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THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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	Page
Topics of the Day	311
An Ambulance in Rest—Andrew Macphail	330
Impressions of the late Earl Grey—John Macnaughton	338
In France's Flowered Fields—H. C.	360
Six Years in a Juvenile Court—W. B. Wallace	362
Sir Oliver Lodge—J. W. A. Hickson	379
A Portuguese Prison—P. T. Lafleur	398
Vespers—Dudley H. Anderson	409
The British Empire in the War—J. Castell Hopkins	410
The Forty-Ninth Parallel—Otto Klotz	422
Tragic Drama—H. L. Stewart	431
1 Wind—	451
2 The Lover—	452
3 The Mourner—	452
4 The Messenger—Louise Morey Bowman	453
Book Reviews and Literary Notes	454

University Magazine

MONTREAL.

ANDREW MACPHAIL, Editor.

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THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is issued in February, April, October, and December, by a committee for McGill University; University of Toronto; and Dalhousie College.

Its purpose is to express an educated opinion upon questions immediately concerning Canada; and to treat freely in a literary way all matters which have to do with politics, industry, philosophy, science, and art.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: SIR W. PETERSON, LL.D., K.C.M.G., Principal of McGill University; PELHAM EDGAR, Ph.D., Professor of English, University of Toronto; ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, Ph.D., Professor of English, Dalhousie College, Halifax.

Editor: DR. ANDREW MACPHAIL, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

During the Editor's absence at the front the work of editing the Magazine is being undertaken by a local committee consisting of Sir William Peterson, Professors C. W. Colby and P. T. Lafleur.

In our book review section, under the management of Prof. S. B. Slack, notices will appear of such new books as may seem to deserve attention, especially those dealing with Canada and with Canadian and Imperial politics.

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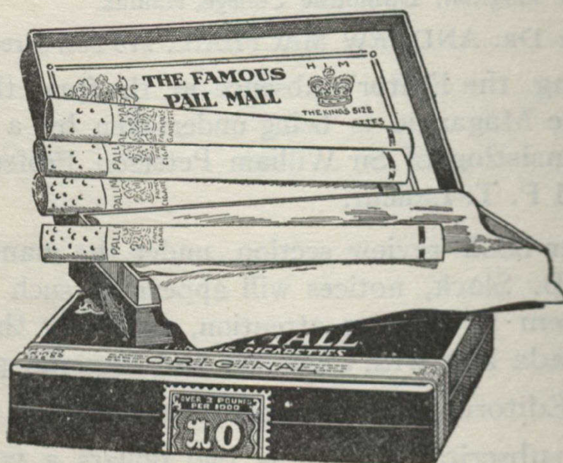

H. I. M.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

CURRENT EVENTS

If the founders of this MAGAZINE had not decreed, in their wisdom, that it should appear only during the University session, the short summer months would have furnished an exceptionally abundant supply of material for contemporary comment. They have been simply crowded with history. Even now it may not be too late to allude to some of the things that have happened since the publication of our April number—such as Mr. Wilson's message to Congress and the subsequent entry of the United States into the war; the dethronement of the Romanoff dynasty, the Russian Revolution, and the military collapse of that power; the victories of Vimy and Messines; the mission to Washington of Marshal Joffre and of Mr. A. J. Balfour; the downfall of the German Chancellor; the observance (we shrink from the word "celebration") of the third anniversary of the outbreak of war; and the intervention, in the hope of promoting peace negotiations, of His Holiness the Pope. These are some of the events that have passed in marvellous procession across the world-stage in the course of the spring and summer. There never was a time when their march was so rapid, or when their meaning and significance commanded so much world-wide attention. The eyes of all mankind are fixed on the drama that is being enacted before them. In every quarter of the globe all sorts and conditions of men are keyed-up with eager excitement as to the ultimate issue. Perhaps we may find in this some compensation for the agony we are called on to endure. It may be that the solidarity of the human race, its sense of unity and fundamental kinship, is being helped rather than hindered—though at what a cost!—by the fact that four-fifths of mankind are leagued together against the common enemy of freedom and right. Partnership in war may lead hereafter to a more general co-operation

in the arts of peace. Meanwhile there are signs that, though the end is not yet, it cannot be indefinitely delayed. The victorious Italian offensive is fast reducing Austria to a state of collapse, and internal conditions in Germany seem to be such that she would go a long way, if she could, to avoid another winter's campaign on the western front; and if she survives the winter, the armies of the United States will be ready for her in the spring. Her war-mad Emperor, it is true, tries to keep up the courage of his soldiers by shouting "Onward with God." On the other hand, a recent writer, after dwelling on Zeppelin raids, and poison gas, and submarine sinkings, says that England has "recommenced to believe in the Devil."

MORE DOCUMENTS

Some of those who are now quite friendly to the Allied cause have been so far misled by German misrepresentation as to deprecate further discussion of the origin of the war, and to regard that as labour lost. We are all in the fight together, they say, and our great aim should be to make an end of it without too much talk. But much of the courage and inspiration of our fighting men must continue to be drawn from a consciousness of right. We may, of course, admit the truth of the German statement that they are conducting a "war of defence." That statement is true to-day. It is true in the same sense as that in which it is open to a burglar to say that he is only trying to protect himself against arrest by a policeman. Notwithstanding every German denial, conclusive evidence is accumulating that the war in its origin was a war of aggression. Truth will out. Even the Germans themselves now officially admit that there never was any bombardment of Nuremberg such as French airmen were falsely alleged to have attempted before the outbreak of hostilities. And whether the meeting that was held early in July, 1914, was or was not a meeting of the Crown Council, formally convened at Potsdam, it is obvious from the new evidence that some such conference took place at which all arrangements were made for the outbreak of war on a scheduled plan. The Emperor was then

induced to go off to Norway on his yacht, and it is said that the Crown Prince greeted him on his return with the remark that he was "too late!" Thereafter, all the Kaiser could do, in the intervals of war-making, was to cook up a case for his critics. The result of his efforts has now come to light in the amazing despatch which he sent to President Wilson on the 14th August, 1914, through the United States Ambassador, and which Mr. Gerard has now enshrined in his book "My Four Years in Germany." Apart from Kaiser Wilhelm's ridiculous assumption that King George is an autocrat like himself, who can "order" his Government to do this, that, and the other thing, and without dwelling on certain striking omissions in the narrative, we desire to emphasize one feature of this despatch. The Emperor records that on 30th July a peaceful telegram came to him from Vienna, and that he immediately forwarded it to London. But this telegram was never received in London, either by the King or by the Foreign Office, and it has never been made public. The question arises whether one of the war-lords at Berlin did not put it in his pocket. If so, a prosecution for *lèse-majesté* is at once indicated! In any case, this extraordinary despatch stands on record as revealing the dangerous and autocratic methods by which foreign policy is conducted at Berlin. And it lends force to the argument advanced some time ago in these pages, that, before sitting down to any peace conference, the Allies ought to insist on the production of all the pre-war correspondence between Berlin and Vienna, so far as it has not been made accessible in the official documents.

PACIFISM

The most recent exposure of German villainy seems likely to lead to the entire collapse of the proposed Stockholm conference. It has come to light that Count Luxburg, the diplomatic envoy of Germany to the Argentine Republic, occupied himself with the congenial task of conveying to Berlin, in cipher, through the Swedish Foreign Office, information as to the sailings of vessels from the Argentine, with the recommendation that

they should be "sunk without a trace" (*spurlos versenkt*). The phrase is likely to become historical. A statement just issued by the British Admiralty in regard to the sinking of the "Belgian Prince," supported by the affidavits of the chief engineer and two other survivors, illustrates the dastardly methods that found favour in the eyes of this typical representative of German "Kultur." The steamer's crew take to their boats, and are ordered by the commander of the enemy submarine to come on board. There they are deprived of their lifebelts. Next, the German sailors get into the boats, throw the oars overboard, remove the provisions and compasses, and then damage the hulls with an axe. The damaged boats are thereafter cast adrift, and the submarine proceeds on her way. But only for a few miles—according to programme! First she stops, then she dives—with her crew safely inside, and the passengers on deck. So they are all thrown into the water, without any means of saving themselves; and out of a crew of forty-two men only three survived to tell the tale.

The amazing thing about the exposure of Count Luxburg is that the Germans seem to be interested only in the methods by which the United States Government became possessed of his secret correspondence! So far, they have uttered no word in condemnation of such atrocious murders—murders which, in the words of the Admiralty statement, equal, if they do not transcend, "the worst crimes which our enemies have committed against humanity." And there is no saying how long, before he was found out, the German envoy at Buenos Aires had been abusing the hospitality of the country to which he was accredited, as well as the privileges so ingenuously afforded him by the Foreign Office at Stockholm. Yet there are Pacifists who will still want to hold a Congress somewhere else, if no longer at Stockholm! They think we ought to talk to "our friend the enemy," instead of hitting him—and hitting him hard because of his unspeakable frightfulness. There is no sense in expecting him to "take a telling," as they say in Scotland. Force is the only argument that ap-

peals to him. So let us go forward in the spirit of the words used by Mr. Asquith during the debate in the British House of Commons on 26th July, where, by the way, the Pacifists were able to muster only nineteen votes: "Peace has become, as it always is—it has never been so acutely felt as it is now—the supreme interest and anxiety of mankind, but subject to one all-important condition, that it is a peace which does not defeat the purposes with which the free nations of the world entered upon and have continued the war, and that it does not turn to waste the immeasurable loss and suffering which they have shared and are sharing in common."

THE POPE'S MESSAGE

The above quotation will cover also the answer to the Papal Peace Note. It was obvious from the first that no good could come of the intervention of His Holiness. At the present moment, nothing would suit the Central Powers better than an armistice for the purpose of debate. But the Allies have no wish to debate matters with Germany while she has arms in her hand. While the Pope's intentions were excellent, his message read too much as though he considered all parties equally guilty, and thought that what they needed most was an exhortation to shake hands all round, let bygones be bygones, and try to behave better in future! And for a time it looked as though His Holiness was nearly as reluctant as Berlin itself to specify the restoration of Belgium as one of the most essential conditions of peace. Then there is the so-called "Freedom of the Seas"—which Austrian commentators at once interpreted as meaning that Great Britain must disappear from places like Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, and the island of Malta. What is really meant by what the Pope calls the "true freedom and enjoyment of the seas"? The question does not arise in time of peace, when the seas are free to all. It arises in time of war, and those who are interested in the maintenance of Britain's island empire will do well to bear in mind that, in default of universal disarmament, the glib formula under consideration must mean, as Mr. Bonar Law

lately expressed it, that "a nation with naval power is not to use that power, but a nation with military power is to be subject to no restrictions."

There was quite recently a case of German espionage at the Vatican, and the Pope had to part with one of his favourites, Mgr. Gerlach, the Keeper of the Wardrobe. It may be that in the selection of his entourage His Holiness is neither impartial nor infallible. The revelations which followed Mgr. Gerlach's flight to his native Germany are known to have greatly discomfited ecclesiastical circles in Rome. So it may be well to regard the Papal Peace Note, in the words of a recent writer in the *Times*, "as the latest *ballon d'essai* of the Vatican to bring the war to a termination while there is yet time for the Central Empires, and especially Germany, to escape the punishment which is gradually but very surely overtaking them."

THE ATTITUDE OF QUEBEC At this time of stress and strain, we should be unwilling to say a single word that might be reasonably considered offensive to the minds and consciences of any section of our fellow-countrymen in Canada. But we are often inclined to doubt whether the rank and file of the French-speaking people of Quebec have any adequate knowledge of what the war is about. And they are not always in the way of being told! If some of the best parts of Colonel Desjardins' admirable volume, *L'Angleterre, le Canada, et la Grande Guerre*, could be abridged and widely circulated in the rural parts of the Province, it would greatly tend to popular enlightenment. But at present the case is too much in the hands of the partisan and the politician. So many arguments are addressed to their audiences by some who ought to know better, to the effect that the French-Canadian is under no obligation to "fight for England," or "to make Canada bankrupt for England's sake," or take part in the "battles of the Empire," that his whole perspective in regard to this World-War is apt to become distorted. Just think of what it means that, alongside of Belgium and Serbia, pas-

sionate and prejudiced orators should cite Ireland and India as instances of unjust oppression! Nor does it greatly help matters that at some of the meetings where such talk is indulged in the audience is encouraged to close the proceedings by singing "God Save the King!" That does not even save appearances. The fact seems to be that many of the leaders of French-Canadian Nationalist opinion have deliberately set themselves to whittle down to its smallest proportions what we of the Five Nations are proud to speak of as the bond of Empire. A gratuitous and unprovoked attack by some foreign power, say on New Zealand, would not necessarily be of any concern to them. Seeing that at the present moment it is France that is being ravished, along with Belgium, one might have expected something different. But it must not be forgotten that those of their countrymen who have gone to the war have displayed a valour and a heroism that are second to none. In proof of this it is enough to refer to the brilliant record of the 22nd Regiment. The numbers, however, are far smaller than they ought to be, and the extent of their participation in the struggle will not be a matter of pride to French-speaking Canadians who may visit France after the war, as it will undoubtedly be in the case of their English-speaking fellow-citizens. Meanwhile, the United States will help the Allies to finish their work, in the name of all—including the French-Canadians—who boast our common civilization.

As for conscription, if the element of compulsion involved in a selective draft is hateful and repugnant to Quebec, it should not be forgotten that Quebec has not even got the length as yet of compulsory education. A parent who knows that the law leaves it to him to decide to what extent he shall give his son a good education, or indeed, whether he shall give him any education at all, may easily be more apt than another to resent the assertion on the part of the state of its claim to demand military service. And it may be added, in reference to the burning political issue, that to an impartial observer there is surely some inconsistency involved in the statement

that the Prime Minister's motive in taking up conscription was to win the elections, if it be the fact, as alleged, that the great majority of the people of Canada are solid against it.

TOWARDS AN IMPERIAL CONSTITUTION The argument in favour of some form of closer union among the component states of the British Empire has been considerably advanced by the forward step recently taken under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George. It will be remembered that at the Imperial Conference of 1911, Mr. Asquith stated emphatically that under the existing constitution responsibility for the conduct of foreign affairs and imperial defence must remain exclusively with the British Cabinet; and though he subsequently made the concession that, if the Dominions were coming forward with offers of help, some recognition would obviously have to be accorded to them, his former utterance has always been relied on and appealed to by those to whom the idea of closer union is distasteful. Since 1911 we have had arguments from one side in favour of a scheme of Federation, issuing ultimately in an Imperial Parliament, while another school holds that we ought to rest content with the ideal of a galaxy of Allied States. In this way, the "Centralists" on the one hand, and the "Autonomists" on the other, seemed to have the floor to themselves, till it occurred to the Prime Minister of Great Britain to take a practical step towards imperial partnership on the lines of the old adage, "Solvitur ambulando." It was towards the end of last year that Mr. Lloyd George, acting on behalf of the British Government, assumed the responsibility of summoning an Executive Cabinet of the whole Empire, including India; and for six weeks, in the spring of 1917, the various heads of the Governments of the Empire met for the first time on an equal footing with the British Prime Minister and those of his colleagues who are directly charged with the conduct of imperial affairs. The British Cabinet became in fact, for the time, an Imperial War Cabinet, and it has been arranged that similar meetings shall be held annually, or at any intermediate time when mat-

ters of urgent imperial concern require to be dealt with. Thus the governing mind of each part of the Empire, while naturally directed in the first instance to questions of war strategy and naval defence, is invited to co-operate also in the discussion of foreign policy, peace terms, matters of trade, transportation and immigration, and proposals for the development of natural resources. When decisions are arrived at in connection with such discussions, they will, of course, be subject to review and control by each of the Dominion Parliaments. Moreover, a special Imperial Conference is to be summoned as soon as possible after the cessation of hostilities, and to this Conference is remitted the question of the readjustment of the constitutional relations of the component parts of the Empire, including India, in such a way as to recognize their right to an adequate voice in regard to foreign affairs and other aspects of imperial policy; and while full local autonomy is everywhere to be conserved, effective arrangements are to be made for continuous consultation and concerted action, where necessary, between the several Governments of the Empire.

The question of finance may, of course, give rise to difficulty, but the first comment on the new situation is that, if such methods of co-operation had been in existence before the war, it is questionable whether Germany would have taken the risk of running up against a United Empire. Mr. Lloyd George was right when he told the House of Commons, in May, that these arrangements would form a memorable landmark in our constitutional history. An "Imperial Commonwealth" is now in sight.

BRITAIN AND AMERICA The German Emperor—though he is not likely to boast of his achievements along such lines —should be given much of the credit, not only for this consolidation of the British Empire, but also for the happy re-union of the separated branches of the English-speaking peoples. If some form of understanding between Great Britain and the United States had been

possible before the war, it would have furnished the best possible guarantee for the peace of the world. In a later paragraph it will be shown how, in 1905, the Kaiser laboured to prevent this—to him—unwelcome contingency. But now that the two kindred peoples have gone the length of a joint celebration of the Fourth of July, we must see to it that an end shall be put for good and all to the long chapter of ill-will and jealousy, misrepresentation and misunderstanding, and that the friendly relations now subsisting for war purposes shall be maintained afterwards in times of peace. Cynics may affect to believe that, human nature being what it is, it is quite conceivable that Britain and America will be at each other's throats within twenty years from now. Why should they? They have no more boundary disputes to settle. What is there that they are likely to quarrel about? They are fundamentally kindred peoples, resembling each other very greatly in their instinctive ways of looking at things, and with a tried and tested community of political traditions and moral ideals. They are both democracies, though somewhat differently constituted in point of social structure, and it is on a working union between its leading democracies that the peace of the world is now seen largely to depend. By reason of their geographical position, they must both look to sea-routes and sea-power for many of the elements of their national well-being. Surely the race for commercial supremacy will never drive them to take arms against each other in impious and fratricidal strife. Have they not before their eyes, in Germany, an awful example of the terrible consequences of a nation wanting to have everything its own way? And are they not conscious to-day, in the face of common dangers and a common sacrifice, that they stand forth as trustees for the world's peace, prosperity and progress? Let them but cultivate the "will to friendship," and they will justify the words spoken the other day at Plymouth by Dr. Page, the American Ambassador to Great Britain: "Politically two peoples, in all high aims and in the love of freedom we are one, and must now remain as one for ever."

W. P.

THE TEMPER OF THE UNITED STATES Every one is a specialist in the field of international psychology, for nothing is so easy—indeed so impelling—as to voice light-hearted views regarding one's neighbours. Those who are courteous, sometimes refrain from expressing unfavourable opinions upon the housetops, but there is no standard of courtesy which serves as a bar to candid comment upon foreigners within the circle of family and friends. Indeed, life would lack one of its chief joys were we not to speak what we feel about the acts, motives and manners of other nations.

During the early part of the war—in fact until the Spring of this year—it was sincerely stated by many of us that the United States either did not rightly apprehend what was going on in the world or else did not possess the spirit which leads a community to stand in arms behind its profession of faith. Our own sacrifices during this period being what they were, it was the more natural to employ terms of disparagement regarding the richest and most powerful of democratic neutrals. In war time *ifs* and *ands* count for little. We do not care to know the reasons which account for the hanging back. He who is not with us is against us.

