church, remained silent, because it was supposed to be in the interest of a heaven-based Germanism, and a confusedly conceived divine mission. It was a sentimental old idealistic philosopher who followed a current of mystic ecstacy and termed the ex-Kaiser "the delight of the human race."

We have heard that rationalistic books and pamphlets were burnt on one or two occasions at the mess fire on the western front. This action was a compliment to the authors, who had aroused the attitude of fear and anger in the kind

of mind that desires to stifle discussion and reasoning, because once you begin such a line, you don't know where it will end. The attitude has been well taken off in a character of one of George Eliot's novels; "when I was young there never was any question about right and wrong: we knew our catechism and that was enough; but now if you speak out of the prayer-book itself, you are liable to be contradicted." How feeble is such an attitude compared with that of Socrates, who said that he always followed that proposition which as the result of investigation and discussion showed itself to be the best founded. And the less courageous Kant showed the best influences of British and French Rationalism when he declared: "Our age is the age of criticism to which everything must be subjected. Religion through its sacredness, the law through its majesty both try to except themselves. But then they justly arouse suspicion against themselves and cannot claim the respect which reason pays to that which can maintain itself against free and unprejudiced examination."

The motto of Rationalism which represents an attitude and method, rather than a programme of dogmas, is *sapere aude*: dare to think for yourselves; be intelligent personalities, not the echoes of others. Do not allow yourselves to be persuaded contrary to your reason, or float idly in a stream of traditions, however popular they may be temporarily. The opponents of reason wish to place reserves and limits on thought; to make people surrender their personalities to mere authority; to persuade them that the old as such is better than the new and get them to acquiesce in things as they are; to dissuade them from a spirited exertion of their own powers. The older rationalism was undoubtedly too dogmatic and too negative, inclined to be anti-historical: these defects were due to the conditions under which it arose and had to sustain itself. Rationalists were everywhere either persecuted or subject to onerous inconveniences, and in consequence used philosophy too much as a weapon of warfare. They have now gained a freedom in a country like France which allows

them to attend more to positive tasks in a less polemical spirit. This enlightened attitude of France will undoubtedly have a great influence in other civilized countries. It is to be hoped that through the war Canada will be more rapidly brought into contact with the more advanced stream of European thought, and so the intellectual life of the country be quickened.

Some of the formidable problems confronting mankind at the present moment are: the creation of a worthy system of education, the extinction of debasing ignorance and squalid poverty and disease which so frequently attend it, the securing of concord between the different interests and classes in the state, the proper development of the waste places of the earth, the humane solution of the problem of undeveloped nations, the substitution of arbitration for war, at which rationalists have aimed since the days of Robert Owen. Opinions will differ on points of detail. But there seems to be little room for difference on one main point. What the world needs, and especially this country, more than ever it did, is clear-headedness, in place of mysticism, knowledge in place of obscurantism, reliance on experience, in place of reliance on traditional and outworn beliefs that are not understood; the adoption of new views based on science in place of attempts to transform ancient myths and re-edit stories that once beguiled the Syrian dwellers of the desert, or the small traders of Palestine; more criticism instead of the stupefying and deadening of criticism. In the improvement of human life science and art should be co-workers, and ethics should be based, not on the unintelligibilities and shifting sands of supernaturalism, but on qualities inherent in human nature, which is capable, if only very slowly, of indefinite advancement.

J. W. H.

PEACE

Silence! And the guns asleep.
No more the deadly missiles leap
With swift destruction. And no more
The agonizing tide of war
Triumphant flows; engulfing in its stream
Life and life's labours.
White in the sunshine gleam
The crosses, which their holy vigil keep
So calmly now amid the silence deep.
Know ye, O valiant dead, the hour is nigh
For which ye pledged yourselves to fight—or die—
And bore the heat and burden of the day,
And gave your youth and youth's fond hopes away?
Souls of the brave! From whose death-pangs shall rise
A world reborn to higher liberties,
More noble vision and a faith more true,
The mighty silence tribute pays to you—
The strange, vast silence which you died to gain.
Souls of the dead, will ye come back again
In this our triumph? mingle with the throng
Of battle comrades? march with us along
The shell-scarred byway and the shattered street?
We shall not hear the passing of your feet;
No echoes of you 'mid the ruins cry,
But in silence we shall hail you nigh.

