TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE LENGTH OF THE WAR

In a good cause, the great stand which Germany is making to-day would be worthy of admiration. She literally has the world against her—at least the Old World; for, apart from Canada, the New World hardly counts. On her western front, she is trying to keep two nations at bay; in addition to such help as she can give the Austrians against Italy, she has to cope with the situation in the Balkans and at Salonika; she is thrusting at Roumania both on the Transylvanian border and in Dobrudja; and she has to protect the whole of her eastern line from Russian attack. The effort is so vast that it is simply impossible that it can be indefinitely maintained. Apart from economic stress, and the possibility of internal troubles, Germany does not possess unlimited material on which she can draw in order to replace the wastage of war. The contrast is greatest here with Russia. But even Britain is now only approaching the full measure of her strength, which she can practically concentrate, in co-operation with her French allies, on the western front. There it is calculated that the Germans have two million men, about half of whom have been defeated and thrust back in the various operations undertaken since 1st July. If this process can be kept up, we shall begin to know the meaning of the word "attrition." When you rub a thing down to nothing, nothing remains! And it is becoming increasingly difficult for Germany to use her interior lines, and to transfer troops from East to West. In any case, the longer the war, the more enduring will be the peace that is to follow it, and the more worthy of the efforts we have made. As Mr. Asquith said at the Guildhall, Britain desires peace, but only on one condition—that the sacrifices of the war shall not have been made in vain.

THE UNITED STATES The numbering of the people has been accomplished in the neighbouring Republic with truly wonderful results. His re-election is a great personal triumph for President Wilson, but it was a near thing. If in addition to his high character, great intellectual ability, and sober views of things, he had shown himself capable of a certain degree of "moral indignation" over some aspects of the war, it might never have been in doubt. We had convincing proof of the President's moral courage in the matter of the Panama Canal, but his recent utterances on the war have been simply deplorable. There was a gleam of hope when in his speech of acceptance he said that "no nation can any longer remain neutral as against any wilful disturbance of the peace of the world." But within a fortnight of the great day he was heard to declare that no one could say what started the war: so far as he could gather "nothing in particular started it, but everything in general." In the same way, the German Chancellor, who used to speak quite definitely of the war as having been "forced" on Germany, referred to it recently as something that had "broken out,"—like a boil, we take it! Of course he knows better, but he will not tell us all he knows. If President Wilson had not been re-elected, we might have presumed to advise him to go into retirement and read the documents with an open mind. Now he may have no time for reading, or he may lack—in Washington—the open mind. In any case, Canada should support the mother country in speaking to Washington with no uncertain voice. Mr. Wilson may have won many votes for having kept his country out of the war, on the representation that he wanted her to conserve her strength for some issue where she need not be "too proud to fight." But our conviction is that the verdict of history will be far more favourable to Britain for getting into the war than it will be to America for staying out. And when it comes to any talk of peace propaganda, we say "Hands off". We have not yet made up our minds whether we shall need help from Washington over the negotiations for peace. If when these

are concluded the newly-elected President cares to attach his signature along with the rest, we shall be glad to have it; for the greater the number of signatory powers, the more hope will there be of creating out of the issue of this war that "League to enforce Peace" for which so many Americans have lately been doing all their fighting.

PACIFICISM A great movement for peace may soon be expected to develop in the United States, coincidently with more submarine ruthlessness on the part of Germany. The cue will be that it ought to be comparatively easy to put a stop to these and all other horrors now that Germany has declared her willingness to co-operate, after the war, in the effort to secure a lasting peace by means of an international league. The herald of this new movement was Professor Münsterberg, the trusted correspondent of the German Chancellor. He has lately been giving out the view that the Government of the United States holds in its hands the key to the whole situation. From "reliable sources" he has learned that Russia is done-up, and will be "ready for a separate peace before the spring." Then she will throw in her lot with the Central Powers, which are to be further reinforced by the sudden adhesion of Japan. So the only chance for civilization is for the United States to bring Germany and England together before Germany and Russia have time to make peace and form an alliance. This will bring about a lasting friendship between America, Great Britain and Germany, the "three Teutonic master-nations in which the aristocratic will towards the highest civilization blends with the democratic spirit of individual responsibility." Such a combination would constitute, according to Professor Münsterberg, "the one league in the world the mere existence of which would guarantee the peace of the next generation." Incidentally, Germany would generously renounce all claim to conquered territory in France or Belgium; even her colonies at Kiao-Chau and in South West Africa might be allowed to remain in other hands,—so long as the great freight trains

continued to move between Berlin and Bagdad. This last is the essence of the whole scheme, and if the United States will only help Germany to get it, the Harvard Professor will be delighted to find a place for "American dash and optimism" alongside of the great qualities which will be brought into his alliance by the other partner nations.

To all which it may be replied that in the light of what has happened in Europe no one in his senses would wish to make a bargain with Germany about anything, if he could help it. We simply cannot forget the "scrap of paper." And in addition to the perfidy involved in turning our backs not only on France but also on Serbia—which latter is never mentioned in these audacious schemes of pacification—we see no reason why Germany should get anything at all by negotiation for clearing out of territory where she has no right to be. We shall make no half-hearted peace of the kind which Professor Münsterberg and his German correspondents are evidently ready now to accept. The notorious Dr. Dernburg, for example, has lately been speaking respectfully of the "League to enforce Peace," and even of the Hague Conference, where Germany always showed up very badly. But these are death-bed repentances.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR Many have been of the opinion that the question of the origin of the war is an unprofitable subject of study amid the din of arms. That is not the view of Viscount Grey. He knows that in such a struggle the moral element is fully as important as the material, and that the men who go forward to uphold the Empire's cause will be all the better fighters because they know that they "have their quarrel just." So he told the Foreign Press Association the other day that we cannot go over the old ground too often, especially as the truth about the origin of war affects the conditions of peace. Lord Grey stated in plain language that in July, 1914, no one thought of attacking Germany, and that it is because the war was forced on Europe by Germany that the Allies must demand guarantees against

a future breach of the peace. His speech has induced the German Chancellor to come forward, after an interval of reflection, with what is described in Berlin as a "new version of the events in the last days before the outbreak of war," —so new, in fact, that the German newspapers express regret that the Chancellor did not think of it sooner! Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg's case now is that Russia was bent on war, and that England encouraged her in her evil ways. Any person of average intelligence who has studied the documents will be easily able to refute both these statements. There is no getting over the fact that the only Power which declined a conference was Germany, and that it was Germany who refused to respect the neutrality of Belgium, because, as Secretary Von Jagow afterwards ingenuously put it, "she had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way." The belated talk of Prince Lichnowsky in London (1st August, 1914) was dealt with in these columns eighteen months ago; and in view of what the German Chancellor now says on this subject, our readers may care to have the reference (Univ. Mag., April, 1915, pp. 144-5). No: the English-speaking world will continue to believe that Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg is deliberately and consciously insincere and untruthful in what he says. On the side of veracity and sincerity all the evidence is in favour of Lord Grey. It is some gain that the Chancellor now gives in his adhesion to the plan of bringing about, after the war, some form of international co-operation in the interests of a lasting peace. But he would not "press the button" for mediation and conference when Lord Grey implored him to do so. So if he wants us now to believe that he too was working for peace, he ought to lose no time in producing all the correspondence that took place between Berlin and Vienna before the outbreak of war. Till he does that we shall remain firm in the conviction that Germany made the war and the Allies are going to end it.

THE DOMINIONS ROYAL COMMISSION

The Dominions Royal Commission will have an almost unlimited supply of evidence on which to base its Report, when it arrives at the reporting stage. Though the war has interfered with its operations, it has been sitting since 1912. When it was in Montreal, it heard evidence from experts on railway transportation, shipping, immigration, industry and commerce. And one witness, who said he liked to think of the "united nations forming the British Empire," made a plea for what he called co-operative organization. As compared with the unity achieved by Germany, we have suffered from an obvious lack of co-ordination. In the coming time we shall have to think, not only of the welfare of particular industries and individual firms, but also of the interests of the Empire as a whole. And in order to administer a broad commercial policy in the interests of the Empire, its component parts will have to be brought more into touch with each other than they are at present. Who can doubt that new sources of wealth must be found if we are to meet the obligations imposed on us, nationally and imperially, by the war? And yet in the matter of natural resources we suffer greatly from this want of co-ordination. The various organizations in England which are interested in iron and steel, in mining, engineering, etc., recently addressed a memorial to the Committee on Industrial and Scientific Research, pointing out the need for the organization of a Central Department of Minerals and Metals in the interests of those industries throughout the Empire. "The absence of effective co-ordination," they say, "of the organizations of these vital industries has been demonstrated and brought into prominence by the war in many directions," with grave results to our national security. In spite of thoroughly efficient Geological Surveys in the various parts of the Empire (including Canada) we have "no connecting-link or central clearing-house to co-ordinate information on mineral resources, to stimulate their development, and to safeguard imperial interests." Such an agency,

had it existed, would have been able to effect a saving in the way of time, money and human life. Our aim in this and other departments must be to increase our industrial production, and so create new state wealth. The deliberations of the Commission may result in the establishment of a permanent Development Board, on which the Dominions should be represented. Such a Board could work in close touch with the Imperial Council which will probably evolve itself in the near future out of the Imperial Conference.

AN IMPERIAL CONSULAR SERVICE

And no time should be lost in considering the possibility of establishing an Imperial Consular Service, which may presuppose the institution of an Imperial Ministry of Commerce. That will seem to many a large order, but the new conditions which will arise after the war undoubtedly demand new methods. For one thing, government (especially in Great Britain) will have to be in closer touch with commerce than has been the case under an unrestricted free-trade policy. And every consul-general ought to be an "officer of the Foreign Commercial Department of the Imperial Government." On any scheme of closer union, not to speak of federation, a new Department of Commercial Intelligence would be a necessity of the situation. Through such a Department we might be able to secure that active strategic direction in manufacturing and selling which will be needed if we are to hold our own against Germany's carefully elaborated trade-system. And what an interesting career would in this way be opened up for active and intelligent young men all over the Empire! If the new service could be made to cover the needs of the Dominions as well as those of the United Kingdom, it would be a powerful bond of union. Otherwise, the Dominions will be apt to want a consular service for themselves. How far such a service should be linked up with our diplomatic representation is a matter for careful thought. In England, the Foreign Office has at present a Commercial Department

of its own, as well as the Board of Trade. The great thing will be to see that our imperial commercial interests do not fall between two stools.

W. P.

POLAND AND THE NEW FREEDOM If freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell, what must have been her emotions when the Central Powers proclaimed Poland to be again a nation! It all goes to show how difficult the Hohenzollerns find the task of saving face. In seeking vainly to secure peace at this juncture the German Government has sent up at least a dozen trial balloons—even if we do not include the aircraft launched by Professor Münsterberg. In every case the effort has proved a complete failure, for the Allies have not the slightest intention of enabling William II to save his dynasty from disaster by ending the war on a basis of stalemate. This fact being at length quite palpable to the Wilhelmstrasse—as is also the diplomatic solidity of the Entente—it becomes necessary to menace Russia specifically by creating a new Poland, which shall be indebted for its "freedom" to the impulsive liberality of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern. Incidentally the preamble of this joint manifesto enables William II and Francis Joseph to dwell once more upon the auspicious state of their prospects. "His Majesty the German Emperor and His Majesty the Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary, inspired by firm confidence in a final victory of their arms, and prompted by a desire to lead the districts conquered by their armies from Russian domination to a happy future, have agreed to form of these districts a national state, with a hereditary monarch and a constitutional government." Thus the Poles are consoled for all that has happened since 1772 by being told that they may look forward to an existence of high felicity under a king (presumably Hohenzollern by lineage) and under a constitution (presumably modelled upon that of Germany). The comment of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* is only less naïve than the text of the Proclamation itself.

"Only the Central Powers have a vital interest in the existence of a free Poland. The Poles now are free from Russian domination and have an opportunity to form a national State, to establish connections with the Central Powers, and, protected by these relations, to promote their political and economic life and to develop their national civilization."

The policy of the stalking horse was so useful to the Germans in Turkey that they certainly will employ it henceforth wherever they can—in dealings with Austria no less than with Poland. So much for their desires. But if they expect to alarm Russia by meeting her with a competitive promise of autonomy, they have once more mistaken the spirit in which the Russians are fighting this war.

THE WOES OF SWITZERLAND As a belligerent we have so many troubles of our own that we are under little temptation to lavish time and attention upon the misfortunes of neutrals. When Holland and Norway come to loggerheads with the Germans we do, indeed, turn from our affairs for a moment to consider whether or not we are likely to find a new ally in either of these states. But unless the woes of the neutral have a direct bearing upon the course of hostilities they are doomed to very general neglect. For this reason the discords which the war has occasioned in Switzerland do not receive their fair share of notice. Yet they should prove very interesting to all who love this ancient domain of freedom, or even to those who are merely curious as to how a community so cut up by racial divisions will react to the spectacle of a strife wherein French and Italians are opposed to Germans. On the whole the Swiss have reason to be satisfied with their position at this date, though the appeal made by nationality to cantons of different speech has caused a good many trying situations. If the *Gazette de Lausanne* and the *Journal de Genève* have not been at any great pains to cloak their sympathies, the *Berner Tagblatt* and the *Zürcher Nachrichten* have been no less outspoken on the other side.

Nor has it been alone a question of articles in the newspapers. Throughout French Switzerland the belief has become widespread that the army is a hotbed of German propaganda. *En revanche* officers with German names openly accuse the Vaudois and Genevese of being Frenchmen in a poor disguise. So far from growing less this domestic dissension appears to be mounting. "Le mécontentement grandit," exclaims Maurice Millioud in the last number of the *Revue Suisse;* "dans toute la Suisse il va croissant." That there will be another Sonderbund War seems most unlikely, but completely surrounded as Switzerland is by belligerent nations, with all of whom some part or other of her population is affiliated, the predicament of the Confederation is most unpleasant. Other neutrals are getting rich from the war. Switzerland is not only losing money through it, but she is distracted by a conflict of sympathies which has destroyed her peace of mind.

PREPARATION FOR PEACE With great vigour and effect Sir George Foster has urged us to prepare for the difficult days which will follow the declaration of peace. But if the future of Canadian industry has its problems, to be faced forthwith, there are issues not less insistent which spring from the very heart of our political situation. We may take it for granted that after the War world conditions will be such as to place in higher relief than ever before all questions connected with the solidarity of the British Empire. Those among us whose instinct in politics is to play for safety may still shrink from a close examination of vital facts. It is easy to say that this time things held together very well, with the implication that the bond between Mother Country and Dominions may be expected to stand any reasonable strain in the future. Unfortunately the data are not so simple as to render this attitude of mind either satisfying or safe. The tumultuous onrush of events is forcing the hand of the prudent. *Laissez-faire,* a mental habit which is always comfortable, a few years ago seemed not unwise. Now the conditions are quite changed. At the date of the Kruger

Telegram the narrowing of the world was already discernible by a few, but to the many it did not appear a fact of central significance. The Boer War and the German Navy Bill were glaring fingerposts, but even then many of us still hesitated to accept a line of policy which would make the destinies of Canada pivot upon the ambitions of Europe. Now the perspective has completely changed. Whether or not we would prefer a sheltered existence, henceforth it is beyond our reach. Canada at last is launched upon the main current of the world's action,—a condition which, however fraught with responsibility, is better than being at anchor in an unrippled backwater. Following Sir George Foster's line of argument and illustration any one can see how imperative it is for us to make preparation against the time when business will no longer fall into our lap. There is at least equal need to clarify thought on all those issues that after the War will affect our political intercourse with other countries. Here we must ask ourselves, first and foremost, how much the continued existence of the British Commonwealth means to us, and to what extent we will co-operate with its other members in the task of working out problems of wider scope and greater difficulty than any which have yet arisen from the pact of partnership. Distrusting the theoretical in politics, Canadians have too often shrunk from grappling with first principles. However, a time has at length come when we can well turn for guidance to those fine words in which Pericles sets forth the political superiority of the Athenians.

"The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act and of acting too, whereas other men are courageous from ignorance but hesitate upon reflection."

C. W. C.

ONE WHO WAS THERE

(*Written in Pozières, September 16th-17th, 1916*)

THE dawn of to-day found me perched upon a pile of debris, which was once a house in what was once a village called Pozières. Straining my eyes in the half-light I could just make out a few blurred, partially concealed figures; some of our men, crouching in the shell craters and badly battered, recently captured German trenches. They are awaiting the signal to advance—the beginning of an action that was to culminate in the most momentous defeat administered to German troops since the Marne. Despite the ear-splitting roar of thousands of guns and shell explosions, the atmosphere is charged with an undefinable tense expectancy, and the whisperings of a chill biting wind make themselves plainly audible in the tremendous din, like protests from the dead who have fought and died in thousands on this very ground. A waning frosty moon and a rose-red rising sun are rapidly clearing the sharply defined shadows and lifting the veil of night from the depressing dun-coloured desolation of battle-scarred and scorched fields, conquered, it seems, but yesterday.

Behind me a few charred tree stumps and pieces of splintered lumber sticking out oddly, like bared bones from open graves, shell craters that mark the site of Pozières, undiscoverable now except with the aid of a map; still reeking with acrid smoke smells and the stench of dead bodies which protrude in a thousand horrible postures from the torn and tortured earth. On the left Thiepval—a blotted impression of smoke-screened, clustering houses in a valley, ringed with darting shell flames, an artillery inferno where thousands of lives have been poured into the melting pot of war without much appreciable gain to either side. In front a ridge of brown,

shell-tossed earth, marked with occasional chalk patches showing where trenches have been dug. Further, dimly discernible through the smoke and bursting shrapnel, is another ridge—German held—behind which are Courcelette and Martinpuich. For seventy-two hours our guns have pounded, and are still pounding that ridge, churning and re-churning the earth until not even a tree stump is left to distinguish it from the waste of fire-scorched earth that merges into the smoke swirls. That ridge is our objective, to reach which the Canadians will have to cross a pitted valley, bullet swept by countless machine-guns—a trough-like depression into which the Hun batteries are dropping high explosive shells like hailstones. Can human beings face and get through such a barrage? It must be possible, otherwise such a seemingly insane attack would never be permitted; but one shudders at the pictures conjured up by one's gun-shocked, hyper-sensitive imagination.

I am conscious of a totally new sound in this welter of noise, coming from the broken ground on the right—a hundred Fords in a hill-climbing contest. The Huns have heard, too, and some of their bright F.O.O.'s (Forward Observing Officers) have 'phoned the batteries. "Big stuff" is dropping uncomfortably close to my dirt pile. I have been over to see what the racket is about, and I cannot yet quite believe what I have seen. It's a "Tank," about which we have heard such vague intangible rumours during the past few days. "Tanks!" Lord, what a name! Crawling from a forty-foot crater with lumbering ludicrous motions, like a mammoth toad awakened from a century of sleep, came toward me a monster of quivering steel, whose bowels are sputtering engines and whose teeth are machine-guns—a weird apparition, whose motions reminded me of the storm-tossed boat in the pantomimes which rocked and rolled impossibly and drew such gales of laughter from delighted juvenile audiences. This then was our answer to the Huns wonderfully contrived machine-gun forts, which have played such havoc with our men charging in the open—forts so skilfully placed that every avenue of approach can be

covered by criss-cross fire in which nothing can live, enabling the Huns to hold important positions with handfuls of men. But how could we expect these clumsy monsters to cross the shell-quarried ground in the face of concentrated artillery fire with which the Huns, with a fearful premonition of what was to come, were smothering the open? One of the attendant demons answered that question. He was a cheerful young man, wearing an aviator's helmet and quietly confident in the powers of his uncanny pet. Yes, the "Tank" *would* cross that ground and be there with the first rush, smashing up M. G. forts while the infantry were busy with bomb and bayonet. I didn't share his optimism, but I did feel an immense pride in our race that is producing men who are unafraid and eager to venture forth on seemingly hopeless enterprises; more daring than any heroes of imaginative romance. Dipping and rolling like a dismasted Dutch lugger in a stormy sea, through shell and mine craters that it would seem impossible for any work of man to cross, this Super-Juggernaut, with many purring engine splutters, ambled out into the "Unknown"—the "dead ground" where no sane man ventures until the guns have done their work. I looked after it in absolute amazement and then laughed—laughed until the tears came! This thing, this monster, an unheard-of combination of cruiser and car, breathing in hoarse coughings, smelling fearsomely of petrol, and rolling ponderously into and out of impossible chasms, irresistible, impervious to all the weaknesses of wheeled things, was a huge joke. Its every movement was ridiculously funny. It upset all one's preconceived notions of what is right and proper. It lacked dignity, poise, and balance, and its burly uncouth ruggedness only added to its grotesque appearance. But as one's imagination began to play with the possibilities of the monstrosity, as revealed by its ability to waddle easily over every form of obstruction and its punishing gun-power, hysterical joy seized upon one that vented itself in laughter verging on tears. When one's nerves are tight drawn and tense tears are very near the surface. I went back to my cairn

not caring for the spent bullets that droned through the air unceasingly like hiving bees. The Tank held me in its spell.

Our gun fire has increased in volume, but Fritz's batteries are firing more slowly and laboriously, though still with enough vigour to cause my mind to leap in sympathy to the boys awaiting the word to enter that hell of fire. Consider what they have to do. One thousand yards across the valley, on the upper slope of a steep ridge, Germany's best and bravest, identified by our scouts as the Bavarian Guards reserve division, are awaiting our attack. Their marvellous trenches are still in fairly good shape—warrens of deep dug-outs and subterranean passages, protected by M. G. redoubts; thick, hellishly arranged wire and spiked pitfalls, all topping the steep rise that has been rendered almost impassable by high explosive, and retreat secured to the defenders by underground passages leading to Courcelette. Our first objective is this ridge top, and if the defence proves weak, we are to push on and capture the village, three hundred yards further on. To read of this in orders—cold, dry, precise and brief—disposing of men's lives in battalions and brigades, and then to see the task as it really is, clothed in all the fiendish barbarity of scientific slaughter, makes one's mind reel and grope blindly for some peg of faith and sanity upon which to steady one's ideas. I have seen a year and more of war and have learned to hate it, but this was war multiplied a thousandfold—the terror of awful physical mutilation, intensified by the sight of those gone before, whose poor torn bodies lie crumpled grotesquely in the shell craters; plus that nerve-stunning, courage-killing horror, modern high explosive, used like small arm ammunition.

The day has brightened and the streaky clouds are rose-red, but there is yet no heat from the sun and I shiver on my perch, though sheltered somewhat from the shrewish breeze by a splintered tree. Staccato, whiplash cracks on the right, and then on the left, warn me to keep low. Our M. G.'s, hidden in all sorts of odd holes, have commenced a long range barrage that will be

taken up by the guns at zero hour—sometime between now and 6.30 A.M. Our aeroplanes, flocks of them, are flying low over the Hun lines, well within range of even their riflemen, like beautiful winged insects enjoying a brief life in the majesty of the sunrise. But the Germans have learned, by bitter experience, to appreciate these "insects" at their true worth, and their crack gunners are even now seeking to bring them down,—these wonderful "eyes of our guns." Black shrapnel puffs are beginning to dot the upper air and another battle is being fought where only gods and angels used to reign supreme. To and fro, across the brilliant sky in restless procession, our planes speed on, catching and reflecting every hue of the flashing sunrise, bringing and seeking that priceless information that is making our guns the masters. It is 6.15 A.M. and the final bombardment—an hour's intense barrage—should soon begin. To me it seems that there could not be greater artillery intensity than is at this moment shaking air and earth with continuous concussions and shocks of sound. All the noises in the world seem concentrated here, and one's head hums to the screeching and hooting of the hurtling shells and the rocking rumble of their mother guns.

But orders say there is to be intense barrage at the zero hour, and the power that can command men to march towards annihilation, in battalions and brigades, can surely ordain this seemingly impossible thing also. A beautiful green flare, that bursts into two scintillating stars, has been fired from our lines. It hovers uncertainly, paling in the brightness of the glorious sun. A mighty roar, that makes the earth tremble like a leaf in a violent breeze, greets it as the steel throated giants—countless big and small guns—break forth in thunderclaps of sound, stupefying and bewildering. The barrage has begun. Bereft of thought and dazed with the buffetings of heavy sound waves, I open my eyes to a world gone mad—a Dantesque reality of flame-smeared sky; flames that spit, hiss, and dart, like serpent tongues, over and in the German lines; animate genii of destruction.

This is a cataclysm of all the terrors outside hell; the unleashing of the most terrifying products of mechanical and chemical research, directed, guided and controlled by scientists; wholesale slaughter and reason-destroying torture, dealt out with mathematical precision and infallible accuracy. A shell whistle, coming from the wrong direction, has penetrated my consciousness out of all this welter of rumbling crashes. There follows a sharp smash and I turn to see earth fly skyward. Fritz is searching my domain for our M. G.'s, with "whizz-bangs." Thirty of these have come over in quick succession, filling old holes and creating new ones, while the sifted earth drops around me like fine rain. I am in and part of this wonderful battle. A rumbling "basso profundo" crunch and a tremendous upheaval of earth and stones rivets my gaze on the Reserve Trench forty yards away. The giant Krupps are reaching out with high explosive in an effort to crush our supports as they had already tried to obliterate our man-filled front line. Cr-ump! Cr-r-ump! Cr-r-r-ump! Choking gas, smoke and falling debris fill the air. The Hun gunners have settled down to their work; a ten minute concentration of titanic hammer blows on two hundred yards of trench. Harmless fireworks! Guns without eyes groping for targets which are not there. Our aeroplanes have done marvellous work to-day; German artillery observation has been completely destroyed. By Jove! Watch that barrage lift! The curtain of fire has moved forward as if in a solid sheet of flame, well beyond the Hun-kept ridge. This is the moment—they're over! A chain of silhouetted figures pausing for an instant against a hazy, smoke-wreathed background; another and another; a furious minor crackling of machine-guns and hand grenades, falsetto tones among the deep-throated rumbling of the cannon: the Canadians have gone to settle old scores with Fritz! A half hour has gone by, to me an age of suspense. I can see nothing but the undiminished flame-smears of our bursting shells. A strong wind is now rolling back the curtain of smoke from the left of the valley, and there *is* something moving there.

Our chaps or Germans? Man alive, it's a "Tank"! Wobbling and swaying, dipping and rising, like a dazed Dinosaur, from the shell wallows, and spitting dragon flames, "Old Faithful" is carrying out orders to the letter—attacking a whole German Army with superb but ridiculous assurance. It is a "Tank," sure enough, and it is ambling its irresistible way right along the top of Fritz's ridge with the unhurried deliberation of an elephant in a circus parade; a tornado of cracking machine-gun fire. Big "crumps" are falling perilously near our friendly mammoth of the stone age, materialized out of the dreams of romances to help us purge the earth of the unclean Hun, but even his thick hide of proof steel will not avail if a high explosive shell should get home on his absurd carcase. Unperturbed he goes on his lumbering way, and now, with his blunt stubby nose pointing toward the bowels of the earth, he is descending into the heart of the Hun stronghold, Courcelette, in a halo of flame-riven smoke.