Hence, month after month, many scanned the action, or inaction, of the United States with regret—possibly with more than regret. Now, however, there is good ground to read just the perspective and those will be most willing to modify earlier impressions who from firsthand knowledge are familiar with what has been going on in the United States since the war began, beneath the surface. Here, as elsewhere, the element of time has been immensely important. Last November the Democratic Party asked electors to vote for Wilson —"the man who has kept us out of war." Now, the President is characterized by his admirers as "the man who kept us out of war until the right moment." Be this as it may, the temper of the United States is now unmistakably different from what it was even at the beginning of this year. Then the cause of the Allies was supported by millions of Americans

as individuals, but now the fagots have been gathered into a bundle. When it comes to terms of reconstruction, the project of "Mittel Europa" is likely to receive as determined opposition in the United States as in any of the Allied countries.

Meanwhile, the work which must be done to thwart Pangermanism is being prosecuted in good faith, and with ever-increasing vigour by the nation which had affairs of its own to settle before it could enter the fray.

WAR TAXES

It is not unlikely that our war taxes will lead certain important citizens to take a much keener interest in politics. Hitherto the active and prosperous business man has found it more advantageous to accept penalizing taxes than to display energy in fighting those who imposed them. Though he might grumble or scoff at the politicians, he none the less went on his way, buying and selling, planning and contracting, while the taxes were assessed by legislators of whom he disapproved, or whom he even despised. In short, the burden of taxation was not a large factor in his affairs. Time being money, the tax meant a much smaller fine than was represented by the crusading which would be necessary to change it.

The scale of the new taxes is such as to change these conditions altogether. Henceforth, the proportion of taxes to net profits will be very high—so high that this item in the year's budget will assume a relative importance never possessed before. Indeed, few other business problems will be more pressing. In consequence a great many people of high talent, who before gave only casual attention to taxes, will have a fresh incentive to cope with these problems of citizenship which affect the distribution of public burdens.

It will require a great deal of clear, impartial thinking—based on knowledge—to adjust this distribution fairly. The short cut, of course, is to come down hard upon exceptional profits—a process by which the Government possesses itself of ready money that is in sight. But the case is not so easy

as all that. A large proportion of those who carry on the country's business are engaged in several enterprises, often in a good many. Some are helped by the war while others are injured. A good many companies—particularly those which are just getting established—suffer severely from the greatly enhanced cost of materials and labour. In many cases it takes from thirty to fifty per cent more capital to transact the same volume of business which was being done prior to the war—there being no possibility of increasing prices at the same rate. In other words, the Government, if it takes three quarters of all profits above twenty per cent, may place a good many men in a very awkward position. Where war conditions pinch industries and compel the suspension of dividends, the Government gives no relief. Where there is an exceptional profit which might equalize this loss, the Government, by taking three-quarters of such profit, does away with all possibility of striking an average from the whole series of operations. Doubtless an income tax would meet the case just mentioned, but there are enough arguments against an income tax to arouse much interest in the minds of all who would be seriously affected. In short, war taxes must inevitably bring home the duties of citizenship to a class of the community whose intellectual and practical capacity is very high, but whose interests hitherto have been such that they were more willing to pay objectionable taxes than to give up the time required to make a serious fight against them.

GERMAN DIPLOMACY AT ITS NADIR Since the overthrow of Caprivi in October, 1894, the ineptitude of Prussian diplomacy has been no less conspicuous than the rapacity of Prussian greed—save in cases where the Wilhelmstrasse has been dealing with Finnish-Tartar populations like the Bulgars and the Turks. In point of essential savagery there exists a common denominator for Berlin, Sofia and the Porte. Accepting, as they all do, the law of the jungle, they find no difficulty there in understanding each other or in working together. But with

this obvious limitation, the statement is quite safe and conservative that the stupidity of Prussian diplomatists can only be matched by the brutality of Prussian soldiers.

As though Algeciras, Agadir and the invasion of Belgium were not sufficient proofs of this assertion, we now have the revelation of what William II planned to do in 1904-05. On September 8th, the Rhenish-Westphalian Gazette published an article which conveyed, in rather more extended form, information simultaneously presented to the public in other newspapers devoted to the interests of Potsdam. President Wilson's reply to the Pope plainly puts the Kaiser on the defensive before German public opinion. The situation, though far more serious, is not unlike that which was created by the announcement in 1904 of the Anglo-French reconciliation. At that time even Reventlow, a junker of the junkers, could not refrain from denouncing Von Bülow in the Reichstag, upbraiding the Chancellor directly he declared that the Entente was the greatest blow which the German Empire had suffered since its creation, and found proof positive of Von Bülow's incapacity, in the fact that he had been unable to prevent England and France from coming together.

The American reply to the Pope places the Wilhelmstrasse in a like predicament. It shows that the United States has made itself an integral part of the Great Alliance. Hence, critics of the government in Germany are asking, with a sincerity not less than that of Reventlow in 1904, "Why have matters been suffered to reach this pass? It was bad enough to permit the formation of a league between England, France and Russia—besides letting Italy be weaned from the Triple Alliance by Delcassé and Barrère. But why, in addition, have you so mismanaged things that the vast wealth and resources of the United States have been cast into the scale against us?" By way of answering this reasonable, though pointed query, the Kaiser, through the inspired press, informs the German people—and incidentally every one else—of the prescience with which he envisaged the politics of the world at

as early a date as the period of the war between Russia and Japan. At the very moment when the Russian Fleet was on its way from Kronstadt to Tsushima, William II made proposals to Nicholas II regarding a league of Europe against Anglo-Saxondom. France being by virtue of her diplomatic necessities ancillary to Russia, the Kaiser apparently thought that if he could only arrange matters with Nicholas, the trick would be turned. Europe, under Prussian leadership, would then face Great Britain, plus the United States—assuming that the United States would make common cause with the British Empire, as the Prussians, after their dealings with John Hay and Roosevelt, were rather ready to anticipate.

No conceivable confession on the part of the German government could have a more powerful effect than this in strengthening the Great Alliance. However imperative it may be to confirm the belief of the German people in its government's omniscience, the folly of letting out such information at such a time is monumental past belief. So characteristic is the editorial comment of the Rhenish-Westphalian Gazette on this proof of the Kaiser's forethought, that we cannot refrain from quoting its essential paragraphs in illustration of Prussian mental processes:

> "Everybody who reads these facts will be driven to the conclusion that the Kaiser did his level best to bring about a Russo-German agreement and to include France. Even at that time the Kaiser fully appreciated the fact that the Anglo-Saxon world was the enemy of the European continent and that England would move every possible lever to prevent such a fundamental Continental agreement as the Kaiser had in mind.
>
> "Our Kaiser's plan was majestic and if it had proved successful would have insured the peace of Europe for a generation, for if the entire European and Turkish world had been united in such an alliance from Russia to the Pyrenees and from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf, all of England's jealousy could not have altered the fact that this alliance would have been invincible.
>
> "It is not the Kaiser's fault that his efforts failed. His plan was defeated by the unreliability of Romanoff and by brilliant English diplomacy, which produced an understanding between England, Russia and France."

As a matter of fact, England, Russia and France were driven into their understanding by Pangerman aggression, which was so obvious that through elimination of all other alternatives the members of the Triple Entente were compelled to make common cause.

IRREDENTISM By virtue of name and of intensive propaganda we associate Irredentism chiefly with Italy. The time has now come, however, when the political content of this term is greatly enlarged through the irredentist claims which are being raised in all parts of Europe that lie between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. These claims assume the highest practical importance at a moment when we are all so intensely concerned with the problem of securing a just and permanent peace. What shall be the terms of the settlement, assuming that the Allies are presently in a position to enforce their own terms? To what extent are irredentists embarrassed by the inevitable clash at certain points of race and nation?

This in turn raises the old and always vital question, "What constitutes a nation?" Ever since the Congress of Vienna (where national interests were so cynically disregarded) this question has been in the foreground of political theory, being discussed academically during times of peace and assuming the character of a living, compelling issue in times of war. Now it is before the world in a more pressing form than ever before, since in its train come all those matters of detail which must be settled before the affairs of the Near East are placed upon a stable basis.

A comment recently made upon this matter by Professor Ramsay Muir is worthy of careful attention. "If," he says, "we mean by a 'nation' merely a 'race,' the national principle will not help us at all, since all peoples are of very mixed race: and the assertion that political frontier must be determined mainly by race must lead only to endless and futile arguments and to greedy claims, like those of the Pangermans which can only be settled by war...... The only sane or helpful

definition of the word 'nation' is that whereby it is employed to describe a body of people so effectively unified by common sentiments arising from many different causes (among which racial and linguistic unity may, or may not, play an important part) that there has arisen among them both the will and the capacity to co-operate. But it is the unity of sentiment which matters, not any particular factor which may help to create it. Sometimes a real unity of sentiment exists where some of the factors that might seem indispensable for its creation are lacking."

As a definition, or rather as a clarification of thought, this statement answers very well. The crucial problem of diplomacy will be to apply the definition just made to the patch-work affairs of Poland, Galicia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Servia, plus such ambitions as Italian super-patriots may cherish in respect to the region south of Trieste. Even at the best, this issue of race versus nation is enough to tax to the utmost the wisdom and good faith of the world's statesmen, and should it prove necessary to seek refuge in the compromises enforced by an incomplete military decision, the difficulties will be still more desperate. Hence all those who think more than three years ahead must strengthen their resolve not to accept an incomplete decision. Side by side with this determination must go the willingness of interested states to impose upon themselves a reasonable self-denial. Early last summer there was considerable fear among the best friends of Italy that an attempt would be made by Italian irredentists to create a Serbia Irredenta. Since Sonnino's visit to London this solicitude has diminished, but Italian patriotism will need to accept inhibitions imposed by wisdom, should Cadorna's offensive prove to be one of the major operations of the war.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RUSSIA

Each reader of the newspapers is entitled to his own guess regarding the outcome of the Russian revolution no less than to that other guess regarding the duration of the war. In April, when the last

number of the MAGAZINE was printed, the surface indications pointed to the retention of power by the Kadets, at least until such time as the Constituent Assembly had accomplished its organic labours. Prince Lvoff and Miliukoff were men whose views and character commended themselves so unresignedly to western observers that with undue optimism we were ready to feel confidence in the stability of their tenure. *Dis aliter visum.* During the past five months the same forces have reasserted themselves which prevented the revolution of 1905-06 from securing more tangible results. Then as now there was a gap—which became a chasm—between the liberals and the socialists. The Kadets sought to create permanent institutions through which the spirit of freedom could express itself. On the other hand, the leaders of the peasants would not consent to the delays that were involved in effecting change systematically through evolution. Their desire was to stretch out their hands and take possession of the land. Sir Paul Vinogradoff estimates the peasant at 85 per cent of the population, and with them the one issue, now as in 1906, is agrarian. Since the day when Alexander II ended serfdom, they have clamored for ownership of the land they till and occupy. Because they were restive in 1906 under a programme which postponed the seizure of the land to the creation of a constitution, Stolypin was able to drive a wedge between them and the Kadets. Now, once more, they are disclosing the same spirit and in consequence the Russian revolution pursues a disorderly rather than an orderly course.

Closely connected with this stampede towards an extreme form of social democracy, is a characteristic of the Russian race which has been noted by such competent observers as Leroy-Beaulieu and Maurice Baring. This is the malleability, ductility, plasticity of the Russian disposition—a character which renders the race docile and versatile, but carries with it obvious weaknesses. Kept under so long by the rigors of that of the political and social system which was dominated by the Tsardom, the Russian progressives are now at much the same point where the French peasantry stood between

1792 and 1794, when the Jacobins were ascribing all the woes of mankind to the malign influence of despots and aristocrats. That is to say, in both cases the very harshness of the former regime had bred extraordinary hopes of the blessings which were to follow its overthrow; while in the case of Russia there is superadded a tendency to go to extremes which has its root in the plasticity of the national character. Highly impressionable, the Russians are easily led for the moment by preachers of the millenium, and doubtless they will need to endure much the same kind of experience as the French before they give up the idea that the Golden Age can be brought about overnight.

At the same time it is a notable fact that the ownership of land not only has a magical effect in stimulating thrift, but tends inevitably to beget conservatism. When once Russian peasants have seized the soil and feel it to be their own, they are likely to look at political and social theory from a somewhat different angle.

C. W. C.

AN AMBULANCE IN REST

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IN the Canadian Corps there is a saying that the life of a soldier is a long Newfoundland rest, which means that one stops work and begins again. A Field Ambulance never rests, unless it be by accident. Such an accident befell in August, 1915. There is no harm in speaking of it, since it happened so long ago, and the phenomenon is of so rare an occurrence.

For more than eleven months we had been in the Ypres salient, still a salient, but now happily turned in the opposite direction. We left it without regret, since that particular part of Belgium is not calculated to inspire much enthusiasm as a place of residence. During that year the only rest was a change of work. But now the corps was on the move, and there was a chance that some particular unit might remain in a sheltered nook whilst the army flowed by.

To move an army corps is a simple, but precise, affair. The corps proceeds by divisions; divisions proceed by brigades; brigades by battalions. Accessory services all have their place—artillery, sappers, pioneers, ambulances, and train. These various units at the initiation of the movement may be scattered over the countryside. They can be set in motion at a word as easily as if they were railway trains. The trick is to start each unit at the proper time, so that it will fall into the column at the appointed place. The capacity of roads is limited. Roads make detours. They cross and converge. It demands nice calculation to set the whole corps going upon a main line of communication fifty miles long.

A unit of the Second Division, for example, may find itself well to the rear when the movement from the front begins. It must move out to give place to an incoming unit, and there it must wait until the First Division has passed, and its own Division has come down. On the first day a unit moves out

by a short march into an open country. On the second day it makes a long march, and waits in billets until the appointed time. That was the happy chance which befell the Nth Field Ambulance.

The short march brought us from Belgium into France. Every mile the scene of desolation faded. The hops were now hanging in festoons, the bud well formed, and the clear ground between the rows of high poles seemed like an endless bower. By noon we came into a large farm which was at our disposal. The farmer made us welcome. He was a grave, handsome man, and very rich. He owned 110 acres of land. He had two daughters and seven grandchildren in his house. His only son went to the war two years previously, and has not been heard of since.

Next day came the long march. At least it was considered long, and no secret was made of the opinion. By this time the Ambulance was a veteran one, and not a man fell out. It was a holiday for these young Canadians, walking through the pleasant country. War alone could have created such a day upon which peaceable and peace-loving boys should march on the business of war through villages which bore the names of Quaestraete, Oxelaire, Bavinchove, Noordpeene, Belembers, Volkerinchove, Boolezele.

Boolezele was the place of rest. To every man in this particular unit Boolezele will always be remembered as the place "where our caravan has rested." The day's march and the quiet interval that followed was an interlude between Ypres and the Somme. We had moved out at 7 in the morning. Rain threatened, but the farmer assured us that the "barometer was good." In every French farmhouse is a barometer, and it is consulted as if it were an oracle. The farmer was right. The morning continued cool and cloudy until we climbed the shoulder of Mt. Cassels. Then the sun came out, and we had brilliant August weather, with the light in a strong blaze travelling from field to field. France disclosed to us all its dignity, beauty, and richness in dainty chateaus half hidden in wooded parks, in massive buildings set in large

undulating and hedged fields. For such a treasure-house France may well fight.

Towards evening we gained the summit of a hill through a long avenue of trees. The land fell away to the left. A yellow road led down the slope and upward again towards the west. Red roofs were shining in the sun across the valley, and a single spire lifted itself to the sky. The Quartermaster came riding back and met us at this spot. His young face shone as if he had seen an angel. He had been into the promised land. This was our place of rest, and he was to be our guide.

The march was twenty miles. We had been in the saddle, or afoot, for nine hours, and there was yet something to be done before we sought our billets. But we had done it so often that now it did itself. Wagons were parked and off-loaded. The fifty horses were put on their lines. Hospital tents were erected. The cooks were at work. The men were fed and the details of the camp were left to those who were responsible for them.

There was dinner at an estaminet—hot soles from the sea in a rich, brown sauce, two pairs of portly ducks, yards of crisp bread, butter fresh from the dairy, and coffee made with a loving hand. The woman served the meal with a light heart. Her husband was *permissionaire*; he sat in his own kitchen smoking his pipe and we gave him much respect. A French soldier is sacrosanct in our eyes. We go softly in his house.

We were in civilization once more. Each house stood square on its own bottom. The walls were intact, and true as a plummet could make them. The church had a spire and its windows glowed in the sun. The Place was undefiled by the debris of war. Women walked in the streets, free and unafraid. We spoke with them. Fresh from witnessing the bowed and broken women of Belgium, who creep in the gloom and mire of their ruined homes, or toil in their heavy black fields, these French women seemed to be creatures of life and gaiety; but at a chance word the smile and sparkle would fade. In the presence of unshed tears the conversation died.

The instinct to set up a separate establishment quickly showed itself. There was a desire to withdraw from the life, and to eat alone. Out of this arose the idea of Common hospitality to show how well one lived. In a day a society was created. Invitations were issued, and men who had lived in common for nearly two years now found themselves the guests one of another. It happened at times that all ten officers of the unit found themselves under the one roof, as if they were in the common mess again, but it was quite different. They were fellow guests of the one host, and were governed by a new convention.

One who lives in a house of the richer sort quickly imputes to himself the magnificence of the owner, and classes in the little society were created. The Major, whose hospitality rises to genius, had his billet in the house of a woman who was reputed to be very rich, and very religious. The invitation to visit him was quite formal. One is scrupulously careful to present a visitor to the woman of the house, who is the superior host. Then we are in society indeed, and may even be invited to the kitchen. In the present case the kitchen was a room with a roof of glass, which sloped towards the morning sun. Two enormous grape vines entered the room below the roof and spread themselves over the transparent ceiling. The one vine bore red grapes; the other bore white grapes, and the clusters hung in hundreds within the room.

The woman with her tireless old feet ran for a ladder. She climbed the steps, and cut clusters of red and white grapes. She set them forth on the table and placed a bottle of red wine in the midst. Then she proceeded to our entertainment. She told us marvellous things. This war, she said, was in preparation for forty years. When she was a child, living in her father's house, they had a workman who was a prophet. He foretold that she in her time would see great wonders—namely, ships that sail in the air, engines running in the cities, horses sweeping the streets, and a great war. Five years ago she was returning from a pilgrimage at Lourdes. On the way she stopped in Paris at the house of a nephew, who is a physician.

One morning as she was taking a little promenade in the streets of Paris she beheld the first three portents. From that day she expected the great war, and it had come. The story was very long and much complicated by extraneous matter, but as the woman spoke very fast and in a shrill voice, and as she lacked many teeth and her mouth was filled with grape skins, I could not gather all the finer points of her discourse.

We were indebted to a curious chance for a further introduction to the larger society of the town. I was walking in company with my dog, who was of a whimsical type. A woman began to call to him in a peremptory voice. He suppressed his indignation at the familiarity, and followed close with more than usual gravity. As the woman came nearer she discovered that the dog was not hers, but she was careful to explain the source of her error. She had a dog at home like mine, and I must come and see. She did not think it possible that there were two dogs in the world of that breed. As we walked to her house she explained that her dog had come from Lille, and I assured her that I would seek out his relations when we came to that town. Before the visit was at an end, she said that her son was at the Somme, and I assured her that if I met her son I would bring him the news: that his mother had given me a glass of wine; that she had showed me the garden, the pheasants, the rabbits, the ducks, and the two horses. "And do not forget the dog when you come to Lille," she said. "In that way you will find my relations."

One evening the band of the Xth Battalion played in the Place. They played all the Peer Gynt suite, whereby we were given much respect. All Society was there. Each one introduced the friends he had acquired during the day, and so we were established.