STELLA M. BAINBRIDGE

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

TRACKLESS REGIONS.

By G. O. Warren, Blackwell, Oxford.

There are times when the readers of modern verse have an almost unrestrainable desire to put certain American poets on the Island of Setebos, there to become Calibans for a season, that they may regain the animal feel of things, learn hot and cold, even the delight of kicking " both feet in the cool slush." Their poetry is not song rising from the fires of earth, it is entirely thought made, even when exquisite. In this collection it would seem more than coincidence to find at least three poems woven around the metaphors of pattern and tapestry. Mrs. Warren's whole volume is " dipping in traceries of song " to weave " a love-in-death design." At the end we are left with a feeling of motionless sensitiveness, watching shadow outlines through a delicate gloom that is sometimes lit by a mystic light.

For this her pure restraint and sense of form is excellent. Her lines may at times be jejune but they are never harsh and are often filled with finely pointed imagery. She even recalls Keats faintly, especially in " The Tillers of the Night," which has a rich still rapture, not common to what she calls " her gray soul." Rhyme she uses rather sparsely and skilfully to perfect the smoothness of her verse rather than to make it move or ring. The title of her book, " Trackless Regions," causes a little surprise for Mrs. Warren's themes are not totally new, and her religious poems, the simplest and most direct of all, reflect a yearning devotion that, without dogma, finds expression through the traditional symbols of sacramental mysticism.

E. B. T.

WAR POEMS AND OTHER VERSES.

By R. E. Vernède, Gundy, Toronto. $1.25.

Even without Edmund Gosse's appreciation we should know from the few verses at the end of the volume what manner of man E. M. Vernède was before he went to the war. A country gentleman, with a trained love of writing and gardens, whose chivalry was lit with humour, the war brought his passionate reverence for England into verse as into service. Though a soldier, he sang first of the Fleet and then of the Army whose daily life he shared. His loyalties were unhesitating and direct and he had no tremours regarding the wickedness of Germany, or the duty of England to fight:

Hark, the roar grows, the thunders re-awaken—
We ask one thing, Lord, only one thing now:
Hearts as high as theirs, who went to death unshaken,
Courage like theirs to make and keep their vow.
To stay not till these hosts whom mercies harden,
Who know no glory save of sword and fire,
Find in our fire, the splendour of Thy pardon,
Meet from our steel the mercy they desire.

Men and non-commissioned officers, with whom he fought, called from him unstinted tribute, and his army songs embody their spirit in frank, stirring lines. R. E. Vernède fell while leading his platoon in an attack, one of a not small group of men who sacrificed their lives in free gratitude to England for what she had given them of joy in life and written words:

All that a man might ask, thou hast given me, England,
Yet grant thou one thing more:
That now when envious foes would spoil thy splendour,
Unversed in arms, a dreamer such as I
May in thy ranks be deemed not all unworthy,
England, for thee to die.

E. B. T.

BRITISH-AMERICAN DISCORDS AND CONCORDS.

A Record of Three Centuries. Compiled by the History Circle. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1918. Price 75 cents.

To summarize in a little book of seventy pages the relations between Britain and America during three centuries and to discuss the numerous disagreements which arose between these two countries and the methods by which harmony was restored between them—to do this without presenting a mere dry catalogue of facts would seem at first sight to be an impossible task.

This, however, is what the History Circle has accomplished, for " Discords and Concords " is an excellent little book, of interest to the general reader as well as to those well versed in history. The list of references from leading historians is complete and well arranged, and the volume also contains a bibliography for more extensive reading on the subject.

We are told in the preface to the work that the History Circle is composed of men of various professions and that a committee of its members is responsible for this monograph. Indeed, if we had not been given this information, we should have been puzzled to know how a single work could combine the accuracy of the historian and the literary style of the scholar with the precision and orderly arrangement of the business man.

The book is almost laconic in its conciseness and has evidently been pruned by an unsparing hand, but it is remarkable how much information and interest are to be gleaned from its pages. The causes of the American

Revolution and of the War of 1812 and the account of Anglo-American relations during the Civil War are outlined with clearness, while the various minor disagreements, such as the Maine Boundary dispute and the Trent Affair, are well handled. Prominence is also given to the many occasions when Great Britain and America worked in harmony for a common cause, that of democracy. The account of the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine and the support given by Great Britain to this doctrine in order to block the plans of the ultra-autocratic Holy Alliance is especially interesting.