We have taken our first objective. And what of our men, fighting, suffering, and dying that liberty may live? Small groups are crawling along our ridge. They are stretcher-bearers collecting the toll of war and victory. Momentarily the number of these groups increases: they are following fast in the wake of our charging men. They work with deliberation, although the bullets are spitting viciously. Movement on the Bapaume Road—a struggling line of slightly wounded, walking cases. They are evidently not in a hurry either, though winged death is everywhere in the air seeking fresh victims. Momentarily, one of these stray bullets may find a billet, blotting out forever their shortly to be realized visions of "Blighty"—the green shores of England, friends at the boat pier, wife, mother, home. I turn away, fearing realization of my thoughts, in time to see a cluster of crouching, hurrying figures followed by men with rifles and flashing bayonets, crossing the extreme point of the ridge on the left, where heavy shells are still digging holes. They are German prisoners; the first batch. Taken literally by the scruff of the neck from their thirty-foot underground

dug-outs and now exposed to a fraction of the fire which our men crossed to get them, they are in a blue funk; frankly, undisguisedly frightened; specimens of a beaten nation. Again our barrage has lifted indicating a further Canadian advance. Our chaps are certainly paying back old scores to-day. It is almost 9 A.M. and I must leave to go back to duties that are at the moment merely fatiguing, but I have an interesting walk ahead, past dressing stations and prisoners' cages, and have not I seen one of the most marvellous happenings in a marvellous war—Germany's greatest defeat on the Somme—Canada's glory upheld and enhanced by her splendid battalions which have pushed the invader further back on the road to the Rhine? Here comes a "walking case," good company for the road. He has a bullet-shattered arm which is swathed in blood-stained first aid bandages, and he is covered with wet, caked mud which clings to him like a shell, but a smile of the most blissful happiness overspreads his face. He has a "Blighty." Are we winning? He should blooming well say so. We were still going when he got hit. No, it wasn't a walk over, but Fritz won't fight once his artillery is beaten. The "chained" machine-gun crews fought to the last, they could expect no mercy, but the others had to be chased through dead-choked trenches and bayoneted, or be bombed in the dug-outs. A lot simply stood and yelled for mercy, handing out all sorts of trinkets as a ransom for their lives. No, the Hun is not a close range fighter. He can't stand the "gaff"—hand-to-hand work with the bayonets. And he's treacherous, too; doesn't understand what it means to fight clean. My wounded friend spoke of them as if they were vermin. His was the view of a "gentleman fighter" discussing things which are a disgrace to the profession of arms. I left him at the advanced dressing station—a raised, dry patch of sandy earth already crowded with men, all more or less bloody, many suffering intensely, but the spirit of happiness prevailing everywhere—glory in deeds well and nobly done. Every form of flesh mutilation that shell, bomb or bullet can inflict is represented

here, but agonies untold are being borne with stoical calm, and the rough ministrations and harsh anointings of raw, torn flesh with iodine, inseparable from such a place, are endured without audible whimper, though many are lapsing into blessed unconsciousness from sheer pain. The doctors and Red Cross men are working at high pressure dressing wounds, administering local anaesthetics and labelling men for Rest and Casualty Clearing Stations—later gateways to "Blighty." Those who have been attended to are being helped into ambulances and lorries which await their pain-wracked burdens on the nearby Bapaume Road, upon the farther side of which are the remains of the original German trenches captured in the bloody fighting of early July. Our forward "heavies" are booming and thundering all around and about us with unimpaired vigour, while stray "crumps" from Fritz's "sightless" batteries are falling not very far away. This ill-aimed persistent fire gives one the impression that the Huns, maddened by defeat, are groping desperately for our concentration camps—hope, born of blood-lust, that some of these chance shells might snatch a few more lives from the hated English.

Defeat-chastened German prisoners—erstwhile boastful Bavarians—are now coming in, some carrying our seriously wounded on stretchers, others helping their own, who are at once sent to the Dressing Station for treatment. The unwounded prisoners are being escorted to the "Cage"—barbed wire enclosure—away from the sight of blood and pain. We must not shock the feelings of our "gentle Huns." At the "Cage" a hot meal awaits them, a generous portion of bacon, bread, butter, jam and tea. That's our answer to Ruhleben—the British way of retaliating for innumerable tortures inflicted on British soldiers and civilians in German prison camps. I went down to see these men whom we had just beaten; the Hun soldier "au naturel" and stripped of all the finery dear to Potsdam parades and the "Mighty War Lords." There are about three hundred "soiled greys" in the "Cage," which is surrounded by a crowd of our slightly wounded, who,

in spite of the grinning sentries, are doing a lively trade in souvenirs—buttons, shoulder straps, cap badges, etc.—for which our boys are swapping cigarettes. Fritz, individually and collectively, is desperately, almost painfully, anxious to please. He is no longer a warrior. All the fight has been knocked out of him, and only the instinct to crawl remains—the iron enforced self-abnegation of German discipline. It's not good for Englishmen to see. Their first few minutes of incarceration has sufficed to assure them of the innate kindliness of their captors and, despite the fearsome tales of English brutality with which their Officers have stuffed them, they seem more than willing to take us on trust. The good, hot meal, followed by English cigarettes, settles it. They are disposed to take an optimistic view of life, and as I approach the fence they are all laughing and chattering like society people at Grand Opera. All except one officer—a lieutenant with a sour hard face who keeps in the corner of the enclosure, as far away from the "swine privates" as possible. His angry and contemptuous protests against being herded with them—"swine privates" are his words—are being amusedly discussed by our fellows. His viewpoint is meeting with lurid and hardly complimentary comments. "You bet *our* officers wouldn't pull any stuff like that." This opinion meets with unanimous approval. The prisoners are a very mixed lot, and making due allowance for the circumstances of their taking, begrimed and dirty with trench fighting, the sense of defeat, the strain of a life and death struggle—they are certainly not the Huns of a year ago, not even comparable to their fellow Guardsmen whom we met and defeated two short months ago at Contalmaison. Every age from 18 to 40 is represented and physique varies accordingly. There are very few stalwarts; such as were the bullet-headed, thick-necked Huns who first trod with victorious, iron-heeled vigour across the ravished borders of France and Belgium in 1914—high-priests of force and fear. Our tall, slightly built, clean limbed youngsters standing by, looked, as they were, masters of the herd. These Germans tell the story of a nation draining

its manhood to the dregs—a race sacrificed to unholy ambition—a people hypnotised into a belief in victory, throwing its entire strength with the insanity of a desperate gambler into the abyss of defeat.

I turn away reluctantly, but filled with a great joy and surer convictions of our ultimate triumph; confidence inspired by our wonderful man-power. I have witnessed, at close range, a great battle, a more than fair test of the hitting power of armies. I have seen a winning army and the remnants of a defeated one. It is "the writing on the wall" for Germany. But I have also seen a small part of the price that was paid, and my imagination carries me to the shell pits and battered trenches where our dead lie. Somewhere in that shambles are tried and trusted friends whom I spoke with but yesterday—grand men, endeared to me by the kinship of training days and the harder comradeship of the field. Their going fills me with sadness and a great loneliness. The last of the "old boys" can now be counted on one hand. The world has gained what Canada has lost, and her dead have won a greater glory, for have they not given up their lives that Liberty and Justice might live, and Canada's pride and honour be pledged again to the Empire?

* * *

SEA-GULLS

Where the dark green hollows lift
 Into crests of snow,
Wheeling, flashing, floating by,
White against a stormy sky,
With exultant call and cry
 Swift the sea-gulls go.

Careless, vagabond and free,
 Children of the spray,
Spirits of old mariners
Drifting down the restless years,
(Drake's and Hawkins' buccaneers)
 So the sailors say.

Watching, guarding, wheeling still
 Round the land they knew,
Where the cliffs of Devon rise
Red against the sullen skies,
(Dearer far than Paradise)
 'Mid the tossing blue.

Not for them the heavenly song,
 Sweeter still they find
Than those angels, row on row,
Thunder of the bursting snow
Seething on the rocks below,
 Singing of the wind.

Fairer than the streets of gold
  Those wild fields of foam,
Where the horses of the sea
Stamp and whinny ceaselessly,
Warding from all enemy
  Shores they once called home.

So the sea-gulls call and cry
  Round the coast to-day,
Spirits of old mariners
Drifting down the restless years,
(Drake's and Hawkins' buccaneers)
  Thus the sailors say.

NORAH M. HOLLAND

CANADA'S RECORD OF THE WAR

THE archives of a country furnish material of perpetual interest to the student of human affairs. Through them the centuries long old and grey return again, fresh in the vigour of eternal youth. Through them, *tanquam in speculo*, are reflected past hopes and aspirations, past glory and defeat. The archives are of all our national assets the most precious—they are the bequest of one generation to another, and the extent of our care of them marks the extent of our civilization. Archives fulfil so many and exalted missions. Each day that passes is a triumph for an archive, for each day some mere scrap of paper permits justice to prevail. And yet while so much of our happiness and security as individuals and as a people is inseparable from archives, the average man has seldom bestowed a thought upon either their commercial or their historical value. Records are such unlovely things. They are difficult to control and, like unruly children, they are often left to care for themselves.

In their infancy, speaking broadly, they receive ample consideration for a few days, weeks or months. Then they are suddenly neglected, and whole generations may pass before any further attention is given either to their care or to their existence. As a rule, the papers of a given generation are seldom required by that generation after their reception or primary use. But when all personal touch with the period has ceased, then those records assume a startling importance, for they replace the hand that has vanished and the lips that are sealed. And so it comes to pass that millions of pounds are wasted annually in eager research for documents, many of which perchance have long ago been consigned to the rubbish heap, consumed by fire, or scattered in places which long defy detection.

And much of the vexation which ensues and the consequent miscarriage of justice and useless expenditure are due to

the fact that the guardians of the nation's treasures did not protect them during the danger period—that is between their temporary and their permanent use. The term archive almost appears to be an unfortunate term, for it is associated in the popular mind with the literary crank for whom the superior mind of the materialist has a supreme contempt. The literary crank, however, is a persistent fellow and possibly his perpetual wail has ofttimes served a useful purpose in arresting the hand of the destroyer.

But the dawn of a brighter day is at hand. Commercial instinct has been forced to respect the despised archive and to become its champion. The rapid economic development of new countries, the passage of iron roads through hitherto waste lands, the extraordinary value of water powers, the discoveries of treasures in the earth, have taught even the most ignorant the priceless value of old records. The question of the early land tenure of the country, the rights of original grantees, deeds, titles, plans, the proceedings of land boards of a hundred years ago, and countless questions concerning former administrations become matters of vital importance, which frequently the archives alone can solve. Thus the fiat has gone forth that the records must be preserved. And so what the literary inquirer asked for merely as a favour, the man of commerce now demands as a right—namely, the proper care of and reasonable access to public records.

It is significant, as indicating the spirit of the age, that in the investigation of public records which is being made by the British Government, the witnesses invited to give evidence include men of affairs as well as historical scholars, not only in the British Isles but in the United States and the Colonies. The proceedings have been interrupted by the war. The reports, however, that have been published are highly gratifying to those directly concerned in the progress of historical science. England and France for more than a century have done so much to restore order out of the chaos of centuries that a radical revisal of their historical literature is being made possible. But no country is showing a more intelligent appre-

ciation of its responsibilities and of its particular requirements than the United States. For while the Government makes generous provision for the co-ordination of the archives within its own territory, private wealth makes it possible to undertake extensive research in any part of the world.

Experience has taught most countries that the records of their wars are amongst their most highly treasured historical assets, and that the passing of time only seems to increase their value.

We have only to turn for a modern example to the literature which has sprung up around the Seven Years War. Year by year the archives of Europe are explored with the hope of throwing more light on events which meant so much to Great Britain, so little to the rest of Europe.

In Canada, the battles of the Plains, the Invasion of 1775, the War of 1812, the Rebellions of 1837 and 1887, not less than the old French Wars, are still fruitful topics, which yearly add to our literary storehouse. War has so many aspects. It may be approached from so many points of view. Its origin, its progress, its effect, its heroes, are suggestive heads, which in turn are capable of many subdivisions. And as long as wars shall last human interest will centre in them.

The Congress of the United States appreciated this fact, and with true business instinct anticipated the burden that would be forced upon the State by countless enquirers during their own and succeeding generations. With patriotic zeal the whole of the documents relating to the war of secession were gathered, printed and published at a cost to the nation of slightly over four million dollars. An enormous amount might have been saved had the work been undertaken earlier. But if the task had been postponed until to-day, the cost would have been infinitely greater. And no one has ever questioned the wisdom of this course.

But the greatest event in our history is only now being enacted. Canada's participation in the war of the Empire marks a new epoch. As yet she only dimly realizes the magnitude of the venture upon which she has embarked. On the

signal of alarm she cast off the shackles of tutelage, and taking up the sword passed through the zone of war into the full glory and strength of nationhood. To her former position she can never return. A willing partner in the struggle, she will become a welcome participator in the reward and in the greatness of that Empire whose might shall ever uphold the Right. Canada has made, and alas! is still making her supreme sacrifice. From every quarter of the Dominion her sons have gone forth to war. From every quarter of the Dominion her daughters are ministering to them. This is a man's war in which women share so much of the burden.

In Canada, the sadness of the war, the grim reality of war, is being forced upon us by the many signs of mourning and distress. But we can have little idea of the extent of our undertaking or of the machinery which it has brought into play. One must see whole divisions in their camps, whole divisions moving towards the front, the thousands of cars laden with supplies from Canada, our ambulances, our hospitals taxed to their utmost capacity, our convalescent homes, our soldiers' clubs, the Commissariat, the Record Offices, the Army Medical Service, the Red Cross Work, the ordnance depots, clearing camps, the training camps, and the transport service in England and France before even an approximate estimate can be formed of what we are doing.

This can be seen only by the few, but knowledge of that which at the moment can be seen by the few will be demanded by the many in the future.

When our tears are dried and Time has assuaged our sorrow, then shall we seek for memorials of this momentous event and regard them as an ancestral heritage. The story which will appeal most widely and most eloquently to our people will be the story of the movements of our brave sons at the front. To have been on Active Service in this great war will confer a mark of distinction more honourable than that which wealth may purchase or merit may attain. For those who have served in this titanic struggle are the first heroes of the New Canadian Nation. But we may ask, shall we possess a fitting memorial

of the part we have played in this conflict? Has Canada been mindful of her obligations, or has she, counting the cost, put off the evil day? And assuming that her attitude is sympathetic, may not the answer well remain doubtful?

Amidst the thunder of bursting shell and the violent upheavals wrought by deadly mines, when whole battalions are swept out of existence and familiar places are battered into heaps of ruin and desolation; amidst the whiz of countless bullets, the descent of murderous bombs and the fumes of noxious vapours, surely a trustworthy narrative is impossible.

Yes, for notwithstanding weighty obstacles, perpetual vigilance has been exercised, and a trustworthy record exists. And it is a record more complete and illuminating than has been obtained of any other war. A record that will appeal to the curious and delight the scholar. A record composed of many elements that render it unique, and presented in a form that will assure its perpetuity. Canada has not been unmindful of her obligations. But above all she has entrusted the task to one whose energy and devotion to the cause are unceasing, and whose personal influence compels such great results. Under this guidance Canada is gathering now at a trifling outlay material which in five years hence she could not purchase at any cost. And this service to the state has been rendered ungrudgingly and not of necessity. Indeed it is a service which money could not purchase; which only an unconquerable will and determination could accomplish. Such is Sir Maxwell Aitken's gift to posterity.

A. G. Doughty

THE JOY OF IRRESPONSIBLE ATOMISM

TO every teacher who has to watch his words in dealing with his students, there comes at times the insistent desire to talk at ease, and be irresponsible. Those who accuse the schoolmaster and the professor of the wish to be always instructing, do not make sufficient allowance for the wholesome reactions that are always setting in against the attitude of mind we are forced to adopt when we face an audience of young people armed with note-books. Your ordinary law-abiding citizen usually becomes tongue-tied when the policeman who is making enquiries takes out his note-book. How much greater must our constraint be when we know that of a certainty, whatever we say from our professorial chair "may be used against us" in the examination hall, and in the common room. One of these moods of revolt is on me now. I want to talk about psychology and education without having to stand surety for every word that I put down.

Even in his guarded official utterances a teacher of psychology knows that he is never quite safe. He is always speaking in metaphors, and he has the uneasy feeling that every one of them will break down if only it is examined closely enough. The moment we begin talking about the mind we know that we are outrunning the bailiff in the matter of vocabulary. We may select the comfortable materialist way and express ourselves in terms of brain cells and an assorted arrangement of words indicating various kinds of nerves and their interplay. But, at the back of our minds—a well-worked metaphor that—we know that we are hopeless mendicants with regard to the main question; and we can only hope that our pupils will graciously grant the question we beg. Or we may drop into the great sea of metaphor, and tell all we know about the mind by talking about other things.

According to our mood, and the theory we are least doubtful about, we call the mind by varying names. When we are shallow and easy-going we call it a mirror, and hope to square up with the metaphysicians by and by. A matter-of-fact mood makes us fall back upon commonsense Locke, with his delightfully soothing blank sheet of notepaper, and the ramifications it suggests into all that the *tabula rasa* implies. A dislike to the vagueness of the crabbed term *apperception* quite likely throws us back on James' preference for *assimilation*, and straightway the mind figures as a stomach. When the economic fever is on we speak of the mind as a reservoir, and when we expect to be challenged for the static implications of our indiscretion, we hurriedly change it into a well—"a well of living water" we are inclined to add, with a dim feeling that we are getting something of our own back from our Sunday School days. A camera is a tempting figure, but we usually avoid it from a subconscious warning that our young folks will certainly add the adjective *obscura*. The suggestion, however, is sufficient to bring forward the sensitized plate in photography—a cheerful figure that, and full of time-passing possibilities in a lecture. It is good for at least a ten minutes' comparison with the unsophisticated Lockian blank sheet. When we feel vague, and want to talk at large, we reduce the mind to a mere field, or circle, or area, or zone.

I have gone so far myself as to make a figure of my own, and speak of the mind as a dome—a fatal figure. For I find that students have an ineradicable habit of accepting the metaphor in a spatial way, and persist in picturing out the ideas as ascending and descending the sides of this dome. One never can be sure of what one's students think about these things, but a contemporary of my own, with the freedom that a contemporary may legitimately exercise, told me that he never thought of my figure without the picture of a mutual friend's rounded and shining bald cranium rising before him, and within that shining round my contemporary used to figure "living creatures having hands and feet," crawling up and down. We are all fond of the drama, so it is not surprising

that this personifying of the ideas is very popular. Hume recognizes the fact when he gives us the picture of the mind as a stage on which the various ideas come and disport themselves.

This special exemplification of hypostasis is particularly attractive to me. If one can only subdue one's logical conscience, what a joy there is in dealing with ideas as separate independent entities, leading their own lives and entering into all manner of legitimate and illegitimate relations with each other! It is our kill-joy business in the classroom to warn our young people against all this picturing out and dramatizing. We put on our most owlish aspect and warn our students that they must not be led away by the seductive, but deplorable concrete, but must worship at the shrine of the elusive, but profitable abstract. We call in the shade of the redoubtable Hutchison Stirling to tell them that figurative thinking "is not thought, but an idle misspending of the time with empty pictures." Yet there is something dangerously attractive in stealing away afterwards and misspending our time in allowing the merry dancers of thought to play their pranks, undisturbed by the ghoulish abstract that occupies the next compartment of our mind—a blatant metaphor that. How comfortless is the effect of continually teaching that there is no such thing as mind, that we do not *have* ideas but *are* ideas!

We are not even allowed to have faculties. We have no such things as judgement, perception, imagination, understanding, things that used to make life worth living; though we are permitted still to judge, perceive, imagine and understand. Our state of denudation is such that we can almost hear the wind whistle between the ribs of our personality. All that the psychologist will supply to cover our nakedness is a resounding phrase. The equivalent offered for *faculty* is "a mode of being conscious." Every lecturer who has to deal with this subject is at great pains to warn his students against using the misleading term, *faculty;* and almost every lecturer, sooner or later, inadvertently uses the term himself.

The reason is not far to seek. He has been brought up on the popular term. It is part of his natural vocabulary as a plain human being, and even a psychologist forgets now and then that he is not a plain man, and must not speak plainly. The professor admits, and even proclaims, the superiority of the descriptive phrase, but the man under the college gown reverts, on the slightest provocation, to the comfortable inaccuracy of the popular term.

When we say that there must be some justification in the nature of things for this perverse preference for the smoothly inaccurate, we are met by the ready answer: "Original sin." But we can surely do better than that. Is it not true that we succeed much more in our expositions when we use the popular terms? When we are continually examining our language to discover whether it is up to the requisite standard of accuracy, our energy is distracted and dissipated. In making sure, for example, that we never speak of ideas acting upon each other, we lose the freshness that should mark the presentation of the facts of mental reactions. May we not legitimately regard the whole of the atomistic theory of ideas as a sort of elaborate figure of speech, and use it as an expository device? Further, may we not make use of the figure in our actual investigations of mental process, and by its aid increase our knowledge of its real working? It is, perhaps, not too much to say that a good deal of the Freudian research is carried on in terms of the illegitimately figurative. His *censor* is without question an hypostatization of the process of inhibition, and I for one do not begrudge Freud his figure, though I cannot see how he improves matters by the peculiar diagram—reminding the reader of the troublesome sketches that used to adorn text-books in electricity—by which he illustrates the censor's duties. It would be quite as sensible to plot out a mathematical curve to illustrate a case of casuistry. For, after all, the Freudian *censor* is only the popular *conscience* writ small, and its use is liable to the same danger. Retribution may follow upon the use of the censor figure, just as it sometimes follows the conscience figure when we come across a small child in a moral difficulty,

insisting upon silence while he listens for "the still small voice" to tell him how to act.

But, for the full enjoyment of really irresponsible atomism, we must get rid of the censor altogether, and allow the individual ideas free interplay. They must be permitted to fight their way over the threshold of consciousness, and struggle up the steep sides of the dome to the very centre of the spot that marks the summit, the goal towards which every self-respecting idea ceaselessly strives. We may ponder lazily over the problem of how now this now that idea gets the upper hand. We may be quite unable to explain success or failure, but we can look on with intense interest and with an enjoyment that disappears the moment we realize once again that in the ultimate resort it is we, we ourselves, that are elbowing our doubtful way up the slippery side of that weary dome. A man who thus sits irresponsibly on the mental fence, and watches himself climbing up and slipping down that fascinating dome, cannot fail to realize how wrong Huxley was when he maintained that there was nothing mysterious about "that masterly entity, the ego." There is surely something moderately uncanny about an entity that can at the same moment sit on a fence and watch itself slipping down the wall of a dome. It is true that Huxley minimizes the importance of consciousness, gives it the nickname of an epiphenomenon, and on one occasion told his hearers that it had no more to do with our real life than the steam whistle has to do with the functioning of the locomotive to which it is attached. If Huxley is right, the dome becomes of little practical importance. Yet what it loses in utility it gains in mystery.

But, if the dome of consciousness be mysterious, what shall we say of the region below the threshold of consciousness? If we cannot control, or even accurately observe, the activities of the ideas above the threshold, what can we hope to make of those below? The practical commonsense person is inclined to cut the knot by advising us to confine ourselves to what we know something about, and so keep above the threshold. But the spirit of adventure will not permit the

irresponsible atomist to remain in the safe and comparatively commonplace region of the obvious. It is only in the spacious subliminal region that he really comes to his own. He knows nothing about it, of course, but he declines to believe that the activities so manifest among ideas above the threshold disappear altogether when the threshold has been passed on the downward movement. The more responsible atomists share this view, but seek to justify it by assuming a sort of parallelism between ideas and certain multipolar cells. When an idea falls below the threshold, they believe that the corresponding cell has suffered a correlative diminution of tension, and the present state of the submerged idea may be to some extent gauged by the degree of excitement of the cell in question. But your really irresponsible observer cares for none of these apologetic explanations. He boldly assumes that what an idea does above the threshold it goes on doing below, but in a less energetic way. He resents the pedantry of the logician who attempts to cut short all further speculation by applying the closure in the form of a dichotomy, and who maintains that there can be only the two regions, the conscious and the unconscious, and that an idea at a given moment must be in one or other of the two regions; and that, further, since consciousness is an essential quality of an idea, the moment it has passed below the threshold it ceases to belong to the class *idea*. The irresponsible one mocks the objector by adopting a pseudo-logical form of argument and using the scholastic form *distinguo*. He draws a line between the subconscious and the unconscious, and holds that while an idea in the unconsciousness is really passive, it has still a certain degree of activity so long as it remains in the region of what he calls the subconscious.

He is not greatly disturbed when the logician points out that the dichotomy is only postponed, and all that has been done is to extend the realm of the conscious so as to include a region in which the consciousness is increasingly imperfect. A time must come in the end when the last trace of consciousness is lost, and then we have the realm of the truly uncon-

cious. The subliminal, as ordinarily understood, is restricted to what is loosely called the subconscious; but logically it must include all the degrees of consciousness that are below the intensity required to secure the title of full consciousness; but it must also include all the vast realm of what is properly the unconscious. But here again our light-hearted irresponsible distinguishes. From his standpoint there are two *kinds*, if there cannot be two degrees, of unconsciousness. All the ideas in the subliminal were once above the threshold, and all of them may at some time or other return to consciousness. But at any given moment all the subliminal ideas fall definitely into two great classes, the live and the dead. The vast majority are in the dead state; a tiny minority have, at the given moment, a greater or less degree of activity. They are all in a sensitive state and may be easily quickened to such a degree as to rise above the threshold. All the ideas in the subliminal have the potentiality of being recalled to consciousness, but at a given moment, only a certain number have an immediate chance of recall. Certain ideas, from their importance in relation to the ordinary experience of the individual, are in a chronic state of sensitiveness, and are continually rising above and falling below the threshold. On the other hand, there is a vast number of ideas that have once been in the consciousness but that in all probability will never return. Obviously if the educator is able to exercise from without a certain influence upon this great mass of sensitive and dead ideas, he will have great power over his pupils, and the irresponsible atomist is insistent in encouraging the educator to exercise this power.

There is something bracing in the thought that we may manipulate the ideas in the mind of another. There is to be sure an accompanying sense of responsibility that subdues our exhilaration, and encourages sober reflection. But if the atomist takes the responsibility of presenting us with the separate ideas as material, we may well undertake the responsibility of manipulating them to the advantage of our pupils. But just here I have raised the ghost of one of my

indiscretions. I want to attach for my own benefit, and for the benefit of my students, a special meaning to the word *instruction*. Usually it is understood to imply what is ordinarily meant by teaching, and always suggests the communication of fresh knowledge. I have etymology on my side when I seek to lay stress on the arrangement of ideas, already in the mind, rather than on the presentation of new ones. When we find the phrase in Cæsar *instruere agmen*, we know that he is referring to the drawing up of the troops in line of battle, in due order. So I want instruction confined to the arrangements of ideas already present rather than to the communicating of fresh ideas. Information is of fundamental importance in education just as recruiting is in war: but recruiting is one thing and drill is another. So, perhaps I may be permitted to limit *instruction* to its literal meaning.

To carry on instruction in this technical sense is really to manipulate the ideas in the dome and in the subliminal. In the half-lit sphere below the threshold, it may be possible to discover some sort of general laws that regulate the interaction of the ideas. If such laws can be established, the gain to the educator would be obviously incalculable. Dr. Thomas Brown, in his secondary Laws of Association, made a beginning of laying down such laws, and modern psychologists are working on experimental lines in the same direction. To be sure, in the laboratory it is sometimes maintained that the atomistic position is discarded, but I am not greatly concerned about that. It seems to me that a good many of the present investigations fall in very comfortably with an atomistic theory that the investigators disavow. I have already made it fairly evident that I should like to accept atomism out and out, if I only could. But I am too grateful to the sidelights that atomism has supplied, and the suggestive flashes that it is continually giving, to make any attack upon it. Perhaps the laboratory people share my respect for the atomists, and are restrained like myself by philosophical considerations from accepting their position, while rejoicing in the help their wrongly founded theories have given.

Our psychologists are getting painfully exact, and increasingly mathematical. Professor Titchener tells us that the psychology text-books of the future will be as full of formulæ as are the physics text-books of to-day. It looks as if his prophecy is coming true. Nobody could ask for a more formidable array of mathematical formulæ than Dr. William Brown presents in his *Mental Measurements.* But many of us while regarding the newer psychologists with favour mingled with awe, have still a kindly feeling inside for the irresponsibles who are content to treat a great many matters under the form of figures of speech. For myself, I shall do all I can to respect the vocabulary of my craft—though I must confess to an occasional lapse in the way of a new technical term—but I shall always reserve to myself the privilege of using, for expository purposes, certain doctrines that are of questionable authority as to their foundations. The atomic theory in chemistry, as we were taught it at college, is now discredited as an explanation of the fundamental facts of the science. Yet I understand that it is not entirely dismissed from the text-books, because it contains so much that is true, and because it correlates such a variety of established facts that it justifies its retention. They same may be said, perhaps, for the irresponsible atomists in psychology. They certainly found on bases that philosophy cannot approve; but they provide such a human approach, and stimulate so vigorously the less abstract-minded students, that they have deserved well of the teaching craft, and should at least have the honourable discharge granted to the poets in Plato's *Republic.*

John Adams

THE PIONEER WIFE

Time now to rest? Yes, look at these gnarled hands,
So strangely idle on the snowy spread.
'Tis many a day since they lay so. You know
I would be up and doing, but one said
"On no account to rise," and somehow, Joe,
I do not want to rise again, nor care
How goes the house, nor if the men are fed!
So strange my head feels—bend yours lower now
Lest she with that white cap should say to me,
"Your husband must go now." Oh! I must speak,
For all the locked-up speech of forty years
Beats in my throat, and chokes me with its haste.

You brought me here so long, so long ago,
I did not think a life could be so long,
And you were kind—as men go. I was young
Perchance, too, foolish. But you never knew
The little dreams that died that long, first year,
The little fluttered hopes that beat their wings
Against the bars and perished one by one.