The music was for the entertainment of our hosts, and the performance of the pipe-band was received with excessive politeness. An old man with the sad face and homely dress of a peasant was listening with an expression of deep concern and a trace of shame, as if unwittingly he were present at some

alien rite. I asked him how he liked the music. "I do not understand it," he said, and with a gesture of self-deprecation he added, "I am afraid the fault is in my ears."

During those few days each officer manifested his especial genius for making himself comfortable in his own way. The adjutant smoked cigars, and heard never a word that was said to him. The Young Major made a methodical acquaintance with every inhabitant of the town. First, he determined the main family lines; then he investigated the collateral branches and ascertained their relationship. He entered into the joys of the young and the sorrows of the old. He visited the sick, and did not complete his ministrations until he was summoned to the convent to consult and advise upon the condition of the *réfugiés* who were sheltered within its walls. The Colonel enjoyed himself in his orderly room poring over establishments, writing his war diary, checking nominal rolls, and verifying accounts. The officer with the Italian voice spent whole days visiting the shops to seek out the strange foods which are affected in foreign parts. One captain passed the time with his stethoscope. It was nearly a year since he had sufficient leisure to expend upon a case and examine the patient to his satisfaction. The sounds he heard seemed to give him as much pleasure as if they originated in an old and well-played violin.

When the newness of the situation wore off, the surrounding district afforded fresh interest. To obtain a general view one climbed the church tower. It was a blue, blowy afternoon, following a sunny, showery morning, and earth and sky were at their cleanest and freshest. From this considerable elevation of hill and tower there was much to be seen. To the north—Dunkirk, with a flash of breaking wave in the Channel beyond; Gravelines to the west of that; and Calais itself in a dun cloud away to the south. Two years ago the advanced guard of the enemy was arrested in this very town. The enemy was within actual sight of Calais. That will be for ever a bitter moment in his history.

The village to the north stands upon higher grounds, and from its church tower on a clear day the cliffs of England can be seen. The colonel of a battalion which was billeted there showed his solicitude for his officers by allowing them to climb to the steeple and take a look at England when he could not grant them leave.

Best of all we were out of the mud. With the nearness to the coast, the nature of the soil had changed and the roads were crisp with sand. In Belgium the horses slid and slipped over the greasy earth; here their hoofs bit into the path with clean, crunching sound. This was riding for pleasure, by curving paths and sunken lanes as beautiful as any in England, where we had once spent nearly five months in training.

By common consent, the most perfect billet of all was in the house of a man named S——. It was a small house, but it stood in the street of the rich. The man himself had been a scrivener or writer to a notary, and by long service his right hand was cramped and distorted. The malady affected his foot as well, but he was a *rentier*; he owned his house and garden, and was a person of much consideration in the community. His sister lived with him, a silent, shy woman, who crept about the silent rooms in silent slippers of cloth.

The spare room was at the back, a little place with a large bed, and a window that looked into the garden toward the east. This garden was a walled court, with pear trees ripening their fruits against the warm walls, and all manner of vegetables growing in the moist shade. In the middle of the court was a bed of flowers, such as blaze with colour in the late August. Beyond all this were the rich fields of France, wooded slopes, and pastures luscious with grass.

The woman had the repute of being a *chef de cuisine*. In the morning she proved that it was so. In the little room that fronts the street a table was spread. There were pears from the garden, an omelette from the clean kitchen, coffee clear as a trickle from a Highland peat bed, milk hot—yet free from scum—little breads of white flour, and butter made whilst the food was preparing.

Meanwhile the battle of the Somme was in progress. Officers were returning who had gone to prepare the way. They furnished us with an estimate of the casualties we should be obliged to care for. They explained the lie of the land—Tara Hill, the Sunken Road, Death Valley, Casualty Corner, Pozières, and Courcelette. They told us what was expected of the Canadian Corps. Our colonel, commonly called "the dear little colonel," missed not a word which would help him in his enterprise, little recking that this was his *cœna suprema*.

That day a motor ambulance went to St. Omer on its usual business; we were to move in the morning. The driver brought back certain things from the market, and there were four persons at table. That evening the old order passed away. Again there were pears from the garden. There was a mackerel—one apiece—cooked as no fish ever had the honour of being cooked, *à la meunière*, as the miller's wife cooks a fish, with brown butter and parsley. There were two young chickens from a near-by farm, and lettuce so living that the leaf complained aloud before it took the oil. Also there was wine of Burgundy and contentment.

In the morning we moved out upon the road at day-break. It was a morning heavy with clouds. The sun leaped up red. A sergeant from New Brunswick uttered the oracle:

> Evening red and morning grey
> Will bring the traveller on his way,
> But evening grey and morning red
> Will bring down showers on his head.

We took the road southward by Watten, and as if the portent were not complete, a rainbow raised its arch in the western sky. "A rainbow in the morning is the sailor's warning," the sergeant said. And it fell out as the sergeant had foretold.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE LATE EARL GREY

LORD GREY, the recent news of whose death, not quite unexpected as it was, must surely have struck many a heart sore in Canada, was "Visitor" of McGill University. The name would have been a good one, I think, not only for his relations with McGill, but to describe the part he played in Canada generally. For seven years he was an indefatigable "Visitor" all over the country. There was no part of it and no side of its young energies which did not arrest his keen inspection, none that he failed to brighten with his presence or stimulate by his eager encouragements. As it so happened that the present writer had somewhat unusual opportunities of observing him at rather close quarters, it has occurred to him that some attempt at a record of impressions received from an unusually attractive and significant personality might not be found lacking in a certain interest at this time.

The "opportunities" just indicated began, it may perhaps be mentioned, in a way curiously characteristic of His Excellency. It was at one of those formal vice-regal dinners in Dorchester Street which were among the inevitable incidents of his office. Two words were dropped by a guest very imperfectly broken in to the courtly solemnities of such occasions—words more winged than balanced. One, let fall in the sympathetic ears of a Montreal Senator and not intended for that of the noble host but as it chanced overheard by him, expressed keen disappointment with the outcry then very fresh in men's minds that had been made by His Lordship's legislative fellows under the ruthless shears of Atropos and Lloyd George, and could find no more polished phrase to express that emotion than "those blasted Lords." The other directly addressed, for the good of their souls, to him and the Principal of McGill

faithfully pointed out the hardness—owing to the *ex-officio* unveracity all but imperatively exacted by the world in the operation of such dignities—the extreme hardness of entering the Kingdom of Heaven for Bishops, Heads of Universities and Governors General.

It was almost ignobly safe to say such things to Lord Grey. One soon found that out. He was one of the rare beings who can be got at bare soul to soul. I have never known a man whom it was so impossible not to love. All you had to do was to look him in the eyes. His public services were splendid and untiring. He was born to high rank and rose to positions of princely authority. But all that never wore out or withered the man in him. Nay—and that was the crowning grace—it could not stifle the generous English boy that died only with his last breath. Though he had to spend so much of his time on the arid heights of office and of state among so many masks and shows, such a wilderness and waste of "doleful creatures," artificial glitter, cunning self-seeking, bustling little ingenuities that rose to the top largely by dint of specific levity of heart, and because their insatiable passion to be there had driven their otherwise mediocre powers so hard, he never lost his simple unsuspicious joyousness, his large faith in the essential goodness of men, or his unerring eye for the solid stuff of manhood. Amid the loud noises his heart was kept green by a little secret rill for the quiet and genuine and even the quaint things. He could see them in unnoticed places, where the world never pointed them out to him but let them moulder away in the shade. I remember once in Ottawa how he took me out to see an old Irish woman who was a very special friend of his. That was so like him. We did not see the old lady, unfortunately, but only her daughter and the cabin she lived in. But I could easily imagine the sort of person she must be, and I considered it the greatest compliment that my presence recalled her to his mind at once, and that he knew by instinct that I would share his delight in her. He loved the Irish, their fun and poetry and warm hearts. Why did they never send him there as Viceroy?

Some years ago I had some happy days with him on his native Northumbrian heath. It was the last time I ever saw him and I am not likely to forget it. He took me with him to Howick, and among many other pleasant things we motored to Minto House where his brother-in-law and predecessor in Canada, not long returned from his brilliant career as Viceroy of India, was resting after his labours, and drawing very close as it soon proved to the gates of his long final rest. I saw many fascinating things there besides Lord and Lady Minto, especially the key of the gates of Gibraltar which had been presented to "Gibbie" Elliot, an ancient cadet of that house, in recognition of his splendid defence of the great fort against the French and Spaniards. The famous picture by Reynolds where he waves that very key and defies the French to "come and take it," stands opposite the casket which holds it. But what I wish to recall at present is an experience on the way back from Minto to Howick. We had to pass a certain outlying farm which belonged to Lord Grey. He had made arrangements that we should lunch there. The tenant had risen to his very substantial position from being a hind—I have no doubt largely through the interest and trust in him of his squire, who was always a discoverer in that kind. We had an excellent luncheon and no less lively and free conversation than we had had at Lambton, the seat of a descendant of Lord Durham—of close kin to Lord Grey and another Governor-General of Canada—at the same meal when we were going in the opposite direction. Afterwards, while he talked business with the man, I, without a word being said about it, found myself quite naturally and fascinatingly occupied in examining the very flourishing poultry department with the wife. The pleasure was insensibly steered in my direction. The business, as I could infer afterwards, had mainly to do with Lord Grey's plans for raising the conditions of the hinds on that particular farm, and of the Northumbrian hinds and the other English agricultural labourers in general. He made use of the well-to-do farmer, who had once been a hind and knew all about it, as

a medium for getting help down to the others of that class, both those who perhaps like our host only needed a little bit of a leg-up to lift them above it, and those whom nature had predestined to remain there.

That again was so like him. He had all sorts of schemes in his head, and the surest flair for those who could help him to execute them. It buzzed with them as a hive does with honey-bees. Co-operation, public houses on the Gothenberg plan where a man could have a drink with decency and without drowning his ears and wits in it, Proportional Representation, all sorts of things about the Empire—Goodness only knows what, the pure Goodness that put them there. And strange to say for all their dizzying multitudinousness he never to the very end dropped one of them, just as he never dropped a friend. His very last appearance in print, I think, during a deceptive pause in the progress of his fatal malady, was a letter to the *Spectator* on Proportional Representation. He was as tough as he was versatile, and, in spite of room in the crevices for all the little flowers that blow, as steadfast as a rock.

A rare natural sunniness and large sweetness of temper was the source of it all. He was born to love his fellows. But the beauty of it was that his left hand never knew what his right hand was doing. He never "listened to himself" at all. He had no particular merit about it or at least never imagined that he had. He was simply enjoying himself. It was part of that astoundingly good luck which he always felt had fallen to his share, the luck that had attended him all his life since the spring-time when he used to swagger down Regent Street accompanied by two young bucks like himself, "embroidered as it were mead"—what a pretty sight in England which has never failed of it yet since old Chaucer saw it there!—on through his never-to-be-forgotten days with Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jim upon the Veldt, and the parliamentary career whose culminating moment was the challenge, the first cock-crow of Unionist revolt, to old "Merry-Pebble" classically known as Mr. Gladstone—"What does

the 'old Parliamentary hand' hold in its closed palm? Some of us who have been the Right Honourable Gentleman's faithful followers think it but due to us that he should open it"—and so on to his vice-regal dignities as Governor-General of Canada, "the best billet in the British Empire" as he used to call it, his whole life was one radiant brightness of what he deemed totally unmerited good fortune.

If, as some of the more eupeptic philosophers maintain, to be happy is the highest achievement of man, and the chief merit of the immortal Gods as wise old Homer seems to suspect, then surely His Excellency was the absolute pinnacle of creation. They used to say in the Scotch Highlands of a man who did not thrive upon his food that he "put it in a bad skin." That was just what Albert Grey did not do with the cookery of the Fates. He put it in a good skin and brought to bear upon it quite the maximum gratitude of an efficacious metabolism. This gay infection of his high heart made him the best of leaders. He went before like a silken banner streaming in the wind. He would have done so if he could—how gladly !—as Julian Grenfell, and his own only son, and so many other young ones of that breed have done once more in the black storm of war, on the fields of Flanders and France. He took everything as it came with a frolic welcome. He had the gift of the golden eye. The people as well as the things that came under it borrowed from it an anticipated and prophetic gilding, not quite their own as yet perhaps, but all the likelier to become so fully because of the gentle tyranny exerted upon them by the truly saving and moving faith that already saw it in them. Joy radiated from him. One saw it most too where many professional optimists are apt to take a rest from their calorific exertions—in his home, in his relations with his own children of whom one would not always have suspected him of being the eldest; and with the others like the poor who were "always with him." That was I think, the chief well-head of his curious magic. Joy was in his voice—especially in the jolly *hybris* of a certain roar he would sometimes let out, sounding as if it defied the

envy of the Gods and overcrowed all possible recalcitration of men by the short cut of a kind of leonine overbearingness which was at the same time a caress. It was in his eye, the finest one I have seen in the head of any mere male. There were other things there too—quick twinklings of humour, for instance, and delicate tears. "He was a very perfect gentle knight."

No wonder the English people "love a lord" if he was, as indeed he was, a typical representative of his class. There is nothing quite like it I think outside of England. Certain rather scraggily ingenious creatures, like Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. G. B. Shaw, agree with the Kaiser's philosopher Houston Chamberlain in not liking the type. Our logical vegetarian of the modern English drama, in his striving to get the ground of the other honest Grey, Edward namely, Albert's cousin, cannot see any difference between it and the Prussian junker, the concept of whom he has characteristically turned up his German dictionary to define for him. Shakespeare would not have thought of doing that. That is the difference between our two great dramatic artists of whom, as he has modestly acknowledged, the younger is much the more metallically clever. Dogs are dogs all the world over, but even the naked eye can tell the distinction between a mastiff and a dachshund. The English squire for many hundred years has had to do with freemen in a free country which has been and is growing more free all the time. It is to be hoped, as I am still old-fashioned to think, that the process will stop short of eliminating the class which in the past has not been the least active in fostering it. For many reasons the Squire can ill be spared. The Americans have scarcely gained, either from the æsthetic point of view, or in respect of the reduction of servility, by putting the pork-packing millionaire in his place. In Canada at least, many of us would be sorry to hear of the disappearance from the motherland of that social stratum which grew for us such natural "Excellencies" as Lord Durham and Lord Grey.

It is impossible to estimate what men of their stamp have done for the empire. Apart altogether from such acts of political wisdom as were initiated or encouraged by them, there was the immense fact that they were themselves the men they were—English gentlemen; that is to say, bearers of those ideals and forces which the German Empire, for instance, most conspicuously lacks. There they were set up at the ends of the earth where all could see them, the very flower of the character and culture which the centuries have ripened in the inviolate old island home. Their light shone to keep alive our love, apt to grow cold so far away, our love of our great heritage from over there, and our assurance that it was indeed a real and specific thing quite distinctively our own, with no yankee accent, worth keeping. Not in vain. Langemarck, the Somme and Vimy Ridge bear witness. It seems we are Britons still. The old sanctities have been sealed once more, this time with much Canadian blood. We have entered into our estate and passed from nonage.

That fine showing, the immediate, spontaneous and almost universal rising from Halifax to Vancouver at the call of mortal danger to England and all that England means, we owed not a little to Lord Grey. He came at a good time as did after him the Duke of Connaught, a gracious prince and first-class soldier, who knew the business in hand at the moment right well. His long tenure of office from 1904 to 1911 fell in most fortunately so soon before the great war. The blaze of loyalty, which burst out on the memorable fourth of August and ran from hill to hill like a beacon-fire from the Atlantic to the Pacific, had been well fanned by him, for seven years. Perhaps no man living could have been set over the high temple on our Capitoline rock who could have cherished that sacred fire with such deep enthusiasm, or tempered with a tact so delicate the persistency and power he brought to bear in blowing the bellows for it.

To begin with, he had no difficulty in establishing the most cordial relations with our political leaders on both sides. His fine natural gift of seeing the best side of men

helped him greatly there. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was in power for much the greater part of his Governorship, and Sir Wilfrid had difficulties of all sorts in being a very whole-hearted Briton. The French here tend to share the somewhat querulous pride of race, the tendency to dwell on old unhappy far-off things, which doubtless with other causes have given so much trouble in Ireland. Sir Wilfrid is, after all, a Frenchman and a Catholic; his power and usefulness depend on his hold upon the most jealously susceptible Frenchmen and the most devout and docile flock of St. Peter in the world. He is also one of the few last surviving examples of the Liberal doctrinaire of the almost extinct Manchester school which even the *Spectator* has deserted at last. The name of Joseph Chamberlain is anathema to him. Not an easy man, you would say, for Earl Grey to tackle. But Sir Wilfrid is also a gallant gentleman, a finished type of all the graces and generosities of his race. It would have been impossible to find an Englishman quicker to vibrate to these qualities. His love for Laurier as a man—it was no less than that—the strong French streak in his own temperament could easily span the gulf that divided their economics and their politics. They became fast friends. And from that contact in the deeper places, gentle influences of *rapprochement* rose insensibly to the surface where the conflict was, which have had no small effect in determining the attitude and action of our great French Premier in a time of need. Almost he was persuaded to be an Imperialist. He went quite as far in that direction as there was the slightest chance of getting his Quebec phalanx to follow him. In fact he very seriously strained the string by, perhaps *on*, which he led them. That he should have helped more lately towards our last stiff pull in the stern tug of war, is what some of us would have dearly liked to see, for the sake of his own reputation as well as for the other reasons. But perhaps if we knew everything our wonder would rather be that he has hindered so little. In what he has done and happily refrained from doing, no single man's influence from

outside has been so potent as Lord Grey's way with him—his way of doing a fine and generous justice to every man's struggling and incohate noblenesses, and the instinctive delicacy, much more than the official reticence, which saved him from pressing too heavily on the bruised reed. With Sir Robert Borden his task of keeping the great whole in steady dominance over the parish pump was, of course, much easier; which was fortunate because in that case, it may be suspected, the bond of natural congeniality was scarcely so strong.

Lord Grey was really more at home, if anything, in Quebec than in Ontario. The *Marseillaise* was more to his taste than *Boyne Water*. And that was all to the good, because he was much more needed in the more ancient Province, which we must not forget is the mother of us all in British America. The French did not take naturally to his politics. But they could not resist the charm of his person, his eloquence in their mother-tongue, or the unforced flattery of his sincere admiration for their race. For no one could relish more sensitively than he the many fine traits he saw in every class of them—traits which so often appeal in vain to the raw and pushful vigour of English Canada—the sound earthy smack and good-nature of the habitant, the free hearty bluffness of the old *Seigneur*, the sacred sweetness and modest, unseen, inexpensive service of the Sisters of Mercy, and the spontaneous inbred courtesy of all. Quebec he regarded as the last citadel and solid *bloc* of homogeneous good manners on the continent. The source he found partly in the race and partly in the religion. No wonder "Imperialism" lost half its fabled terrors for the French Canadians in that graciously peripatetic incarnation in which it moved so freely and sympathetically about among them.