The spirit of equity pervades the book. The authors show us that, although war was sometimes resorted to in order to settle the differences between Great Britain and America, far oftener war was averted by the spirit of conciliation and the desire of these two great nations to understand each other. The aim of this work is to explain how the growth of American democracy hastened that of English democracy, to prove that the interests of Great Britain are bound together by many ties, and to show how great is the need of unity among English-speaking peoples.

L. M. K.

THE RULE OF MIGHT.

A Romance of Napoleon at Schönbrunn, by J. A. Cramb (J. A. Revermort). G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1918. Price, $1.60 net.

Daudet tells us that Flaubert remarked to him after the publication of "Jack," "*Un peu trop de papier, mon fils!*" a reproach which might be addressed to the author of the book in question, which is remarkable for its four hundred and fifty pages of verbosity.

The scene of the story is laid in Vienna in 1809 when the French armies are within its walls, and the central incident of the book is the attempt of Friedrich Staps to assassinate Napoleon. The author's reading, particularly in German literature of the nineteenth century, has been extremely wide. One feels inclined at times to wish that it had been less so, for we are not spared a single item of information. Some paragraphs are reminiscent of long-forgotten history manuals. The following quotation is a typical one:—

> At the university and at Gratz he had worked at the history of the Middle Ages; Aquinas and Abelard and Dionysius were not less familiar than Plato and Empedocles. To these he now added the religions of other races and earlier times—the lost faiths of Mithras and Osiris, the Vedas and the Avesta, recently made accessible by the researches of Anquetil-Duperron and Schlegel. He re-traversed in imagination the leisured spaces of Egypt and the remoter East, visualizing as in a spectral pageantry the kingdoms and half-fabulous empires that shift and move from the Oxus to the Tigris, from the Tigris Eastward to the Ganges and Westward to the Ionian Sea. (p. 179.)

The following description of the boyhood of Friedrich Staps will serve to illustrate the somewhat complicated style of the author (his sentences are almost German in their convolutions), as well as his desire not to omit any of the lore he has acquired.

> The romantic and wild scenery of his early home, steeped in the legends of the Middle Age, minnesinger and crusader, and during his holidays long visits to his mother's kindred at Detmold near the Teutoberg and the field of the Hermannsschlacht, scene of the heroism of Arminius and the destruction of Varus and his legions, stimulated the emotions of anger, resolution and despondency which alternately convulsed the boy's mind. (p. 112.)

The author indulges again and again in the enumeration of long lists of names which mean absolutely nothing to the average reader. In the following passage Amalie von Esterthal is indulging in reminiscence while she waits for Napoleon to appear:—

> . . . she saw him as in the enthusiasm of her girlhood she had seen him enter Milan, his Hamlet-like countenance very pale, mounted on a black charger. She contrasted him with Austrian generals or with Austrian statesmen, whose character and private idiosyncrasies were known to her from gossip or observation—Cobenzl, Kaunitz, Stadion, Metternich, Wittgenstein, Ziethen, Hiller, Bellegarde, even Liechtenstein and the Archduke. (p. 52.)

The progress of the story is impeded by the fact that every time a new character of importance is introduced, the author has thought it necessary to give us a biographical sketch of some length. Besides Napoleon, his marshals and generals, many figures of Viennese society appear in the book, the two most prominent of which are Amalie von Esterthal and her lover, the poet Rentzdorf. The emotions of this pair are described in language which, we confess, does not convey a very clear impression to our unsophisticated mind.

> Something elemental yet eternal, absorbing the heart, making the senses a transport utterly, yet in this entrancement binding the soul, the senses' ancient critic; an instinct, yet so transfigured by the soul in its long voyagings that it was now the forlorn hope of a God, and of the same God the supreme emotion; adding their glory to life's sanctitudes, unavailable oblivious ecstasy was absolutely redeeming art from the desecration of praise, for in this oblivious ecstasy was at once art's inspiration and its hallowing force. Such was the passion of Rentzdorf and Amalie. (p. 390.)