You liked the prairies with their open sweep
That held the sun like an unwinking eye
All the wide day. But I was different;
And though I schooled myself could never see
Their vast unsheltered spaces, swept with wind,
But my heart hungered for the crooning pines
And the pink orchard round the old grey home,
Where dappled shadows drift in summer time
On the smooth grass, and on the cool, blue lake.

You said, "Your child will cure that homesickness,"
But Gracie came, and wistful little Hugh,
Who lived just long enough to smile at me;
Yet still my heart ached for the far-away.
But busy with your wheat, how could you know
Th' unspoken call that thundered at my heart?

All things that lie deep buried are not dead.
I wept no more—my fount of tears was dried,
But in the years that followed long and grey,
Like shadows on the plains at set of sun,
You did but wonder. Oh! I could have told
Why those small helpless souls that came to us
Should with one look, one little fluttered sigh,
Turn backward from the burdens of the world.
How could you know? The stock, the fields, the wheat
Took all your strength and time and energy;
Nor could I ever break your hard reserve
To tell you how the weight upon my heart
Burdened the tender spirits underneath
And smote them into silence. Nay, no blame
Is yours, my husband. You were but a man.
I often think if there had been a voice
Of any woman thro' those lonely years,
Or if the home-folks had not wearied so
Of writing, when such meagre answer came,
I think my stony silence would have broke
Into swift tear-drops, as the snow-drifts melt
Into warm rivers when the Chinook blows.

You wondered why I cherished with such care
That Manitoba maple by the gate—
So stunted, so ungainly. How you laughed
When Grace kissed it at parting, long ago.
We could not hold her. Oh! I understood.
My blood beat in her veins. Life called to her,
Your blame was undeserved—

So now I rest.

I lie and wait. Nay, shed no tears for me,
I wait triumphant, for what says the Book?
"A river pure, and running crystal-clear,
And on each bank, the gracious trees of Life."
There shall I heal my hurts forevermore.

Ethel MacNish Klower

INDIAN IDEALISM

NOT far from Indore, at the foot of a flat-topped hill of volcanic origin, is a sacred spring which every cold season is the scene of the greatest religious festival of the neighbourhood. On the appointed day the Hindu community turns out to pay its annual visit—men, women and children, rich and poor, rajah and ryot, in ox-carts and motor-cars, on bicycles and on foot, in garments of every colour of the rainbow and in no garments at all. That all enter the narrow shrine, or place a garland on the crude idol therein, or quaff the sacred waters, were a mere physical impossibility. But what of that? Those piously inclined will find in the grove near by holy men parading their austerities for a chance copper. Here is one prone on his bed of spikes, there is another holding aloft an atrophied arm while his talonlike nails pierce the palm of his hand, yonder a third with ash-besmeared face and blood-shot eyes is undergoing his ordeal of the "five fires," four on the ground about him, the fifth, hottest of all, beating on his uncovered head. But the crowd, apparently is not in a meditative mood. On the level ground below the hill the merry-go-rounds and the "Aunt Sallys" and the booths filled with cheap trumpery of Birmingham and Düsseldorf are doing a roaring trade. It seems more holiday than holy-day, but all are there to make, each in his own way, the best of it.

Here is Hinduism on its popular side, a scene which with few changes could be duplicated at any shrine from Cape Cormorin to the Himalayas. But back of all the clamour of merry-making are certain great controlling ideas. Get into conversation—and you can without difficulty—with one of the pilgrims the day after the festival, explain to him that his intermittent spring is only a natural syphon, point out

that his idol is nothing more than an ugly stone, and conclude, if you have a mind to, with a sermonette on the unity and spirituality of the Deity. No offence is taken. He placidly agrees. "True, Sahib," he says, "God is one, and God is here. We cannot all go to Kashi, but God is everywhere. Moreover, Sahib, it is the custom." From this, and from much more, equally incoherent and gratuitous, you may discover that back of the idolatry and superstition of an Indian villager, entering into the very fibre of his thinking, there is an ill-defined but pervasively influential Pantheism.

Question him further concerning the wild-eyed ascetics and the meaning of their self-imposed tortures. They awaken in *him* neither surprise nor disgust. To him all are quite natural. "Are they not," he answers cryptically, "cutting the Eighty-four?"—which by interpretation means "Are they not trying to shorten the series of 84 crores, or the 840,000,000 of births through which a man must pass before he finds release?" You have lighted upon another of India's pervasive beliefs.

These two, the doctrine of Pantheism and that of Transmigration, are the foci of Indian thought. The latter all accept; the former, unknown by name to the masses and rejected as a philosophy by many thinkers, is yet by far India's most influential and characteristic belief. Even those who would not subscribe to it are nevertheless largely permeated with its teaching.

It is my purpose in this article to discuss Indian Pantheism or Idealism, referring to the belief in Transmigration only in so far as it affords us a natural approach to the other.

Few theories have had a longer life or wider acceptance than that of Transmigration. In various forms it has been discovered among peoples as far removed in distance as the North American Indians and the negroes of the Gold Coast, as widely sundered in culture as the ancient Egyptians or the philosophers of Greece and the Dayaks of Borneo or the Bushmen of Australia. But nowhere has it borne such fruit as in India. Thence it passed to Tibet and Tartary, to

Central Asia and Southern Siberia, to Ceylon, Burmah and Siam, to China and Japan. It is no worn-out speculation, a mere curiosity of ancient belief. It is to-day the unhesitating and fundamental assumption of more than half the human race. It has invaded our practical west. In New Thought circles it is discussed and, as some allege, all but substantiated. Lessing in his "Education of the Human Race" raises the question in all seriousness, while Wordsworth seems to approach it in his "Ode to Immortality,".

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar:
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> Nor yet in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home!"

The Indian, however, as he re-enters this mundane sphere, trails no "clouds of glory" after him, but mists of gloom, thick and threatening.

It was not ever thus in Hindustan. The impression which the early Vedic Hymns leaves with us is that of Arcadian simplicity, joyous and unsophisticated. How this gave place to a brooding pessimism is one of the mysteries of the unwritten history of Indian thought. But with the change came the belief in Transmigration, of which there is no trace in the Rig Veda.

Whatever its origin, it was evidently an attempt to interpret suffering. The burden which had come to lie heavily on the Aryan mind was not moral obliquity, but existence and its attendant miseries. There is the mystery of physical pain, and of mental depression. There is the mystery of our common nature and environment. We seem to be a gruesome compound of lofty desire and mean necessity, our capacities foiled for want of opportunity, our ambitions hindered by humiliating weakness. Then there are the inequalities of birth and of life, a ceaseless challenge to our

sense of justice. Why should these things be? We all know the weariness of the problem. In all lands and in all ages men have guessed and guessed—and passed it on.

To the riddle the Indian proposes an arresting answer. He shares the common conviction of humanity that death does not end all. Somewhere, some time, the life that ends here finds a new beginning. Moreover he holds the conviction that the life hereafter will be strictly determined by the life which now is. Deeds are seeds, and every sowing brings a harvest.

But why may the process not be turned backward? The life which we live to-day, may that not be the fruitage of a previous life? Thus the riddle would be solved: inequality explained. Pain could be read as retribution, pleasure as reward, and thus justice would be for ever vindicated.

This is India's illuminating guess. It invites inspection. Can it be proved? Does it really solve the problem of evil? Or does it but lead us back a step or two only to mock us in the end? We may not answer these questions now. Sufficient for us to note that in Transmigration the Indian believes he has found a solution to the great practical problem of life, and to mark the connection of the doctrine with Indian Idealism.

There are six "Orthodox" systems of Brahman philosophy. Their orthodoxy consists in the claim that they are founded on the Vedas and are explanatory of the teaching therein contained. But with that agreement ends. In interpretation they are hemispheres apart. Pantheist, Deist and Theist in religion; Monist and Dualist, Empiricist and Idealist in metaphysic, they all discover for themselves hospitality inside the sacred canon. But there is one system which, while grounding itself like the others in the infallible Vedas, yet transcends them all, alike in the daring and attractiveness of its speculations and in the extent and importance of its influence. It is called the Vedanta, and professes to set forth the final and essential meaning of the original Hindu scriptures. It systematizes in a series of aphorisms that phi-

losophy which in unsystematized form runs right through the numerous Upanishads. These aphorisms have been constructed with a view to being committed to memory, and bear the name of the Vedanta-Sutras. They are concise to the point of practical unintelligibility, and offer a fine field for imaginative exegesis. The greatest composer of these was Shankaracharya who flourished about the beginning of the ninth century of our era. He is still recognized as the leader and representative of the orthodox Vedantists; his system is one of strict Monism, absolute Idealism. What Plato has been in the philosophy of Greece, what Kant has been in the philosophy of Europe—that, not less, perhaps more, has Shankar been in the philosophy of India. It is to his teaching that we now turn, availing ourselves of the natural approach afforded us, as I have indicated, in the doctrine of Transmigration.

This life, and according to the Hindu, all lives, are marked by transiency, suffering and manifoldness. From transiency there comes a haunting sense of insecurity; from suffering, misery; from manifoldness, confusion. Plainly then the way of relief, if such there be, must lie in substituting permanence for transiency, impassivity for suffering, and unity for manifoldness. But how can this be done? If perchance we could be united with the essential principle of life, then indeed death would cease; if we could find and possess an eternal principle of happiness, then desire and distraction would for ever pass away; if we could discover the ultimate unity, then the possibility of error would disappear. Truth, peace, life—let us find these in their essence, and the storm-tossed boat will be anchored at last in the harbour; the weary and travel-stained pilgrim will be at home.

This, then, was the great quest of the Indian sages. To those men essence was everything, embodiment was nothing. They would fain tear down all veils of things and see the thing-in-itself, the source and secret of all; they sought the Universal Synthesis, in which all differences should find their final reconciliation; they aimed to touch the Ultimate Reality, which is beyond all change and suffering and mistake,

the Absolute. Union with that, they claimed, would surely bring them freedom.

This then is the goal to which the Vedanta philosophy seeks to conduct man. Its final message to the tired pilgrim in his weary round of reincarnations is summed up in one phrase, "Tat twamasi." "That art Thou"—there in a nutshell you have the supreme philosophy of India; all the rest is mere explication. "That art Thou" is the Hindu way of saying that God is one with the human soul, not merely in purpose, as a Christian might confess, but in very essence. They are identical, absolutely and completely; not through some slow process of approximation, but from all Eternity.

"But," you protest, "my consciousness tells me that I am I, and you are you. So I infer that as I am a separate entity in relation to you, so also am I a separate entity in relation to God." The Vedantist replies: "That is the source of all the trouble, and until you come to yourself as you really are, one with the absolute, like water in water, fire in fire, ether in ether, the one indistinguishable from the other, the miseries of re-incarnation will pursue you."

Nor does the Vedantist stop with this. From the villages of Mysore to the colleges of Benares the sloka is chanted, "Ekam eva advityam," "One only without a second." What does it mean? One only without a second—god? No! that is not the way the Indian fills out the phrase. One only and no second—anything. Once again he decisively sets aside the universal testimony of our human consciousness. But nothing could be more explicit. In the universe there is One—no other, nothing else. Behind all, before all, in all, and beyond all is the One. This supreme and single entity the Hindu sometimes calls "Brahma" and sometimes "Atma" or soul.

But what is Brahma? He, or It, is said to be imperceptible to human vision, indescribable by human speech, absolutely inaccessible to human thought. If speech be permitted, all description must be by negatives. He is said to be unconditioned. For if conditioned, there must be something which

conditions—in which case unity has ended and duality begun. He is without qualities. Qualify him and you limit him—he has ceased to be absolute. He is even without comparison. If there be anything with which to compare him, anything with which to contrast him, or if he be himself divisible into parts, once again unity is destroyed and duality appears.

"There is one word," says Henry Haigh, of South India, "which is continually recurrent in the writings that contain this philosophy. Whatever you may say of Brahma, however describe him, the answer is 'Neti, Neti,' (not so, not so). Do you speak of him as subject? 'Neti, Neti,' for you thereby differentiate him from an object. Do you call him infinite? 'Neti, Neti,' for you start forthwith the image of the finite. He is not an empty abstraction, but he has no concrete. He is a necessity of thought, but beyond all comprehension. He is the impalpable and the immutable; the unbeginning and the unending; who neither apprehends nor is apprehended; the unthinkable, the unspeakable; selfless, timeless, spaceless, causeless; the sole entity, the final reality. Beside him there is no other, nothing else. That is the Everest of Indian philosophy, and most will feel that on that peak the air is so rarefied that it is almost impossible to breathe."

Perhaps the Vedantist himself experienced some difficulty in breathing, for in the Vedanta-Sara, a work comparatively recent but universally accepted as authoritative, a further attempt is made to describe the Atma or Brahma which is done as *Sat-chit-ananda.*[1] It is *Sat,* i.e., Existence, the Real. It is *Chit,* i.e., Knowledge. It is *Ananda,* i.e., Bliss.

These are not, however, to be considered as qualities of Brahma, for it has none. We may not say, It exists. It *is* existence. It is not a thinking being, but thought itself, the source of intelligence but knowing nothing, for there is nothing other than itself that it should know. It is bliss, the bliss of a dreamless sleep. For being unconscious it can know

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[1] Though usage varies, it is more correct to refer to Brahma in the neuter. In Sanskrit, Brahmă (the Absolute) is neuter; Brahmā (the first member of the Hindu Triad) is masculine.

nothing about which to be happy, and being one there can be no object to make it happy.

But after all this we are no farther forward. If in regard to a thing you deny its possession of any attribute and repudiate the possibility of any relation, what is left but bare existence? But bare existence, subject that knows no object and can therefore have no experience, is, if not a non-entity, at least an absolute vacuity.

Such in briefest outline is the ontology of the Vedanta. Based on the sacred Upanishads it has come down unchanged in substance from a past two millenniums distant. "This Vedanta, this philosophy of the Upanishads, I would make bold to state," says Swami Vivekananda,[1] "has been the first as well as the final thought which, on the spiritual plane, has been vouched to man." Such assurance reminds one of the old professor somewhere not in France, who delivered the same lectures for over twenty years, defending his practice with the remark, "Truth does not change."

In Europe, too, the Vedanta has its admirers. Professor Max Müller, though repudiating its conclusions, has represented it in an attractive light. Schopenhauer and his ardent disciple, Dr. Deussen, of Kiel, confess to much enthusiasm for this particular Wisdom of the East, the study of which they claim to be "elevating and consoling." It is urged, indeed, by modern Hindu Vedantists that the school of German thought originated by Kant, completed by Schopenhauer and further elaborated by Deussen, brings the western world nearer and nearer to their monistic position, and the Vedanta is claimed to be not only the final philosophy but "the key of all religions, the lamp by which all can be studied."

It has been suggested that the Vedantist is closely akin in his philosophical creed to the British thinker, Berkeley, and this agreement has in recent years been dwelt upon by Hindus with much frequency and fervour of gratitude. Berkeley and Shankaracharya are on common ground in affirming that

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[1] Swami Vivekananda represented Hinduism at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago in 1893.

Spirit is the supreme reality in the Universe; both teach that things are merely phenomena and apart from Spirit nothing at all. Berkeley, indeed, insisted that "that alone exists which is perceived." Matter as a separate entity, independent of mind or consciousness, he would not concede. But he stood for the truth and reality of Spirit, our own and the Eternal Spirit, and of Ideas. And though matter, so called, was only phenomenal, yet the world was a cosmos by virtue of God's orderly government. To Berkeley, God was real, the human Spirit was real, and the external world, though not an independent material entity, had nevertheless perfect reality as the ordered impression of Divine Ideas made upon human Spirit.

But the consistent Vedantist as we shall see more fully cannot rightly admit any reality in phenomena, nor any truth in our perception of phenomena. To him perceiver and perceived are both alike an illusion. It is here that Shankaracharya and Berkeley part irreconcilably. The former is a thorough-going Pantheist, the latter, in spite of his immaterialism, remains a genuine Theist.

What shall we say then of this unique and daring attempt to discover the Infinite Unity, the ultimate essential principle of our intelligence, "the geometrical point," as Mr. Balfour calls it, "through which pass all the threads which make up the web of possible existence." For without some principle of unity, be assured, the universe would lack coherence, and science no less than philosophy would then have lost its motive.

The Vedanta invites us to behold the One, and in beholding to commit intellectual suicide. We are asked to affirm a Sole Reality which makes the mind that apprehends it and the tongue that proclaims it an unreality, so that *that which is not* reveals *that which is*. The False unveils the True. We are invited to think and in the same moment to deny the conditions of thought. Every act of thought is a recognition of opposites, myself the thinker, and that of which I think—and then their reconciliation in a final unity. Eliminate any of these elements, and the thought ceases. But this is just what the

Vedantist tries to do. He affirms the One and denies all difference; but, by a fatal irony, the formula in which he does this illustrates the very difference that he denies. "Tat twam asi. That art Thou. Here," says E. W. Thompson, of Mysore, "we have Subject, Object and Relation in a sentence which is declared to be the highest pronouncement of philosophy in the Universe. The Vedantin seeks by grammatical and rhetorical devices to reduce the *Tat* and the *Twam* to one and the same thing; if he could succeed the saying would cease to be a thought. In the equation X-X, there is a difference no less than an identity. The equation means 'X on this side' is the same as 'X on that side;' or 'X which I think of *now*' is the same as 'X which I thought of *then*.' Destroy the differentiating attributes of 'X' and you have destroyed the equation. If, as philosophers say, there is no absolute difference—that is, no entire separation between objects, for they must at least have a common relation in thought—so there is no absolute identity, for no identity can be so complete that there is not in it some differentiation of thought. To know absolute or Vedantic unity we must cease to think. If the Vedantist solution of the world-problem be correct, we can neither know that absolute One while compassed with mind nor seek after it. Agnosticism, as prohibitive of action in relation to Brahma as it is of thought, must be ours."

We have lingered for some time on this topmost summit of Indian thought; we must now make our descent to the plain of common life. Here on the lower slopes, as we begin to collect ourselves, questions beset us which call for answer. "Brahma, the Sole Reality!" But what then are we? And these that we see around—numberless creatures that are not identical with one another, nor with Brahma—what are these? Are they not real? If not, what are they, and whence come they? These were problems which Shankaracharya and those who thought with him could no more escape than we. This world of phenomena,—What is it? How came it? Was it by Creation, or by Emanation, or how?

Not, said the Vedantist by Creation. How could it? Brahma is Simple Being, what then should have moved it to create? It could not have been desire springing from within, for then were Brahma a differentiated being; nor yet appeal coming from without, for there is nothing without to appeal. How could it be created? Brahma is impersonal and without self-determination, while Creation is an act of Personal Will. And again, Brahma is unrelated—timeless, spaceless, causeless, while Creation is a process which brings the Creator within the category of time. On these and on other grounds Creation as an explanation is ruled out.

May we explain the Universe by Emanation? There are many passages in the Upanishads which point in this direction. "As the spider sends forth and draws in its thread, as plants grow on the earth, as from every man hairs spring forth on the head and the body, thus does everything arise here from the Indestructible." From passages like this Shankaracharaya was forced to conclude that Brahma was Cause,—not only the operative cause but the material cause of the world. But here we have to remind ourselves that in every cause there must lie infolded that which is manifested in the effect. Now on the Vedanta theory, phenomena, if there be phenomena, can have only one cause. If then in the phenomena we see manifoldness and change, the conclusion is inevitable, Brahma is not homogeneous and immutable. Postulate either Creation or Emanation and at one fell blow Brahma is destroyed, "for," says the Vedanta-Sutra, "the changeless Brahma cannot be the substratum of varying attributes."

This objection pressed hard on these Indian sages. It presses still. But there were passages in other Upanishads which seemed to bring relief. The Chandogya has it, "As by one clod of clay all that is made of clay is known, the difference being only a name arising from speech, but the truth being that all is clay, etc." "These modifications or effects," Shankar remarks on the passage, which is a classic one, "are names only, exist through, or originate from, speech only,

while there exists no such thing as a modification. In so far as they are names—individual effects distinguished by names—they are untrue; in so far as they are clay they are true." By this he means that the Cause only is true, while the effects are false; that the many, *as many*, have only a nominal existence, reality residing in the One.

To compare such teaching with that of ancient Greece, particularly with the doctrine of Parmenides and Plato, would be extremely interesting; more important, however, is it to notice that here appears the difference between the Pantheism of India and the Pantheism of modern Europe. According to the teaching of the West, God is the sum or totality of phenomena, while according to the Vedanta God is the one underlying essence of phenomena, which are but the results of *name and form* (nama, rupa) superimposed upon the essence. Emerson makes Brahma say,

> " They reckon ill who leave me out;
> When me they fly, I am the wings;
> I am the doubter and the doubt,
> And I the hymn the Brahman sings."

But this is the Pantheism of the West rather than that of India. The Vedantist would say, "There are no wings, no doubter or doubts, neither any Brahman; these are name and form only, and nothing really is but the 'I', Brahma."

So the Vedantist is forced to deny both Creation and Emanation, and to affirm that all things are Illusion. "The entire universe, movable and immovable, comprising bodies, intellects, and the organs, everything that is seen or heard, from Brahma down to a turf of grass . . . is that which is known as Illusion." (Adhyatma Ramayana.) Let us take a stock illustration. You dream, and in your dream suppose yourself another; you receive his honours, sob over his griefs, live his life,—and then awaken to find you are not him, but you. Yet how real while it lasted. It was an illusory existence, and such we are told is life—real enough from the standpoint of daily experience; but from the standpoint of

metaphysical knowledge, a wild hallucination, a tyrannous fiction.

We cannot, however, avoid the question, "Who dreams the dream?" The answer we know already. The being that dreams and mistakenly perceives is Brahma. But how can Brahma—the inert, impassive, impersonal—dream, and why should it? This is a crucial question. Can a satisfactory, consistent answer be given? We may well doubt it. We can only set down such answer as the Hindu sages give. They tell us that associated with Brahma, the principle of reality, there is an inexplicable principle of unreality to which they give the name of Māyā. It is from the union of these principles, the one real and the other only a self-feigned fiction, that the spheres and the migrating forms of life, the external and internal worlds, proceed.

This doctrine of Māyā is supposed by some authorities to have had its origin in Buddhistic circles and to have been borrowed thence by the Vedantists. Be that as it may, it is a necessary complement of the system. For if Brahma is all, everything else which seems to be, is illusion, Māyā. Such is the desperate supposition adopted to relieve the old philosophers of India in their struggle to maintain an ideal unity. Māyā sets Brahma dreaming that it is something and somebody quite other than itself. Herein, according to the Vedantist, may be found the whole story of the phenomenal universe.

Marvellous is the power of Māyā! The real eternal Brahma is figured as in a dreamless sleep, without thought, without desire, without will. But directly Māyā casts its spell, there is a change in the essentially unchangeable; the dreamless one dreams, and in that dream plans, desires, and creates like one endowed with complete personality. Brahma hoodwinked by Māyā becomes a personal God, a Being, therefore, and not merely a Principle; one who can know and be known, love and be loved. To this personalized Being, thus illusorily developed, the Vedantists gave the name "Ishvara;" and in this way they obtained for themselves what they were

by no means able to do without, a God to whom they could direct their worship. Yet how extraordinary the position into which they thus brought themselves! The only path by which the Divine Being might attain self-knowledge was, in the opinion of these philosophers, self-deception.

Ishvara, then, the personal God of Vedantism, is the first and supreme product of illusion (Brahma + Māyā) and from him springs all the manifold experience which we call phenomena. The Gods, men, animals, inanimate things—all are the sport of this great magician who with inexhaustible cunning and wholly for his own amusement, produces them on an infinite scale. The product of Illusion, that which differentiates things, men and gods, is illusory. Behind the illusion is Brahma, each in itself is Brahma. And here appears, particularly in regard to persons, the most astounding feature of the doctrine. The self, hidden away by folds of gross flesh, which we call body, and by other folds of subtle flesh, which we call mind, is something quite different from either, and is only related to them in imagination. The self within is the one and only Self, Brahma, wrapped up in every illusory individual, but one all the time "as one and the same face may be reflected in a succession of mirrors." The Ego in every one of us must be the complete undivided Brahma; not a part or a modification of the Eternal Self, but the very Brahma. This is what Swami Vivekananda meant when he exclaimed "Ye are God." The fact that men do not realize it at present is due, they say, to the fatal alliance between Brahma and Māyā whereby Brahma is transformed into illusion. Dispel that illusion and we return home to the Eternal. This is the Indian's chimerical solution of the practical difficulty with which we began.

But will this conceit of Māyā bear examination? Does it not try to solve a problem which we might well be content to leave a mystery, by raising a horde of suggestions whose inconsistence is patent?

For example, it is held by all Vedantists that the phenomenal world is an infinite process. But as that process is

due to the association of Māyā with Brahma it follows that there must be two entities, co-ordinate and eternal. What then becomes of the One? Brahma is no longer what it is claimed to be—the Absolute.

Nor can we escape by questioning the attributes of Māyā. It must be eternal. If not, how did it first appear? The arguments against Creation in general hold against the creation of Māyā in particular. It follows again that there never was a time when Brahma was unconditioned.

But allow imagination a little rein. The Ego in every man is the complete undivided Brahma. Now suppose that in some individual case illusion has been dispelled by a knowledge of Vedanta, then that soul has won release. But that soul is Brahma. Should not all souls by that same act be released?

Let us suppose that at last all illusion has been dispelled by knowledge. Does Māyā then cease to operate? It is difficult to see how it can if Māyā be eternal, and if it did what guarantee is there that it may not re-appear? What promise is there of that relief to obtain which the whole system was evolved?

These questions and many more crowd up demanding answers. There are no answers. When men begin their philosophies in the clouds they rarely again plant their feet on solid earth.

Failing in consistency, the doctrine is also beset with practical difficulties. It is claimed that in the Vedanta philosophy and religion are identified. May it not more truthfully be contended that religion is destroyed? If worship and devotion are essential to religion this is certainly the case, for worship and devotion imply consciousness and personality both in the worshipper and the object of worship. But the Vedanta dismisses them as illusions. They seem to jeopardize the unity of the Deity—a difficulty which the Christian metaphysician escapes by his doctrine of the Trinity.

Nor does the Vedanta provide a sufficient basis for morality. Free-will and responsibility are alike repudiated.

Whatever may be the vagaries of Māyā, man's activities are absolutely determined. Determinism is not unknown in the West, but it is safely immured in the study; it is not allowed to run riot in the market place. In India, however, with a consistency which one would fain find in many other matters, the theory of the philosopher becomes the practice of the peasant. "God working through me, stole," was the plea made by a poor wretch in the police court. "God working through me, sends you down for six months," was the pert but irreverent rejoinder of the young English magistrate. But the sarcasm was lost; the remark was taken literally and accepted as the Sahib's best judgement.

Such a doctrine might easily become dangerous to the body politic and social were it not rendered innocuous by the ideal of inactivity which is inherent in the system. Sir Valentine Chirol, indeed, in his "Indian Unrest," gives examples of passages extracted from the sacred literature by unscrupulous seditionists and used by them to prompt and palliate official murders. But his quotations are all from the Bhagavat Gita, a product of eclecticism, and it is very necessary to distinguish the elements which compose the work. The Bhagavat Gita, admittedly one of the gems of Indian literature, was inserted at a comparatively late date as an episode in the great poem, the Mahabharata. Criticism shows that it was no part of the original epic, and further that it was intended to conciliate two opposing schools of thought. There were the Brahmans who held to a doctrine akin to the Vedanta we have been considering. On the other hand, there was a strong Kshratrya or military party warmly attached to the cult of Krishna, devoted to the hero-god and eager to emulate his activities. To unite quietism with energy, that was the task of the Gita. The case against the poem and its improper use may be established, but it is fair to say that whatever crimes may have been instigated by its perusal, the stimulus did not come from the Vedantic element. And this may be asserted without a denial of the implicit determinism of the doctrine. It may often have been called

as an advocate to excuse or mitigate a misdemeanour *done*, but never retained as an accessary before the fact. While the Neo-Hinduism of educated Young India, based as it largely is on the teaching of the Bhagavat Gita, is fraught with immense and serious possibilities, the effect of Vedantism on the practical affairs of life, public or private, is a negligible quantity. The briefest summary will make this clear:—

> There is One—no other nothing else;
> Thou art that one;
> Realize this by whatever rigour of discipline necessary; and
> Rebirths are ended, Thou art saved.