He moved about a great deal and made friends of all sorts of people in every corner of Canada. I do not suppose that any one man had ever seen so much of it with his own eyes. It was all glowingly alive in his head, every industry and every raw material of industry, its mines and seas and water-power, forests and prairies, all its sources of wealth

and stores of natural beauty, its schools, theatres and churches, arts and crafts and playgrounds, and above all its men and women and children, and everything that could be made to strengthen, heighten and brighten their life. To know him was a liberal education in all that could be known of Canada. The man was an artist. He had the visionary eye, the gift of the glowing phrase. That was the trunk of him. We have already seen what the root was, and caught a glimpse of the branches, sprays and blossoms. An architect of empire, shall we say? The word has a tyrannous sound that grates in the worst way against the real temper of his means and ends. The "Empire" in which he believed with all his soul—to the extent perhaps of being ready to condone somewhat robust Rhodesian, or even Rockefeller methods, on occasion, for its strengthening and furtherance—was in his eyes another name for justice and freedom and their effective dominance on the earth. Call him rather what he was—what indeed all the best English "Imperialists" so-called are in intention—a born builder in a temple of fair humanity, passionately interested not only in the plan of the whole, but in every brick that looked likely to serve in the structure of his vision. Many such bricks he found both in the things and in the men of Canada. That was why he was so unwearied in travelling about to gaze on them. He was a "Pilgrim of Love." He made a point of seeing everything and everybody that had the slightest significance for the larger purposes. He did not confine his attentions to public meetings, the summits in Ottawa, political interests and the strings and wires of them. He was scarcely less keen about the landscape amenities of our capital city than he was to attune its magnates to harmony with his Imperial ambitions, and if he did not quite convert Sir Wilfrid to the latter, in the other cause at least he was quite successful in opening his eyes and enlisting his enthusiasm. The sense of beauty, and the historical sense as regards our own past, much less developed among us as yet than among our American cousins in spite of all the "hustling" which they

share with us, being very strong in himself, he made a serious effort to awaken and foster them among us. Dramatic and musical contests after the old Greek and Welsh model, in which all parts of the country competed, were organized by him in Ottawa. Among other advantages he hoped they might serve as they did in old Greece to quicken the feeling of unity in the magnificent distances of Canada. Provincialism as he knew was a great bane among us. He was the moving spirit in the great Quebec pageant, and in the purchase of the Plains of Abraham for the nation. One of his many unfulfilled aspirations was to have a fair path made, such as the Germans, with all their faults, would have made long ago, to wind about the most historical spot in all America —there would have been no United States but for what happened there!—the citadel which Wolfe took with his Highlanders, a path with seats to catch the views, "where," as he put it, "a young fellow could take his girl out for a walk." He always saw his projects like that crowned with happy human life. There were always an Adam and Eve, a Prentice and a Maid, wandering in his paradise "in the cool of the evening." Wherever he went he sowed fruitful suggestions for making things livelier and brighter as well as more just, with always a quick eye open, a brotherly word of cheer, and often a deftly helping hand too, for the salt of the earth, the men and the women however obscure, who had the heart and the head to be of his own fraternity of builders, the true knightly order that gives and does not merely absorb. Not that he confined his sympathies to the social reforming enthusiast, sometimes a bit too bustling and aware of himself or herself. No genuine human charm or worth or strength, no refreshing quaintness even, could long escape him. He had friends of all sorts, the capable species and those whose very virtue lay in their hopeless inutility as the world counts use. They were his riches, as Cornelia's children were her jewels. He was a millionaire in that kind and therefore of course he never became so in the sense of Chicago. No one was ever so polygamous in the appreciation of all imaginable human

excellence. His visiting-list included Emperors, Railway Presidents, Field Marshals, Poets, Shanty-men and Irish washer-women. And in each and every class he had found Kings and Queens. Surely no practical man like him, who got through an incredible amount of very hard work every day, and perhaps wore himself out before his time in the process, had ever a heart more at leisure from himself to follow, with such an even curiosity and delight, every considerable aspect of the moving kaleidoscope of life.

It was in the course of his visit to the Hudson Bay, in the autumn of 1910, that I had my most prolonged opportunity to guess what manner of man he was. Camping out at nights under the Aurora Borealis and the stars, we glided along endless stretches of river and lake, often fringed with reeds or miles of water-lilies, for some nine days, from Norway House to York Factory. We followed the brawling course of the Nelson broken by innumerable portages, rocks and rapids and waterfalls, the watery way of the old fur-traders who were the pioneers of the Greater Canada, our barks a string of fourteen fat geese—the wings going sometimes when the wind served—with His Excellency's graceful but not very comfortable Peterborough canoe for swan to lead us. At York Factory on the Bay, at the mouth of the Hayes and Nelson, we bade farewell, by means of much tobacco, to our wonderful Indian voyageurs—what a sight it had been to see them shoot rapids!—and returned to civilization. For there we were picked up by the good ship *Earl Grey*, which had come up from Halifax to meet us, and received into the comparatively heavenly habitations of her capacious staterooms, so much better for lazy bones to sleep in than the irreconcilable lumpy ground among the rocks and sands of the river banks had been. She carried us first to Fort Churchill with its lamentable ruins of a stronghold that never fired a shot, once an advanced post of the might of England as it might have been and was not, its crumbling blocks of ashlar now overgrown with berried shrubbery and no sign of life around but the sea-mews and the squalid

tepees of Esquimaux. From there we crossed the Bay in perfect sunshine—morning coffee once in our pyjamas—over waters blue as the Bay of Naples, passed through the Straits quite unhindered, and skirted the coast of Labrador, with its high mountains of rusty iron, untrodden from of old by any foot but the roaming caribou's. Finally we reached the lovely bay, lit up at nights by the glow from the furnaces of Sidney. From there we crossed to Prince Edward Island and Dr. Macphail's potato farm—the island which is surely the sweetest bit of old England or Scotland that has ever yet been carved out of Canada by the sculpture of the husbandman. It is also the second birth-place of Mr. Harris, one of the best of our Canadian artists. He has shown his filial piety both to his own parents and to the island to which they brought him as a child, and at the same time, like the artist he is, put the finishing touch, the love-locks as it were, upon the mellow old-world grace and beauty of the place, by consecrating and decorating a lovely chapel of the Charlottetown Cathedral with paintings by his own hand. He is a man after Lord Grey's own heart. Such he delighted to honour. Miss Montgomery, too, another ornament of the Island, whose delicious idyll "Anne of the Green Gables," found much favour in his eyes. He took care that we should meet her. And so we had seen the very rawest material of our country and the very best that could be made of it all in a single month's voyage.

What wild and unforgettable things and people had we not seen, such scenery for dreams! Bales of the Hudson Bay Company's pelts, the harvest of the snow-fields, garnered in the fur-trader's chief granary of their wilderness, the huge, palisaded warehouses of York Factory; blubber-vats and piles of oil barrels tended by Esquimaux maidens of the most amiable, cosy dirtiness in the world, and a curious flat-nosed comeliness. Hugh icebergs in the distance, flashing green lights in the sunshine; a great Newfoundland cod-fishing fleet in an endless winding inlet, bitten out among the hills, a wizard's cove under the glamour of the strangest sky, where Moravian missionaries were the only whites,

and where the day before we were told a walrus had appeared and in a trice disappeared again—down the throats of the natives to its last tit-bit of glistening fat and even bone; Dr. Grenfell's University of the wilds at St. Anthony, its hospitals where a celebrated surgeon performed all kinds of cunningest miracles of his art among the icebergs; its schools, workshops and orphanage. Dr. Grenfell's herd of reindeer, with Lap shepherds, meant by him to replace the savage wolf-like sleigh dogs, and as Lord Grey said to be "the larder, transport and dairy of the Arctic," and the band of highly trained devoted men and women who helped him in his work among the most forsaken of mankind. And after all this dream-like panorama of the waste and seamy side of the great Dominion and its eternal wildernesses, we stepped out at Sydney, into the full daylight of one of its most flourishing modern industries in the immediate neighbourhood of its richest coalfields, placed in such a sea position, both to command raw material and to ship the finished product, that it can scarcely fail one day to become one of the very greatest of its kind in the world; and went on from there to the sweet fields and tree clumps, the ruddy earth set in a sapphire sea, and the artistic glory of the island paradise called Prince Edward's. We had indeed boxed the compass of all there was in Canada.

It was a great background for the figure of Lord Grey, against which every side of that very many-sided man,—requiring not a "cubist" but a "polyhedrist," shall we say?—to do it justice, stood out in astonishingly clear relief. Of all the eye-opening things we saw he was himself the most awakening phenomenon to me, and the most illuminating as regards the inwardness of all the other sights. First of all throughout that Arctic Odyssey he was a bonfire of life and high cheer. No driving rain or storms of delaying winds, or dismal mosquito-infested bogs by black crawling waters like a river of hell, such as we were forced on one occasion at least to camp upon (it was on the blighted bank of the Stygian "Macrahanish," as I think they quite justifiably called it) could

ever depress him or take the trumpet-ring out of his voice. Every time we landed to "boil the kettle" and eat that hollow mockery that "breaks the wind of promise to the sense" and bears the name of preserved "potatoes"—it tastes as like them as does flour gone slightly and beastly sweetly wrong—to the accompaniment of tinned meat, with its rich sombre suggestion of ptomaines and a first-class funeral—every such interlude was the occasion of an Olympian banquet with Hebe to wait so long as he was there to play Jove's part. Of course, when it was physically possible, as on the *Earl Grey*, he fed us very well indeed. Trust an English squire for that! A proper conception of the sanctity of a guest's inward parts ranks high among the virtues of that breed. He fed us well and was eager to feed everybody we came across. He was a "real Lord" as the English say—a *hlaford* not in the sense of "bread-*keeper*" but rather, as he somewhat alarmingly proved on one occasion, of "bread-*giver*." It occurred to him, namely, that certain Newfoundland fishermen we fell in with (with whom by the way he, as Governor-General of Canada, had absolutely no business whatever) must have been on pretty short commons for a long time. He at once resolved to have them all in the saloon and give them at least one good feed in their lives. He was told that the stores were running rather low, and that it was not quite certain the thing could be done with due respect to the future comfort of the worshipful company on board. That did not freeze the genial currents of his soul for an instant. He would have his fishermen at all costs. Their necessity was much greater than his or his suite's. He would have been quite content, if need were, that he and we should finish the voyage on ship's biscuit and cheese, rather than miss his chance. And indeed hard-tack and cold water and content, with him, would have been better than any most provident churl's stalled ox and wine of Tokay. He had his fishermen and their wives to his own infinite delight and theirs, gave them abundantly both to eat and

drink and made them the very best speech I ever heard from him.

When thou makest a feast call the poor, and thou shall be blessed.

So spoke that other King of Gentlemen. Like Him, Lord Grey "points us to a better time than ours." How many a man and woman in those desolate wilds, besides those simple fisher folk still like as pea to pea to their old Galilean brothers of the Lake Genesaret, did I not see restored or quickened in heart and hope by the passing of that kindly radiance. Missionaries, mounted policemen, clerks of fur-trading companies, lumbermen, trappers, Indians as well as poets and artists their close kin—he made them all feel, because he felt it himself so sincerely, that their bare lot, their voices crying in the wilderness, had a high significance, might start far-travelling echoes. They saw themselves, for a moment at least, as they were reflected in his eyes, the advanced guard of civilization, on honourable outpost duty in an army that was fighting for the noblest of causes, lights which should shine the more strongly and steadily because they were so much alone in the outer darkness.

But of course he had a very definite practical purpose in taking that holiday in the everlasting backyard of Canada, and of course, as usual, it had to do with his "Imperialism." To begin with he utterly refused to admit that there was any backyard. He was jealous for every fragment of that vast estate of the British people of which he regarded himself as one of the most excessively remunerated stewards. He could look at no desert which the alchemy of his eye did not turn into a gold-mine, none which under the warmth of his opulent imagination did not blossom like the rose. On the scraggily timbered banks of poplar, birch, and pine of the Hayes and Nelson, he could see saw-mills working and berry-fields growing—the woods there are full of the most wonderful wild red and black currant bushes, besides a profusion of the more usual wild strawberries and raspberries and black-

berries, and many other kinds I never saw anywhere else—and great haystacks he saw and oat ricks, and crowds of holiday-makers fishing and paddling and shooting duck in the streams there. But chiefly he saw a new link of Empire. Along the path where our canoes were crawling, steam engines should one day snort and speed from the Saskatchewan to the salt water. Their burden should be caught up by strong ice-breaking ships riding at anchor there and shouldering their way through the ice-floes of the greatest territorial sea in the world, along a course well-lighted and buoyed and charted at last, which had nevertheless been favourably known to mariners since Prince Rupert's time,—ships homeward bound for England, and no farther away from England, by the contracted northern circle, at their moorings off Fort Churchill, than if their starting point had been the port of Montreal. The beaver skins had safely gone that way for centuries. Selkirk's settlers had come by it. Some of the new and mightier harvest of the west, the yearly millions of wheat bushels, and perhaps some of the hands to reap them, might be made to take it still. The reproach and danger of Canada, its inordinate length without breadth, might be removed or lightened. At least for some priceless months in every year, Winnipeg, the centre of that long narrow ribbon of fertility, with its bad gap of Lake Superior rock and muskeg, should shoot out a vital connecting thread to the eastern extremity of the endless line at Halifax and Sydney, and on the other hand to Liverpool, which would thus be brought as close as it is to the elevators of Montreal, to the very stable doors and reaping machines of the prairies.

Such was the vision that went before Lord Grey during that month—Canada made more vitally one with herself and with the great structure in which she has some claim already, and still more possibility in the future, to be the keystone. It was part of the "vision splendid" that was with him all his life long, a better body with fitter mechanism, a swifter, smoother interplay of the far-scattered members, for the soul of England.

Some of his good friends in Montreal, the C.P.R. people and the shippers, naturally enough from their point of view, which might easily be as much more shrewd than his as it was much less warm and wide, thought his Hudson Bay scheme fantastic. It may or may not have been so. He had the defects of his enviably sanguine temper. The lions seen by others in the path often shrank in his eyes into mere poodles, formidably tonsured by fear and want of faith, even when they turned out to be real lions enough. But how much beyond rubies on the whole account was the price of that forward-looking enthusiasm, always in the van and pressing on "to the mark of the goal of a high calling." A cold meticulous caution and "canniness" would have saved pennies when he chucked pounds—and blazed the trail to millions. Canada has hitherto justified the wisdom of her lovers. Their wildest forecasts have fallen short of the fulfilment. Her Governors-General do well to be sanguine. It is their *metier*. Until I had the luck to take that trip with one of them, though always perfectly content with their existence, I had not the slightest idea what a very lucrative investment for Canada, what a really inexpensive luxury they may be. In keeping them we do not transgress the bounds which Pericles set to the Athenian love of beauty, namely, a thoroughly Scotch economy. We might well write the φιλοκαλοῦμεν μετ' εὐτελείας in golden letters on the vice-regal throne in our Senate House.

In Lord Grey's case I find that this has been very generally recognized. The papers speak of his "tact" and "graciousness," and call him "the best publicity agent we ever had." Not one of them, however, has done him such fine justice as the *Devoir*. That may seem strange. For as everybody knows "Imperialism" is to the *Devoir* as a red rag to a bull. It is the organ of the Quebec Sinn Feiners. And outside of that charmingly "distressful country" the Hibernian Niobe, the coquette of woefulness, among the nations, there are no such inconsolable chewers of the bitter cud and mouldy grievances of ancient history as the editors

of the *Devoir*. But they are "only mad north-north-west" like Hamlet, and like him they are never stupid. They know a hawk when he comes flying from the south, and don't mistake him either for a "handsaw" or an owl. Mr. Omer Heroux is the only leader-writer in Canada, so far as I have seen, who has betrayed some consciousness of the fine and powerful intelligence which underlay and informed the grace and tact and amiability of Lord Grey. And besides, he is the only one who has emphasized and given a classic instance of his truly royal power to detect obscure merit, and of his impetuous and unstinted generosity in going a great deal out of his way to encourage and aid it. I wish I had room to give at full length his really dramatic and noble account of the Governor-General and M. Desjardins, the stenographer to the House of Commons, in Ottawa, who with his help, in spite of the apathy and dulness of the politicians, became the famous founder of the Quebec People's Savings Bank. While much more edifying, it is quite as interesting as the story of Joseph in prison, and the leg-up he got from the cup-bearer of royal Pharaoh. It is a bit of the very highest journalism such as we very rarely see. But of course, Mr. Heroux thinks that in his capacity of "Imperialist"—to which he sketches in a few lines a vivid silhouette of Lord Grey applying on the one hand a fiery enthusiasm and a persistence tough enough to wear out rocks, and on the other all the versatile astuteness of a Macchiavellian supple-jack that "smiles and smiles and is a villain," playing like a master on the strings of vanity and greed, and all our poor human weaknesses, and worse still upon our most generous impulses—in this capacity the Governor-General was to Mr. Heroux the very devil, in his most dangerous form too, disguised as an angel of light.

No, no, my dear Mr. Omer Heroux, most noble enemy, friend at heart! Albert Grey had not one eye of an Imperialistic anthropophagous ogre who eats six guileless habitants to breakfast, and one mild liquid blue one to beam on M. Desjardins and so many more of his invaluable kind. His

two eyes were exactly alike. They looked straight forward out of his head into your eyes. They were both a kindly spotty brown like a bird's, and it makes me very sad to think that we shall never see them again. He was not a very subtle person. I have known him to put his foot in it badly several times. His overflowing spirits, his affectionately gambolling audacities, the too robust confidence he had that his sincere good-will could not possibly be misunderstood, sometimes betrayed him into a *faux pas* that stumbled with a slightly sickening shock against the rigidity of colder and more formal natures. He was much more successful with the poor than with the prim, who are always with us unfortunate English. His secret was a very open one. It was just a kind heart and a single eye. He was not at all what the popular Protestant fancy paints for a Jesuit Cardinal, steel claws under a velvet sheath, a virtuoso in the manipulation of human frailties. He was simply the best of good listeners, quick to enter into the interests of the people he met, to catch whatever flavour they had of their own if they had any, and to respond most gratefully and stimulatingly to that. "That was the only witchcraft that he used." He was not only witty himself, but, what is very much more uncommon, a life-giving cause of wit in others. I never knew anyone so free from the very prevailing crass stupidity of clever people, the carapace of self-involution, that makes so many of them impenetrable to the dimmer rays of other people's excellences. When it came to diplomatic poker again, his strong suit was just that baffling simple honesty which has so often won the game for the far from nimble-witted Englishman, who surely is not descended from the monkey, against the subtler races.

And as for your *bête-noire*, Mr. Heroux, his dreadful Imperialism, I wish I could make you see what in my bones I know, that that was not at all a different and distinct thing from his zealous social-reforming which you admire so much, but only another side of the very same thing in him, namely, that true love and respect for his fellows, and hatred of

no kind or colour or creed of them, which he drew in from his mother's milk and from the great heart and sweet nurture of his mighty mother, England.

The faith he walked by was a very simple creed. Once he said to me:—"My religion is the Empire." It sounded a little idolatrous even to me, but I thought I understood him. The fact is he believed things had been made very clear and easy for himself and his fellow-citizens of the Greater Britain. In order to be true to their citizenship in the Kingdom of Heaven, all they had to do was to be loyal in thought and word and deed to the Empire, which he took in an ideal sense, labouring all his days to bring that ideal more and more closely into the body of the fact, a sense that made it the roughly exhaustive representation of Heaven upon this earth. It is curious to observe, I should like to remind Mr. Henri Bourassa, how largely the world in general has come to share his view. The Germans do not. This long time they have scarcely taken the trouble to conceal that they have one fixed aim to which everything else, the trampling down of France for instance, and the completion of the enslavement of Russia, is a mere half-way house, namely, the destruction of the British Empire and the establishment of the "Freedom of the Seas." That is to say, as they think and say, the removal of the last obstacle to the world-wide dominance of the German Empire. The Turk alone has been found to agree with them as to the desirableness of that object, the attainment of which, as of any other Turco-Teutonic object whatever, has now been unanimously and solemnly pronounced by all the rest of mankind—even, upon mature reflection, by the United States and China—as being the equivalent of hell for *them*. To so considerable an extent has Lord Grey's view prevailed. Surely there must be something divine in an institution which cannot be threatened without such an ecumenical rallying around it, such a recognition by all men all over the world of the identity of its interests with theirs. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum. Why rage the heathen? The Lord*

that sits in Heaven shall laugh and break them like a potter's sherd.