If the aim of a historical novel is to create the atmosphere of a past epoch, it cannot be said that Mr. Cramb has succeeded. When reading Hardy's Trumpet-Major, one breathes the very air of England in Napoleonic days, and in Erckmann-Chatrian's Madame Thérèse one is carried away by the revolutionary fervour of 1793, yet in neither of these books is one submerged by an ocean of encyclopaedic facts and incoherent, interminable sentences.

The most astonishing feature of the book, however, is the portrait traced of Napoleon, who is represented as mentally and physically diseased, an epileptic who spends his time in endless railings against fate and recriminations against his staff. If Napoleon had indulged in as much futile conversation as he is credited with in this book he would certainly have accomplished very little. As for his physique, this is the author's description of him:—

> Assuredly, he told himself, looking at the reflection in the glass, there was little in that stumpy figure, those legs that waddled under the shaking fat, that huge head set low on the powerful shoulders, and that dwarf-like enormity of chest—there was little in all this to attract the candid eyes of a young girl. (p. 268.)

We have read many descriptions of Napoleon, but none, in truth, like this one.

L. M. K.

FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY, 1215-1915.

By Charles Cestre, translated from the French by Leslie M. Turner. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1918. pp. 350. Price, $2.50 net.

This is the translation of a work which appeared in 1916 under the title of "L'Angleterre et la Guerre," and which has been crowned by the French Academy of Political and Moral Sciences. The author, who has both lived and studied in England and the United States, being a graduate of the University of Harvard and now Professor of English at the University of Bordeaux, is already well known by his work " La Révolution Française et les Poètes Anglais." The translated form of his present work, of which we shall say nothing more than it seems generally to be exact and capable and to improve after the first chapter, appears to have been a long time on the way, since it was not given to the public until the year following the translator's note, which bears the date January, 1917. Since the volume was written, many things have occurred to render some of its details and its generous attitude towards Russia (chap. I.) obsolete. On the other hand, the author's view that the indissoluble union of spiritual forces in France and England " exemplifies values that are equally illustrative of America's true traditions, and as I hope, prophetic of her future policy " (preface) has received the most brilliant confirmation.

Obviously M. Cestre is writing for a French public, whom he considers to be insufficiently acquainted with Great Britain's contribution to democracy and liberal civilization. His book is a development of modern democracy in a compendious form, which shows it up more strongly against a background of forces that are opposed to and would overwhelm it. Much in it will hardly be new to English readers, but what is familiar is handled with masterly conciseness, lucidity and penetration (the best French qualities) so as to arrest attention and provide fresh stimulus.

The most interesting chapters to us are numbers vii, ix and x, on Individualism and State-ism, the Modern English Spirit, England's Spirit in Literature, in which last the author is on his own ground. These contain very able, striking and balanced, though brief analyses of the attitudes of Carlyle, J. S. Mill and Matthew Arnold and George Meredith towards French and German thought and contemporary strivings in the democratic line. M. Cestre recognizes that Carlyle had no confidence in democracy (p. 164), and that his admiration for a strong and efficient authority prevented him from discerning the qualities of cupidity, duplicity and cynicism of Frederick II and other kings of Prussia. Carlyle believed that between the wisdom of Goethe and the " enlightened " despotism of the masters of Prussia, including Bismarck, there was compatibility and the possibility of intimate and beneficial alliance. But we know that Goethe himself feared the " Prussian claws," and never dreamed that German thought was to become the dual instrument of state-ism and militaristic ambition.

M. Cestre thinks that there is an essential incompatibility between English and German thought, and comments lucidly on British radicals with leanings to Individualism cultivating German friendship almost to the undoing of their own country (p. 194). The attitude of England in the war is, he holds (1916), a splendid tribute to its respect for individual character. Contemporary England has outrun Carlyle, whose moral fanaticism coloured nis political doctrine (p. 276), who understood only a few of the elements of the modern spirit, and with whom France found little favour because her qualities are of an intellectual and artistic order. England, he considers, let us hope correctly, has become more rationalistic, an evolution which draws her nearer to France. Towards this, the work of Matthew Arnold was especially helpful, because he both understood the qualities of the French mind and did much to clear the intellectual horizon of his own country (chapter x).

A table setting forth the contents of the chapters and an index of four pages add to the value of this excellent volume, any defects in the earlier chapters of which would be mainly attributable to their compression and brevity.

W. H.