It was the writer's good fortune on the occasion of a visit to the home of a Sanskrit professor to be taken in to see the Pandit's father. The old man had reached that period of life when the orthodox Hindu withdraws from the duties of a householder and enters upon the fourth and last stage of a recluse. He sat in a room apart, his legs doubled under him, one hand on his beads, the fingers of the other pinching a piece of betul nut. His lips were moving, but no sound was audible; his eyes were turned up so that only the whites were showing. He seemed oblivious to our presence though he sat facing us. Self-hypnotized, he was "practising Yogi," realizing "by rigour of discipline that he was that One." Even courtesy will not forbid the plain unvarnished truth: an Indian saint is as nearly a nonentity as a living creature can be. Whatever he does, he is supposed to do automatically, without desire or purpose, and therefore without responsibility, and (to himself) without result. This is the supreme result of Vedantism, a passionless, aimless, immoral reality, moving in the phenomenal, but presumably engrossed with the real. To such a one, life brings thenceforward neither obligation nor opportunity. There is no further personal development to strive after, and his salvation is perfected in a complete disregard of and indifference to his fellows. He sees them as they are, fugitive shadows, and disesteems them accordingly. Such a being is useful neither for private friendship nor

for public service. He is no man. All that makes a man—individuality, energy, interest in great causes, self-sacrificing service for others,—these are absent in him. He neither leads nor may be led.

Vedantism is no more productive of progress to-day than it has been in the past. There is in India at the present time, much movement and some progress, but its leaders are finding their inspiration at other streams and are leading out into broader fields.

R. A. KING

SACRIFICE

A while before he died he took my hand—
    "I want to tell you something, Bill," he said,
"Before you lay me out in No Man's Land,
    And put a wooden cross above my head.

"Just this: last night, when lying here, I knew
    I'd found my soul, Bill, since the War began—
And I was happy . . . . . .some day, when it's through,
    And you're back home—just tell Her that, old man."

A. BEATRICE HICKSON

LITERARY ATMOSPHERE, OR HOW TO READ

THOSE of us who have heard of Darwin, and who ought to have heard of Russel Wallace, of course know all about the justly celebrated Theory of Evolution. It is not to these people that I wish to speak, but rather to the ignorant, who have never had occasion to misquote a certain line of Tennyson, and to the uninitiated, who seldom, if ever, gaze upon the outside of the "Origin of Species" reposing dustfully in the barrows of a second-hand bookseller in the Charing Cross Road. They—the latter I mean—may perhaps pretend to be grateful for having their Stygian darkness illuminated by a dim light shining faintly from afar.

To take an example, for it is always easiest to conduct a definition to a successful close by means of examples (they form a counter-irritant as it were), let us select the well-known case of the Bunnius albus arcturius, or in non-scientific terminology, the ordinary Polar white rabbit. By studying the case of this animal we shall best arrive at some idea of the natural laws which govern its existence, and ultimately, perhaps, gain some insight into the central truth of evolution—as such.

The Bunnius, etc., is white, and quite rightly so, as if it were black, or even piebald, it would at once be eaten. "Why so?" you ask, intelligent reader. I can hear you asking the question, and even see your heightened colour when you perceive, a fraction of a second too late, the utter fatuousness of your imbecile inquiry.

I have never been to the Pole myself, but if the reports of those who have been there and who have come back are to be trusted, the prevailing colour scheme in these regions is white.

Ah! you see now, don't you? You really are not quite so unintelligent as I had hoped. Yes, that's it. If the poor little rabbit were not quite white from tip to tail it would not match its background, and would soon be seen and eaten by

some hovering bird of prey or hulking great bear (both also white). Never was there a finer example of the danger of being too conspicuous. If once in a while a non-white rabbit appears in these localities, it at once commits hari-kari, as being, on the whole, more pleasant.

You see, then, that non-white rabbits, as such, cannot exist in the polar regions—at any rate with any degree of satisfaction to themselves. Now at last you are in a position to appreciate the full significance of my deduction, namely, that if there are any rabbits around the Pole they must be white. Absit rabbit.

To take another example (this is really too easy!!), an extreme case this time, let us select the common garden chameleon. The specific property of this charming little creature is, as probably even you know, that it can turn itself into all the colours of the rainbow at a minute's notice. Not all at once, I mean, but one colour at a time. When it is traversing grass it goes green. When it goes for a stroll in the streets of Montreal it turns black, and so on. Thus it is protected from its enemies by means of its assumption of the natural colour of whatever object it is moving over. Of course it must be awfully confusing for it, not to say sometimes extremely awkward, when it turns the wrong colour in the right place and vice-versa—oh, you know what I mean anyway.

Another thing that worries me frightfully about the chameleon is that I feel sure that it is not up to date in mixing its colours. I wonder if it is aware of the results of the elaborate tests in this respect conducted some little time ago by the French army, with the same aim of self-preservation in view. If not, it should be told at once, and I recommend its case to the notice of the S. P. C. A.

The French now know that the most conspicuous combination of colours is not black and white, as we used to think, but black and yellow.

What do you think comes second? No, wrong again; it is yellow on black. The French use these combinations

for targets, which is what the chameleon is trying to avoid. The principle is the same, however.

In any case, as I said before, the chameleon should be put immediately in line with the last word of science on this subject. I feel sure that it still thinks that white on black is the most dangerous combination for it, instead of its being only the fourth worst. How awful it would be if it were to turn yellow while crawling up a tarred fence! That is almost the worst combination of all. I once knew a chameleon that had an artistic soul. It is now dead, poor dear. It simply WOULD NOT use complementary colours. The end came when, in spite of my advice, it insisted upon turning red all over before going for a walk in Westmount. It got half way down the street when it met a crow who insisted on talking to it. Red always shows up so well on a green background, I think.

What? Oh! the chameleon was a post-impressionist, I believe. At any rate I feel sure that its impressions after it met the crow were very marked—very marked indeed, one might say.

Well, now you know all about evolution; there is really nothing to touch the empirical method.

Books! Why books? This essay is supposed to be about reading, is it? I believe that I had really forgotten. We must have got away to a false start. Let's try again.

To speak seriously, people never seem to pay sufficient attention to securing the proper environment for reading. Yet the question is a momentous one, as all will admit. As there does not seem to be one in existence already, it is my intention to start a philosophy of "literary environment." The late Mr. Carlyle invented one for clothes.

Like all other philosophies this new one of mine will have its ideals, which are guaranteed to be sufficiently impracticable to merit grave consideration. You may perhaps have noticed that, in general, the more impossible the ideals of any philosophical system are, the more highly is that particular philosophy spoken of. Mine will leave nothing to chance in this respect.

Indeed I may as well begin by saying that, on its idealistic side, my system has already found its higher interpretation in the person of a very dear friend of mine. A classical scholar of great repute, it was his invariable custom never to read Cicero save in the Forum of Rome itself. There, gravely perched upon the fragment of some column, he would declaim for such lengthy periods as the Italian police would allow at a time. He always read his Greek amidst the ruins of the Parthenon: now he reads it in the Elgin room of the British Museum instead. Another of my disciples is at present in Persia studying Omar Khayyam as a preparation for a trip to the Pole, where it is his intention to read the thrilling memoirs of Captain Amundsen as they should be read. You may laugh at such men, but it is they who, albeit in a somewhat exaggerated manner, give form and context to the airy doctrines of an otherwise tantalizingly intangible metaphysic.

Of course my two friends may be inclined to take what I have said too much "au grand sérieux." That is their lookout. Not all of us again can hope to possess their means. In conclusion I feel bound to state that neither of them is a gentleman of great width or depth of reading, owing to the limitations of time and space necessarily entailed by their careful search for the right "venue" before committing themselves.

We can, however, pay attention to what is within our power, as, for instance, our own immediate environment. Even if we do not go, for example, to Siberia, in order when reading Tolstoi to enter fully into the spirit of his works, we can at least see that there is no jarring note in our own immediate vicinity. Our rooms should be carefully furnished in accordance with our most predominant taste in reading. The choice of pictures must in particular be well thought out. There can be nothing more annoying than to glance up abstractedly from the pages of some monumental treatise on the higher and purer mathematics, to encounter the flippant leer of some music-hall artiste posing nonchalantly on one toe above the fire-place. The stream of consciousness is not like a telephone connection which can be switched off and on at will. Far from it.

My own method is a simple one, and I shall state it here for the benefit of posterity. It is based upon the common-sense principle that there must be different kinds of environment for different kinds of reading. Surely this is self-evident. We do not play billiards in the drawing room, or sleep (usually) in the dining room. Why then should we endeavour to make one locality the scene indifferently of our wrestles with literature and our strivings with philosophy—to say nothing of our struggles to get on a level with art ?

We are really giving none of them, Art, Philosophy, Literature and the rest, a square deal.

My house is built on an altogether different plan; it is founded indeed upon the bed rock of my system. In my house there is not one room spoken of with awe by the children as the library, but several such rooms, each devoted to a specialized form of reading. All the rooms are in fact libraries, as it were. This is my own idea. I have, moreover, hit upon a novel colour scheme to distinguish the different libraries from each other, though this, I must confess, I have in part borrowed from the editors of "Everyman's Library." Just as "Everyman's" bind their books, which treat of different subjects, in bindings of different colours, so that one can tell at a glance, without even reading the title, whether it is poetry, philosophy or belles lettres that one is buying or more usually being given, so do I paper the walls of my rooms in different colours, with carpets and chairs to match. I would advise anyone who is desirous of acquiring a library to make his purchases on this colour system. You can always tell in a minute, without any trouble at all, what it is you are getting.

My choice of colours is, moreover, if I may say so, not without a certain delicate suggestiveness of its own. Thus, for example, in the room where I am supposed to read history, red is the prevailing tint, to match the hue of that liquid which most plentifully stains its pages. For my theological study I have chosen blue, as I am a "true-blue" Presbyterian; this gives me a delightful and much-needed sense of personal loyalty to my creed in the face of what I can only describe,

by borrowing a term from the stock market, as the merging tendencies of the day in religion. My philosophy room is upholstered in yellow because I do not like yellow, or upholstering. Neither do I really like philosophy, so this will give me an excuse for not being there too much. In the green room I write poetry, for green is the colour of hope. And so on; you probably have caught on to the idea by now.

I spend one day a week in each room. My migrations from room to room are governed by a strict rotation. On Sunday, I start with history in the Red Room, and go through the spectrum in order till Friday comes. That is my day for philosophy in the Yellow Room, but Friday is unlucky, so I usually go back to the Blue Room on Fridays—blue is really my favorite colour you know—and read there whatever class of work, I have forgotten which it is for the moment, is denoted by that colour. One great merit possessed by this system is that we need never be at a loss as to what it is that we are reading—speaking generally, of course. All I have to do to find out is to look up at the walls or down to the carpet. Then if my memory is not strong—there is rarely any need for this, however; I can consult the chart, a copy of which is kept hanging up in each room. This shows the different classes of work denoted by the various colours.

You see what I mean—intellectual simplicity combined with practical utility. That's me. My mother always said that I was so full of ideas that I should have been an inventor. She was really a most discerning woman.

Another thing that I am most particular about, when I am about to begin serious reading, is my clothes. Quite rightly, too. You, for instance, I presume, would not deliberately put on a loud check suit—you know the kind I mean, one that seems to waft the voice of its English tailor across the Atlantic when it screams at you in the street—in order to go to church clad therein. If you were refused admittance, your checks being dishonoured at the door, as it were, you might feel hurt, possibly even aggrieved; more particularly if it were your only suit, and thus a case of it or

nothing. But still, I think, it might serve you right, and if you are a good deal smaller than I am I would say it to your face. We do not, nowadays, put on a frock coat and a top-hat to play golf; even the clergy have effected a compromise when they indulge. Why, then, put on tweeds, and such tweeds, to go to church? You get my point? To apply this principle, the simple truth is that we cannot expect to enter into the spirit of what we are reading unless we are dressed in consonance therewith. I am not an extremist. I do not consider it necessarily "de rigueur" to put on a suit of black broadcloth before sitting down to a volume of Robertson's sermons. On the other hand, however, I should not feel comfortable reading the Bible in knickerbockers, and I should be positively afraid to try to do so in uniform. I was, I may say, once in the militia (permanently non-active). On the whole I find a simple suit of plain blue serge much the most satisfactory wear for reading. It blends with any colour. When I have laid in a sufficient stock of blue serges and laid out my garden on the same principle as my house, then, and not till then, shall I feel that I have at last attained to a position of literary eminence. When that day comes I shall be able to read Isaac Walton beside my own babbling brook, and the "Book of Gardening" amidst my own rose trees.

In fact it would be hard to overestimate the part played by clothes in literature. A blue suit, as has been said, I regard as pre-eminently safe; one can read anything in it, from a dictionary to de Maupassant. If the line is not drawn somewhere, one will find oneself with a whole fancy dress wardrobe of historical costumes on hand. This would be too ridiculous, however. Fancy having to dress oneself as Rienzi before being able to enjoy Bulwer Lytton's portrayal of the character of the "Last of the Tribunes;" or being obliged to put on the clothes of Napoleon, or of one of his marshals at least, before starting to study European history from 1795 to 1815! The idea is really quite too preposterous. Imagine, for instance, the quick change it would be necessary to undergo, in order to keep in touch with the kaleidoscopic variety of

Kipling's characters. One would have to be "some quick change artist," as they say. Besides, the study of ancient history and classical literature would be apt to prove inconveniently cold, at least in winter. No, it would never do, though the method undoubtedly possesses a certain charm.

Perhaps, however, some one will object, as an eminent critic of my system has already done, that I pay too much attention to the externals of literary environment. In fact this criticism may be true. In self-defence, I may say, however, that I have never yet recovered from the shock of seeing an American tourist reading Kant (bound in blue) in a green suit in Switzerland while eating peanuts. I have never been able to bring myself to dip into Kant since; in fact, to adopt the tourist's own vile pun and viler intonation, "I can't read Kant" to this day.

One should always think of others and of the shocks one may unconsciously be giving them; that consideration is the veritable keystone of my whole philosophy.

No one is more ready to admit than I am that, in this essay, I have but touched ever so lightly the fringe of a vast and fruitful subject. There are, I frankly allow, elements of infinitely greater importance in a properly constituted literary environment than those I have mentioned. Before closing I propose to deal shortly with some of these.

We may perhaps be able to dissociate our minds when reading from the surrounding environment of walls, carpets etc.,—from what, in short, are best described as the scenic effects. There are, however, certain invariable concomitants of the literary life which it is impossible ever to ignore—impossible even to the idlest litterateur, impossible to the most superficial thinker; how doubly, nay, how trebly impossible, then, to the ardent student, the profound scholar like myself!

By these all-important factors I do not mean the sweets, lollipops and candies, with the glucose and sticky essences of which, properly reserved for Henty and others of that ilk, children sometimes anoint the pages of the classics. These are ephemeral phenomena, of which the marked con-

nection between the use of chocolates and of novels from the circulating library, in the hands of women, is but a later development.

Serious consideration must be reserved for the great central question of the due subordination of what we read to what we at the same time drink and smoke.

This great problem must not be approached save by the scientific spirit moving along the highway of empirical research.

In closing, therefore, I append as a guide a short table of examples of what, by experiment, I have discovered to be the proper relation in several typical cases drawn from our great English novelists.

THACKERAY:—When reading the works of that celebrated Carthusian, William Makepeace Thackeray, claret alone should be drunk. (Barry Lyndon never drank anything else.) With regard to tobacco, no one, of course, would dream of smoking anything save the best Virginia gold-flake while reading "Henry Esmond" or the "Virginians." To obtrude the odour of Turkish or Egyptian weeds upon their notice would be little short of profanation. (I may state, however, that when reading Pendennis I allow myself a cigar—sometimes two.)

DICKENS:—Beverages: rum-shrub or, as an alternative, gin and water, in varying proportions, according to taste of characters; though for the "Pickwick Papers" punches of various kinds should be used in moderation. (Mr. Stiggins' particular "vanity" should not be encouraged by allowing him to name his own tipple.)

Tobacco—no hard and fast rules. In comparison with W. M. T., Dickens's tastes are decidedly vulgar.

SIR WALTER SCOTT:—A properly developed sense of historic fitness will prevent the scholarly reader from committing the anachronism of smoking during the perusal of many of the Waverley Novels. This loss, however, will be compensated by the number and variety of the liquid refreshments, or, properly speaking, the potations in which he will be able to indulge—in imagination.

These include:

1. Wassail bowls
2. Horns of mead
3. Flagons of "nut brown October."
4. Tankards of burnt sack, according to the period under treatment. Quite a large variety of choice, you will notice!

RUDYARD KIPLING:—Beer, lashins of it. Tobacco will usually take the form of the inevitable cigarette of the British Tommy Atkins, though American millionaires may be allowed to smoke their own cigars provided they do not affect to despise other people's pipes.

(N.B.—A special cigar—of the black oily kind—will be kept for the hero of " Captains Courageous.")

W. W. JACOBS:—More beer. Cut plug of the strongest quality must be smoked in clay cutties. This is " de rigueur."

As I do not like the above combination, I am unable to enjoy Jacobs's stories.

ROBBIE BURNS:—Scotch (not Irish) whisky. As much of Burns's best work was done under the influence of the above, frequent references to the sources from which he drew his inspiration will not only sometimes best elucidate his meaning in certain passages, but will also serve as a graceful reminder of the author.

On the whole," Black and White " forms the best commentary, though some prefer cheaper editions.

MARIE CORELLI, OUIDA, ETC:—Dainty little gold tipped " My Darling " cigarettes. If possible, should be faintly scented with garlic. Serve between jars.

DE QUINCEY:—Opium (liquid) and opium (in pipes), repeated in ever lengthening doses.

N.B.—De Quincey should be excluded from the best libraries.

MRS. GASKILL'S "Cranford":—Beverages: tea, which must be from China, or else prime Bohea, and served in fragilely thin and delicate "old world " china cups.

Smokes: None at all, save to perfervid admirers of Dickens who lose their lives performing deeds of gallantry.

ROMANCES OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR:—Liquid refreshment must depend largely upon the sympathies of the author. If the hero wears blue, cocktails should be drunk. (" Bronx " and " Manhattan " have the true federal spirit, while the " Martini " best expresses the grim realities of war.) On the other hand, sympathy with the cause of the Confederacy best expresses itself in a regimen of mint juleps and cheroots (whatever these may be). An attitude of impartiality or indecision is most effectively announced by smoking cigarettes rolled from " Maryland Club " tobacco.

The above are chosen as typical examples to serve as a guide for further classification. It is not claimed that they exhaust all the species and genera of the relations in question.

W. G. PETERSON

KUSTARNY

IT is safe to say that there is no other national industry so wonderful, so vital and paramountly necessary, yet so little known outside the country of its origin, as Kustarny. Yet Kustarny affects most intimately the real life of some twelve million workers of the greatest of our allies.

This singularly native industry is one of the marvels of the Russian Empire. It gives expression not only to the conditions ruling the existence of the peasantry, but to the artistic culture of the nation to which they belong. The word itself means peasant industries, as distinct from capitalist enterprises, and had its origin centuries ago when the history of Russia was yet to be written. It represents a wonderful art: the product of untutored artists working to express themselves, not for commerce but for their own pleasure.

The peasants of Russia, compelled to abandon agricultural pursuits for months at a time owing to the severity of the winter, according to the region, are cast on their own meagre resources for occupation during their enforced leisure. It was in these circumstances that Kustarny was originated.

The natural resourcefulness of the Russian turned him to what is now a series of home manufactures, which at this day produce some of the most rare and exquisite wares to be obtained throughout the two hemispheres. So phenomenally important have these peasant handicrafts become in the life of the nation that the Russian Government not only provides raw material through District Kustarny Centres, but undertakes to buy the goods and push the sale of them abroad, collecting the finished products from the innumerable villages, and distributing the payment for them. The Russian Government does, in short, everything possible to stimulate this peculiarly indigenous industry.

The conditions in which the peasants work are anything but conducive to the attainment of artistic perfection. The work is done in little rooms lighted by one small window, through which the light of the winter day struggles with an effort, and often in mid-winter there are but three hours of daylight. When the darkness falls the room is lighted by a small oil-lamp, or if the family is very poor, and it usually is, by means of a piece of wood, pine or other, dipped in oil. By the indifferent illumination of either of these, the Kustari create their masterpieces, which have called forth the enthusiastic admiration of world-known connoisseurs.

Their jewellery and bric-a-brac are particularly beautiful. About Russian jewellery, both in design and craftsmanship, there is a certain indefinable charm found in no other. It is more like a combination of the best European and the best Eastern artistry, blended in subtle harmony. The finest of it is produced by the peasants who are remarkably clever jewellers, executing the most intricate work with a beauty and a finish so perfect as to be almost beyond the comprehension, when the lack of training and the conditions under which the exquisite wares are wrought are taken into consideration.

Bronze work, to which His Imperial Majesty has shown much favour, is the winter product of a small section of the peasants, who in addition to being unusually skilful craftsmen have made a special study of the subject. Their casts of insects, animals, plant life, human subjects, and others, are strikingly handsome. There are others of the Kustari who devote their weary winter to casting life-size studies which can stand without depreciation alongside those of the best ateliers in France, Britain or the United States. In cast-iron, the peasants' fine workmanship in such rough material must be seen before one can realize the masterly execution.

What is certain in time to become as costly a craze for knowing collectors and connoisseurs as even Japanese and Chinese lacquer, is the loukoutin work of the Kustari. This particular art, for art it is, was created some hundreds of years

ago by a peasant family named Loukoutin, from whom it derives its name. The model is first enameled in various designs and colours, and then is baked in an oven at a high temperature. A subsequent finishing process produces this lovely enamel work. Pieces of the original loukoutin ware, which is exceedingly scarce, now bring more than their weight in gold. The Russian connoisseur is no fool!

The making of embroidery and lace constitutes by far the most important of the peasant industries, and among the most remunerative. Until recent years the Kustari, owing to their limited means, had to use cotton. Some lovely designs were then produced, but they fade into relative insignificance when compared with the magnificent products executed since handwoven linen came to be used. To-day the reputation of Kustarny drawn silk and thread work is international, at least in Europe; and Russian lace principally manufactured from white and grey thread is noted for its extreme durability, and for its most marked superiority in quality and originality of design over the lace of other countries, while it is at the same time less costly. It rivals the best work of the best French workers, trained from their childhood. This kind of work is usually done by the women of the family, from the white-haired grandmother to the little maid of six. The exceeding delicacy of the work is all the more remarkable when it has to be remembered that much of it is done by young women who during the summer are engaged in rough agricultural work.

Perhaps, however, the articles for personal adornment manufactured by the peasants out of white metal are the most astonishing. The designs are very characteristic of Old Russian craftsmanship, and though wrought under very primitive conditions, result in products which have a surprising beauty and perfection of finish. The Kustari utilize the precious stones of the Urals to great advantage, making skilful use of their singular beauty and brilliance in the setting. The malachite variety is especially popular on account of extreme lustre. Single stones are fashioned into

minute, exquisite carvings and cameos of such animals as dogs, horses, elephants, sheep, etc., many of which fetch great sums among the French, German and Russian collectors.

The precise form of handicraft selected by a peasant and his folk is naturally influenced to a considerable degree by the quality of raw material obtainable in the locality, the climate, the geographical conditions, and the local demand.

In the Caspian Sea districts, for instance, the Kustari are principally engaged in the making of silk goods and carpets, silver work, etc. Silk goods are largely made in the regions neighbouring the Caucasian Mountains. The oriental influences of Persia and Turkey are readily discernible in the bright hues of the silks and the unique designs and gorgeous colours of the carpets.

One of the chief Kustarny industries is the making of toys, the most important centre of this being Central Russia. Tea-sets of thirty-two pieces do not usually fit inside a pill box, and forty dolls that can be extracted from one are, to say the least of it, unusual; but the Kustari are past-masters in working such wonders. Their ingenuity in making toys is astonishing. One result in wood-work may be a set of doll's tea things, including a samovar, a teapot, cups, saucers and plates, so minute that all the pieces pack away into a tiny box which would, at a pinch, hold one good-sized green pea. Another may be a travelling cigarbox that holds half a dozen trays with the most amazing secret drawers in them. Considering that the principal instrument used by the peasant to make these things consists of an ordinary penknife, one can only marvel at the results achieved. The natural gift for carving possessed by the Kustari finds expression to the full in the beautiful craftsmanship shown in the life carvings of figures, animals, birds, etc., also in the wooden goods of multitudinous descriptions, such as boxes, trays, cups, brackets, cupboards, chairs and other articles of furniture. Many of these articles are ornamented in a simple but charming manner. One method may be likened to poker work, though, on the other hand, the peasants, through lack of other imple-

ments, burn the designs by hand into the wood with a red-hot wire or tracer.

There are many curious facts connected with Kustarny. One of the most noteworthy is that the extraordinary skill of the original Kustari has been inherited in increasing measure by each succeeding line of descendants. It is difficult to explain in any other way the singularly rich quality of the work, especially seeing that it is executed with rather primitive tools. It also is greatly indebted to the imaginative side of the peasants' character. The Kustari have a singular faculty for inventing fairy tales, and over their various tasks they exchange legends of elfin frolics in the depths of the gloomy forests, and of sprites that flit among the mountains, and of strange beasts coming and going no one knows whence and whither, and of many other mysterious beings. They embody these fantasies in the work of their hands, and so impart to them an individual spirit, a mystic design, peculiar, versatile, which gives life and vigour to the finished forms.

The Kustari dispose of the greater part of their wares either locally or at the village or neighbouring fair. The fairs are visited by agents or middlemen who buy the goods for sale in the cities, order the desired things required for the next season, and sometimes supply raw material. Of recent years the peasants have found it impossible to comply individually with the growing demand for their wares, and have organized a system of co-operation which takes in several families and in cases entire districts. Each of these local co-operative associations has an executive that takes orders from the towns and middlemen, buys the necessary material, and distributes the work evenly among the members. In smaller and remoter parts the district Kustarny centres organized by the Imperial Government assume these tasks.

In many districts free classes have been established where the peasant children are instructed in the rudiments of some special craft, and are given opportunities of examining specimens of work which have been selected under Government auspices for exhibition. At the age of fourteen or fifteen

these children return home, and in turn instruct their younger brothers and sisters. These centres also help the Kustari by advancing money on most favourable terms, supplying raw material, and doing, in short, everything possible to stimulate and develop the industries.

Anything approaching a detailed description of the peasant crafts is quite out of the question here, as the varieties are almost unlimited. Kustarny and the Kustari require not one but a series of goodly and amply illustrated volumes. For they would deal with the oldest and most amazing national home-industries in the world.

A. Tegnier

EARTHQUAKE AND WAR

Deep calls to deep in these terrestrial shocks,
  Earth's primal passions make their fury known;
Upheaving 'stablished cities, rending rocks—
  Shattering the base of Man's imperial throne.
Under the World fierce elemental fires
  Burn with Tartarean heat from age to age,
Deep, secret and insatiable desires
  Which burst their central bounds in hellish rage.
All human peace is transient—sweeter so;
  Elysium still eludes the dreamer's grasp:
Hope lures us on, and ever as we go,
  The thing we dreamed is not the shape we clasp.
Deep calls to deep and heights of Hope reply:
Dream, baffled soul, serene the stars on high!

J. Lewis Milligan

THE RALLY OF THE LATIN NATIONS

PERHAPS the crowning irony of that masterpiece of cosmic irony, the Great European war, is that an upheaval in part at least consciously prepared in order to make *Deutschtum* and all its ideals triumphant throughout the world has in effect resulted in restoring to the rival and supposedly decadent civilization of the Latin nations a great deal of its old prestige. For, however the war may end, it is pretty safe to predict, on the one hand, that we shall not hear much more about Latin "decadence," and on the other, that we shall be less pestered by that idolization of German "methods" which has been the curse of the world during the last half-century. Few phenomena in history have been more interesting than this resurgence of a civilization which seemed to be sinking under the "hammer-blows" of German enterprise and efficiency in all departments of life—politics, commerce, social reform, science and learning. That this re-awakening began suddenly in August, 1914, is an idea that can be accepted only by the uninformed; at least since the beginning of the century the careful and impartial observer has noted accumulating signs that, just as surely as *Deutschtum* had passed its zenith, "Latinity" had passed its nadir. Perhaps the most impressive of these signs was the increasing barrenness of Germany in intellectual and artistic leadership, and the growing strength of the Latin nations in this respect. But even yet it is doubtful whether the full significance of this evolution is grasped by those countries which, being allied with France and Italy, ought to be most interested in it. The purpose of this paper is first, to trace briefly the historical relations between German and Latin civilization, then to indicate what conscious form the

renewed Latin self-confidence is taking, and finally to suggest what profit we Anglo-Saxons and the world in general may get from the resultant "re-valuation of values."