At any rate, Lord Grey found happiness in his simple faith. It produced among its fruits the cogent evidence of joy. To him it was a fountain of perpetual youth. It kept him a boy to the last. The word with which he met the sentence of doom he forced from the Leeds doctor by looking him straight in the eyes—and in death's—was the word of the jolly brave English boy he never ceased to be—"Well, I have had a good innings!" *Ut satur conviva.* He *had* a good innings, and made a good score. We cannot doubt he has been acclaimed in the Pavilion with applause. He ran his strong man's race like the sun, and set like him with a smile of benediction and farewell. Landor's verse, with a kindly interpretation of the pride in the first line, might well be carved for his epitaph:—

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved and, next to nature, Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

JOHN MACNAUGHTON

IN FRANCE'S FLOWERED FIELDS

In France's flowered fields they lie,
  And she will hold them close and dear;
Above their graves her trees will sigh,
  Her grasses shroud them year by year.

On summer noons the sun will stream
  In cheerful warmth across their beds;
By night the moon's slant, filmy beam
  Build aureoles about their heads.

The fitful winds will make them moan,
  A dirge be sung by every breeze;
And they shall lie apart, alone,
  Through all the coming centuries

Dwelling in silences so vast
  No thought to that high tower may climb;
An austere beauty holds them fast
  Beyond the boundaries of time.

They were to us mere laughing boys,
  But in the passing of a breath
They turned from life's scarce-tasted joys
  To this high majesty of death.

O France, when coming springs shall break
  In foam of bloom to hide thy scars,
And flowers of human kindness make
  An end of agonies and wars,—

Forget not these, our sons, who came
  At that first wild, bewildered cry,
With their young British hearts aflame,
  Upon thy tragic hills to die.

Still have them in thy guarding care,
  A holy and a cherished trust,
And let thy children come with prayer
  To dream awhile beside their dust.

To dream of tender love and ruth,
  And give a passing thought to these
Who trod the star-lit ways of truth,
  Bondsmen of British loyalties.

And since upon thy heart lies now
  The richest ransom ever paid—
White roses torn from England's brow
  Beside thy broken lilies laid—

Be thou our friend for evermore,
  In ties of common anguish bound,
That we may know the sons we bore
  Lie not in unregarded ground.

H. C.

SIX YEARS IN A JUVENILE COURT

THERE being some misconception as to the work of a Juvenile Court, it might be well in explaining its work to follow Bacon's precept, delivered in his reading on the Statute of Uses: "The nature of a use is best discovered by considering *what it is not*, and then what it is, for it is the nature of all human science and knowledge to proceed most safely by negative and exclusion to what is affirmative and inclusive."

A juvenile court is not a complete remedy, or cure-all, for crime. It is not, and cannot be, a substitute for parental care, moral and religious training, and good environment. It cannot render entirely unnecessary the reformatory and charitable institutions. It is not a scheme for relieving parents of their natural responsibilities. It is not sentimental; it is based on common sense. It is not really a court for deciding cases, but rather a bureau of practical justice, and a "clearing-house" where conditions of juvenile delinquents are adjusted. It is not so much a method of investigation with a view to the punishment of a delinquent act as a remedy for conditions from which the delinquent act probably arose. The child's act is often viewed by the judge as simply the evidence of conditions requiring remedy. The court was instituted as a recognition of two facts; first, that children are children even when they break the law, and second, that while the rights of parents should not be lightly interfered with, every child has a right to a fair chance to become an honest, useful citizen. The State must protect the citizen in those things in which he cannot protect himself. The business of the court is to search out the underlying causes of juvenile delinquency and to supply preventive measures.

The Juvenile Delinquents Act of Canada has been in force since 1911. The chief advantages of this Act are, (1) its

simplicity, and the enlarged power given to the judge; (2) the enforcement of the parents' responsibility; (3) the application of the system of probation; (4) the separation of children from adults accused of crimes; (5) the indeterminate length of sentence when a child is committed to an Institution; (6) the utilization of foster homes.

The jurisdiction extends over all delinquents under the age of sixteen years and also over all children who are suffering from lack of proper guardianship, or who are neglected. While in some cases informality and gentleness in dealing with the particular case are desirable, in other cases the use of formal procedure is essential. Every juvenile court, in dealing with an offender, should have jurisdiction over the agencies contributory to his offence. Under the federal statute, supplemented by provincial enactment, the juvenile court's work tends to expand and to include features of a "Domestic Relations" court. Local circumstances must determine the extent of this policy of expansion.

Probation is the most effective method of dealing with juvenile offenders. The court avails itself of the probation system and tries to prevent children from reaching a condition which would necessitate their being formally dealt with by the court. The ultimate success of this remedial agency may depend more on the number of children kept out of court than brought into it. The procedure often begins before any offence is committed. When it is reported that a boy or girl is inclined to be wayward, or is being brought up without salutary parental control, an officer of the court investigates the report, confers with the parents or custodians of the boy or girl, and often by such action renders unnecessary the summoning of the boy or girl or parents. In some cases an appropriate admonition to the delinquent or the parents is sufficient. In other cases it is necessary to have a thorough inquiry before the court, particularly where parents are charged with contributing to the delinquency of their children. Where the charge involves parental neglect, the children are temporarily excluded from the room, as it is not desirable to

have them present when a charge is virtually against their parents. On the other hand, I have sometimes found that a child was afraid to tell the whole truth in the presence of his parents, and in all such cases I have excluded the parents temporarily and have talked with the child alone, in order that he or she might not be affected by any influence to suppress the truth. Every effort should be made to get the truth from the boy or girl rather than, later on, from the police. A great point is gained when a child admits his transgression, as a feeling of antagonism by the parents against the police is thereby prevented. Some parents, claiming to be respectable, have tried to induce their children to lie when interrogated about the particular charge or misconduct.

The proceedings of the court are not reported in the press, and care is taken where certain classes of children are brought before the court, to exclude anything like the appearance of criminal procedure and terminology. The boy or girl is not formally asked whether he or she is guilty or nor guilty, but is encouraged to tell the truth, and as a rule, when the delinquent is thus treated, the particular fault is admitted. The distinctive feature of the court is the elimination of the idea of criminality. Frequently, the formal trial of the charge is but a small part of the judicial investigation. In practice I have often abandoned the formal trial and substituted an inquiry into the guardianship of the child. In short, while the formal inquiry may be as to an objective offence, the real inquiry is: What is best to do with the child? It becomes practically a conference over the child's future welfare. Sometimes counsel appear on behalf of the parents, but in such cases counsel invariably aid the court in conducting the inquiry free from technicalities, and in accordance with the policy of the court not to hold trials but earnest conferences concerning the child's future.

In the investigation of juvenile delinquency many contributing causes will be found, and the investigator cannot fail to note the interlocking relations of multiform problems. But two decisive factors are: First, failure to make moral and

religious training go hand in hand with physical and mental training; and, second, spineless parents who ignore the fact that obedience is the fundamental law of child training. The investigation usually discloses in the background a delinquent parent. Moral defects, like physical, yield more readily to proper treatment at early stages, but many parents fail to appreciate that fact, and in many cases the delinquency of the boy or girl is found to have been caused by defective home conditions, involving as a rule criminal carelessness or at least moral obtuseness or heedlessness of a parent.

Juvenile delinquents are not born, but made. In some instances they are the product of social conditions, for the maintenance of which municipalities are responsible, but in the vast majority of cases the parents are to blame. Criminality is not hereditary, but a child inherits certain instincts and these can be directed towards something either good or evil. Much depends upon the child's environment as to this development. Character is not wholly born with the boy or girl, but consists largely of acquired tendencies. Various environmental factors affect character. A boy or a girl has a right to an environment which will develop his or her instincts in such a way as to make them tend towards good rather than evil. The court, after investigation, places the child in the care of the particular agency best adapted to direct that child into the path that leads to good citizenship, and to keep it in that path.

Sometimes, the temporary withdrawal of the children from their home accomplishes all that the court desires, and the children are then returned to their reformed home. But in cases where the home is beyond the hope of reconstruction, the boy or girl is sent to one of the reformatories and eventually is placed in a good rural home, which is selected with special care. By this method, adopted by juvenile courts in Canada, thousands of children have been placed out in good homes, and in thousands of other cases their own homes have been reformed. Many of these children, but for the adoption of this method, would have been drawn into the ever-flowing stream of criminality.

An important aim of the court should be to compel unwilling parents to discharge their natural obligations towards their children. The parents of a delinquent child should be made to feel more responsibility for the misconduct of the child. Instead of weakening the sense of responsibility of the parent, the court intervenes to enforce it. Many parents who appeared before the Halifax Juvenile Court seemed to assume that the responsibility for the moral and religious development of their children rested with the school teacher and the clergyman, and that the sole duty of parents was to feed, clothe and shelter their children. In many instances there was an entire absence of home discipline. An undisciplined boyhood or girlhood is a potent cause of subsequent delinquency and crime. In truancy cases it was not uncommon for the father of a truant to plead that he could not get his boy to go to school. "Willie won't really go to school for me," or, "I can't keep Johnny from going with a bad companion who makes him play truant," and similar excuses were offered by muscular fathers concerning the disobedience of boys ten and twelve years of age. Corporal punishment is rarely undertaken by parents. In these days there seems to be a sort of universal soft-heartedness—a dread of inflicting physical pain on boys. The unwise efforts of humanitarians supercharged with slobbering sentimentality have resulted in the practical suppression of corporal punishment in the schools, and the lack of discipline has thereby been increased. The administration of corporal punishment in our public schools, when prudently safeguarded, is often the most efficacious means to restore order and discipline.

In cases of delinquent boys I have frequently asked a parent if he ever administered any chastisement to the boy for previous transgressions, and the parent usually admitted that no punishment was ever attempted. Sometimes the feeble excuse was put forward by the father that he did not like to punish the boy because his wife thought that "Willie" was not very strong. But the day generally comes when "Willie" does become "very strong" in evil habits unchecked, and in

vicious inclinations uncontrolled. Through lack of home discipline boys and girls go wrong, and parents regret too late the foolish weakness which induced them to refrain from administering the necessary discipline. "The rod and reproof give wisdom, but the child that is left to his own will bringeth his mother to shame." So Solomon said, but the twentieth century view is that "they didn't know everything down in Judee."

Corporal punishment in the schools, although legal, has become practically obsolete in Nova Scotia. This is regrettable. As an external aid to discipline, the use of the rod is amply justifiable in extreme cases. In the treatment of certain types of boys inclined to be disobedient or who are wayward, the discomfort of corporal punishment supplies a salutary stimulus or moral tonic. Boy nature has not changed much during the last half century, and when the present writer was a boy, corporal punishment was a most effective cure for truancy and disobedience. Looking at the question through the clear, unclouded lens of time, I can testify that in my own case as a boy, the use of the strap was beneficial in inculcating the golden virtue of obedience.

In the Halifax Juvenile Court, the truant is not dealt with by the court until the teacher and the School Board have exhausted every effort. Sometimes the trouble in truancy cases is environmental, the influence of a vicious, older boy-companion; sometimes it is a "gang" problem, and sometimes it is a tactless or timid teacher. To-day, teachers are made to feel that they must not violate the sacredness of little Willie's individuality by operating on any portion of his sensitive and tender anatomy with a strap. Instead of there being any danger from too free use of the rod, the real danger to-day in the training of boys and girls is from abandonment of restraint, and a consequent contempt of all authority. To-day, at home and in school, a boy's way must be made all sunshine—he must have what he wants and he must not be given what he does not want. How, in future years, will he be able to stand the hard knocks of the world, to exercise

self-control, to meet and overcome obstacles, to face unpleasant responsibilities, to confront ill-fortune, or to be patient under the inevitable suffering which awaits every one?

In the County Court Judge's Criminal Court I have tried many cases of adults where it was manifest that the originating cause of the serious crime which the prisoner had committed was a want of self-discipline in early life, whereby his moral fibre had been weakened, and, as a consequence, when the inevitable temptation came the offender succumbed. Many of these criminals had never been taught the binding force of moral law, or trained to recognize what they must do and must not do, and why. They were brought up like young savages. They knew no discipline. How could they be expected to do right when they had never been taught to think right? In many instances their own parents were guilty of the grave cruelty of spoiling them by always "giving them their own way."

Many parents resent any interference with their domestic relations, and believe that as parents they have an inalienable right to neglect their children and even ruin them. In one instance the court, having previously given a boy of well-to-do parents a chance, felt compelled to send the boy to a reformatory, whereupon the parents and relatives conspired to aid the boy to escape, and supplied him with money to leave the city. The boy was bright and intelligent, and under normal conditions could have been easily trained to be a good citizen, but his short-sighted relatives were almost a fatal handicap. In this case the boy was retaken and sent again to the Reformatory, and three of his relatives each paid a fine of twenty-five dollars, so that they and others might be given a salutary lesson.

There is another type of parent well known to all juvenile courts. He does not directly aid his child to violate the law, but believes that his whole duty is fulfilled when he provides a living for his family. He thinks that it is unreasonable to expect him to assume the duty of disciplining his children, and he leaves that duty to his wife, who unhesi-

tatingly and unreservedly leaves it to the school teacher. But the harried teacher's efforts on behalf of discipline are thrown away if there be no parental co-operation. Frequently the parents, instead of co-operating with the teacher, are too ready to believe that the delinquency of their "Willie" is the fault of the school teacher; and, of course, Willie concurs in this view.

There are some exceptional cases, where the parents, through ill-health or other causes, are unable to take proper care of their children, but, generally, a neglected boy or girl implies a delinquent parent. Our method of dealing with a delinquent parent varies according to circumstances. In one instance, the father became so addicted to "sprees" that he absolutely neglected his family and his work. He was sent by the Juvenile Court to the county jail for a month on the charge of having neglected his children. This crude punishment, while sometimes inexpedient, proved efficacious in his case. He is an excellent mechanic, and has since provided a comfortable home for his family, and has even expressed appreciation of the drastic remedy administered. But such a remedy is not effective in dealing with a wife deserter, or a professional criminal, or an habitual drunkard. The toughest problem which the Juvenile Court is called upon to deal with is the case of a husband who deserts his wife and seems willing to let her and his children starve rather than support them. To send such a man to jail does not solve the problem. The punishment falls upon the innocent wife and children more heavily than upon the guilty father. They share his punishment without his guilt. Some plan must be devised whereby this individual can be compelled to work at remunerated labour of some kind while in prison. Money thus earned could be credited to prisoners and made available for aiding their families. At present these prisoners in our county jails merely waste their time and are a burden on the taxpayers, who must support them in prison, and, sometimes, must support their families. Unless and until such men respond to reformatory influences they should be

compelled to work in prison so that the product of their labour may be used to provide for their families. It may be said that the Labour Unions would object to legislation embodying such a scheme, but I have discussed the matter with representative labour leaders in Nova Scotia, and I believe that if such legislation were carefully drawn there would be no objection to it from the labour element. They could not justly object to an institution modeled on the prison farm system. A separate branch of the same institution could receive boys from sixteen to twenty-one years of age whom the courts in the Maritime Provinces must now send to the county jails, and thus another stupid and futile system of punishment could be abolished. These county jails do not reform, but often deform. It is a severe reflection upon the provincial and municipal governments in the Maritime Provinces that they complacently bear the responsibility for this archaic system of treating these juvenile offenders. The Juvenile Court occasionally comes in contact with a type of municipal official who labours strenuously to save for his municipality the few dollars which the municipality is legally liable to expend for the support of neglected children in the district. Such a type would be stoutly opposed to reforming the county jail system, which commends itself to him because it is "cheap." His absorbing aim in life is to keep the tax rate down. He doubtless looks forward with pleasurable anticipation to this inscription on his tombstone—

> Beneath this stone lies William Brown,
> For years a councillor of this town;
> He now hath earned a heavenly crown
> Because he kept the tax-rate down.

A public sentiment should be developed in the Maritime Provinces on this question, so that the necessary public funds for this reform should be provided.

In the course of our investigations we discovered that in some homes, although the wife was not dissolute, she was, nevertheless, almost wholly to blame for the wretched condi-

tions which existed. In these cases the husband was hard-working and earned sufficient money from week to week to win a comfortable home, if he possessed a capable help-meet, but the wife, unfortunately, was afflicted with the densest ignorance of the art of home-making. In some other instances, the home was made unhappy by a nagging wife, with a rasping tongue. One woman of this type appeared in the Juvenile Court charging her husband with neglecting her and her children, and during the inquiry unconsciously gave ample evidence of her own ill-temper and tactlessness. The husband offered no evidence himself, but merely asked the court at the end of his wife's tirade, which it was impossible for the court to check, "Can you blame me for taking a drink occasionally?"

The court has been frequently asked to pass upon matters beyond its jurisdiction or competency. One exasperated husband, in dilating upon his wife's extravagance as the cause of their broken home, asked the court whether the extremely low-cut silk blouse which she was wearing in court, and which had cost a surprisingly large sum, was a justifiable purchase. He was not worried over the question as to whether the style was modest, but rather as to the question whether the expenditure was modest. The answer of this wife was that she had as much right to be in the fashion as her neighbour, Mrs. A. In one case a woman, whose husband was overseas, was charged with neglecting her children, and she pleaded as an excuse for her undue intimacy with another man that she "couldn't stand the lonesomeness."

In some professions or avocations a person may achieve moderate success without being fond of his work, but a probation officer cannot be a success unless he or she loves the work. It is not a question of educational qualifications; temperament and personality are all-important. The probation officer who discharges his duty by rule-of-thumb methods is a failure. A probation officer should be prepared to invoke any agency which can help in the work of reclamation, but must exercise sagacity and sound judgement in the selecting of

helpful agencies. He must win the probationer's confidence and respect. In short, he should be a specialist in moral education and character-building. If a juvenile court be a success, the probation officers are entitled to more credit than the judge. The rights of the parents should be fully respected by the probation officers, and in all proceedings before the court the parents should be made parties. The rights of the parents must be considered as superior to those of the State unless and until the parents forfeit these rights. Until that sad time comes, the primary aim should be to strengthen the family ties. All officials of juvenile courts should be sensitively solicitous in recognizing and preserving, wherever possible, the rights of parents over their children. Their aim should be to keep the family together. By the exercise of tact and patience on the part of our probation officers, married couples have been induced to reunite, and their homes have been made fit places for the growth of children.

All social workers, to be successful, must undertake their work in the spirit of Christian brotherhood. There are some men and many women who infuse into social service that religious spirit which makes such service of the highest value, but I have met others who have undertaken the work in a spirit of self-conscious virtue. In some other cases they undertake their work with an entire absence of spirituality, and seem obsessed by a love of statistics and a desire to do their social work always in the most "scientific" way. One social worker of great energy, and a passion for statistics, was deeply distressed, and indulged in lamentations to me, because she had missed an opportunity to have a mentally defective boy examined by a specialist who was passing through Halifax. We all knew that the boy was mentally defective, but she was extremely anxious to test him by the Binet-Simon system, which, by the way, is by no means an infallible guide.