I

It seems likely that in that most cosmopolitan era of European civilization which we call the Dark Ages the idea of the superiority of one national culture over another would hardly have been understood. For the two great ideas to which Europe clung in the shipwreck of ancient civilization—the Christian Church and the ghost of the Roman Empire—were essentially universal and not national ideals. They made for unity and against particularism. However, the fact that these two master-ideas of the Dark Ages had their centre and symbol in the city of Rome fixed at an early date in modern history a Latin country as the shrine of European civilization. The fact that many of the Holy Roman Emperors were Germans never enabled them to turn the tide in favour of their own national culture; possibly if they could have transferred from Rome to some German city, to Nuremberg or Vienna, the centre of that Empire, the history of Europe might have been very different; as it was, the German doffed his national individuality when he donned the crown of Caesar and became the descendant of an august Latin civilization. What was true of the Empire was equally true of the Papacy.

On the eve of the Middle Ages proper, then, we are confronted by a really extraordinary phenomenon. More than half a millennium after the Roman Empire—and apparently Latin civilization—had gone down under the Germanic deluge, what do we find? An entirely new Europe, a slate wiped clean of Latin traces and covered with the new Teutonic writing? On the contrary, a Europe in which a new Germanic leaven is everywhere fermenting no doubt, but without giving to Germanic ideals much more prestige than they enjoyed a thousand years before, and in which that ancient and apparently vanished Latin civilization is present every-

where as a civilizing ideal, as the sole element of order and law in a chaotic world, its language supreme as a literary and cosmopolitan medium and its very capital still the capital of the world. The Germans had had their first and greatest chance to destroy Latin civilization, and they had failed ignominiously.

This failure is accentuated as we get farther into the Middle Ages—roughly speaking, into the stretch from 1000 to 1500. We might justly concede to the Germans some time to make headway against the prestige of Latin civilization, granted that they could not give it its quietus with one blow; but surely a thousand years after they captured Rome they ought to be showing some results. And, certainly, the epic grandeur of the *Nibelungenlied*, the courtly mysticism of Wolfram von Eschenbach, the bird-like lyricism of Walter von der Vogelweide, the sculpture and architecture of Nuremberg, the commerce of the latter city and of the Hanseatic League, are achievements of which any nation may be proud. But the question is not, what tribute history pays to German achievements in the Middle Ages, but what prestige they exerted on their contemporaries, whether or not they had a *rayonnement* over the whole of Europe greater than those of other peoples. And surely to this question the answer of the impartial student of mediaeval history and culture must be an everlasting No. For now the moment has come when *Deutschtum* has not only to exorcise if possible the ghost of the older Latin civilization, but to confront the new offspring of that Latin mother, the nascent civilizations of France, Italy and (somewhat later) of Spain. In other words, we have at last arrived at the historic moment when the national and racial rivalries which fill the pages of modern European history begin. And who can deny that it is these young Latin races, and not the proud conquerors of Latium, who become, both materially and spiritually, the dictators of Europe in the Middle Ages? The Roman instinct of political centralization lies, though dormant, so strong in one of them (France) that it soon makes her the first and most powerful of great

modern states; the Roman instinct for municipal liberty lies, though dormant, so strong in the other (Italy) that, though she fails to attain national unity, she sees the seeds sown all over her territories in the Roman *municipia* blossoming into a galaxy of free cities, unparalleled centres of commercial, intellectual and artistic activity. Meanwhile Germany remains a helpless chaos of rival states. Keeping pace with the political development of France and Italy comes the development of their languages and literatures. What a splendid start the Germans had here! In the year 1000 the Germanic tribes all over Europe spoke ancient and highly-developed languages, and in some of these (Anglo-Saxon, Old High German and Icelandic) they had built up rich and original literatures; in the same year, the French and Italians were beginning to lisp in crude vernaculars, representing the crumbled ruins of vulgar Latin and with all their literary moulds still to be created. How these positions are reversed three hundred years later! Far from the Germanic languages or literatures having made any progress among the nations invaded by the Germans (France, Italy and Spain) they leave no traces there, except a few additions to the vocabularies of the Latin tongues, while on their own ground their original literary forms are dead (as in Anglo-Saxon and Icelandic) or giving way (as in the Middle High German) before translations and imitations of French and Italian forms. On the other hand, French has already some claim to that universality as a European *lingua communis* which is to be consolidated a few centuries later; Brunetto Latini writes his *Trésor* in it because it is "the pleasantest and most widely understood of European languages;" it has invaded and almost annexed a land formerly of pure Germanic speech, England; it has, above all, become the vehicle of a vast, varied and artistic literature, which soon becomes a European treasure, read and imitated from Iceland to Sicily, and powerful enough to oust in England and Germany the old Germanic literary moulds in favour of the newer and more flexible ones which it has invented or adapted from Latin models. We think of

Chaucer, not Caedmon, as the father of modern English poetry; and what would Chaucer be without the verse-forms learnt from France and the themes and style learnt from France and Italy? Would Wolfram have written but for Chrétien de Troyes and Béroul? Which come first, the Minnesingers of Thuringia or the troubadours of Provence? And if Italian is less universal, it is even more highly developed than French, having had the unique good luck to spring from infancy to full maturity under the magic touch of the world's master wizard of words; and its literature, though much less vast and varied than that of France, has similarly reached the summits of art at one bound. Besides literature, learning and the arts were reviving in the Italian cities; a faculty of law had been established at Bologna, a school of medicine at Salerno; Giotto's campanile was rising like a marble rainbow in the sky of Florence, and the first Venetian palaces were fringing the lagoons like petrified sea-foam. Not long after, Paris becomes a still greater centre of learning with her great school of theology. Once again, beauty and knowledge were flowering in the world. Where? In the German forests, amid the fresh, new forces that had overthrown Rome? No, but from Rome itself, from that soil which might have been thought effete, but which, fertilized by its first harvest, was ready for a second.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples—such as monopolisation of the philosophical thought of the time by the Latin countries or by a half-Latin country like England, and the fact that the Crusades started in France and the great religious orders in Italy—to show that the civilization of the Middle Ages was a Latin civilization both in the old and new sense. But one important point should be noted, and that is that it is a Latin nation, France, who first elaborated in the Middle Ages that ideal of the chivalrous knight, which, somewhat de-spiritualized and hardened by the Italians of the Renaissance into the "cortegiano," refined again by the French of the seventeenth century into the "honnête homme," has given the modern world that humane model

known in English as the "gentleman" with all that the word suggests of humanity, honour, elegance and tact. Perhaps this is the greatest thing Latin civilization has given us, and certainly one we could never look for from German culture from Alaric to Von Tirpitz.

By the time we arrive at the Renaissance, the predominance of Latin culture seems well established, and whatever flicker of German art and literature there had been in the Middle Ages seems to have died out. During the sixteenth century, indeed, that predominance may be said to reach its zenith; for not only is Italy resplendent throughout Europe as the centre of the new scholarship, of all the arts and of literature, the mecca of all who seek a training in refined manners and the art of life, not only is France vigorously engaged in improving and enriching her already famous language and letters and in adding still further to her political prestige, but the third great Latin star, Spain, has suddenly burst forth in full brilliance with her explorers, her great warriors and her original drama and novel. She makes the new continent almost her own. For a moment it seems as if Rome is to be the centre of the modern as of the ancient world.

But just at this moment of Latin triumph, *Deutschtum* has its second great chance. On All Saints day, 1517, Luther nails his ninety-five theses on the door of the castle church at Wittenberg, and thereby seems to incarnate in Germany all the new sense of intellectual and spiritual freedom which is perhaps the very breath of life of the Renaissance. That leadership which Germany had failed to wrest from the Latin world by force of arms and numbers a thousand years before, she now has a chance to seize by the finer weapons of the spirit. Is it necessary to point out that for a second time she fails ignominiously? The Reformation suffers total defeat over the greater part of Europe (even over a great part of German-speaking lands); and even in those parts where it is triumphant, it brings with it no added prestige for German culture in general. Does German culture

in general enjoy any greater fame in the Protestant England of Shakespeare or Milton than it did in the Catholic England of Chaucer, or than it did at the same date in France, Italy or Spain? Does the German language supplant French and Italian? Do young Englishmen cease to travel in Italy to "complete their education" and go to Germany instead? On the contrary, the fact that Germany is the champion of the Reformation advances the interests of German as against Latin civilization not one iota. And in German lands the struggles arising out of the Reformation prove so exhausting that German civilization comes near to dying out altogether on its own hearthstone.

During the seventeenth century, however, we see for the first time signs of that phenomenon so much talked of in our age, Latin decadence. Those brilliant centres of light and leading, the Italian free states, lose their freedom; and Italian culture gradually declines (though this decline is more relative than absolute, as witness the names of Galileo, Vico and Muratori). The sun of Spain, after a brief but glorious day, sinks never to rise again—up to the present. On the other hand, France rises to her pinnacle of glory, presenting for the first time since the fall of Rome the picture of a vast, highly organized and unified state, victorious in arms, rich in commerce, renowned for science and learning, her language fast becoming the universal medium of cultivated people, and her ideal of good taste and elegant simplicity in life and literature (for it was at this time that this ideal of the Latin genius as since understood was first formulated in France) fast being enthusiastically adopted as the ideal of all Europe. If ever a nation really exercised over Europe such a hegemony as Germany is said to aim at, it was France in the latter half of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century.

If, then, the falling off of Spain and Italy was by so much a territorial loss, so to speak, to Latin civilization, this was perhaps more than made up for by the clearer definition given to the meaning of that civilization by the logical genius of

France. Besides, Spain and Italy still formed, with France, the "ring" of "polite nations," and their languages the "ring" of "polite languages" as distinguished from the "barbarous" nations and languages of England[1] and Germany. Perhaps the shrillest note of Latin triumph was struck about the middle of the eighteenth century when the greatest King of Prussia wrote a book in French to deride German literature.[2] But this was for Germany the grey hour before the dawn. For Germany's third great chance to wrest the primacy from Latin civilization was at hand and the resultant struggle has gone on since until it has reached a bloody climax in our day.

From the middle of the eighteenth century the careful observer might have noted signs that Germany's day was coming. In the first place, Prussia, under the guidance of Frederick the Great, was forging that mighty military and political instrument which was to be the nucleus of national unity. Again, a great generation of men of genius, literary and musical, was soon to wipe out the poor intellectual record of Germany. But, above all these things, an age was being ushered in, in which, for the first time, the peculiar genius of the Germans was to find itself in harmony with the spirit of the times. The Latin ideal, after all, was an aristocratic and artistic ideal, and the nineteenth century was to be an age of democracy and science. The homely, plodding

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[1] The relation of the English and Anglo-Saxons to this age-long duel between Teuton and Latin would in itself form the subject of a lengthy study. It is no paradox to say that England is half Latin, and this in two ways: first, by intermixture with French blood at the time of the Norman Conquest; and, secondly, by her willingness to submit herself to the influences of Latin culture from the time of that conquest to the present day. Chaucer learned his art from the French and the Italians; two centuries later Spenser and the English sonneteers got their models from Italy; Milton took suggestions from Dante and Tasso; English prose in the Restoration modelled itself on French prose, and English poets and critics were even more than duly respectful of French neo-classic standards throughout the eighteenth century. The English language is half Latin. It is just this willingness to learn from foreign races that has made the greatness of English culture; and it is the distrust and contempt of foreign models, the refusal to be fertilized by them, the stupid insistence on being "echt deutsch," that has made German culture so sterile and its periods of blossoming so short-winded. I have heard an American scholar express a secret weakness for Gottsched just because, dry-as-dust as he was, he strove so valiantly to inoculate German literature at the beginning of its modern period with some of the Latin virtues.

[2] Frederick the Great's "De la littérature allemande."

virtues of the German mind and character were just the ones needed to carry out the Philistine tasks which the nineteenth century considered most urgent. Yet, it was not this side of the German spirit which first attracted Europe—rather it was its mystical, romantic side, which coincided with the aims of the Romantic movement and which blew like a fresh woodland breeze into the slightly faded salons of Latin civilization. At all events, with that famous book, *De l'Allemagne* of Mme. de Staël, German civilization was at last given the entrée to the best circles of Europe; a little later Coleridge and Carlyle teach England to admire German strength and depth rather than French elegance and wit.

Though the romantic side of the German spirit was the first to captivate Europe, it was soon made evident that this was not the side destined to be most prominent in the nineteenth century. What the vast scientific task of the new age most needed was "organization," and Germany, with her docile willingness to sacrifice individuality to system, at once came forward to provide armies of plodding investigators such as even the Alexandrian age had never known. Her application of this principle to military activities was not to be realized for some time; but almost at once she "accaparated" by the same principle the world of science and scholarship. Europe forgot that France and Italy had been the founders of European science and scholarship as well as of art and letters, and threw herself at the feet of the Teuton Gamaliels; forgot too that those older nations had been able to reconcile scholarship and art, and became converted to the German doctrine that artistic presentation puts the scientific value of work under suspicion. German scholars brought all branches of knowledge under the German aegis; and the world finally presented to Germany the flattering if rather ludicrous spectacle of Frenchmen and Englishmen crowding into German universities to study French and English literature. German began to take a place beside French as a language cultivated people should know; it displaced Italian almost entirely. People began to travel and reside in Ger-

many. German music was supreme. Foreign countries modelled their educational systems on that of Germany. Germany became a symbol for thoroughness and up-to-dateness; the Latin nations were looked upon as tawdry survivals of an outworn ideal. What a *revanche* the German spirit had at last won!

Yet that *revanche* was as yet only moral and intellectual. There was as yet no "material" Germany; France, with the Napoleonic halo still above her, stood out as ever the queen of Europe. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the Franco-Prussian war; and Europe's admiration was intensified to awe. The idea that this nation of be-spectacled, cosmopolitan professors and long-haired pianists aimed at material power had never entered any one's head; and lo! at one blow it had struck the queen of Latin civilization in the dust and risen towering like a giant in the centre of Europe. What wonder if people connected the idea of destiny with this nation! Now, at last, the doctrine of Latin decadence and Germanic superiority finds clear formulation, influenced perhaps to a greater extent than has been realized by the scientific theory of evolution so popular at the time. It was argued that every race has its day, and that, after centuries of waiting, the day of Germany had come. The Latin genius, artistic and exquisite as it was, had failed to measure up to the new requirements of a material and scientific age; its work was done; Rome must pass the torch on to Germania.

How the German triumph was consolidated during the remaining years of the century is common knowledge to every adult reader; it has been a part of the life-experience of every one of us. How German "organization" having triumphed in learning and war, now turned to new conquests in trade and industry; how the conception of German world-supremacy was nourished in the hearts of the German people; how the German University moulded the intellectual methods of the young scholar from all countries—all these things it is unnecessary to dwell upon. But it may not be foreign to our subject to note the extraordinary way in which for many

years Latin civilization humiliated itself before its conquerors. After the War of 1870, France tried to reorganize her teaching on the German model, and the French doctoral thesis took on (as far as the irrepressible literary instinct of the Frenchman would permit) the repulsive appearance of the German dissertation with its plethora of ill-digested facts and its utter absence of the spirit of criticism, selection and arrangement. Italy—the spectacle is almost one to avert one's eyes from—Italy, the home of beauty, came still more closely under the Germanic wing; Guglielmo Ferrero, in his recent book *La Guerre Européenne*, deplores the fact that so many of Italy's contemporary scholars got their training in Germany and have introduced German methods into the Italian class-room; the intellectual intercourse between France and Italy, on the other hand, was very slight during the latter part of the century. Moreover, Germany cunningly played the colonial aspirations of France, Italy and Spain in North Africa off against each other, so as to bring Italy into alliance with herself, and to re-awaken in Spain the old resentment against France. Even in the new world, Spain loses her last colony; and one, at least, of the South-American republics, Chili, moulds her educational system on the German model (Argentine, on the contrary, remains faithful to Latin ideals as personified in France). Latin solidarity seems to be utterly broken, and German unity complete. To add the finishing touch to the triumph, French writers are found to confess that the Latin races are decadent and destined shortly to disappear.

II

It might have seemed, then, in the year 1900, that "Germany's century" was at last about to dawn. Yet a few signs had recently appeared that, after all, Latin civilization might not be going to give up the ghost without a struggle. It might have been pointed out that, since 1870, France and Italy had coolly annexed substantial colonial possessions; that Italy had shown the vitality, after a thousand years of

gropings, to at last fuse herself into a nation; that both of these countries were producing a young generation of writers, thinkers, scholars and scientists (as witness, for the one, such names as Anatole France, Bergson, Poincaré, Mme Curie and, for the other, Carducci, Foggazzaro, D'Annunzio, Ferrero, Croce, Vito Volterra and Marconi) whose names had a universal *retentissement* in ominous contrast to the increasing barrenness of Germany in anything but "strengwissenschaftlich" plodders; that in her own special field of music, Germany was either silent or cacophonous, while the world was showing signs of returning to its old love of Latin melody, which was again being provided for it by composers like Saint-Saëns Debussy, Puccini, Mascagni and indeed a whole new school of French and Italian music; that, in painting, the Latin countries as a whole were at least holding their own, while one of them, Spain (in the persons of Sorolla and Zuloaga) was doing a good deal more; that the steps of foreign students were turning more and more to the French and even to the Italian universities and away from the German ones; that even in the Germanized university circles of the United States (where protests against the idolizing of German methods were beginning to be heard) a new welcome was being given to the visiting *savant* or *littérateur* from France, who was sending such apostles out in increasing numbers under her newly organized societies for the propagation of French culture, such as the Alliance Française, the Instituts français or the exchange professorships; that, above all, France had entered into a close alliance with that gigantic new rival to *Deutschtum*, Russia, and into a close *entente* with that nation which had made the happiest blend of Latin and Germanic qualities, England. These things might have spoken to those who had ears to hear; but Sir Philistine,

> "Who all his life on the outside passes,"

does not have ears for that purpose. During the decade before the outbreak of the war the signs multiply; in France there grows up a young generation, tutored by men like

Barrès, that is almost warlike and that accepts with stoicism the three years' military service law of 1913;* Italy gives evidence of her ambition for empire by annexing Tripoli; France answers the threat of Agadir by annexing Morocco. Yet people persist in nursing the memories of Fashoda and Adua, and in misapplying them to convince themselves that Frenchmen and Italians can no longer fight.

Then comes the day of wrath. Germany, feeling dimly perhaps that her moral and intellectual prestige is not quite so firmly established as she thought it was, that, indeed, it is perhaps slipping away from her, determines to save it by consolidating her material power and throws down the gauntlet to Latin and all other civilizations. And, as her armies approach within a few miles of Paris, it seems as though, after all, what we took for signs of a Latin awakening must have been but a flash in the pan; it looks as if this time the queen of Latin civilization is to be not merely struck down but obliterated. Then comes the Battle of the Marne—a date not merely in military and political history, but in the history of ethnical theorizing. For in those historic days of September, 1914, the world rubs its eyes and asks itself whether, after all, there is anything in theories of racial evolution and decadence, and whether such a splendid rally in the midst of defeat and unpreparedness as France displayed was not a finer proof of moral vitality than the achievements of the Germans which were the mechanical result of patient and scientific preparation.

If this was the impression made on the world in general, what must have been the effect on France and her Latin sisters? The Latin David had, if not struck down, at least sent the Teuton Goliath reeling. The answer to our question will be found in the following account of an extraordinarily interesting event which took place during the first winter of the war, but of which no notice (to my knowledge) has been taken in Canadian periodicals. On February 12, 1915, there

*For a detailed account of the regeneration of the French spirit see my article entitled "The New France," in the "University Magazine" for April, 1915.

was held in the grand amphitheatre of the Sorbonne in Paris a kind of symposium of the Latin nations, organized on the initiative of the *Revue Hebdomadaire* and the Société des Conférences. The meeting was presided over by M. Paul Deschanel, president of the French Chamber of Deputies, and all the Latin nations of Europe—great and small—had sent distinguished representatives. Italy was represented by no less than three of her most famous sons, Guglielmo Ferrero, Gabriele D'Annunzio and Ricciotti Garibaldi; Spain by the novelist Blasco Ibañez, and the smaller members of the flock —Belgium, Roumania, Portugal—by distinguished but less universally known names. Latin America was represented by General Reyes, former President of the Republic of Columbia. Greece, in the person of M. Andreades, a professor in the University of Athens, was also included in this Latin love-feast.

The proceedings consisted mainly of an address of welcome by M. Deschanel, a "declaration" by a representative of each Latin country, and a closing address of thanks by M. Ernest Lavisse of the French Academy. The occasion was marked by Latin enthusiasm and Latin eloquence at their highest pitch. The "declarations" took the form mainly of tributes to France and assurances of the sympathy of her Latin sisters in her moment of trial. But what is most pertinent to our purpose is to note that at this meeting the idea of establishing not merely a moral and intellectual but a political solidarity between the Latin nations is adumbrated for the first time in history. Pan-Latinity at last takes its place beside Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism. Hitherto, no matter how close the racial sympathies of the Latin nations have been, their political differences have been many. During the recent Tripolitan war even, several unpleasant "incidents" arose between France and Italy; and the friction between France and Spain over Morocco has at times been serious. Yet, even before this Sorbonne meeting, M. Charles Richet, a French journalist who took upon himself, at the outbreak of the war, the task of combating the German pro-

paganda in Italy, wrote as follows in a Roman newspaper in the autumn of 1914: "Victory once gained, we must at once set about constructing the strong and fraternal union of the Latin peoples. The African shores of the Mediterranean are vast enough to render possible an understanding between Frenchmen, Spaniards and Italians. We shall not allow the Germans to get control of them, but we Latins, all together, brothers by blood, language, customs and will, shall bring peace to Africa, the 'pax romana,' so different from the 'pax germanica,' which is based on tyranny."* But an individual expression of opinion like this is hardly comparable to such a chorus as the Sorbonne meeting provides us with. M. Deschanel, speaking of the unity in diversity of the Latin family, said: "It is one, because the old rivalries between Latin peoples have no longer any reason for existing; the very shadows have disappeared; none of our interests conflict. It is one because the whole effort of the Hellenic and Latin conscience, throughout the ages, has been bent to the attainment of the same ideal: liberty through law." And do not the words which I have italicized in the following passage from the speech of M. Istrati, the Roumanian delegate, reveal, under their cautiousness, a cherished ambition? "It is as a Roumanian and as president of the Latin Association of Bucharest that I venture—in these historic and terrible moments when our right to live and the salvation of a whole civilization is at stake, in this moment so ardently longed for by us when we might at last see the Latins united *by intellectual bonds at least as a beginning*—to make from the bottom of my heart the most urgent appeal to the Latin sisters everywhere and to say to them: Sursum Corda! Long live Latin civilization (Vive la Latinité)!" M. Lavisse in his closing message touches on the same practical aspect of the gathering: "Gentlemen, let us proclaim our *Credo* louder than ever, and let us become better and better acquainted with our common spirit. We do not know each other well enough. We ought

*I am indebted for the text of M. Richet's article to the "Bulletin" of the Société Autour du Monde, in which it is reproduced.

to tighten the bonds of all kinds that have begun to be established between us. We ought to meet from time to time as we have done to-day to express to each other our mutual affection."

The feature of the proceedings, however, was the really magnificent address of Guglielmo Ferrero, which in its classical simplicity, perfection of contour and logical rigour contrasted strongly with the somewhat romantic effusiveness of the other speakers. His main thesis is closely related to the idea set forth in his book *Entre les Deux Mondes*. The subject of his address is "La Latinité," or Latin Civilization, and he finds a philosophic basis for Latin union in the fact that Latin civilization has, on the whole, in spite of some lapses, stood for quality rather than quantity as a measure of excellence, whereas certain other civilizations, such as the ancient Egyptian and the modern German, stand for the opposite ideal. "The moment has come," runs his address, "for us to remind ourselves that we are connected—all of us, Frenchmen, Spanish, Portuguese, Roumanians, Italians—by the bonds of language, culture and institutions with the brilliant civilization which, originating in Greece, took on a Latin form in Italy and which from Italy, both before and after it became Christian, gradually conquered a part of Europe which it controls and will control still for many centuries. The moment has come to champion the glories—which have been somewhat slighted in these latter days—of that civilization which is the mother of us all; above all, the moment has come, if we wish to draw from the study of the past strength for our present duties, to remember that what has characterized Latin civilization in its most glorious moments has been its heroic effort to attain, in all domains, greatness, and its keen repugnance for the colossal." By greatness, he explains, he means the overcoming of difficulties which are within ourselves, spiritual and intellectual obstacles; by the colossal he means the effort to triumph over matter and the difficulties which it sets up against our wills or caprices, external obstacles. Now, this mania for the colossal,

Ferrero thinks, has seized all nations (Germany most violently) in the nineteenth century. Success in the overcoming of external obstacles, in the taming of natural forces, in inordinate development of commerce and industry, material greatness, in short, has come to be the criterion of national eminence rather than intellectual or moral greatness. "France has been the country which has resisted this current most strongly; but for that very reason too many people agreed that she must be decadent. Because her commerce and her population were not increasing as quickly as the population and commerce of Germany she must be destined to disappear." Perhaps no reasoning, nothing but a great historic event, Ferrero thinks, could ever have stemmed the formidable current of opinions and interests which was carrying the whole world away to the "hideous enormities of a purely quantitative civilization." Speaking of the Battle of the Marne and its significance for the philosopher of history, he says: "Probably during those days we lived through one of the great moments of history, for it was the first moment in which our generation, astonished, asked itself whether after all it was not possible that mass and number might *not* be everything in the world. . . . This war must be the *revanche* of true intellectual and moral greatness over the arrogance of the colossal which had hardened and blinded men's minds; it must restore to the world appreciation for those things, in all domains of activity, which are great only by the smallness of their proportions and by the modesty of a greatness that comes wholly from within; it must prepare a new generation capable of doing great things with simplicity and without arrogance and a world which has recovered its moral balance by rediscovering the meaning of true greatness." He closes by asking whether in all justice the other Latin nations can leave France "alone to the very end at the terrible and glorious task from which the genius of our race is destined to emerge rejuvenated."

Three months after this declaration of Latin solidarity Italy repudiated her alliance with the Germanic powers and

took her place beside France against them. Since then, she has re-enforced the lesson France taught the astonished world that Latinity is not incompatible with courage, endurance and efficiency. Only a short time ago Portugal stepped into the arena; and, as these words are being written, the addition of Roumania to the ring of the allies leaves only Spain and Latin America outside the Latin confraternity of arms. It can hardly be expected that the South-American Republics should feel more called upon than the North-American Republic to enter upon a European conflict; as for Spain, the German propaganda had of late eaten into her more deeply than into any other Latin country, though early in the war her "intellectuals" issued a pro-ally manifesto, and since then much has been done by the *Institut français* of Madrid to counteract this influence from Berlin; in short, Spain, if she does not enter a Latin pact during the war, would probably not hold herself apart after it.