Some of the best work done for the Juvenile Court has been done by kind-hearted women who are unfamiliar with the latest theories of sociology, and know nothing of the intricacies or mysteries of the Binet-Simon system, but who voluntarily

and cheerfully, from supernatural motives, labour to better the condition of the afflicted, the helpless and the defective, just because these unfortunates are "God's poor." This spiritual, unstatistical kindness makes the strongest appeal to the poor and the afflicted. The poor in Nova Scotia rarely have to endure that other type of "lady visitor," who looks upon the very poor as creatures of another world, and whose repellent fussiness, nauseous prying and condescending graciousness are resented by the very poor, and make her a hindrance rather than a help in the work of the court. On the other hand great praise should be given to the Victorian Order of Nurses for their tactful and practical work.

It is the custom to blame poverty as the cause of a great deal of delinquency and vice. But poverty is often blamed too much. The elemental virtues are found in the poor in full measure. Many of their shortcomings and delinquencies are due to ignorance rather than moral turpitude. I find that many of the children of the poor, who would be ordinarily classed as delinquents, are really mentally or physically defective, and mainly need special medical treatment. There are evils from which the poor in cities and industrial centres suffer and for which the poor should not be blamed,—evils which are the by-products of city life. In many homes in Canadian cities economic and social conditions have excluded the father from the life of his boy, and they are almost strangers to each other. The mother's supervision alone is often inadequate.

Although a percentage of the very poor are shiftless and inefficient, there is a much larger percentage capable of leading useful and independent lives and anxious to do so, but handicapped by obstacles which they cannot overcome. It would be folly to deny that many of the poor (like many of the rich) have grave faults, but there are thousands of instances where the poor are hampered by causes which they cannot remedy. In many instances, after noting the poverty of a particular family, we pushed on with our inquiry and got into the background in searching for the real cause of the delinquency

of the younger members of that family, and we frequently found that poverty had forced families to submit to degrading housing conditions, where the decencies of life could not be maintained, and the sense of shame on the part of the children had been necessarily dulled. They were forced to live under conditions that stunt body, mind and soul. Proper privacy, which is requisite for decent living, is unattainable at present for many families in our cities, and the result is demoralizing. No existing machinery can adequately protect the child of the slums, and certain kinds of juvenile delinquency will always continue under such conditions. Although governments cannot abolish poverty they can improve some of the laws which bear heavily and unjustly upon the shoulders of the honest poor.

There are evils against which the poor cannot adequately protect themselves, and which fall with cruel and crushing weight upon them. But notwithstanding handicaps they show an endurance which is the truest courage, and I know that the whitest virtue is often found amongst them. They generally bear their burdens with patience and hope, and with a freedom from envy and jealousy. The best friends of the poor are the poor. In all my experience in the Juvenile Court nothing has impressed me so much as the chivalrous self-sacrificing spirit in which the poor help the very poor. A poor, over-worked woman, with a half-dozen little children of her own, will cheerfully aid with her scant means a sick neighbour, and devote hours, in which she herself needs sleep, to ministering to this neighbour and to taking charge of this sick woman's children. In one instance, when thanked for this service, one woman merely said, "Shure it's no trouble at all—I've got so many childer' of me own that a couple more don't make any diff'runce." Every day in every city of Canada thousands of kind deeds are done by the poor for the very poor, and hundreds of little gifts pass from almost empty to quite empty, thin and trembling hands.

The chief officials of the Halifax Police Force have rendered efficient help in special cases when called upon. The

court regards them as invaluable colleagues in social service. Occasionally a new policeman fails to understand the primary purpose of the court. Nothing is more painful to the conventional mind than to deal with a new idea, and a new policeman sometimes cannot sympathetically comprehend this modern treatment of juvenile delinquents. Other officials, including some rural magistrates, have such a reverence for the technicalities of the law that they unconsciously impede justice. They are like Molière's doctor, who protested vehemently against saving a patient's life by breaking a principle of medical treatment.

The Juvenile Court is intended for the protection of children, but preventive protection should begin at the home itself. In many cases of delinquency we found that parents did not exercise any effective supervision over their children's selection of amusements or companions. There are, for instance, "movies" and "movies." Some of them are instructive, or afford innocent amusement, others tend to the general degradation of the minds of the children. In one case which came before the Juvenile Court, and one phase of which subsequently had to be dealt with in a criminal court, a young girl who came from a comfortable home became infatuated with the coarser type of movies and vaudeville. This young girl started writing "love-letters" to a young man, and these letters were filled with the mushy sentimentality and coarseness popular in some of these cheap shows. The girl's modesty became eventually dulled to the point where impure ideas failed to shock and her sense of shame was lost. She wanted to be a "heroine" and sacrifice all for "love." Possibly to adults or to well-balanced minds such plays cause no harm, but they give to young girls and children a false idea of right and wrong. What perspective have these young girls on life to judge the true from the false? To them the film is a true picture of the world. In some of these shows and kindred "novelettes" the underlying argument is that it is natural and excusable to succumb to temptation, and that it is not reasonable to expect a "heroine" to lead

a decent life. When the "heroine" falls, the burden is not placed on her shapely shoulders. She seems free from all responsibility.

Since the war the delinquent girl problem has become much more grave. The withdrawal of effective parental supervision, in consequence of the absence of a father overseas, has been an additional cause of juvenile delinquency, as it involved deprivation of essential moral support, the mother being sometimes incapable of controlling the conduct of her girls.

Many children are exceedingly susceptible to suggestion, and it would seem that some apparently normal children do not reach the "age of reason" before their twelfth or thirteenth year. They are imitative, and are as ready to imitate wrong-doing as right-doing.

Recently, in Nova Scotia, two children, aged eleven and thirteen years respectively, saw at the "movies" a representation of the wrecking of a railway train. A few evenings afterwards they placed a boulder on a railway track and waited for the anticipated wreck. Fortunately their act was discovered in time to avert loss of life. Official censorship of the movies is necessary, but parental censorship is also indispensable.

Many juvenile delinquents, while nominally adherents of some form of Christianity, actually lack any religious faith or practice, so essential in moral development and character formation. Their parents are not church-goers, and the children have never received any religious instruction which would give them an incentive to avoid evil. After a judicial experience of seventeen years in a criminal court and six years in a juvenile court, I am certain that there would be much less need for such courts if more attention were paid to the religious training of children. Nothing else can effectively stem the rising tide of delinquency and vice. Religious influence is the best agent of reform, and religion must be the corner-stone of any effective plan to improve the young.

What is most needed to-day is not more legislation, but more moralization—not more law, but more religion. By

religion I don't mean that diluted kind possessed by that portion of mankind described by Macaulay as having religion enough to make them uneasy when they do wrong, and not religion enough to keep them from doing wrong. Real religion should mean not only belief but action in conformity with such belief. Such religion is the most efficacious factor in purifying the heart and guiding and strengthening the will. Law cannot take the place of religion. Disciplinary measures can control only the outward act and cannot reach the mainspring of that act, namely, the will. To ensure permanent moral reform there must be a religious instruction which will furnish the soundest motives for reformation. Many parents cannot or will not give their children moral and religious instruction in their homes, and their children grow up needing this steadying influence. Substantial success cannot be achieved in solving social problems unless and until we treat as vital factors in such problems man's relations to God. Conscience cannot be created by a criminal code or a juvenile court. Legislation can remove certain external allurements to evil, but the true and permanent reform of the individual must come from the heart. It is the fashion to-day, however, to turn from the Lord to the legislature, and from the Sacraments to sociology. Many do not realize that legislation has its limitations, and that character-building is *ultra vires* of any parliament.

The future of Canada depends upon its children, their character and training. In strengthening of character the grace and guidance of religion is indispensable. But in cities to-day, the church and the home have ceased to be the strong forces in individual life that they once were. The school teacher is, by many parents, expected to take all the burden of the child's training in honesty, reverence, self-control and everything else that makes for a sound education. This burden is too great for any teacher.

At bottom the social problem is a question of morality and religion. Carlyle said that the beginning and end of what is the matter with society is that we have forgotten God.

The imperfect success of a great deal of the present-day sociology is due to the fact that God has no part in it. Many sociologists seem dominated by the delusion that legislation is a more effective aid to virtue than the homely morality of the Ten Commandments and the old-fashioned teachings of the Gospel.

After the war there should be no complacent resumption of national life without any serious effort to get rid of the social injustice whereby Need is at the mercy of Greed. More efficient service can be rendered by developing a social justice which prevents wrongs than by a charity which only operates when these wrongs have been committed. Social reform is more vital to our national life than railway policies or tariffs. There will surely arise at the end of the war a strong determination among the masses of the people to secure a drastic reform of the body social. Will that reform come as a result of the revival of religion, or in response to the shrill summons of a secularized socialism?

W. B. Wallace

SIR OLIVER LODGE AND THE BECLOUDING OF REASON

IT seems that among the inevitable psychological effects of war, which arouses the great passion for survival (both national and individual) to an overwhelming degree, is the predominance of the irrational emotions with a consequent unbalancing of moral judgement. The forms which this disintegration of mind may take are very numerous, and differ in different countries. Among ourselves one of its reflections is to be seen in an increasing vogue of spiritism and allied branches of occultism and mysticism. Even psychologists are beginning to develop new doctrines of the soul, which are unfavourably distinguished from their mediæval forerunners by the vagueness and obscurity of the language in which they are expressed. Being less definite, they are, however, more elusive and perhaps more capable of persistence. Medium-harpies are taking advantage of the mental situation to exploit weak human nature for the benefit of their own pockets. Since the visible world has taken on such a horrible aspect, many are turning with increased interest towards a conceived invisible, seeking, on a certain hypothesis, to find there the comfort and consolation which are obviously lacking in our blundering and mutilated society.

The extinction of many young and promising lives in the dreadful struggle naturally produces a desire on the part of their relatives and friends to discover some means of supporting the distressing loss; and what could be more consoling than to be assured of the continued existence of the departed with the hope of meeting them again? And what stronger ground for such hope could be offered to those hungering for tangible testimony than the reception of communications from persons who were intimately known and cherished in this life? For

the moral and metaphysical arguments put forward on behalf of human immortality have usually been too abstract to impress the many who demand that ideas be clothed in instances, and have for some time been losing force among thoughtful individuals, who see clearly their weaknesses and recognize that some of them entail greater difficulties than those which they are expected to explain away.[1] Since the epoch-marking inquiries of our greatest philosopher, David Hume, sadly neglected in his native country owing to the worship of Hegel, whose philosophy could be more easily reconciled with prevailing systems of superstition, it has been evident that belief in Theism does not necessarily involve belief in human immortality. A personal God need not have designed every human being to immortality, and may not have been able to even if He would.

Long before the war, Sir Oliver Lodge was one of the few prominent men of science who were firmly convinced of the reality of spiritism, by which is meant (1) that human memory and affection can exist separated from body or material substance; and (2) that it is possible to recognize after death personalities whose thoughts and actions we have known on this earth. And more recently he has endeavoured to fortify these theses still further by an account of what purports to come from a son lost in this war. His book, "Raymond," has had a very large circulation, not only on account of the state of mind produced by the European struggle, but also on account of Sir Oliver's admitted eminence as a man of science.

With regard to the latter point, a general remark is in place in order to clear the ground of an argument which imposes on many not trained in scientific method, and who are inclined to believe that just because Sir Oliver Lodge says something, there must be something in what he says. The argument

[1] Following up a statistical inquiry suggested some years ago, a well-known psychologist has just published some instructive figures bearing out this statement. Leuba reports that 52 per cent. of the historians, physical scientists, biologists, sociologists and psychologists to whom he addressed a questionnaire are disbelievers in immortality. As might be expected, biologists produce a much smaller number of believers in immortality than the physicists. Of those ranked by Leuba among the "greater biologists," 25 per cent. are believers in immortality; 32 per cent. disbelievers; the remainder are either undogmatic, or show no interest in the question. Among psychologists, the percentage of believers was found to be only 20.

or assumption is that Sir Oliver's prominence in physics invests his pronouncements in other departments of science with an authority which they would not have otherwise, or which the views of less prominent persons who have devoted their time and energies to psychological phenomena do not possess. This attitude affords an illustration of the fallacy of irrelevant conclusion or evasion of the issue, which is one of the commonest errors of untrained and uncritical minds. Promoters of new ventures take full advantage of this tendency on the part of the public when they obtain the names of successful business men or well-known capitalists to serve on the board of directors of precarious enterprises. Mr. A. and Mr. B. have made money in such and such enterprises; therefore, their names and support in this—perhaps totally different kind of enterprise—will be useful in leading the public to subscribe. The calculation is frequently upheld by human practice, but the fallacy is obvious. Because a man has made a success of his business, it does not follow that his opinion on educational matters is to be highly rated. Similarly, because Sir Oliver Lodge is eminent in physics, this is no guarantee that his theories on psychological phenomena are well founded, more especially when he fails to follow the methods of control that he would and doubtless has done in his physical laboratory. Concrete examples show what care is necessary in estimating the value of the opinions of men of science when they leave the field in which they have been trained and are experienced, and more particularly when their excursion into outlying departments of knowledge is the outcome of an unmistakable bias. Thus, a greater than Sir Oliver Lodge, Isaac Newton, was tremendously concerned with a Commentary on the Apocalypse, which to-day can only be regarded as a bit of weakness and as showing how a great intellect could lay aside completely the modern scientific method of his immortal "Principia." An even more comprehensive mind, whose forte was not physical science, went amazingly astray in a polemic carried on against Newton's theory of colours.

And the interesting case of an eminent scientist came under my own observation when a student in Germany. George Cantor, whose investigations into the theory of numbers and problem of infinity probably assure him a permanent place in the history of mathematics, did little better than rave in support of the hypothesis of Baconian-authorship of the Shakespearean dramas. His philological, psychological and historical attempts at argument on behalf of his pet theory would have amused the veriest tyro in literary criticism. The pamphlets and lectures in which he tried to prove his view can hardly be regarded otherwise than as a mass of rubbish. If not already forgotten, they soon will be. One must thus beware of the expert outside his own province. Now it seems to me that many of Sir Oliver Lodge's arguments on behalf of spiritism are not less unfounded, though undoubtedly less extravagant, than Cantor's on behalf of the literary genius of Bacon.

Not only in "Raymond," but in his address on "Continuity" given at the British Association in 1913, Sir Oliver Lodge's expositions afford an illustration of the logical error of arguing from an abstract possibility to an actuality. Because belief in disembodied mind is not inconceivable, therefore, runs the general line of reasoning, it is probably true. But when Sir Oliver proceeds to offer definite evidence for the belief, it is of such a character as he could not look at in his physical laboratory; and apart from the quality of the evidence, he draws from it conclusions far outrunning any inferences that would be justified, even if the evidence were sound. Indeed, it might be not unfairly said that personal predilection is the main ground of the inferences. We shall say something of these conclusions, which appear to us to anticipate the evidence rather than fit into it, before proceeding to make some remarks on the character of the evidence itself.

Notwithstanding the point which Sir Oliver Lodge makes against the materialistic denial of immortality as being a bit of pure dogmatism, which is as unprovable as any of the theological dogmas which materialism rejects—

a point frequently laboured by others before Lodge—he himself illustrates a similar fault in upholding a positive instead of a negative conclusion. He is just as unwarrantedly confident in his affirmations as the materialist is in his denials. He requires to be reminded of the well-established proposition that: "beliefs are not to be accepted as true, because they are not incredible." We shall afterwards inquire what positive ground there is for the hypothesis of human survival. In the meantime, we may give an illustration of Sir Oliver's method: "We may reasonably conjecture," he says in his book "The Substance of Faith allied with Science," "that in some of the innumerable worlds circling round the distant suns, there *must* be beings far higher in the scale of existence than ourselves; indeed, we have no knowledge which enables us to assert the absence of intelligence anywhere" ! ! This turning of the argument is characteristic of Sir Oliver Lodge's application of scientific method. The scientist here jumps from a hypothetical conjecture to an apodictic assertion. His method of reasoning—and this is only one illustration of many—is, that in the absence of knowledge which would justify us in affirming the absence of intelligence, we are justified in asserting its presence. According to him, whatever cannot be disproved may be safely believed. Needless to remark, such a method or absence of method might enable one to find a reason for maintaining any prejudice or frivolity of thought. Logic requires in this case the admission that there is no definite and certain evidence forthcoming which justifies us in asserting the presence of intelligence anywhere except on the earth, although on general grounds it is not improbable that it exists in other parts of the world.[1] That it is actually present elsewhere requires definite evidence.

Another point to be noticed in Sir Oliver Lodge's reasonings is that he appears to identify a proof of survival with a proof

[1] With regard to the question whether life can be explained mechanically, Sir Oliver Lodge declares rather pontifically in "Raymond": "There is not a physicist who thinks so." This is to raise unnecessary dust, because it is not from physicists but from biologists that we must seek an answer to this problem; and the majority of biologists appear to agree as little with Sir Oliver as they do with M. Bergson.

of immortality. In an article contributed to this magazine some nine years ago, the writer pointed out that survival after physical death and immortality are not synonymous.[1] Since an effect can and does frequently persist after its cause has disappeared, even a materialist, who holds that mind is an effect of body, could conceivably accept this as a possible explanation of apparitions after bodily death.[2] If the argument from continuity, of which Sir Oliver Lodge seems at times to make use, is sound, it must lead us to suppose that survival after death will be transient just like our existence here and now. However "ethereal" the new instrument of communication which is attained in the after-life, it may be subject to an attrition, similar to that which wears away our present means of communication. Since this life is temporary, why should not the after-life be so? This supposition is not refuted by the alleged communications from some great poets and thinkers who have departed this life hundreds of years ago, because there is really no proof of the identity of these spirits. This is a point to be referred to later in discussing the nature of the evidence as contained in the communications of the séance room.

A further and still more unwarrantable mental jump on the part of many believers in Spiritism—and it seems too of Sir Oliver Lodge—is this: that verification of the existence of discarnate intelligence is a verification of certain dogmas of orthodox Christianity. Now against this assumption, which is simply a fallacy of confusion, it is possible to quote one of the keenest of English bishops, who could certainly give our spiritists instruction in the art of reasoning. "Even a demonstrative proof of a future life," declared Bishop Butler, "would not be a proof of religion. (He meant by religion the Christian religion.) For that we are to live hereafter is just as reconcilable with the scheme of atheism, and as well to be accounted for by it, as that we are now alive is." The bishop

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[1] Psychical Research and Immortality. April, 1908, p. 325.

[2] But since Gurney's Census has shown that the number of reported apparitions of the living is twice as great as those of the dead, apparitions cannot afford any basis for belief in survival.

meant that if a materialistic philosophy can account for human existence now, it could equally well account for any other physical and psychical condition; and he certainly would never have allowed that Christian theology could be buttressed up by the discourses of the séance rooms.[1] Further than this, even admitting that these discourses sufficed to prove the continued existence of certain individuals, it would still be a long step to the belief that immortality is an attribute common to humanity.