If it should be thought that the sentiments expressed at the Sorbonne meeting were but the effervescence of Latin enthusiasm in the first months of what looked like a short and easily successful war, it may be pointed out that as recently as May of this year (1916) there was founded, under the high auspices of Guglielmo Ferrero and Professor Luchaire of the Sorbonne, a periodical entitled *La Revue des Nations Latines*, to appear monthly both in French and Italian, and to be devoted to the propaganda of Latin solidarity, political as well as moral and intellectual. The two first numbers (May and June) of this new monthly lie before me as I write. It has the appearance of a high-class review, and the articles —bearing on the war or on subjects of common interest to the Latin nations—are signed by well-known personages of the Latin world. The May number begins with an announcement of the policy of the periodical signed by Ferrero and Luchaire; that policy is to encourage the resistance of Latin civilization to Germanic domination; it will "seek to help science, art, philosophy, literature, to purify themselves from the Germanic currents which are denaturing and corrupting

them," "to wrest all the schools and in particular the universities from the German yoke," "to examine the means by which the Latin peoples may be able in the future to prevent German industry from submerging the world under a flood of shoddy products," "to set forth clearly the duties that the enormous revolution going on imposes upon the Latin peoples," "to render more solid the harmony between the Latin nations, above all between France and Italy." A glance at the table of contents will give an idea of the kind of fare the magazine provides. In the May number, J. Reinach writes on "The Origins of the War," P. Savi-Lopez on "The Return of the Gods" (dealing with the recovery of the Latin ideals of form and taste in literary scholarship from the tyranny of German pedantry), G. Belot on "The Moral Re-Adaptation after the War," A. Mousset on "Spain and the War," G. Caprin on "The Italian War on the Isonzo." The June number begins with an essay by Ferrero on "The Latin Genius" (containing much the same thesis as his address at the Sorbonne summarized above), Professor Meillet, the well-known French philologist, writes "On the Linguistic Meaning of Latin Unity," A. Landry, a French deputy from Corsica, on "The Franco-Italian Customs Problem," E. Ciccotti, an Italian deputy, on "The Official Italian Socialist Party and the War," Lieutenant F........ on "On Board the Auxiliary Cruiser 'Provence'," while G. Caprin completes his study on "The Italian War on the Isonzo." Both numbers have editorial departments under the following captions, "International Politics," "Political Life in France and Italy," "Intellectual Life in France and Italy," "International Economic Life." It is under the first of these rubrics that are to be found the most remarkable applications and expansions of that idea of Latin political solidarity adumbrated at the Sorbonne meeting, particularly in selections given in the May number from an article that had appeared during last winter in another review, *Scientia*, from the hand of Signor Bonfante of Pavia, one of the most eminent professors of law in Italy. This gentleman foresees the necessity of rela-

tively small nations, such as most of the European ones, coalescing so as to be able to confront vast human agglomerations like the United States or China. But where shall we begin? "The least Utopian project," says Signor Bonfante, "is Franco-Italian union, as a prelude to Latin union and as a preparation to European union." He does not minimize the difficulties but sees advantages in the lessening of international rivalries. His plan is bold; it involves nothing less than common rights of citizenship, community of customs-frontiers, of coinage, of colonies, though not necessarily community of language. The army and navy would also be in common, though the two national contingents need not necessarily fuse. There would be but one Ministry of Foreign Affairs, one of War, one of the Navy and one of the Colonies. A single deliberative body like the Senate of the United States would represent the fused nations. The supreme executive power could be exercised by a joint council of the national sovereigns, or these sovereigns could assume alternately the general presidency. The seat of the new State could be established alternately in the two capitals of France and Italy. This is, perhaps, the most radical federative proposal ever made; it was probably not in the writer's mind that it could ever be realized but by gradual evolution; but it is important to note that it is not the paradox of a hare-brained and irresponsible journalist, but the mature speculation of an eminent Italian jurist appearing under the auspices of two names like Ferrero and Luchaire. In the June number, a writer dealing with the same topic of Franco-Italian relations says that everybody admits there must be a permanent alliance; the only question is whether it should not be a "peculiarly close one" (and the words are significantly capitalized). Such accumulative evidence surely at least points to the direction in which the wind is blowing, and should prepare us for possible startling developments after the war.*

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*Further evidence of the spread of the Pan-Latin idea is to be found in an article by the well-known French publicist, M. Louis Bertrand, entitled "Vers l'unité latine," appearing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of September 15, 1916.

III

Presently, then, the world which two years ago regarded Latin power and civilization as an historic memory, may find itself face to face not only with a France whose territory, both European and colonial, will have been enlarged and whose moral prestige will have been more than restored by her heroic efforts; with an Italy which will have added to her area the Trentino, Istria and possibly most of the Dalmatian coast, and which will have proved her mettle and her efficiency; with Roumania so magnified by annexation of Austrian, Bulgarian and Russian territory that she will be at least in the highest class of second-rate powers—not only with these three powers separately, but with a possible federation of two or perhaps the three of them. This federation, if it comes about, would always tend to attract into its orbit the remaining groups of the Latin races—Spain, Portugal and the South-American republics.

But the political aspects of the Latin re-awakening may be left to others to deal with. They are, after all, largely matter of speculation at present. It is not so with the psychological effects of that re-awakening on the moral and intellectual life of the world. Almost certainly, to use for a moment the language of the stock-exchange, there is going to be a "fall" in German ideals and a "rise" in Latin ones. The question of pressing interest, then, is what are Latin ideals, is it a good thing for the world in general that they should predominate, and, if so, in what ways can the world best apply them?

For an answer to the first question the reader may be referred to the summary of the address of Guglielmo Ferrero on "Latin Civilization" given above. Making allowance for the approximate character of all generalizations, we may accept his dictum that, on the whole, Latin civilization has stood for quality as distinguished from quantity, true greatness as distinguished from the "colossal." Applying this principle to different departments of life, we might say, for example, that in manufactures the instinct of a Latin people

is not to pile industrial Pelion on industrial Ossa, to outdo its neighbour in export statistics but to turn out exquisitely finished products, whether they be railway-engines or hats from the Rue de la Paix; that in art and literature the Latins stand for artistic restraint, for a sense of measure as against the vagaries of undisciplined self-expression, the eccentric, the slip-shod; that in the world of science and scholarship they oppose the German method of dumping a lot of unrelated facts into a meaningless chaos by the contrary principle of first selecting the significant facts from the insignificant and then grouping these significant facts in a luminous synthesis; that in the realm of manners they esteem the aristocratic virtues of elegance and modesty more highly than the vulgar ones of "push" and self-assurance.

To the question whether it is a good thing that these Latin ideals should come into their own again, I unhesitatingly answer "Yes." I have not the slightest desire to minimize the great qualities of the German race; indeed, if the world is to get any profit out of this great calamity, it must be by every race learning to respect and, if possible, to imitate the virtues which every other race has shown in this great testing-time. We need not give up, rather increase, our admiration for German scientific efficiency. I do not wish to see the ideals of any single race *dominate*; but, just because for many years *German* ideals have come dangerously near dominating, I believe that it will be a good thing for the world if their natural correctives, *Latin* ideals, should for a while, not *dominate*, but *pre-dominate*, not cast all others into the shade but enjoy a "preferential treatment." If they in turn go to extremes, their corrective, too, will be found.

There is, moreover, a special reason why the peoples of Anglo-Saxon origin should profit by the ascendancy of Latin ideals. We Anglo-Saxons, if not purely Teutonic, have a good deal of "German paste" in our composition. To hold up German ideals before us is, in French phrase, *prêcher des convertis*. Canadian tourists back from Europe used to tell me they enjoyed travelling in Germany more than in France

because "the people seemed so much like ourselves;" I replied that that was the very reason why I enjoyed travelling in France more; one travels to get a new point of view, not to be confirmed in one's ways. A good dose of "Latinity," then, will do us Englishmen and Americans and Canadians a vast deal of good; it will show us that people may be practical, yet not materialistic; intellectual, yet not visionary or unsociable; elegant and artistic, yet not effeminate. It will show us that a little attention to the art of living might brighten our very busy but not too lovely civilization.

There are many ways in which we may apply the lessons learned from Latin civilization; a book could be devoted to them. I shall mention only two here; one deals with our conception of what makes a great nation, the other with a specific educational question. Canadians and Americans (Englishmen to a lesser extent) are inclined to measure a nation's greatness by its commercial and industrial development, by the number of bushels of wheat or of tons of steel that it exports; the arts and sciences, they think, are all very well as trimmings if we have time for them, but after all they are not things to be taken very seriously. The Latin nations will teach us a higher ideal. They by no means neglect the place of commerce and manufacture in national life, but neither do they exaggerate the importance of these activities; rather they place them lower than the glories of art and learning. The great Italian states of the Middle Ages were broad-based on a flourishing economic life; yet it is not because "she held the gorgeous East in fee" that the world treasures Venice and her memories, but because she made herself a thing of beauty, because she produced Titian and Veronese, because her printing-presses were the first to multiply the treasures of ancient literature. France before to-day has had many periods of vigorous economic life, has possessed rich colonies and sent her traders to the ends of the earth; but she treasures Molière and Racine, Descartes and Lavoisier above these things. Our Latin friends will teach us that a government shows its enlightenment not only by subventioning railways

and great economic enterprises but even more so by subventioning theatres, museums and educational institutions. Tyre and Carthage were states as powerful as Athens and Rome in ancient times; but they are nothing but names to-day, for their civilization was only an economic one; they produced no literature or art, by which things alone we can be known to posterity. Perhaps the influence of Latin ideals may in the end save such countries as Canada and the United States from such a fate.

On certain parts of our educational system also a Latin influence could only be beneficial. The Germans have probably brought scientific and technical training to the highest point of development, and in those departments we may still continue to learn from them. Unfortunately in American and Canadian universities German methods have penetrated into other departments of study where the results have been less happy. I am thinking especially of the literary departments which German methods of post-graduate study have gone near to wrecking. The accumulation of minute facts without any reference to criteria of relative value may be the supreme ideal of the scientific student; it is certainly inapplicable to the study of literature. Literature is an art, or it is nothing; and what the student or the teacher of it supremely needs is not erudition but a training that will enable him to handle ideas and refine his critical perceptions. When confronted with a play or a novel, let us say, written two hundred years ago, he ought to be required to tell, not only who wrote it and when, but whether it is a good, bad or indifferent play or novel and why. Yet, by expressing the desire for such a standard of literary scholarship, one exposes oneself to the insults of the thoroughgoing Ph. D. man who prides himself on his superiority to "dilettante" artistic judgements. The result is that we have men who cannot distinguish Dante from D'Annunzio posing as authorities on Italian literature (and initiating college students into it) on the strength of a thesis on some recondite subject like the Italian preterite in the Middle Ages. To such a pass has the

idolatry of German methods brought us. But the Latin influence will help us out of it; for the Latins are an essentially literary and artistic race, and, though even they (as is pointed out above) have been unduly influenced by German philological methods, they have never surrendered to them in anything like the measure the Americans have done, and are now freeing themselves from them rapidly. Let the French and Italian literary thesis be taken as the model instead of the German dissertation, and let our students seeking post-graduate training in literary studies go to the French and Italian universities, where they will find as guides professors who are both scholars and men of letters. The study of literature pursued under an unliterary guide is as dust in the mouth of the student. Now that some of our Canadian universities are undertaking post-graduate work in the literary departments, it is ardently to be hoped that the Latin influence may come speedily to our rescue.

Something might also be said in this connection about the beneficent tendency of Latin educational ideals towards the formation of the man of general culture rather than the narrow specialist; but this would draw us too far afield. I trust that enough has been said to show that in an age-long struggle against a powerful adversary Latin culture has shown an unconquerable vitality, and that, if, as seems likely, Latin ideals are to enjoy a new lease of life and influence, this should be no cause for alarm but rather for hope that we may draw from them many lessons of "sweetness and light," and that they may prove, in our new world as so often in the old, to be, in the true sense of the word, a civilizing influence.*

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*I have had to confine myself in this article almost wholly to the Latin civilization of Europe. But, of course, a complete study of the question would have to take account of the remarkable way in which the great Latin republics of South America have been coming to the front of late years. Several years ago an exchange of professors between the Sorbonne and the University of Buenos Aires was established; and only recently Harvard University founded a chair of Latin-American History and Culture, the first occupant of which, I believe, has already been appointed in the person of a distinguished South American scholar. The numerous parties organized during the last few years by American chambers of commerce and such bodies for tours of South America have usually included representatives of the higher institutions of learning in the United States.

A. F. Bruce Clark

SHAKESPEARE AND THE PILGRIM FATHERS*

ONE might think that in the three hundred years since Shakespeare's death every phase of his thought and activity had been dealt with by the thirty thousand odd scholars whose names appear in his bibliography; but life has many facets, and the relations between the Elizabethan poet and the emigration movement to the American continent, which set in towards the close of his career, has had but scant attention. Yet there is good reason for the conjecture that but for the personal influence of William Shakespeare upon the mind and life of a great Elizabethan nobleman, the Pilgrim Fathers might never have sailed from England in the ship "Mayflower," and thus brought to this soil the seed of that other flower now known as the American nation.

The connection is most definitely traced in the earlier poems of Shakespeare (notably the Sonnets) and in the plays of "Richard II" and "The Tempest." The significance and inner history of the Sonnets have excited endless controversy, but the opinion accepted by most scholars of repute to-day is that they were inspired by the friendship between Shakespeare and his literary patron, the third Earl of Southampton. To understand the nature of this friendship one must be familiar with the Elizabethan custom and with Shakespeare's early life.

Born of middle-class parents in a small country town, Shakespeare had a good education at the local grammar school, and probably could write in Latin as well as English,

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* Address delivered on July 4th at Boston Common. The theory advanced by the author has resulted in the following communication from Sir Sidney Lee, editor of the Dictionary of National Biography, and the chief living expert on Shakespeare:—"I have read it with deep interest and appreciation. The point you chiefly make is novel and ingenious, and has, to my thinking, much to recommend it."

certainly could read it fluently. He married unhappily and young, and at the age of twenty-one came to seek fortune in London in the year of the Great Armada, when the English navy finally defeated the Spaniards and England became mistress of the seas. Owing to the sack of Antwerp in 1585, London had become the chief mart and port of Europe, and indeed of the world. She was a great cosmopolis, ambitious to display to the foreigners who thronged her gates the pomp and splendour of the capital of a first-class European power. Richard Hakluyt, whose book, "Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffics and Discoveries of the English Nation," was published in 1589, the year after the Armada, says "which of the kings of this land before Her Majesty (Queen Elizabeth) had theyr banners ever seene in the Caspian Sea? Which of them had ever dealt with the Emperor of Persia as Her Majesty hath done?....Who ever saw before this regiment an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Signor at Constantinople? Who ever found English consuls and agents at Tripolis in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara, and, which is more, who ever heard of Englishmen at Goa before now? What English shippes did heretofore ever anker in the mighty river of Plate? Passe and repasse the impassable......straight of Magellan, range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the backside of Nova Hispania further than any Christian ever passed, travers the mighty bredth of the South Sea...... enter into alliance, amity and traffike with the princes of the Moluccaes, and the isle of Java, double the famous Cape of Bona Speranza, arrive at the Isle of Santa Helena, and last of all returns home most richly laden with the commodities of China, as the subjects of this new flourishing monarchy have done?......The borne naturalles of Japan and the Phillippines are here to be seen, agreeing with our climate, speaking our language, and informing us of the state of their Easterne habitations."

In the days of Elizabeth, the River Thames was alive with ships. A German named Hentzner who visited London at that time writes:

"Upon taking the air down the river, the first thing that struck us was the ship of that noble pirate, Sir Francis Drake, in which he is said to have surrounded the Globe of Earth."

Imagine the impression such scenes must have had upon this country youth. Can you wonder that plays recalling the stirring history of England were popular in the London theatres, and that when the opportunity soon afterwards was given him to collaborate upon and write and stage and assume rôles in such historical plays, Shakespeare was inspired to heights far beyond those of a mere literary craftsman compiling history from books?

His first connection with the theatre was, however, in a more humble capacity, namely, that of attending to the horses of play-goers in Shoreditch outside the Theatre in a livery stable owned by Burbage the actor, from which he rose to form one of the company, and helped to adapt plays; but not till after six years' hard apprenticeship was a play produced with his name attached. An actor of that day had to wear the livery or badge of one of the noblemen entitled to maintain companies of players, and Shakespeare wore the livery of Lord Strange's company, afterwards absorbed into the Lord Chamberlain's Company, which, on the accession of King James, became His Majesty's Servants.

Shakespeare had come to London with ambitions, and no doubt with a bundle of manuscripts in his wallet. For these he had to find a publisher, and also, in accordance with the custom of those days, a patron, who handed the author a donation in return for an appropriate dedication. The patron found by Shakespeare, five years after his arrival in London, for his first published poem, was the Earl of Southampton, a handsome, rich, well-educated, well-travelled, wild young man-about-town, whose patronage of poets was proverbially generous. To him Shakespeare dedicated first "Venus and Adonis," in 1593, and in the following year "The Rape of Lucrece," while it was on Southampton's suggestion that Shakespeare was summoned with Burbage and Kemp to play before Queen Elizabeth at the Christmas festivities of 1594.

For some time there has been considerable dispute as to the identity of the friend to whom many of Shakespeare's Sonnets are addressed, but the evidence is now overwhelming in favour of the Earl of Southampton; and this sonnet sequence, according to the custom of the day and with many literary embellishments which make it a work of art rather than a strictly realistic self-portrait, tells the story of the relations between poet and patron and a third person, the Dark Lady whose intervention threatened to disrupt their friendship and ended by casting a deep shadow on the poet's life.

The interpretation which to my mind explains the Sonnets best is that Southampton's mother encouraged a friendship between her wild young son and this older, well-mannered, well-balanced literary man, and it was at her suggestion that Shakespeare wrote the earlier Sonnets urging Southampton to marry. She would read the poems as well as her son, hence the compliment in Sonnet 3,—

> "Thou art thy mother's glass and she in thee
> Calls back the lovely April of her prime."

Some of the earlier Sonnets are of the commonplace adulatory type which the Elizabethan poets of that day were wont to address to their patrons; but as the friendship matures and is subject to the misunderstandings which most true friendships suffer and survive, there are sonnets of the highest poetical feeling. Take, for instance, Sonnet 33:

> "Full many a glorious morning have I seen
> Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
> Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
> Guilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy:
> Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
> With ugly rack on his celestial face,
> And from the forlorn world his visage hide
> Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
> Even so my Sun one early morn did shine

With all triumphant splendour on my brow
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth."

A sonnet in which Shakespeare gently reproves his friend for his too wild life is Sonnet 95:

"How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which like a canker in the fragrant rose
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O! in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose.
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O! what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge."

Another Sonnet seems to have reference to the change of fortune which carried the poet and his friend into separate paths, and to a promise that whatever those fortunes may be the poet will remain true to his friend. This is Sonnet 124, late in the sequence, when Southampton perhaps was already in disfavour at court, and reads as follows:

"If my dear love were but the child of State
It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to times love, or to times hate
Weeds among weeds, or flowers unto flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident,
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent

Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy that heretic
Which works on leases of short number'd hours,
But all along stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers,
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness who have lived for crime."

We must, however, be careful not to read too much into these Sonnets, for they were printed apparently without Shakespeare's authority or revision, and in many cases are clearly metrical exercises without reference to any real person. Ben Jonson, in his topical play, "The Poetaster," suggests that Shakespeare was never satisfied with his own poems and was constantly pruning and revising. Shakespeare in this play has naturally been identified with the character of Virgil, of whom Gallus says:

"And yet so chaste and tender is his ear
In suffering and syllable to pass
What he thinks may become the honored name
Of issue to his so examined self
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit
In his own Poems he doth still distaste;
As if his mind's peace, which he strove to paint,
Could not with fleshy pencils have her rights."

The Sonnet is a fourteen-line stanza or form of metre introduced into England at the time of Henry the Eighth, and in Shakespeare's early London days sonneteering had become a vogue which we find it difficult to understand in these more prosaic days. Shakespeare himself subjects the vogue to gentle satire in his play of "Love's Labours Lost," a play full of topical allusions which makes distinguished generals burst forth into sonnets on the slightest provocation. Very few poets of the time refrained from writing a sonnet sequence, such being intended not so much for publication in print as for the more intimate perusal of friends. Allowing

even for the hyperbolic terms of affection current in Elizabethan times, the friendship between Shakespeare and Southampton must have been exceedingly close, and there is some likelihood in the tradition mentioned by Sir William Davenant, Shakespeare's godson, that Southampton provided the poet with £1000 to purchase some property to which he had a mind. Certainly Shakespeare became a man of substantial wealth in a very short time, and was one of eight shareholders in the spacious new Globe Theatre ten years after he merely held horses outside the Old Theatre at Shoreditch.

Italian influence showed itself strongly in other phases also of English life. The great nobleman insisted on having an Italian garden terraced and formally arranged with clipped yews, exotic trees and marble statues. Domestic architecture was transformed under the same influence, and wide staircases, ornate chimney pieces, tapestries and richly decorated furniture changed the character of the old feudal castles. Italian dress and manners were imported to such an extent that Ascham thought it "the enchantment of Circe brought out of Italy to mar men's manners in England." The Earl of Southampton had an Italian tutor, Florio by name, and it is significant that the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Romeo and Juliet," and the "Merchant of Venice," with their Italian settings, came to birth in this most intimate period of Southampton's patronage and friendship with Shakespeare.

The drama. however, which was to play the greatest part in Southampton's life was "Richard II," the existence of which is referred to in 1595 and probably dates to the early part of 1594. In this play we find some of the most intensely patriotic lines that Shakespeare ever wrote, put into the mouth of the old statesman, John of Gaunt:

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea......
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth......
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world......
England bound in by the triumphant sea."

So again Bolingbroke, his son, on being sent into exile by King Richard, cries:

"Then England's ground, farewell—sweet soil, adieu!
My mother and my nurse that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banished, yet a true born Englishman."

The play itself had one aspect which the censor of those days disapproved of and forced the actors to cut out, namely, the too realistic rendering of the deposition of King Richard. Southampton at the time was high in Queen Elizabeth's favour, but four years later incurred the royal displeasure, owing to his secret marriage to a lady of the Queen's court. There is indirect evidence that Shakespeare kept in touch with Southampton all through the checkered history of the next few years. Southampton is recorded to have remained an ardent play-goer and also to have linked his fortunes with the Earl of Essex, one-time favourite of the Queen. Now, there is good reason to believe that Essex, who was appointed Chief of the Herald's College in 1599, granted Shakespeare the right to a Coat of Arms which the poet had in vain tried to secure for three years before, and here one may trace the hand of Southampton. In the opening chorus to the last act of the great historic play of "Henry V," there is a sympathetic reference to the expedition to Ireland in which Southampton took part in the year 1600.

This expedition was headed by the Earl of Essex, but failed, and the disillusioned Essex came back to London to

plot against the throne. Southampton, also out of favour, joined him, and in February, 1601, the night before open rebellion was declared, instigated the revival of Richard II, in order to remind the populace that another English sovereign had been deposed. The Lord Chamberlain's players were induced to put on the play at the Globe on the payment of an extra forty shillings, and this revival must have been done with Shakespeare's consent, for by this time he was one of the leaders of the Lord Chamberlain's Company. The play was revived, and not only at the Globe, for Queen Elizabeth complained that "this tragedie of Richard II" was played with seditious intent "forty times in open streets and houses."

The rebellion failed. Essex was beheaded and Southampton sent to the Tower, where he had two years of solitude in which to reconsider his past life.

That he had books to read is more than likely, for a portrait of Southampton now at Welbeck Abbey, made during his first imprisonment, shows him with a book on the desk beside him. Very likely Sir Robert Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's Secretary, through whose influence the sentence of death had been commuted to imprisonment, provided Southampton with the "Principal Navigations" of Richard Hakluyt which had so recently been dedicated to Sir Robert. But for lack of books, surely Southampton must have thought many a time of his old actor friend and mentor, and of that rich series of historic plays which had been produced during six years of intimate friendship. Of "Richard II" he would remember the fine patriotic fervour of old John of Gaunt, while in the two parts of "Henry IV" he would see his own picture in the wild young Prince Hal, and might imagine himself transformed into a nobler character just as Prince Hal matured into Henry V.

On Elizabeth's death, in 1603, King James restored the prisoner to liberty and favour, and one of Southampton's first acts was to engage Shakespeare and his company to play "Love's Labours Lost" at his own mansion in the Strand, to entertain King James' consort, Anne of Denmark.

Shakespeare by this time was in no further need of patrons other than King James himself, but that he did not lose touch with Southampton is shown in the play of "The Tempest" produced in 1611, in which the dramatist incorporates some of the tales brought home by the sailors wrecked on the Bermuda —"the still-vext Bermoothes"—in an expedition sent by the Virginia Company to this continent in the year 1609. Southampton was an active member of the Virginia Company ever since its inception in 1606, and it seems more than a coincidence that Shakespeare should put into the mouth of Gonzalo, the old Counsellor, a description of the Golden Age taken from a translation of Montaigne's Essays made by Florio, Southampton's tutor and protégé.

This description is worth while quoting here, for it typifies the conception held by philosophers in Europe as to the new life, the new Age of Innocence, which was made possible in the unspoiled lands of the New World:

"I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrates;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn or wine, or oil,
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women, too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour; treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind; all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people........
I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excell the golden age."

All of which Antonio, the Duke of Milan, calls "merry fooling." That these were Shakespeare's own visions of the settlements established in Virginia is hardly likely.

Sir Sidney Lee, whose "Life of Shakespeare" is so far the most complete and least subject to eccentric views, holds that in the character of Caliban Shakespeare summarizes his conception of the American Indian—grotesque, perhaps, but "a being endowed with live senses and appetites, with aptitudes for mechanical labour, with some knowledge and some control of the resources of inanimate nature and of the animal world."

The great discoveries and enterprises of English sea captains, such as Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh, had resulted in a desire to plant new Englands overseas, to provide an outlet for the surplus and sometimes undesirable population, to find new markets and new imports for England and thereby develop her naval and commercial power. Hakluyt in his Epistle Dedicatory to Sir Robert Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's secretary, in the second (1599) edition of his book, "Principal Navigations," commends the colonizing movement to Virginia and trusts that "it shall please the Almighty to stir up her Majesties heart to continue with her favourable countenance ...... with transporting of one or two thousand of her people, and such others as upon mine owne knowledge will most willingly at their own charges become adventurers in good numbers with their bodies and goods."

Southampton, who before his imprisonment had taken part in two overseas expeditions, devoted much of his life after his liberation to public-spirited duties and to such colonizing schemes, and became an active member of the Virginia Company formed in 1606 to further the settlement of the New World. This enterprise was no hole and corner affair of a few merchant adventurers but was a national movement for colonial expansion. Michael Drayton, the Poet Laureate, inscribed a farewell ode to the first settlers who set out in

December, 1606, in three small ships for Chesapeake Bay, the first stanza of which runs:

> You have heroic minds
> Worthy of your country's name
> That honour still pursue,
> While loitering hinds
> Lurk here at home with shame
> Go and subdue.

In the Virginia Company there developed in 1612 two factions—the "Court" party, which believed in maintaining an autocratic rule over the settlers, and the "Country" or "Patriot" party, to which Southampton belonged. Southampton's party came into power in 1619 and Southampton himself became Treasurer (that is to say, the real Governor) in the following year. In the "Discourses of the Old Company," presented to the Privy Council in 1625, the administration of the Earl of Southampton was praised for many notable improvements, particularly:—

"The bloody Lawes being silenced and their Government ordered like to that of this kingdom."

"The libertie of a General Assembly being granted them, whereby they find out and execute those things as might best tend to their good."

The Discourse is too long to quote in full, but it represents the deposition of an old autocrat régime and its replacement by a fine and deeply patriotic constitutional government, and those who read it with the play of "Richard II" in mind cannot help feeling that the spirit of Shakespeare's play—a play which denies the divine right of kings or the rule of the tyrant and upholds the rights of the citizen—had entered into Southampton and inspired him to such democratic statesmanship.

This same spirit is revealed in the attitude of Southampton and his party to an application for permission to settle in Virginia made by John Carver and Robert Cushman on behalf of the group of Separatists afterwards known as the

Pilgrim Fathers. This application was made in September, 1617, when the Court party was still in power, but was held in abeyance out of fear that such colonists would tend "to make a free popular state." When, however, Southampton's party, the "Patriot" party, came into power in 1619 with Sir Edwin Sandys as Treasurer, the patent was granted. It was under this patent that the "Mayflower" sailed from England in September, 1621, and only stress of weather carried the Pilgrim Fathers to Cape Cod instead of farther south as they intended.

If my contention is right that the influence of Shakespeare was the benign influence which helped a once profligate youth to become a public-spirited statesman, we have the required link between Shakespeare and the origin of the American nation. For, if Southampton had remained merely a selfish, pleasure-loving, literary dilettante, the settlements in Virginia might have miserably failed, certainly would never so soon have obtained a constitution, while the Pilgrim Fathers might never have been granted the patent under which they sailed from England to these shores. I have shown the constant connection between Shakespeare and Southampton, not only between 1594 and 1600, the period when Shakespeare was issuing his series of historic plays expounding and appealing to the patriotic sentiment of that time, but also as late as 1611, the date of Shakespeare's last play, namely, "The Tempest." It is surely no wild speculation to maintain that so dominant a personality, so overwhelming a mind, should have profoundly influenced this younger friend.

J. M. Gibbon

SHAKESPEARE AND BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE

THREE hundred years ago this year the most remarkable Englishman that ever lived, died. In a sense it is no exaggeration to call William Shakespeare the most remarkable of Englishmen; for if one man wrote all the plays and poems attributed by critics to William Shakespeare, and if that same man possessed only some knowledge of practically every subject under heaven, which apparently he did possess, and at the same time did not own a book or leave a single manuscript behind him, then he was the most remarkable Englishman of all time. Whether the plays were the work of one man or of twenty men, there is no denying that they exhibit in their author or authors a surprising amount of learning in ancient history, English history, state-craft, the life of courts, folklore, law, botany, zoology, physiology, psychology and stage-craft.

Shakespeare has been called a complete intellect; and this would be justified if one contemplated only the profundity of his knowledge of human nature in all ages and at all social levels. Nothing that has ever passed through the human mind seems to have escaped him. It is easy to draw up a catalogue of the mistakes and anachronisms of Shakespeare; but were the list ten times the length it is they would be all atoned for by the penetration of his instinct and its unerringness wherever the workings of the human mind are concerned.

If in biological science Shakespeare *did* repeat the mistaken notions current in his day, it may be none the less interesting to examine some of these in detail, and by the light our modern knowledge of life possesses endeavour to understand what phenomena it was that engaged Shakespeare's attention.

I pass by altogether the numerous allusions both to bodily and to mental diseases: these have been exhaustively dealt with by writers eminently qualified to treat of them. At present I would rather draw attention to the physiology and psychology in Shakespeare's writings. Naturally the question arises, did Shakespeare know the physiology current in his day, and if so, did he give expression to what was generally believed, or as regards the matter of that science, as in so much else, did he transcend the views current in his time and flash forth beyond them in prophetic prevision?

It happens that Shakespeare lived at a time when most momentous discoveries were taking place in physiology. It so happens that Shakespeare and the world-renowned Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, were contemporaries for some 38 years of their lives, for Shakespeare was born in 1564 and died in 1616 while Harvey was born in 1578 and died in 1657. Harvey was 38 years old when Shakespeare died. By 1616 Harvey had not, however, announced his epoch-making discovery, which was not published until 1628 and even then not in England but at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

It is rather curious to remember that the earliest writings of Harvey known to contain any description of the circulation of the blood in which the heart is regarded as the central power for it, are dated 1616. These are none other than Harvey's manuscript notes for his Lumleian lectures, the first of which he delivered at the College of Physicians on April 16, 1616. These precious leaves, accidentally discovered, have been bound together and now repose in the British Museum.

Seeing that Shakespeare died on the 23rd of April, 1616, it is at once apparent that he could have known nothing of the Harveian views on the circulation of the blood, the starting point of modern physiology, for the "Exercitatio de motu cordis et sanguinis in animalibus" was not printed for twelve years after that date. Thus Shakespeare could not have known of his great contemporary's discovery, because he died twelve

years too soon. Neither could Shakespeare's son in-law, Dr. Hall of Stratford-on-Avon, have told him of it, as some have thoughtlessly suggested he might. For one thing, Hall did not marry Shakespeare's daughter until 1607. Some uncritical writers have assumed that Shakespeare must have known of the circulation of the blood because he was a contemporary of Harvey. The two great men may never have met. Harvey was a student of medicine at Padua from 1598 to 1602, the very time when Shakespeare was at the height of his activity. But even if they did meet, the young doctor was not in the least likely to discuss with the great actor his revolutionary view of a matter of pure physiology. If Harvey discussed so technical a subject before he gave it to the world, it would be exclusively with his medical brethren. We should expect from *a priori* considerations, without examining Shakespeare's works at all, that their author was not acquainted with the new views concerning the circulation of the blood. A close examination of these writings confirms this in the fullest manner.

If Shakespeare then did not know the Harveian doctrine, what view did he know? The reply is that he evidently held the views which had been taught in the medical schools of Europe for 1400 years, the views of Claudius Galen, that great dictator in all matters medical.

The Galenical notions of the movement of the blood can be understood only after still earlier views are comprehended.

The distinction between arteries and veins was made before even the time of Aristotle. Shortly after the death of Aristotle, Erasistratus (300 B.C.) of Alexandria taught that blood for the nourishing of the body travelled up and down the veins only; whereas in the arteries "vital spirits" alone were found. Erasistratus thought that arteries during life did not contain blood because after death arteries are found to be empty. Galen made the discovery by vivisectional methods that the arteries contain blood during life. Accord-

ing to Galen the veins contained "crude" blood, the arteries pure or spirituous blood, that is, blood mixed with vital spirits. The Galenical doctrine of spirits, on which learned Europe subsisted for a millennium, was fairly complicated, as it recognized no less than three different kinds related somewhat in the following manner. The food in the intestine was supposed to be absorbed into the liver, where it was elaborated so as to be possessed of "natural" spirits. This crude blood then passed to the right side of the heart, into which all the veins of the body opened. This blood still crude was supposed to nourish the body by passing up and down the veins as with the ebb and flow of a tide. Its natural spirits in modern terminology would be equivalent to "powers of nourishing." Most of this crude blood was supposed to percolate through invisible pores in the septum, dividing the right from the left ventricle of the heart, only a little of it going by the pulmonary artery to nourish the lungs. In the left ventricle the blood was supposed to be mixed with air drawn in in the act of breathing. Aristotle taught that the inspired air was needed to cool the "innate heat" of the heart; Galen adopted this viewand added another result of the mixing of blood and air, namely, the elaboration of "vital" spirits. The great arterial vessel of the body, the aorta, arises from the left ventricle, so that blood, plus vital spirits, passed by the arteries to the tissues and organs to confer on them the powers of performing their specific functions. The vital spirits, therefore, promoted functional activity. Finally, said Galen, blood plus vital spirits is carried to the brain—an organ which Aristotle declared was cold and bloodless—and there becomes the seat of the production of a third order of spirit—the "animal." This production of animal spirits went on in the ventricles or cavities of the brain. These animal spirits, which as a term survive only in colloquial English, were to Galen what nerve-impulses are to us; but they were a great deal more, for they were the very instrument of the soul itself. The word "animal" does not in this connection mean "belonging to a beast;" it means

pertaining to the soul or anima, the Latin equivalent for the Greek psyche (ψυχή) life or soul. The full Latin expression is *spiritus animalis.*

The animal spirits of Galen are equivalent to consciousness in modern language, and to motor and sensory innervations as well. Such is a simplified account of the doctrine of spirits which was the orthodox medical teaching as late as during the lifetime of Shakespeare. It persisted in common parlance until long after, for in the reign of Queen Anne (1708) the "Daily Courant" advertised a perfume as efficacious because "it increases all the spirits, natural, vital and animal," which is quite in the Galenical order.

Shakespeare was perfectly familiar with at least the names of Hippocrates and Galen. In the "Merry Wives" (Act III, Sc. 1) we have Sir Hugh Evans, in speaking of Dr. Caius, saying:—

> He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen,
> —and he is a knave besides.

Both Aesculapius and Galen are mentioned by the host in Act II, Sc. III, of the same play. In Coriolanus (Act II, Sc.1) we have the phrase: "The most sovereign prescription in Galen." Shakespeare was evidently also aware of the reputation of Paracelsus as the leader of a school of medical thought, as it happens, a virulently anti-Galenical one. Galen and Paracelsus are mentioned in the same line in Act II, Sc. 3, of "All's Well"—

> Both of Galen and Paracelsus.
> Of all the learned and authentic fellows.

Seven Doctors of Physic are to be found in Shakespeare's plays: Dr. Caius, a French physician, in the "Merry Wives;" Dr. Butts, physician to Henry VIII; two doctors in "Macbeth;" Cornelius, a physician in "Cymbeline;" Cerimon in "Pericles" and a doctor in "King Lear."

Efforts have been made to identify Shakespeare's Doctor Caius with the distinguished Englishman, Dr. John Key

(Johannes Caius). Besides that Dr. Caius died 28 years before the "Merry Wives" was written, the Caius of the play is a Frenchman who cannot pronounce English correctly, a sort of character not at all resembling the learned and serious founder of the college at Cambridge and the President of the College of Physicians at London. The notion that Shakespeare's amusing doctor is the great Frenchman, Sir Theodore de Mayerne, is not much more likely.

Let us now examine the passages in which mention is made in some sort or other of blood, blood-vessels or heart.

In "Love's Labour's Lost" (Act. IV, Sc. 3) we have the expression: "The nimble spirits in the arteries," a direct echo of the Aristotelian-Galenical teaching.

The veins are mentioned much more frequently. In King John (Act III, Sc. 3) we find the expression "blood . . . runs tickling up and down the veins." The interest in this is, of course, the phrase "up and down," which is precisely what was taught as regards blood in veins before the uni-directional flow of blood was demonstrated by Harvey. The pre-Harveian notion of a tide, that is, an up and a down, a to and fro movement in the veins is exactly reproduced in this passage. In the same play we find the line—

> Whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,

and must at once be reminded of the exceedingly old belief that the life was pre-eminently in the blood. Not only do we have in Scripture the phrase, "for the blood is the life," but also in the Hippocratic writings the same idea. The Hippocratic writer based his belief on the familiar observation that when the blood has run out of the body of a slaughtered animal the animal dies.

Once more in the same play we have this idea quite distinctly put (King John, Act V, Sc. 7): "The life of all his blood is touched corruptibly."

Possibly the best known passage in which the movement of the blood is alluded to is in "Coriolanus" (Act. I, Sc. 1),

where Menenius Agrippa, a friend of Coriolanus, speaking of the belly, says:—

> True it is . . . that I receive the general food at first
> Which you do live upon, and fit it is,
> Because I am the storehouse and the shop
> Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
> I send it through the rivers of your blood
> Even to the court, the heart—to the seat o' the brain,
> And through the cranks and offices of man,
> The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
> From me receive that natural competency
> Whereby they live.

Now, while it is quite absurd to see in this not only modern physiology but a prophetic vision of Harvey's discovery, the passage is not wanting in biological interest. The general idea of the abdominal viscera receiving food and working it up into blood destined for the nourishment of the whole body, including the nerves, is in this passage and is so far physiologically correct. But undoubtedly it is the phrase "rivers of your blood" that should arrest us, for, if literally accepted, it does indicate the notion of a flow in one direction only. The flow of a river is the very opposite of a tidal flow.

To insist, however, that because Shakespeare used the expression "rivers of blood," he actually foresaw the discovery of the circulation is to read a great deal too much into this passage; possibly Shakespeare meant no more by "rivers" than if he had said "streams." If we had none other than this passage to go upon, we might admit that Shakespeare had before him the Harveian notion of a flow only in one direction; but in the light of what he writes in Act. V, Sc. 1,

> The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
> We pout upon the morning, are unapt
> To give or to forgive; but when we have stuffed
> These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
> With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
> Than in our priest-like fasts.

we cannot but believe that Shakespeare held no view other than the Galenical one of his own day, namely, that the veins, not the arteries, convey the nourishment to all parts of the body. The revivifying effect of alcohol, taken with food, is fully appreciated.

Shakespeare certainly held what Harvey so greatly emphasized that the heart is the chief organ in the vascular system. This is clearly intended in Falstaff's harangue about Sherris wine in Henry IV, Part II: Act IV, Sc. 3: "The second property of your excellent sherris is—the warming of the blood which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits, muster we all to their captain, the heart." There is much in this of correct physiology; the allusion to the pre-eminence of the heart has quite the modern ring.

The association of a pale or white liver with cowardice is of long standing. The ideas are not so absurd as one might at first think: for a perfectly bloodless liver is pale, of a grey brown colour. Now the exhibition of violent and aggressive emotions is always associated with a determination of blood to some part of the body, so that a bloodless and therefore pale liver might somehow be related to the opposite of aggressiveness.

This is not, however, the interesting thing in Falstaff's speech; it is the place he gives the heart, for the pre-Harveian physiology by no means gave the heart its important place in the bodily economy. One of Harvey's predecessors in vascular discovery, M. R. Columbus, denied the heart even to be muscular. That distinguished man of science, Steno, was violently criticised for his irreverence in asserting that the heart—the seat of the soul—was in its essence none other than a common muscle.

One of the main contentions of the Harveian physiology was that the heart was dynamogenic for the whole circulation. Every artery is filled, said Harvey, by blood forced into it through the compulsion of the cardiac beat. To Harvey, the heart was a force-pump, and the problem of the circulation was one in haemodynamics, to use a modern term. Harvey combated the old view that the arteries actively suck in blood as a bellows does air. Undoubtedly the arteries are living tubes, but they expand not in virtue of their vitality but by the blood-pressure within them acting against their force of elastic recoil.

Shakespeare seems to have had an inkling of the pre-eminence of the beating organ in the chest; he knew not only fairly accurately where the heart beat was, but how emotions directly affected it, as when Macbeth exclaims,

> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
> And make my seated heart knock at my ribs.

One of Shakespeare's allusions to blood reaching the heart has been made a good deal of by certain writers on the history of physiological discovery. The passage is in Julius Caesar (Act II, Sc. 1), where Brutus exclaims:—

> You are my true and honourable wife,
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart.

All that this asserts could be known from observing slaughtered animals, namely, that blood is in the heart; and yet some writers have gone so far as to maintain that Shakespeare anticipated Harvey in the matter of the discovery of the circulation. This must be put down to excess of hero-worship.

There is, however, quite a striking passage in "Measure for Measure" (Act IV, Sc. 3) where the heart is mentioned in a new connection:

> LUCIO: O pretty Isabella; I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red.

The thought in Shakespeare's mind was probably that the emotion of sorrow or sympathy blanches the heart in the same way that some emotions blanch the skin of the face. While the literal physiology of this is incorrect, there is the recognition of the important effect of psychical states on the condition of the heart.

Before passing on to Shakespeare's allusions to the nervous system and to psychological considerations, we might notice some phrases which refer to subjects of distinct physiological interest. For instance, when it is said in Richard II (Act I, Sc. 3),

> Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour,

we have a remark in agreement with the latest results of physiological chemistry. The sugars, it is now believed, in being digested, pass through a stage of lactic acid; in other words, a sour stage.

The expression, "life-preserving rest" (Comedy of Errors, Act V, Sc. 1), is an excellent physiological description of what rest really means. Rest is essentially recuperative; all work, nothing but activity, would wear out the organism; it must rest in order to live, therefore rest is "life-preserving."

The exact physiological condition in starvation could not be put better than in the line in Coriolanus (Act IV, Sc. 2),

> I sup upon myself, and so shall starve with feeding.

In inanition the body lives on itself, as it is said; what is actually happening is that the heart and central nervous system are living on the fat and muscles of the body. The former two—the noble tissues—are living at the expense of the rest of the body; it is, therefore, physiologically correct to say that in starvation there is feeding.

No less interesting than Shakespeare's allusions to the vascular system are those to the nervous. In his day, unlike ours, all emotional conditions were not at once referred to the cerebrum and so disposed of; there was a complicated distribution of them amongst the various viscera. Even much

later than Shakespeare's time, the seat of the soul was held to be in the heart; for instance, by Vico (1678-1774). Descartes assigned it to the pineal gland; Van Helmont placed it in the pylorus or "pit" of the stomach. Although Aristotle said the soul was in the heart, other Greek thinkers placed it in the diaphragm (phren); hence "phrensy" (frensy) or madness of the soul; hence also "phrenology," a discourse on the supposed localization of things mental. From time immemorial, emotions have been associated with viscera, as in the Old Testament where bowels yearned, and in the New, where there were bowels of compassion. Everybody knows that the spleen was the seat of anger, for we yet speak of a splenetic, meaning an angry, man, and a "fit of the spleen," meaning of rage.

Curiously enough, love was placed not in the heart but in the liver. Shakespeare adopts this localization when he makes Pistol say (Merry Wives, Act II, Sc. 1) that Falstaff loves Ford's wife " with liver burning hot."

We have seen that whereas Aristotle placed the soul in the heart, Galen placed it in the brain; and Shakespeare, if he consciously followed any school of thought, was Galenical rather than Aristotelian, for he makes Prince Harry, in King John, say of the King:—

> It is too late, the life of all his blood
> Is touched corruptibly, and his pure brain
> (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling place),

and so on, as though it were not yet decided to be but some supposed it in the brain.

Possibly one of the most remarkable of all the passages of biological significance in Shakespeare is in "Love's Labour's Lost" when Holofernes, speaking of ideas, says:—

> "These are begot in the Ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion."

Holofernes is a schoolmaster and therefore presumably represents a learned man, and certainly here his allusions are

sufficiently erudite to puzzle a good many fairly well educated people.

The "Ventricle of memory" is a phrase borrowed from the Arabian doctors of medicine who held that the brain possessed three cavities or ventricles in which the three subdivisions of the chief soul resided. The anterior was related to sensations, the middle to imagination, the posterior to memory. (Modern anatomists describe five cerebral ventricles.) These views were adopted by the theological Doctors of the Church in the Middle Ages. They were one of the beliefs against which Andreas Vesalius, the father of anatomy, particularly inveighed in his celebrated treatise the "De Corporis Humana Fabrica," published in 1543. In dealing with the brain he wrote—"I wonder at what I read in the scholastic theologians and the lay philosophers concerning the three ventricles with which they say the brain is supplied." "He then," says Sir Michael Foster, "goes on to ridicule the views held by these philosophers, namely, that a front ventricle is the receptacle of sensations which, passed on to a second ventricle in the middle of the head, are there used for imagination, reasoning and thought, and that a third ventricle near the back of the head is devoted to memory." Shakespeare adopts the unscientific terminology of the pre-Renaissance writers in the matter of mental states related to cerebral ventricles.

The expression "nourished in the womb of pia mater" is certainly obscure. "Pia mater" is the name given by anatomists to the highly vascular and soft membrane which, closely investing the brain and central nervous system, conveys to it the nourishing blood-vessels. It does in a sense nourish the brain, and, therefore, metaphorically might be said to bring to development anything functionally related to the activity of the brain. Whether or not Shakespeare knew of the anatomy of this membrane it is impossible to determine; but assuming that ideas are "begot" in a cerebral ventricle, it would be permissible to continue the simile and regard them as nourished by the membrane that nourishes the organ of

thought. The completion of the analogy between giving birth to a child and bringing forth a thought is, of course, thus possible. The passage is very striking and shows Shakespeare familiar with at least the anatomical terminology of his day.

The allusions in Shakespeare's writings to the activities, both normal and morbid, of the central nervous system are quite as interesting as those relating to the heart and blood-vessels. The symptom of giddiness is mentioned several times in the plays.

In King John (Act IV, Sc. 2), for instance, we have the line:—

> Thou hast made me giddy with these ill tidings.

Sudden violent emotion is very liable to produce giddiness; but few persons except those trained in physiology could explain exactly how this is so.

The emotion, usually of an unpleasant kind, arises on its physical side as an excitement of certain cells of the cortex cerebri; these cells discharge impulses to the nerves of the heart, which have the effect of making the heart-beats ineffective (inhibiting them) for driving enough blood to the brain and central nervous system. The result of this is a general lowering of blood-pressure, so that the cells of the central nervous system, whose duty it is to innervate the muscles engaged in balancing the body, do not now get enough blood. The body, therefore, sways and tends to fall, and the subjective sensation accompanying this disturbance of equilibrium is a feeling of giddiness. Cerebral anaemia, in short, produces giddiness. It also produces loss of function in the sensory cerebral centres, and chiefly in the centre for vision, so that the person affected suffers from imperfect sight.

This is interestingly noted in Henry IV (Part II: Act IV, Sc. 4) where King Henry says:—

> And now my sight fails and my *brain* is giddy,—

Shakespeare correctly attributing the giddiness to the organ involved. Shakespeare has not failed to note the subjective

sensations which a giddy person experiences in that stable, external objects seem to be moving round him and particularly in the direction opposite to that towards which he last moved. Thus we have in "The Taming of the Shrew," (Act V, Sc. 2):

> He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

The complete physiological explanation involves the knowledge of so much anatomy that it will not be attempted here.

Hamlet (Act III, Sc. 4) makes a remark in reference to the functional activities of the nervous system of so profound a character that we hesitate to believe that Shakespeare really knew all it involves:—

> Sense, sure, you have,
> Else you could not have motion.

The principle that sensory impressions must precede motor in the education of the nervous system, is now regarded as of immense practical importance. It is a fact which, of course, could not have been known to Shakespeare that those tracts in the central nervous system which subserve sensation are developed functionally a considerable time before those which subserve movement.

Shakespeare's marvellous observation had, however, shown him the truth of this important generalization without the possibility of his having any acquaintance with the physiological bases for it.

As one would be prepared to find, the more exclusively the topic has to do with the human mind, the more penetrating is Shakespeare's treatment of it.

The oftenest quoted example of this is the psychic blindness of Lady Macbeth:—

> DOCTOR: You see her eyes are open.
> GENTLEWOMAN: Ay, but their sense is shut.

That the eyes are open is not enough to ensure vision unless the centre for vision in the brain is also in activity, is the physiology underlying this passage.

It is a state of mind-blindness the result of extreme abstraction of the attention, a condition analogous to the state of the brain in hypnotism where a person can, by suggestion, be made blind although his eyes are open. Lady Macbeth is described as "fast asleep" but with open eyes. This is not natural sleep, for in it the eyelids are always closed. Shakespeare correctly describes a condition popularly called "trance" where, although the eyes may be open, there is no vision in the unconscious brain behind them.

Shakespeare clearly believed the brain to be the organ of the formation of images, or ideas. One more example of this may be given from the "Merry Wives" (Act IV, Sc. 2):—

> FORD: Well, he's not here I seek for.
> PAGE: No, nor nowhere else, but in your *brain.*

Coloured after-images or, as some call them, the results of retinal fatigue, are also alluded to in one of the plays. In "The Taming of the Shrew" (Act IV, Sc. 5) Katherine says:—

> Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes
> That have been so bedazzled with the sun
> That everything I look on seemeth green.

This is a literal experience known to many: if the eyes are over-stimulated by exceedingly bright sunlight and one goes indoors suddenly, everything takes on a rather ghastly greenish hue.

The last passage involving biological interest we may take from Hamlet (Act I, Sc. 5) where the ghost remarks,—

> The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
> And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

A minor point of interest is in connection with the paling of the light because of the dawn. The light of the glow-worm in common with all lights would begin to appear paler as the morning daylight increased. More technically, the light of the glow-worm is relatively feeble owing to the stimulation of the retina by a much intenser light. It is the same phenom-

enon as the extreme paleness of the moon's light when seen during the day. But there is a much more interesting word in this passage, the word, "uneffectual" as applied to the "fire" or light of the worm. Surely Shakespeare means to convey the notion that the "fire" of the glow-worm is uneffectual because it is unaccompanied by heat. Now, the fact has been established only quite recently that when organisms emit light, it is by an oxidative process known as chemiluminescence, in which the chemical energy is used directly for conversion to light-energy without passing through the stage of heat. In this sense, then, the light of the glow-worm *is* an uneffectual fire, because being accompanied by no heat it could set fire to nothing. Fire which will not set fire to anything is indeed uneffectual.

It need hardly be pointed out that it is only Nature that has succeeded in producing light without heat. Mankind has never yet achieved what man so greatly desires, a source of light without an accompanying very high temperature, for the heat generated along with the light is wasted energy as far as illuminating purposes are concerned. The spectrum of animal light shows it to be devoid of vibrations both towards the red and the violet end of the spectrum; it is therefore chemically inert, which is another aspect of its ineffectiveness.

D. Fraser Harris

WOMAN SUFFRAGE TO-DAY

THE more a people is devoted to industrialism and the arts of peace, the more elevated is the status of its women. In nations whose aims are militant, or whose men, in large numbers, are taken from industry for military purposes, the burdens thrown upon their women are correspondingly greater, and the status of their women correspondingly lower. It will, therefore, be of surpassing interest to observe the effect of the monstrous German War upon the women of the countries so disastrously involved in it. If, when we consider the material results of the cataclysm as they must affect the condition of women, we are doubtful that we have our feet on solid ground, we already imagine that we can, at least, reach it with our toes.

The harshness and pride engendered in men by their participation in the frightfulness of war, leads them to disregard the rights and claims of all who cannot forcibly assert them, and it is probable that women of the warring countries will, for some years to come, receive from their men a smaller degree of personal and social protection than they have been wont to receive, and suffer a marked diminution in the observance of those chivalrous offices which are the privilege of men in all high states of civilization. It is abundantly manifest that the loss and disablement of millions of men will force women to maintain, as it has already forced them to take up, a larger share in industrial and social service, and so harden their lot. The time will be out of joint for the women of Germany, Austria, Belgium, and Great Britain, and the condition of the women of the United States, already more enviable than that of the women of any of these countries, will be relatively still higher. If the war is concluded by a peace which is not accompanied by disarmament, but is followed by the maintenance of large military establishments

for offence or defence, the condition of women will still further decline. Happily, in Great Britain, as in France and elsewhere, it is already apparent that these regrettable consequences will not be without compensating benefits. The development of character in both women and men through suffering and sacrifice; the substitution of labour for idleness, of helpful co-operation for selfish individualism; the quickening of their capacity to do and to endure; and, above all, the realization of humanity as a whole and of the insignificance of self, save as a member of that whole: all these may, and now we are confident they will, result in a strengthening of the fibre of the race, in a more intensive cultivation of life, and in a nobler conception of the art of living. But these high things of the spirit are as yet impalpable and incalculable, and their influence can only be estimated by the historian of the future.

While the women of all the warring nations are nobly bearing their part and proving themselves the equals of their men in patriotism and fortitude, the militant suffragists of England have honorably observed a truce in their campaign. Announcing their intention to resume that campaign when the war is over, they have, since the fateful 4th August, 1914, ceased from troubling, and so far as their attacks made his office one of the most unenviable in the British Cabinet, the Home Secretary is at rest. Their conduct during the past two years and the noble share assumed by their sex of the labours of the war have already borne fruit. Mr. Asquith has been converted to their cause. More than two years ago, he stated that his government would not support any measure of woman suffrage until legislation had been enacted, providing for manhood suffrage. In last August, he stated in the House of Commons that while, when all the efforts of the nation were directed to gaining a victory over the Central Powers, it was impossible to deal with so complex and controversial a question as the revision of the franchise, any new reform bill must include the enfranchisement of women. It is true that Mr. Asquith's conversion is not conclusive: the

sanction of both houses of Parliament is necessary. But it is rumoured that there are many other important converts, and numerous press dispatches testify that, short of a legislative enactment, the suffragists have won the day. Whether such legislation can be carried by the present Government is more doubtful. It is to be hoped that it can; for the coalition government, being far more influential with the House of Lords than any Liberal government, is peculiarly able to effect the reform. The life, however, of the present Parliament has already exceeded the ordinary limit, and after the termination of the War the energies of both Cabinet and Parliament may be wholly absorbed for a considerable period by the solution of many grave and momentous problems apart from the ever-present Irish question. It is necessary only to mention some of these—the readjustment of commerce and finance; the disposition of returned soldiers and the care of the disabled; the sustentation of the war's widows and orphans; the redistribution of workers now engaged in the manufacture of munitions and other war material; the establishment of new diplomatic and commercial relations with friends and foes, and the institution of British government in new colonies; the settlement of the fiscal burdens of the Empire, and of the new and unparalleled taxation—to show that any reform of the franchise is, in terms of urgency, comparatively unimportant. It is not, therefore, improbable that a year or more will elapse after the end of the war before the suffragists will be able to grasp the spoils, but their cause will be promoted if they prolong their truce through that trying period of convalescence and recuperation. Their admirable bearing now has assuaged the resentment and repugnance aroused by the outrages of their militant campaign, and their adherence to counsels of forbearance then will compel the British people and parliament to a practical unanimity in the cordial recognition of the justice of their claim.

Elsewhere in Western Europe, Norway, Denmark, and Holland are preparing to follow the example set by Sweden

and Finland. In Canada, the government of Manitoba and British Columbia have pledged themselves to woman suffrage, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the leader of the Liberal party, and a professed admirer of the English Liberals, has formally announced his conversion to the cause.

It may be true that the United States lags behind several of the great nations in radical and socialistic legislation, but the American people have always been essentially democratic in the exercise of the franchise, and they cannot fail to be impressed by the advance of woman suffrage in the British Isles. Otherwise the outlook for the immediate future is not especially promising. Both Republican and Democratic platforms for the recent presidential election evaded the issue, and consigned it to the tender mercies of the several states; and Mr. Wilson, avowing a hearty sympathy with the cause, endorsed the platform of his party. Mr. Hughes, on the other hand, with characteristic independence of judgment, expressed himself strongly in favour of a constitutional amendment. Now, amendments to the Constitution can be sought either by Congress with the approval of two-thirds of both Houses or on application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several states, but in either case they become valid only upon ratification by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several states. The suffragists, therefore, have much hard work before them, but Mr. Hughes's policy appears to be distinctly more advantageous than Mr. Wilson's or the platform of either of the two great parties.

The task which lies before the American suffragists is the conversion of the majority of the electors of three-fourths of the states of the Union. By what arguments are they going to bring about that conversion? And why have they so far failed in their efforts? Two years ago they made a great campaign, but the electors of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania decided against them by overwhelming majorities. An appeal to Congress for the proposal of a constitutional amendment was equally unsuccessful. To one who followed carefully the progress of that

campaign and who attempted to analyze the causes of its defeat, it seems apparent that the obstacles which the suffragists have to overcome are, first, the opposition of a large and influential proportion of their own sex; secondly, the absurdity which characterizes most of the arguments by which they endeavour to gain support; and thirdly, the fear that the introduction of woman suffrage would be detrimental to the virility of the national government.