But the most naïve of all the inferences or assumptions of Sir Oliver Lodge and his co-believers—one which has been commented on before now—is this, that the after-life of semi-discarnate intelligence is a finer, nobler, higher existence than the present one. It is spoken of with an enthusiasm akin to that which religious believers generally display in describing their pictures of heaven. What are the grounds of this belief? The answer is: there appears to be none. On the contrary, the character of the communications leads to an opposite conclusion. This is an important point in weighing the force of the actual evidence, and affords proof that Sir Oliver Lodge and his followers are not scientific at all. Their attitude seems to be this: they have made up their minds to believe something beforehand and then ignore the incompatibility of the facts with the theory, which facts they themselves have adduced as evidence of it. This is obvious in the case of Raymond Lodge, whose typically incoherent, halting, and incomplete utterances disclose a sad deterioration of mind and personality, compared with the picture drawn of him by his family in this life. A somewhat old-fashioned critic of this book has rightly said that there was more reason to suppose that Sir Oliver Lodge was being fooled by Satan than that he was communicating with his departed son. Indeed we have far more witnesses to the existence of a Devil than we have to the continued existence of Raymond Lodge.

Whoever has read the mass of childish and misproportioned messages that purport to come from the alleged spirit

[1] It has been pointed out by those who are more competent in the matter than the writer, that neither in the Old nor the New Testament is "spirit" equivalent to "immaterial existence." The eschatology of both is materialistic.

world cannot but conclude, if he have no *à priori* prejudice in the matter, that human personality after death undergoes a rapid and disheartening change as respects both quality and capacities. The alleged utterances of some of the greatest minds in history have resembled the babblings of imbeciles. Since his death, alleged messages have been received from F. W. H. Myers, who did much to promote spiritism, mysticism and occultism, and who had a fine English style. These show a sad and surprising development on the part of Myers' spirit, being full of Americanisms as well as of errors of grammar. But it is significant that they were delivered in the United States and the medium had not Myers' command of English. The alleged spirit of G. P., known to his friends as a brilliant student of philosophy, was never able when questioned to discuss the problem of mind and body, which he appeared unable to understand. But again, in this case, there was nothing to show that the medium understood the nature of the problem. These instances are not exceptional, but typical. The outpourings of banalities that have issued from the spirits of profound and educated minds might just as well have emanated from any one of a thousand commonplace and untrained minds. I find no difference in this respect between the communications from Raymond Lodge and previous communications from alleged spirits, except that the former are a little more trivial than usual. Just when Raymond might be expected to make some deeply illuminating utterance, the reader is left to decipher the meaning of a page covered with stars. Moreover, far less control has apparently been exercised in the case of these communications than in the case of some other séances in which Sir Oliver Lodge has *not* taken part. The quality of existence in the spirit world, as reflected in the messages, is thus not such as to make continued survival desirable, much less worth striving for. Few would desire to meet their friends and relatives again under such changed conditions. What an eminent and gentle Swedenborgian said years ago *à propos* to the assumed spirits is still in place: "On the whole I am inclined to regard the so-called spirits rather as so many

vermin revealing themselves in the tumbledown walls of our theological hostelry, than as any very saintly or sweet persons, whose acquaintance it were edifying or even comfortable to make."[1]

A convinced spiritist has informed us that the discoveries of Mr. Edison have been due to suggestions from disembodied spirits, suggestions which the inventor is not aware of having received. For such a believer no fairy tale is too fantastic to be credible. Perhaps Sir Oliver Lodge will receive, or has received, from a similar source a suggestion regarding a new and more tenable hypothesis of the relation of the ether and electricity. Why, if the spirits be so illuminated, does none of them tell us the exact date of the end of the war? They turn up in the séance room to assure bereaved relatives that their lost ones are happy in the other life, of which there may be a series; but they never give a warning hint of a preventible catastrophe. The messages are for the most part vague, incoherent, and messy; are almost invariably fatuous and capable of a variety of interpretations like the ambiguous pronouncements of a farmer's almanac. "They consist of matter which not even a spiritist would think worth the cost of ink and paper, if they were believed to come from living human minds; but because of the weird interest attaching to manifestations believed to be occult, they are trumpeted as revelations and made the basis for a vast mountain of inference which is totally devoid of scientific warrant."[2]

[1] Mr. J. Arthur Hill, who is convinced of progress in spirituality after death, appears to discover it by mere assumption and word-jugglery. His criterion of it is strangely negative. He informs us that "difference in solidity is generally an indication of the length of time that has elapsed since the spirit's passing out of the earth body." "People who have died more recently are generally solid and real looking." Very ethereal spirits, almost too tenuous to be visible, turn out to be ancestors or collaterals of ancestors, "who died long ago and who are sometimes very difficult to trace and verify." Solidity or tenuity is rather dependent on stage of progress than on lapse of time; but "naturally the two things more or less coincide, for long-gone people will usually have progressed farthest in spiritual development." But why? Why may there not be a decline? Why should there not be an increase in solidity? The form of Mr. Hill's grandmother looked solid; the sensitive could see the pleats of her dress. This was the test of her lack of spiritual progress—resistance against rarefaction into invisibility! How preposterously crude! How opposed to all that we *know*! As if poets became less spiritual because they increased in weight, or the visibility of our clothes impeded our moral progress!

[2] H. J. Bridges, Criticisms of Life.

The way in which the convinced spiritist meets the difficulties and objections, founded on the halting and imperfect character of the communications, is well known; but lacks all cogency, because it involves a number of unfounded assumptions, invoked to support the original hypothesis which is itself not independently proved. "It is that the channels of communications are and must necessarily be faulty, not only because our minds are still limited and hampered by their connection with our bodies, but also because the medium is in an abnormal condition and the spirit who is communicating through the medium has also to place him or herself in an inconvenient attitude and is further hindered by being obliged to partially resume or to employ the coarse vesture of materiality."

This last point is interesting. The spiritists are driven to admit that in order to communicate with us the spirits have to make use of some material instrumentality. Now what has to be emphasized is that there is nothing to show that they can exist independently of such matter, even supposing their identity to be otherwise established. This is a point to which the writer called attention some years ago, and the statement remains as well founded now as it was then. Nothing that Sir Oliver Lodge, or anyone else, has brought forward refutes its correctness, and it is doubtful if it can ever be refuted simply because the requisite sense perception is lacking; and it remains as unintelligible how discarnate mind can influence a material body as it did in the case of the theory of Descartes how the pinneal gland could be pushed and worked upon by the action of the soul. Popular dualism always comes up against this difficulty at last. The difficulty becomes more acute on the basis of the conservation of energy, which renders quite unintelligible the production of material noises by immaterial activities. The spiritists are driven by the necessity of the facts to admit that their hypothesis of disembodied existence is an assumption which, in itself, without further assumption, is useless to account for the character of the messages. But where is the proof of the

existence of the spirits in any different state or at any different time except at the times of communication? There is none. There is nothing here in the premises of the spiritist that is incompatible with a thorough-going materialism. "If," as Mr. F. H. Bradley said in a characteristically penetrating article, written some years ago, "the spirits pass through our keyholes, perhaps we pass through theirs, and should bewilder them, if, like ourselves, they were wise enough to wonder how our high matter would affect their gross bodies." Thus one of the theses of Sir Oliver Lodge simply falls to the ground. In fact, he has himself shaken it in saying: "It must be admitted that, in all cases, the manner and accidents or accessories of the messages are liable to be modified by the material instrument or organ through which the thought or idea is for our information reproduced." But if you admit this, it may on the same principle be admitted that the messages are inseparably connected with this instrument, and perhaps result from the activity of the medium whose operations are correlative to a certain brain. Hence, even admitting with the late Mr. Myers the existence of sub-liminal personality—a questionable assumption and one of not universal application—there is every reason to say that the persistence of this self is immediately connected with a physical organism.[1]

But in addition to this limitation of spiritism, why are we obliged to regard mind as trammelled by connection with material body, seeing that we have no experience of what it would be apart from body? Here is another pure assumption: the result of an uncritical phantasy which gave rise, among other things, to a naïve dualism that has come down through Greek philosophy and especially from Neo-Platonism, and still permeates much unclarified Western thought. Its antiquity and its groundlessness appear to stand in a direct ratio. Even if you admit that body would not be what it is without

[1] In one of his latest pronouncements in the Hibbert Journal for April, 1917, Sir Oliver seems to us to take up a more modest position. "After twenty-five years," he comes to the conclusion that "discarnate mind is a possibility which must be faced." So is a space of *n* dimensions; both remain possibilities. Sir Oliver has not shewn, we contend, that discarnate mind *must* be faced.

mind, it is quite as true that mind would not be able to manifest itself apart from material body. Experience leads to the view that they are two aspects of the same unity. Since we know of mental phenomena only in connection with bodily structure and nervous changes, what reason is there for saying that the human mind is hindered and obstructed by bodily association? There is absolutely none. It is a thoroughly gratuitous belief; a mere *ad hoc* hypothesis called in to support the main hypothesis which itself is, independently, quite improbable. Now such a procedure must always arouse the suspicion in all open-minded persons that both the original hypothesis and the auxiliary ones put forward to bolster it up partake of the character of fictions or prejudices rather than of inductions from experimental phenomena.

After the foregoing discussion we may now ask the question which has already been answered, by implication at least, whether Sir Oliver Lodge or anyone else has actually proved (apart from being personally convinced of) the identity of the minds communicating at the séances and established the fact that they are personalities which have passed from this life into another—as it appears of less capacity and activity. If we apply all recognized objective tests of verification, the answer cannot but be in the negative. Not only so, but a more plausible explanation can be offered of most of the phenomena, except those, the following up of which would involve the services of practised detectives.

That the process of automatic writing in itself, independently of what is communicated by this means, is not evidence of the agency of any extra-human spirit is obvious. Taken in itself it is evidence only of hitherto unsuspected powers in the medium-writer. The cases of secondary and tertiary personality (so-called), well known to abnormal psychology, show how unsuspectedly great is the range of possible psychological activity. An individual in one stage forgets what has been done in another; and may thus in quite good faith give as messages from other minds what are nothing more than the results of the activity of cerebral paths, which

usually lie apart from the cerebration connected with normal waking consciousness. The mediums are all hyper-sensitive individuals, who are extremely suggestible.[1] Their perceptual powers are frequently greater than those of normal human beings; this is also true of some of the lower animals. The usual tentative and piecemeal character of the information supplied is illustrated in "Raymond," where there are also indications of angling for signs of assent or dissent on the part of the communicating mind. When we take into account the subjective element of expectation, the desire to experience what they come to experience, and the consequent emotional excitement of most of the sitters, we must be aware of factors which tend to obscure their judgement and put them in a mental condition not favourable to estimating impartially evidence of identity conveyed by gesture or speech. The mere conviction of such persons that they are communicating with departed relatives and friends is in itself for these reasons worth nothing; for there are too many instances of self-deception at the séances. The vast majority of persons, including some chemists and physicists, are no more capable of forming a trustworthy opinion on what is being done at a séance, than the writer would be capable of pronouncing on the genuineness of a Syriac manuscript.

What are the objective criteria which are said to render belief in spiritism probable? They must be such as to establish identity. In the case of Raymond Lodge, as in other cases, we find that satisfactory proof is not forthcoming. Leaving aside certain details of domestic interest, such as reference to the wearing of certain clothes, the smoking of cigars, the colour and shape of certain domestic articles, which can be easily accounted for without even assuming telepathy between the mediumistic agent and the inquirer, there is nothing striking in the personation of Raymond, but rather a discrepancy between the family account of him and his appearance at the séances. He did not leave

[1] That Sir Oliver Lodge, like Sir William Crookes, is himself super-normally suggestible to psychical phenomena is doubtless a factor to be reckoned with in the present case.

in a sealed envelope a letter, the contents of which were known only to himself, as the late Mr. Myers recommended all members of the S. P. R. to do, so that a reading of them by the disembodied spirits might constitute a test of identity, a test which has not thus far been successfully fulfilled. For the versions of these letters which have been dictated by the soi-disant spirits have all proved erroneous.[1] Still the robust faith of the otherwise convinced spiritist is ready to meet this difficulty with another *ad hoc* hypothesis. This is, that the shock of death or the transition from this life to another is attended by amnesia, which brings about a state of forgetfulness, and is said to account for the lack of mental continuity. But once you make this admission, the possibility of applying any test of identity is cut away; for since there is no perceived continuity of body, then if continuity of memory be lacking, there can be no ground for inferring identity at all. Thus once more the means whereby the spiritist seeks to prop up his limping hypothesis are incompatible with the possibility of its establishment. Is there not also such a suspicious and illuminating resemblance between the postulated amnesia of the communicating spirit and the divided consciousness and consequent state of forgetfulness of the medium, as to suggest that the assumption of the former is just the reflection of the abnormal condition of the latter?

To accept the mere statement of the communicator as a proof of an abnormal or hampered condition on the part of the supposed spirit would be very naïve. It would involve the most obvious *petitio principii*. The procedure would not at all be analogous to inferring from what a man writes or says that he is either a crank or insane; because in the latter case we have an immediate perception of the centre from which the activity proceeds; whereas in the former case the utterances purport to come to us indirectly while the mind responsible for them remains imperceptible. Were the existence of the alleged discarnate personality independently

[1] Of course it is only the first attempt to read such a sealed letter that can form an adequate test. Successive shots at deciphering the contents must be excluded; they may quite intelligibly be successful.

proved, it would then be in order to try to frame some explanation of the trivial and disconnected character of the communication. Until then, all such attempts appear to be superfluous and to be no better than movements in a circle. It must be shown that account has to be taken of anything beyond the peculiar state and character of both sitter and medium and the knowledge of the latter. And is it not curious that such a middle agent has to be employed at all, that in order to communicate with the spirits of great scientists, artists, poets, and philosophers, we have to use a go-between of far less intelligence than the departed spirit, so that if, for example, the spirit of Newton desired to communicate some new mathematical formula, the go-between could probably not write it down?[1] The necessity for the medium seems just an instance of the ancient and still persistent superstition that religion is not possible without the intervention of a priest, or qualified (frequently self-constituted) interpreter of the supernatural, who has always had a material interest in circulating this belief. If we are guided by the intellectual attainments and moral qualities of some of the interpreters, at least, we must in many instances say, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

In order that any hypothesis should be regarded as probable, it must be capable of predicting through the development of its consequences what phenomena are likely to occur; and in order to be considered established, it must be shown to be not only the best, but alone capable of explaining all the phenomena in question. So far from fulfilling either of these conditions, the spiritistic hypothesis offends a fundamental rule in the formulation of hypotheses in that it has recourse to an unknown agency acting in an unknown way. I am not aware of any such hypothesis ever having found acceptance in the history of science. And rival explanations are not excluded. One of these is that in the séances we are brought into contact with demons of another world, who know some-

[1] An exception to this statement is supplied by Sir W. H. Barrett's "On the Threshold of the Unseen," which gives an account of what purports to be evidence for survival, obtained without the aid of a professional medium.

thing of our affairs, and who, in the perversity of their nature, are able to mislead us. On the face of the evidence supplied by the séances this is quite as plausible as the belief that we are brought into contact with the personalities of departed friends and relatives. Another, and as it seems better-founded hypothesis, is that the personalities which purport to appear at the séances are creations of the medium's subliminal or supra-liminal activities. This is the view of most of the competent judges, that is is to say, psychologists. It is significant that these, with few and by no means notable exceptions, even when believers in human immortality on other grounds, take little stock in spiritism. Even when not unsympathetic, they suspend judgment and refrain from the dogmatism of physicists like Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, and Zoellner, and like amateurs of the séance room, such as the late W. T. Stead. Thus the late William James, who was an enthusiastic member of the Society for Psychical Research for many years, declared himself at the end of his life to be on the fence regarding the hypothesis of spiritism. When challenged to show how the reported phenomena can be explained if the agency of spirits be rejected, psychologists can very well reply that in the first place, while they do not pretend to have as yet a complete explanation of all the reliably reported phenomena, this is no ground for adopting one of the explanations suggested; and secondly, they can excuse themselves from doing the weary work of detectives which it would be necessary to undertake in order to follow up all possible sources of the medium's information, the clues afforded by sitters, and the capacity of some of the mediums at least to deceive. Where psychologists have spent time in doing detective work in order to enlighten brother scientists, they have been remarkably successful; witness, for example, Wundt, who exposed certain American mediums after they had imposed on certain scientists at Leipzig, and the exposure of Eusapia Palladino by an eminent psychologist at Harvard University, after she had impressed favourably certain British and American scientists, including, it

appears, Sir Oliver Lodge. Such ability to produce confidence is, of course, one of the best assets of a medium.

The late Mr. Podmore and others have made many enlightening suggestions along the lines of explaining the phenomena of the séance room by not assuming more than a very slight degree of telepathy about which there need be nothing occult or mystical, heightened perceptual powers on the part of the medium, which can be observed, and increased cerebral activity of not normally functioning brain paths, which is rendered probable by independent phenomena. These, taken in connection with all kinds of hints and information unconsciously supplied by the sitters, will account for most, if not all, the reported phenomena.[1] There is a very small residuum which cannot be so accounted for at the present moment, in regard to which it is desirable to suspend judgement in view of the relatively unexplored character of the human mind and the unknown sources of error connected with the investigations. Whenever his formulæ fail, the student of science ought not to fall on his knees and cry "spirit." Let him remember that since medicine and psychology set to work on disease and lunacy, evil spirits as explanatory agencies have disappeared. It was inconsistent of Newton to infer the operation of spirit when his formulæ did not quite cover all the phenomena of the solar system. Clerk-Maxwell was also wrong when he had resort to a similar asylum of ignorance in order to explain the properties of the atoms which he declared to be the ultimate bricks of the universe, which bricks are now being dissolved by his successors. The study of psycho-physics is still in its infancy; the modern phases of it are grasped only by very few. It is, therefore, not surprising that certain physicists, misled by personal bias, and confused by mundane hopes and fears, and without any real training in psychology, should be liable to

[1]Thus Truesdell, in "Bottom Facts of Spiritualism," makes valuable suggestions as to how mediums can work up cases and derive information for clairvoyant sittings. The author gives an instructive account of a séance of his own, at which he was enabled from knowledge acquired by reading a private letter in the overcoat pocket of the sitter to give some surprising clairvoyant tests.

an absurd dogmatism on the problem of mind and body. In this they find themselves in the comforting company of M. Bergson, who believes in instinct rather than intelligence.

In his address on Continuity, in which he endeavoured, quite illogically, to shift the burden of proof to his opponents, Sir Oliver Lodge was practically obliged to admit that there was no one definite and precise bit of evidence in favour of the spiritistic hypothesis. He fell back on primal instincts of mankind and on what was described as collective and cumulative evidence from many different, though not always palpable sources, as combining to establish this belief: which procedure of adding together a large number of ambiguous signs is akin to the procedure of a mathematician who would attempt to derive a definite positive quantity by adding together an indefinite number of zeros. I am unable to find in "Raymond" any more precise and unambiguous piece of evidence than Sir Oliver Lodge formerly found, a piece of such a character that it could not possibly have been supplied from some terrestrial source of information. As to the other thesis that human affection and memory exist independently of bodily association, it, if possible, stands on still feebler ground. Spiritists themselves, as has been pointed out, are obliged, in order to account for the unsatisfactory character of the communications, to make an assumption which conflicts with this assertion. The proposition of experimental psychology, no psychosis without accompanying nervous structure or change in such structure, remains as well established as before. Whoever believes the opposite at the present time does so simply on the basis of *a priori* faith or unfaith. And to suppose that the same mind continues to exist after death involves the assumption, if we leave aside a naïve dualism, that the same combination of particles which formed the psycho-physical entity here can, after dissolution of this entity, come together again in a similar way in a region of existence that remains imperceptible. Whoever has a sufficiently elastic mentality for the reception of such an improbability ought not to balk at any of the beliefs of ancient mythology.