The last of these obstacles which has been augmented if not raised by the suffragists themselves, namely, the undefined but instinctive fear of the male electorate that the participation of women in the national franchise would induce what Mr. Roosevelt aptly calls "pussy-footedness" in the national government, is rapidly diminishing in importance. A priori, there is no ground whatever for this fear. Mankind is man and woman, and women can be trusted to share the passions and the sentiments of their men and to think, and, so far as possible, act in the like manner in the like circumstances. To suppose otherwise were to ascribe to a lioness the attributes of a Southdown sheep. The temper of the women of France and Great Britain in the present supreme trial gives ample assurance that the women of the United States may be relied on in matters affecting the safety and the honour of their country. In the bosom of countless thousands of American sisters breathes the indomitable spirit of an Edith Cavell; and for every American mother who in time of peril would weakly and foolishly cry, "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier," there would be a dozen who would bravely echo the Spartan message of the Englishwoman who, shortly after the outbreak of war, having seven of her sons in the army or navy, wrote to the eighth who was working in Canada, and said, "If you don't come home and enlist, I'll never speak to you again!"

Accompanying this fear of the enfeeblement of national government is the suspicion that the vote in the hands of women would bring forth a crop of ill-considered and faddy legislation. To judge by the record of certain Western and Pacific Coast states whose women already enjoy the franchise,

that suspicion is not without some slight foundation; and the unfortunate claim of some suffragists to superior moral efficiency has tended to strengthen it. There is no doubt that a considerable number of women regard their enfranchisement as a remedy for many of the ills and disabilities of their lives, but reliance upon that remedy would quickly disillusionize them. Women are naturally conservative and conventional. Even if they could unite and act collectively they would quickly learn that in their hands, as in men's, the vote is a tool of limited uses, and that power is not synonymous with wisdom. But it is no more possible for women to unite on political questions or economic changes than it is for men, whose defects and limitations they share; and it is becoming generally recognized that the sum of hasty and ill-judged legislation they could bring about by the exercise of their electoral power would be negligible.

In the unenlightened but sincere opposition of a large and influential section of their own sex in the eastern states, the suffragists confront a most formidable obstacle. When, in 1895, a woman suffrage referendum was submitted to the women of Massachusetts only four per cent. signified their desire for the franchise. A proposal fifteen years later, to submit a similar referendum to the women of the State of New York, was vehemently opposed by the suffragists of that state, in fear, as is alleged, of an adverse vote. Now, it is certain that the franchise has been given to a large number of men who, at the time, did not want it or did not know that they needed it. In every large extension of the franchise that is sure to have occurred. But history affords no instance of an extension of the franchise to men which was opposed by a section of the group proposed to be enfranchised. The grant of the franchise to a class of which a large and important section strenuously objects to receive it would be a singularly interesting phenomenon in political history. The gravity of this feature of the question is sensed when we reflect that in order to obtain the vote women have only to be or to appear to be of one mind in asking for it. American women can win

the vote either by persuading the majority of men or by achieving unanimity within their own ranks. Since it is usually easier to secure the concession of a right than to wring from reluctant men or women the recognition and performance of a duty, the first course, namely, the persuasion of men, seems to offer the quickest road to success. It is possible, nay, even probable, that national woman suffrage in the United States will be granted as the result of something apparently quite different from conversion by argument. It may come about through the anxious bidding of the great political parties or as the effect of some more adventitious cause. But it will not come about at all unless the majority of the people are prepared to admit its innate justice. Hence the paramount importance of the validity of the arguments with which the suffragists sustain their cause, and hence the magnitude of the difficulties which they have created in their own path by setting up many fallacious and ridiculous pleas. Some of these arguments are almost too absurd to be mentioned were it not for the importance with which the suffrage advocates invest them.

In the first place, every male voter is a judge in the case, and no advocate of any experience or skill would expect to succeed before him if his argument were prefaced or accompanied by abuse of the court, by charges of tyranny and suppression of which the judge knew himself to be completely innocent. It may be good tactics, when one has no case, to abuse the plaintiff's attorney, but whether one's cause is good or bad, it is the height of folly to abuse the judge.

In its original significance, namely, the taxation of colonial possessions by a suzerain parliament in which the colonies were not represented, "Taxation without representation" is an excellent rallying cry. It has a special appeal to Americans in recalling the memory of Bunker Hill, the Boston tea-party, and a successful revolt. But it is hardly more appropriate in the mouths of suffragists than the cry of the French Revolutionists in 1789, "A bas la Bastille!" Women may sincerely cherish the belief that their interests would be promoted by

the election of women to Congress and Senate or, through the exercise of the ballot, by their choice of male representatives; but to assert that they are now taxed without being represented is a totally different thing. It is to deny that the male voters as well as congressmen and senators, being fathers, sons, husbands, brothers, do not seek to guard or promote the interests of their mothers, sisters, wives or daughters. Stated in this way, the assertion is seen to be incompatible with the truth. And it seems the more negligible when one reflects that in affairs of immediate personal importance which are much easier of solution than the difficulties of national legislation, such, for instance, as the investment and management of their money, the majority of women prefer the representation of men to action by themselves or to the agency of other women. That a comparison of the laws of the several states shows that the status of women is as good in states in which they have no vote as in states in which they enjoy the suffrage is a retort that may prove nothing. In any event it is unnecessary. The fact is that every honest male elector does represent the women of his class, as every woman voter would represent the men of her class, for the interests of voters and their families are the same, and the voters represent these interests. The contrary is unthinkable.

It is urged that the participation of women in the ballot would tend to the purification of political life. If that were susceptible of proof or even reasonably conceivable, the question would not be whether or not they should have a vote, but whether they should have two votes or ten votes. Alas, the contention goes too far. It implies not only that women, born and living under the same social conditions as men, have a higher morality, but also that with intellectual and educational endowments in nowise superior, and with infinitely less experience of political affairs, they yet have a greater political sagacity. We know that these things are, unfortunately, not true: the age of miracles is past. But there is a further implication, for since the political life of a community must inevitably reflect its social conditions, the pretension is set up that

woman suffrage would tend to purify or improve the social life of the people. Many noble men and women are devoting their energy to the amendment of social evils and the rectification of social injustice, and most men would support any scheme which held out a fair prospect of elevating the tone of public morality. If women knew better than men how such a desirable thing could be accomplished, they would make their method known, and men would adopt it. Nor can the suffragists take refuge in the statement that women would vote the best or better candidates into public office, because that implies their ability both to secure better candidates and to unite in electing them. In other words, it is merely a feeble restatement of a claim to higher morality and superior political sagacity.

Suffragists will advance their cause by abandoning the foregoing and similar arguments and by relying on the one plea to which in a democratically governed country there is no answer. Since so largely upon the character of the government depends the physical and social welfare of each individual, it follows as the night the day that women are equally concerned with men in the conduct of that government. It is the right and the duty of every individual man and woman, therefore, to criticize the government and to do everything within his power to influence it in the direction of promoting his interests in so far as they are not opposed to the general good. Now, where a government exists by the consent of the governed, the very purpose of the suffrage is to bring it under the control of the people, and, for the mass, the vote is the only means of exercising that control. To deny the suffrage to women, therefore, is to deny the opportunity of criticizing, influencing, and controlling the government to one-half of the adult population of the country which has an equal interest with the other half in the character and conduct of that government. It is useless for defenders of the existing discrimination to say that the one-half represents the whole. So it may, and so, perhaps, would one-quarter or one-tenth. But intelligent and earnest women do not wish, and ought

not to wish, to exercise their rights and perform their duties by representatives or even by proxies: they want to do these things with their own hands and their own mouths. The gross injustice which they presently suffer can perhaps be appreciated better if one considers the case of a country with a limited franchise, such as England, which grants the suffrage, on a liberal scale, it is true, only to certain privileged classes, namely, owners, tenants, and occupants of premises of a prescribed annual value. There the qualification for the franchise is the outward, visible sign of our ancient friend, "a stake in the country." That is an old Tory phrase in vogue fifty or sixty years ago, and was used to connote the possession of a country estate, a yeoman's farm, or, at least, the freehold of a cottage. But it ought to have meant something entirely different, and something which every man and woman has, namely, a stake in the government of the country. Now, the most elementary knowledge of social conditions must lead one to the conclusion that the stake of the poor in the government of their country is greater than the stake of the rich, and the stake of the weak greater than that of the powerful. That is so directly contrary to the tacit assumption of many governments and of the majority of the governed that it sounds paradoxical, but it is so obviously true that one may venture the maxim: The stake of an individual in the character and conduct of the government is in inverse proportion to his wealth and power. The rich, the powerful, and the wise are equipped with means to protect their interests and may, without ever voting, influence not only the selection of the governors but the trend of the laws and the whole conduct of diplomacy and internal government. If they object to their government, an Astor, a Morgan, or an Eliot, or, let us say, accomplished women like Mrs. Pankhurst or Miss Addams may even transport themselves to another land and dwell there in safety and comfort. But to deprive the navvy, the section-hand, the laundress, and the sweated garment-worker of the vote is to deprive them, politically speaking, of the right of free speech and self-protection. Women as well as

men "do not need political rights in order to govern, but in order that they may not be misgoverned." It is no doubt on these grounds that in England Mr. Asquith has rightly intimated that manhood suffrage must precede or accompany legislation conferring the franchise upon women. Were the franchise now to be granted in that country to women on the same terms as men, a privileged class of female voters would be added to a privileged class of male voters, while those persons of both sexes who need the vote most would be left in the outer darkness. And thus it is made clear how doubly erroneous and how undemocratic is the suffragist plaint of "taxation without representation," since it involves the abolition of the existing injustice in favour of a privileged class of women taxpayers who need the vote less than their less fortunate sisters.

Women, then, are entitled to the franchise because equally with men they have a stake in the character and conduct of the government, and that stake is their individual welfare and; of course, the welfare of their children.

It is more blessed to give than to receive, and every nation which grants the franchise to women will reap a fruitful reward in the educational force which will be set at work in all classes of women "when they are called to take a part in acts which directly affect the great interests of their country." No one who associates with cultured and intelligent women can help feeling depressed by the little the majority of them know, and the little they appear to care, about the constitution, the government, and the laws of their country. With the suffrage, they will be stimulated to take an interest in these things by the appeals and arguments which are addressed to the possessor of a vote, and by the necessity of deciding between rival policies or rival candidates. They will come to realize that their duty to their homes is not wholly or properly performed unless they take an intelligent and, when necessary, an active interest in those affairs of state and policy which so often concern the happiness and welfare of those homes. Such an interest cannot fail to react favourably upon their

men and their sons and daughters; and thus the nation will be not twice, but thrice blessed.

The statement that the enfranchisement of women will lead to neglect of the home can only be based on the assumption that if they get the vote they, or a large proportion of them, will "go into politics." Since politics is the greatest of games, it is certain that here and there a home will suffer from the zealous activity of the housemother, but it is inconceivable that more than a fraction of one per cent. of the women of the country will be induced to throw themselves into a strife which, for victor and vanquished, is attended by so much bitterness and disappointment. The time which the great remainder will devote to the bare duties of a voter will unfortunately be infinitesimal in comparison with the time they spend in going to church or the movies or in gossip about clothes. The benefits which will accrue to women in general, and thereby to the whole nation, are so well stated by John Stuart Mill in his essay on *Representative Government* that their enumeration is unnecessary, and a restatement of them would savour of impertinence.

It is difficult to listen with patience to many of the inane objections to woman suffrage, such as the allegation of their unfitness to exercise the franchise because they cannot bear arms in defence of their country or physically enforce the laws. The women of France and Great Britain have given the final answer to that. But of this class there is one objection which deserves notice merely because it has been put forward by Mr. Taft and other persons of high intelligence and tolerance. They say that while women will doubtless obtain the franchise, they are not yet ready for it. By this they do not mean the really important objection that a large section of the sex in various localities are opposed to receiving it, but that women are too ignorant or inexperienced to use it properly. It is probable that there has never been an extension of the franchise which was not opposed on that ground; it is doubtful if history records any instance of a franchise extension the results of which, after a fair trial, have not

confounded its opponents. After two generations of compulsory or universal education it would be absurd to suggest that the women of Great Britain, the United States, and Canada, are less qualified for the franchise than the myriads of men who, often illiterate and ill-informed, have yet shared in the choice and conduct of their governments, and on the whole with advantage to their country. Those who would defer the grant of the franchise to women on the ground of their incapacity or inexperience ought also to object to their sharing in religious services until they understand the sacraments of their church. Are women qualified to look after their spiritual welfare and not qualified to look after their temporal welfare? Are they qualified to participate in the mysteries of their religious communion and not qualified to feel and to know a desire for an improvement in the conditions of their life? For that is the ultimate test of capacity to use the franchise—a consciousness of self-interest. If an enlightened self-interest, so much the better.

W. VAUGHAN

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

THE CANADIAN ALPINE JOURNAL.

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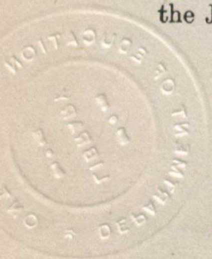
Sometimes, when a trifle jaded with the racial question, the religious question, the language question, the imperial question, and half a hundred other questions that ruin Canadian digestion at the breakfast table, the average Canadian must be at least dimly conscious that if his country is ever to be more than a geographical expression (or even to remain adequately that) it must endeavour to combine the many elements of which it is composed, with some more cohesive instrument than the butcher knife of partisan controversy. In all that pertains to race and its heritage, we shall be a divided people until these things cease to operate as dominant factors in emotion. Meanwhile, what have we, as a nation, to join hands over? Not race, nor language, nor religion; not even political institutions, for the renewed discord of the imperial problem, with its inevitable cry of race, scarcely awaits the conclusion of the war. But there is one element of national greatness which elicits common enthusiasm from us all: the land itself,—hill, valley and plain from sea to sea. And of this the noblest feature is the Rocky Mountains.

As the Swiss worship their native hills, so will Canadians be devoted to the Rockies in the day when they more thoroughly realize that Canada is, among other things, an Alpine country. We are still a little diffident about accepting proprietorship. It is hard to realize, in this commercial time, that the mountains are *ours*—not a railway concession, but a national heritage. The traveller across the Selkirks who is reputed to have expressed admiration for the Canadian Pacific Railway's enterprise in putting the great Illicilliwaet Glacier by the hotel, simply voiced a very common suspicion that the mountains are something merely staged—a clever background for the railways.

To dip into the pages of the Canadian Alpine Journal is to be disabused once and for all of that suspicion. The Journal is written and edited by mountaineers and geographers. It is published annually by the Alpine Club of Canada, a national organization whose object is to make the mountains accessible in every way possible, through sport, science, art, and literature, to the Canadian people; and to infuse a bit of " de ole tam Voyageur " into the blood of twentieth century town-folk. The pages of the Journal are filled with the actual doings of men who have penetrated



the mountains with motives varying from those of the tourist and the scientist to those of the professional guide and trapper. The ensemble gives a broad and generally accurate picture of Canadian mountain life (outside of Pullmans) which the collector of *Canadiana* cannot afford to overlook.

The Alpine Club of Canada was originally founded by men and women who hoped by the "co-operation of kindred spirits to make visiting the mountains possible to people who are high thinkers but of necessity plain livers." To such people the Journal makes its appeal. Its primary value is for the geographer and the scientist, without neglecting the lover of good literature, and its articles are, for the most part, written by able men.

It is timely that the recent issue (1914–1915) should devote attention largely to Mt. Robson and the adjacent territory. Hitherto we have been surfeited and choked with railway buglings about "Fifty Switzerlands in One." What mental anaconda can take in "fifty Switzerlands in one?" We have long needed some great, culminating peak to stand out in the popular imagination as a concrete symbol of the Rocky Mountains, a peak whose image shall at once fly into the mind at mention of the Rockies. giving us a definite picture instead of a few territorial statistics upon which to fasten our appreciation of the sublime.

The peak is there; peerless, historic Mt. Robson, the culminating point of Canadian scenery in the grand style, a natural focus for the nation's imagination.

"Mountaineering is the sport *par excellence* for soldiers," writes Elizabeth Parker in one of the Journal's "Reviews." The validity of this statement is demonstrated in every line of the papers dealing with the ascent of Robson in 1913. The story of the conquest of Mt. Robson reads like that of a campaign. The Alpine Club Camps of past years were the training schools whereby a body has been produced of skilled Alpinists capable of this culminating achievement. The story of that whirlwind week, when the A. C. C. Camp at Robson Pass launched three expeditions against the peak, only one of which was successful, though all attained a pinnacle of skill and daring, will be a classic in the annals of Canadian mountaineering. A vigorous paper by B. S. Darling, who describes a tremendous, though unsuccessful, assault upon the mountain by the West arête, is the best bit of literature in the volume.

Weather is the arch enemy of climbers upon Robson. It will always prove a handicap to the cushioned tourist who wishes to ascend Robson in a basket. Darling, in the following passage, describes the storm that overtook the last party on the mountain:—

"......At 12,000 feet Conrad cried out: 'Es geht sure!' For once, I am sorry to say, he was mistaken. It did not.

"At the moment he spoke, we were still sheltered from the worst of the storm by the West arête; but as we mounted higher, we rose above its protection, and the power of the blizzard increased ten-fold. The wind was bitter and blowing from the north, driving the falling snow into our faces until we could hardly see. The lashes of my weather eye froze together and I could not face the storm. The cold became severe, congealing the moisture in our clothes until they were like suits of mail, and although the wind grew more and more powerful, the density of the mist did not relax for a moment. In fact, the veil about us was of such an unchanging whiteness and opacity that to our half-blinded vision, the snow underfoot and the enveloping mist became as one, until often it was only by feeling with our axes that we could ascertain the angle of the slopes we were ascending. When, however, the snow was pierced by the axe shafts, or disturbed by our feet, delicate blue shadows of exquisite and varying tones filled the depression."

Among other noteworthy papers should be mentioned one by Howard and Mumm on "The Whirlpool." Mumm throws an interesting suggestion into the long discussion concerning the identity of the one-time giants, Mts. Brown and Hooker, namely, that the mountains originally named by Douglas are not on opposite sides of the pass, as the Arrowsmith maps had shown them, but are to be identified as twin peaks lying side by side upon the west of the Punchbowl.

A. O. Wheeler continues his study of the motion of the Yoho Glacier, and adds an interesting paper on the Robson Glacier: that huge sheet of ice discharging its waters so deftly on the summit of the watershed that the caprice of spring freshets, shifting their flow erratically from the Pacific to the Arctic slope, or dividing it between the two, changes the provincial boundary and bandies about between Alberta and British Columbia, an area of some score of square miles.

Mt. Natazhat (13,480), a handsome peak of Alaska close to the Yukon border, occupies our attention in an article by H. F. J. Lambart, of the International Boundary Survey.

Significant, also, is an article by the Hon. W. R. Ross on "National Parks as an Asset," representing as it does the attitude of a minister of the crown towards the "potential riches" in scenery. It is well that we should recognize the commercial value of natural beauties. Nevertheless, we shall be able to measure the greatest riches of the mountains, not in the treasury, but in the character of those who have felt the inspiration of the cliff and trail.

Perhaps the most striking excellence of the Journal is in the photographs. Robson lends itself to art. Unlike the vast majority of Rocky Mountain peaks, which Dr. Coleman complains are ill-grouped for individual effect, Robson is singularly well posed, so that from every point of view it appears the culminating feature of the landscape. It is not hidden away deep in

a cirque of vulgar, knee-high peaks which perspective encourages to outdo their master, but stands out startlingly dominant, " a giant among giants, and immeasurably supreme."

There is apparently no weak side to Robson's contour. It has the massiveness of Temple without its clumsiness. For better or for worse, its characteristics are, with the exception above noted, distinctly those of the Rocky Mountain Range. The horizontal strata are uniform and conspicuous. Despite the impression which some painters have given abroad, Robson is not a Gothic mountain, as the Journal's illustrations most abundantly prove. It is lofty without soaring. It is built on the horizontal plan: tier above tier of strata, with a culminating dome which emphasizes, without harshness, the impression of solidity and mass.

The most charming photograph reproduced is one by Byron Harmon, representing Robson glimmering through the trees in the evening sun, and the whole length of the glowing Blue Glacier from its source on the highest cliffs to where, eight thousand feet below, its gigantic cascade plunges with the roar of intermittent ice artillery into the emerald water of Berg Lake.

The Journal has unfortunately elected to call this the " Tumbling Glacier," instead of preserving the original name bestowed by its discoverer, Dr. Coleman. Both names are picturesque, and each accurately describes one of the twin characteristics of this remarkable glacier. But " The Blue Glacier " was the original name and, I think, the more euphonious. The substitution was probably inadvertent, for the Alpine Club has usually taken a determined stand against the all too prevalent practice of changing place names at individual caprice.

The Robson region is comparatively free from the ravages of one type of vandalism peculiarly and unexplainably attractive to explorers of education and culture: that of plastering natural beauties with personal names—aunts, uncles, native towns, or personages from whom future favours are anticipated—names which are never appropriate and seldom euphonious. Ghastly examples of this kind of thing are to be found in an article by James White on " Place Names in the Vicinity of the Yellowhead Pass," where the nomenclature is studied of Milton and Cheadle, masters in the art of misnaming. Where in the wilderness can the cacophony be surpassed of the names Bingley, Wentworth, Rockingham, and Fitzwilliam? A map, elsewhere in the volume, of a district in the southern Selkirks indicates another interesting family of place names: Horse Thief Creek, Mt. Highball, Jackass Ridge, Toby Creek, and Jumbo Glacier. This is pure vaudeville. It is not necessary for a name to be striking. What is important is that it should express some inherent phase of the thing described. It should be in harmony with the prevailing mood of what it is attached to. Incongruous names are no asset to scenery.

It is refreshing to turn to an article on "Winter Conditions North and West of Mt. Robson," by Donald Phillips, packer, trapper, guide and mountaineer. We are introduced to a region whose place names, all pictures, seem to have grown out of the very woods and hills themselves, with as much magic to evoke poignant associations as the fragrance of the balsam and the tune of running water beside the trail; names that

> "......Flash upon the inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude."

Stony River, the Big Smoky, Wolverine Pass, Moose and Beaver Rivers, Twin Tree Lake, the Jackpine, Meadow Lake, and Calumet Creek, are names to conjure with. Is it any wonder that "Curly" Phillips, bred in a country where things name themselves, naively expresses disquietude at the city dweller's intrusion upon the nomenclature of the wilds, when he refers to "the big, snow-covered peak.... which somehow got called by the name of Chown."

This delightful article brings one close to the spirit of the trail—which, with the glacier-shadowed campfire, is the distinctive spirit of the Canadian mountains. Its unsophisticated narrative leads one over frozen rivers and passes, where "in all the sheltered places the trees are loaded down with snow. If you had been here during the summer you would now be likely to enquire as to what had become of all those troublesome alders and willows that used to trip you up so often. They are all there yet, but for once you are able to travel over the top of them, for the first heavy snows bend them down to the ground, and there they stay until summer comes again.... The great loads that cling to the trees are not soft, loose snow that a slight breeze would dislodge, but a hard crusted mass that only a heavy wind will shake off.... I have seen those huge pieces of frozen snow, weighing upwards of a hundred pounds and more, come crashing down from the top of a hundred foot spruce and go right through a hard-frozen snowshoe trail. The trapper would sure be out of luck who happened to have one of them fall on his head."

There is a spirit of comradeship evoked by mountaineering, more, perhaps, than by any other sport, which is being turned to greatest national good. The Alpine Club has succeeded in bridging the gulf between East and West. In its yearly camps, men and women meet from all parts of Canada, Vancouver Island to Nova Scotia. Nevertheless the Alpine Club is not completely national. It if could extend its membership to include the representation of Canadians of French descent, what a vital function mountaineering might perform in bringing about a more sympathetic understanding between the two great racial elements of the Canadian nation!

THE AMBER VALLEY. POEMS.

Warwick Chipman. Gundy, Toronto, $1.00, pp. 93.

Mr. Chipman's slender volume will be a disappointment to those who are looking for a distinctly Canadian note in the work of a Canadian singer. It will be more satisfying to those who are looking for evidences of the lyric gift and sincerity in using it. Free from modern faddishness as from localism, the brief pieces—swallow flights of song—reflect both in matter and manner the great English poetical traditions.

The subjects are those on which myriad poets have sung, yet other myriads may well sing them and there need be no repetition: sunsets, and bird voices and trees, and clouds, and the long, long thoughts of youth. It is an ardent lover of nature, impressionable and pensive, who describes for us the valley amber with sunset light, the hawk, the loon and the unnamed bird of Lac Souris. But it is a nature love of the Matthew Arnold rather than the Wordsworth school. The minor note which sounds again and again is less the result of personal disappointment, obscurely hinted at, than of a temperament, naturally reflective, oppressed as Matthew Arnold's was, by the melancholy negativity of the modern thinker's outlook.

There is no very great range in the subject matter of the forty-five poems gathered here. It may be said by the carping that there is no great originality of thought or treatment. Against such adverse remark should be put the positive virtues of restraint, and avoidance of eccentricity. Every lyric and sonnet in the collection gives evidence of facility. Mr. Chipman evidently weaves rhymes with ease. He could, no doubt, issue a much larger volume if he chose, and he could try experiments with metre and achieve more startling effects. He has chosen to respect the example of his masters.

In the measures chosen, the reader catches echoes of Shelley, of Tennyson, of Rossetti, but there is no imitation. The lilting short line verse made familiar through the final song of Callicles in Matthew Arnold's Empedocles is one frequently used, and never with more success than in the airy fragment called *Naples*, a morsel of musical philosophy which lingers in the memory more persistently than profounder things. A yachtsman in the Bay of Naples sees a beautiful girl beautifully placed on the picturesque shore. The two exchange greetings, pleasure passes from eye to eye, but there is none of the cruel smiting of love at first sight.

> 'Twas a look and a laugh,
> And a toss of the hand;
> And then on the morrow
> Away from the land.

And nothing was opened
And nothing was bruised,
And nothing desired,
And nothing refused.

Readers will find their own favourites, but it may be predicted that many will choose, for its restraint and pathos, the delicate lament called *Smoke*; and that many will re-read with appreciation *The Wanderers*, one of those haunting echoes of the modern spirit which many have felt but not all have found expressible.

It will be interesting to see whether in a subsequent volume Mr. Chipman has anything to say on the new sensations, the new reflections which the Great War has forced upon our generation.

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN IDEALISM.

The New York Nation, 1865-1915. Selections and Comments by Gustav Pollak.

Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Company. The University Press, Cambridge, 1915.

There are a good many Canadians who seem to think that Mr. Hearst is the only journalist in the United States. As a help to the correction of this erroneous view, we would recommend Mr. Pollak's history of the New York *Nation*—a paper which can claim, in all soberness, to have been for fifty years an exponent of American idealism. To justify his title, Mr. Pollak publishes a selection of representative articles which are drawn from the columns of the *Nation* and prefaced by his own brief comments. This anthology, which occupies more than 358 pages, is accompanied by an essay of rather more than 80 pages, on the editors and contributors who have given the journal its distinctive tone. Very properly, this sketch centres in the service rendered by Godkin—the most brilliant leader of his day in the United States. At the same time, due recognition is given to the part played by W. P. Garrison, whose work as literary editor brought him into close contact with many of the best scholars in both hemispheres, and whose genius for friendship won him the unmeasured devotion of his collaborators. While Godkin was furnishing ideas to half the editors of this continent, Garrison built up and held together a staff of contributors who represented university standards throughout the United States more completely than they were represented by any other agency. Lowell, Longfellow, Norton, Henry James, William James, Howells, Stillman, Marsh, Whitney and Lounsbury were only a few of this illustrious cohort; and from abroad came a steady stream of articles supplied by Bryce, Dicey, Leslie Stephen, Alfred Webb, R. D. Osborn, Laugel, Von Holst and Karl Hildebrand. Very frankly, the *Nation* was modelled on the lines of the

London *Spectator*, but no editors have ever known better than Godkin and Garrison the meaning of *mutatis mutandis*. From the outset their paper had its own note and at no time failed to preserve a vigorous identity. When one has finished Mr. Pollak's timely and useful survey of what the *Nation* has accomplished, he will appreciate more fully than ever the words of appreciation which were spoken by Matthew Arnold: "The New York *Nation*—a newspaper which I read regularly and with profit, a newspaper which is the best, so far as my experience goes, of all American newspapers and one of the best newspapers anywhere."