When Sir Oliver Lodge says: "I am one of those who think that the methods of science are not so limited in their scope as has been thought; that they can be applied much more widely, and that the psychic region can be studied and brought under law;" he is simply expressing belief in a fundamental postulate of all scientific psychology. There is nothing new in such a standpoint. Spinoza definitely adopted it in the seventeenth century. Apply it to the problem of mind and body, and it will be found that, so far from involving or suggesting belief in the perdurance of consciousness independently of material structure, it leads unavoidably to the opposite. Matter is not less "immortal" than mind.

J. W. A. Hickson

A PORTUGUESE PRISON

LISBON, from the point of view of the conventional sight-seeing tourist, is singularly wanting in attractiveness, though a more patient and reflecting traveller may come to agree with Borrow, who pronounced it "the most remarkable city in the Peninsula." Indeed, from the rare beauty of its situation and the extraordinary variety of its street life, it offers more to the artist than most Iberian towns; while a closer examination reveals many opportunities for the study of human relations and human nature under quite peculiar conditions. The average rapid impression, however, will no doubt correspond with that given by Thackeray in the few contemptuous and amusing paragraphs of his second chapter in "A Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo."

Many years ago, I was privileged to visit an establishment there, access to which is not easily obtained by strangers. Natives of the country (I mean those who see the interior of the building *under no compulsion*) are, I gathered, quite readily admitted. It was through a succession of accidents that I was brought, an interested spectator, within its frowning walls: had proper heed been paid to my deserts, I should never have been there at all. The turnkeys would have been quite justified in looking upon me as an intruder to be kept in durance until I had made good my title to get out again.

The chain of events began with a change of itinerary in an Italian steamer, originally bound from New York to Genoa, but diverted to Lisbon with a cargo of cheap and inferior wheat. If space permitted, one would like to describe the process of unloading, which occupied a week for the emptying of the hold of a vessel of thirty-five hundred tons, for, literally, the grain was actually measured by bushels and tied up in sacks, on the deck, before consignment to the

attendant lighters. As the level sank in the hold, the decaying wheat blended with what Coleridge somewhere calls "the *saeva mephitis* of bilge-water," driving the few passengers ashore to the possibilities of originality in Portuguese cookery and the attention of the Portuguese flea. All anticipations were amply realized.

One of my travelling companions was something of a hobbyist,—"the poor man's friend," a voluble philanthropist and almost savage reformer. An official position in his native state gave him some claim to consular and other official attentions. On hearing that the state penitentiary of Portugal was on the outskirts of Lisbon he decided to visit it, if possible, undertaking to include my name in the permit. The American Minister to Portugal, who was amiability itself, took interest in the notion and wrote a letter of request to the Portuguese Minister of Justice, at the same time giving little hope of success; Portugal being, *par excellence*, the home of official obstruction and bureaucracy, which abominates outside criticism. The obtaining of the permit took more time than the visit itself. I cannot at this distance of time remember all the offices at the doors of which we were made to wait,—with an interpreter paid by the day—but I recollect that in one instance we found the same official in two different offices. *Il cumulait*, as one says in France. Certainly, we spent much more time outside the offices than inside. I have always cherished my suspicions of the interpreter. Finally, with an order signed by the Prime Minister, we went as the American Legation,—myself, I believe, as *attaché*. The case of conscience involved in accepting such designation, even momentarily, is not here submitted for discussion.

Notice of our intended visit having been given twenty-four hours beforehand, we walked one lovely morning in May up the noble Avenida da Liberdade to the slopes beyond, through olive-groves carpeted with scarlet poppies until a long stretch of rough, dark, red-brown stone wall, a full thirty feet in height, revealed our destination. Even the agility and all but superhuman strength of a Jean Valjean

would flinch before such an obstacle. For acres around stretches the fertile farm which supplies most of the vegetables consumed in the prison. What a painful contrast between the threatening enclosure and its surroundings! In front of the great iron gate, which is the only entrance, is one of the most beautiful views of the lovely city. A short distance below are the faint grey olive groves, besprinkled with patches of the most vivid scarlet; off in the distance is the gleaming city with its domes and red-tiled roofs; beyond again is the estuary of the Tagus, alive with shipping, and closed in on the horizon by the distant mountains of the Alemtejo; and over it all is the hard blue sky of Spain.

Passing through the gate just mentioned, massive and firm as an old-time portcullis, we crossed a court and went through one or two other gates, bristling with guards, finally entering the prison itself, where after a few moments' waiting in the governor's office, heavily furnished in expensive plush and brocatelle, one of the chief warders came in to greet and conduct the American Legation. Once the barriers of official inertia or obstruction are removed, no one could be more obliging or civil than a Portuguese functionary. This one showed us everything—save the women's quarters—and through our interpreter gave us the fullest explanation of their system, all the while eyeing closely my companion who was taking copious notes. My own, I may say, were altogether mental, but immediately consigned to a diary later on in the day.

To begin with, it must be clearly understood that this is no ordinary place of punishment, but reserved for the worst sort of criminals alone. Portugal some years ago abolished capital punishment, and consequently most of the inmates were in for long terms. For murder, a man might receive twenty years, or even more; for other crimes, a shorter sentence is usually inflicted, with a certain number of years in one of the penal colonies, not as a convict but under *surveillance* involving periodical reports of presence and efficient employment to the local authorities. During those

years of colonial life, the man is for all purposes, save that of travel or displacement, absolutely free; and should he find better means of livelihood elsewhere in the colony he is granted permission to change his domicile. Employment and wages are not only guaranteed him, but actually found. So far as I could make out, nothing in this procedure resembles the quasi-serfdom of the old Australasian penal colonies, or the most objectionable method of labelling a man with the ticket-of-leave. If on entering the penitentiary the prisoner has no trade or other regular means of livelihood, he is at once taken in hand, so that by the time his term has run out he has something to fall back on when he reaches the colony. The term of a culprit may be shortened, and often is, for good conduct within the walls; so, also, with colonial residence, though the distance in this case from the centre of appeal, as well as cumbrous bureaucratic delay, would no doubt act as obstacles. One prisoner in the penitentiary, of whom something more will presently be said, was in for homicide,—fifteen years' sentence, with six more in the colonies; his term had already been cut down by three years, though he had been less than three years under confinement. Terms are not extended. A refractory subject is brought to time in a very prompt and effective fashion, presently to be shewn. At the time of our visit, the establishment was not nearly full, whether from inadequate supply of criminals or from easy-going administration of justice, the present scribe cannot say. Moreover, as these notes were originally taken when Portugal was a monarchy, it may be that a socialist republic has introduced a good deal more of flabby sympathy with culprits than was manifested at that time. The tendency seemed then to be in the direction of a somewhat stern paternalism. A day or two before, I had been present at the trial of a family of impoverished peasants who had sought to better their lot by emigrating to Brazil with forged passports. No Portuguese may leave his country without a genuine one. In dismissing the case (for the fault was not that of the accused, but of the scoundrelly agent who had sold them the

bogus documents) the judge read the prisoners a terse lecture on the iniquity of seeking to leave their country, adding that in Brazil they would have suffered even more than at home, where work was more easily obtainable. Such decisions were, of course, not exposed to the remarks of an untrammelled press.

The principle underlying these punishments was, it seems, an abstract one, as was explained to me subsequently by a Portuguese naval officer with a turn for philosophical discussion. Friction with Great Britain over South African disturbances, in which the Portuguese government had been peremptorily handled, had resulted in infusing a good deal of bitterness into some of his remarks:—"Sir, there is no escape from this syllogism,

"What society does not give, society has no right to take away.

"Society does not give life.

"Therefore, society has no right to take away life.

"I take pride in my country, whose glories are now in the past, and whose rights in the present have been so brutally trodden down like a rag in the mire, for she has set the example to arrogant nations and to civilization itself in the abolition of one of the most untenable practices inherited from the ages of injustice and cruelty. My logic, Sir, is unimpeachable; test it as you will, that syllogism is impregnable!"

He was not aware that he was in a manner challenging me on my own ground in this appeal to Aristotelian logic; and there would have been no use in hinting that his initial principle is at least open to discussion. It illustrated very interestingly the strong tendency in southern countries to proceed, not empirically, but abstractly, in dealing with practical problems; to assume as axioms what are in reality postulates; to handle social questions much in the same way as the scholastics treated mediæval theology.

Applying such methods of reasoning to the special case, the Portuguese authorities determined, in lieu of the death-

penalty, to render prison-life an ordeal of great severity. The penitentiary, which was built on the Panopticon plan elaborately worked out by Bentham some generations ago, might be roughly represented as a wheel-shaped edifice, the centre being a circular, or rather octagonal tower from which the different wards radiated: thus, two or three guards, who were always in the tower with loaded rifles, could easily see into and control every corridor on either side of which were the cells. Between the radiating corridors with their two tiers of cells and some larger rooms for workshops, the triangular spaces were filled by the chapel, schoolrooms, and small exercise grounds in which prisoners in turn took their solitary three-quarters of an hour. Here were small patches of earth which they were allowed to cultivate if they chose; seeds and tools being furnished by the establishment, chiefly as a reward for good conduct. No prisoner had ever been known to deal wantonly with another's flower-bed. There was no dining-room or common room of any kind, for reasons which shall presently appear. It would not be possible for me to furnish even the rudest diagram, for any kind of drawing or sketching was absolutely forbidden, and the use of a camera was out of the question.

In the basement were the chief workshops, a boot-making room, a carpentering and joinering room, a book-bindery, and even a printing-room in which were printed the text-books for the primary schools of Lisbon. Against this competition, as against the furniture-shop and the boot-making, outside free manufacturers had petitioned in vain. The furniture and the boots, though common enough, seemed to me to be fairly well made, but of all the vile print and paper ever put into a schoolchild's hands those products of the penitentiary were the poorest I ever saw. The request for a specimen spelling book could not be granted.

On this lowest floor, too, were other special rooms and the punishment cells. The most elementary of the latter was the conventional *cachot,* with bare white walls, stone floor, and small barred window, a plain wooden bed with

springy slats which did not appear too uncomfortable. For serious infractions of discipline was reserved a more interesting cell,—literally a "black hole," built into the walls, perfectly ventilated through some device that I did not grasp, and absolutely bare. Into this space of about six feet square a positively refractory prisoner would be sent, to come to a saner frame of mind in absolute solitude, silence, and the most utter darkness I have ever known. The turnkey shut us all in for a few seconds, and in spite of his reassuring presence I felt that a sensible prolongation of the time would soon have filled me with indescribable vague fear. A rebel against discipline would never hold out for long in that awful solid darkness, and no sound could either reach him from the outside or issue from within the cell. Its temperature even in winter never falling below 70° Fahrenheit, the culprit could safely be consigned to it in shirt and trousers. I was given to understand that a few hours of this would knock the spirit of resistance out of the most hardened.

Much more agreeable in suggestion was the kitchen, steaming with the fragrant aroma of a savoury soup. It was tantalizing to those who were still living on the recollection of a meagre European breakfast,—"a cup of muddy coffee and a warty bun," as a friend once described it. Great piles of onions and green stuff were lying on the tables; a pleasant sizzling sound greeted our ears. Floors, dressers, huge copper boilers, baking ovens were all scrupulously clean. Walls and floor were of brick, which looked as neat and scrubbed as a Dutch interior. Compared with the toiler of the Lisbon streets, who may have to live on a sardine, a penny loaf, and a glass of wine a day, the inmate of the penitentiary was really well off. His meals, two in number, were served at ten and five, respectively. Money earned in the prison could be spent, at least in part, on tobacco consumed during exercise-time. The provender he was given was sufficient in quantity, and carefully inspected, daily, as to quality. The authorities, while adopting many of Bentham's ideas, had not followed out his suggestion of feeding the convict mainly on starch

and woody fibre in the form of potatoes; for here, as in Spain, the "esculent tuber" is by no means a popular article of diet. It was not a very long time before Bentham's day that Count Rumford proposed to support the poor of Munich on soup made from boiling down miscellaneously collected bones. The dietary of the prison was not submitted to the experimental test of visitors, there being no provision in the regulations for the supplying of meals to intruders.

Upstairs was the infirmary, where a very intelligent French-speaking young doctor did the honours of the place. Even here rigorous discipline was manifest. A patient, who looked shockingly ill, attempted out of respect to sit up on our entering, but a quiet word from the medical director made him sink back with a grateful look. Nothing in the installation or the management differentiated this part of the establishment from an ordinary hospital ward.

Coming out of this department, my attention was caught by a singular shuffling sound, which on examination revealed the true nature of the confinement in this particular penitentiary, at that date. Some two or three prisoners were busy in the corridor, with sweeping or washing; and I had observed the grey hoods which they wore, and had taken them to be a temporary protection against dust or chills in these extremely draughty passages. Presently a whole procession of prisoners passed us, each separated from his neighbours by about two feet of space, and all hooded like inquisitors (small holes being made for eyes and mouth), and all shod with almost noiseless felt shoes. This renders every man quite unrecognisable; while the shoes are so loose that no system of signalling could ever be devised through tapping of the feet. Any attempt to step out of line or to touch a fellow-prisoner would mean confinement to a bare cell on bread and water for several hours. No prisoner could ever come to know any of his fellow captives; the numbers they wore were under the hood; and each man remained almost a complete stranger to the turnkeys and guards, save those in charge of his particular ward, who thus, at times, saw his face. All

possibility of conspiracy or concerted action, such as one reads of in regard to the most famous of Russian prisons, was thus effectively cut off. The convict here worked, ate, and exercised alone. When two of them were compelled, by the nature of the case, to work in common—in carrying heavy weights, for instance—both were hooded and under the eye of a guard, whose orders were to shoot if either made the slightest attempt to communicate by word or sign with his companion. It was said that some time previously a man had been shot for this offence, since which nothing of the kind had ever occurred. As we were looking at this ghastly defiling past, one poor devil, probably thrown off his balance by the unwonted sight of visitors, took a wrong turn. He was immediately seized and hurried off downstairs to learn better self-control in darkness for a few hours. It may be admirable discipline, but it is terrifying. Under such a system, any concerted plan for escape or rebellion becomes simply impossible. For aught a prisoner knows, the man he might seek to engage in joint action might be an officer of the place disguised as a prisoner in order to nip any such notion in the bud. As for single efforts at escape, only one had been known in ten years. After prodigies of ingenuity and strength, the man had succeeded in reaching only the blind-alley of an external *couloir* on a biting December night, where he was found fairly stiff with cold by the morning patrol, for he had nothing on but the regulation linen trousers and shirt.

The expedition terminated with a visit to a prisoner's cell, the room in which he works and eats alone, the shell of this solitary hermit crab. It is a severe ordeal to be subjected to, this becoming an isolated, silent bit of mechanism in a great organization from which it is impossible to escape, and equally out of the question to study any other part; yet everything *must* go right at all costs. The bond of common humanity was here reduced to a mere filament. Yet considering the fact that these criminals—presumably responsible human beings—had, each through his own act, proved his

inadequate understanding of human relations, the extreme severity of the system may find defenders. In the common prisons of Portugal no such isolation is practised: indeed, in the northern town of Guimaraens I subsequently saw clusters of captives at the barred windows, chatting and joking with passers-by, and of course clamouring for coppers from any stranger coming within hail. Several years later, in Tarragona, I looked down from a beautiful terrace into the yard of an ordinary prison, many feet below, where culprits were simply herded together, shouting, singing loose songs, and "carrying on" as though in a market-place; most of them, too, were wearing shackles.

The cell in question was that of the homicidal prisoner mentioned earlier. He had killed a man in a fit of jealousy,—the ordinary *crime passionnel*—and had received a fifteen years' sentence, the lightest the law then allowed for the offence. On our entrance, he at once put on his hood, which the warder in very kindly tones told him he might remove. He was an intelligent and ingenious fellow, having manufactured during his spare time a number of objects out of paper, pasteboard, and glue which he had worked up into a substance resembling *papier-mâché*. He had made a windmill, a carriage and pair, and even a model of the Eiffel Tower about two feet in height, which he had copied from a cut in one of the daily papers allowed him by the administration for his uniformly good conduct, the material of which he afterwards employed in working up his inventions. As he was said to understand French, leave was granted to say a few words to him which he received with a very touching smile of gratitude. In a few halting words he succeeded in conveying the impression that he had received great consideration and even kindness from his keepers, but that our faces and voices were the only ones from the outside that he had had any cognizance of since his entrance nearly three years before.

The isolation was so complete that at mass and in the schoolroom the prisoners were put into boxes somewhat like

upright coffins; and not until every man had taken his place was the signal given to remove the hoods. These rooms are so planned that every prisoner can see the chaplain or the teacher, as well as the armed guards; while he cannot catch a glimpse of any one of his fellows. Leaning forward in order to look around the edge of the cubicle would, of course, be severely punished.

To return to the cell and the prisoner. It would have given me pleasure to be allowed to purchase a trifle of his manufacture, but this could not be granted. He gave me to understand, however, that the visit had furnished him with something to think about for many dreary weeks. The cell itself contained a bed, and a washstand built into the wall. The window was so high up as to be entirely out of reach. In order to prevent attempts at suicide, nothing like the semblance of a hook was allowed anywhere about the room; and the food was so prepared that it could be eaten with a spoon, knives and forks being absolutely forbidden. Insanity and attempts at suicide must nevertheless be tolerably frequent under conditions of such severity. To make the system complete, each cell door was provided with an eyehole opening only from the outside; hence, the prisoner, on whom the door shut automatically, could never look out into the corridors but was always open to inspection by a keeper,—another device apparently derived from Bentham. One remembers Borrow's experience with the Alcalde of Corcubion, who admired the "Grand Baintham" as a Solon, a Plato, and a Lope de Vega, all in one. But there was every reason to believe that this method of spying on the solitary prisoner was employed with much discretion. As for a glance into the corridor, had that been possible for the prisoner, he would during most hours of the day have looked upon nothing but bare and forbidding walls.

The termination of the visit was the cordial handshake of the very competent warder, whom of course it was out of the question to compensate for his efficient services. Indeed, such a thought would never have crossed my own mind.

He gave us to understand through the interpreter that such an event as our visit was a very marked diversion in his own life, for his leave amounted to about four days in the year. At other times, his routine was about as unvarying as that of his convicts. On passing once more through the great gate, and seeing again the blazing sunlight, the distant gleaming city and harbour, the olive trees and the blue sky, the contrast appeared even more striking than on going in. Yet, in spite of all gloomy impressions, this proved to have been one of the most interestingly unconventional experiences of a week in Lisbon.

P. T. Lafleur

VESPERS

Hushed is the hymn of noonday choristers,
How still in twilight's hour this temple blest,
Above the fluted columns of the firs
The dusking dome of evening is at rest,
Through the far-stainëd windows of the west,
Wrought wondrous in strange mystic characters,
All lovely hues earth's shad'wy aisles invest,
How fair they blend in that faint fire that stirs

On the high altar of the distant hills
O'er which the vesper candles dimly shine,
How sweet upon the silent air distils
The incense of the cedar and the pine,
How gracious here His Holy Presence fills
The peaceful precincts of this forest shrine.

Dudley H. Anderson

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE WAR

ONLY a few people on this continent possess or can possess a clear-cut view of what the British Empire, as a unit, really is or what its organized action in the world-war has been. Even in Great Britain the public and its statesmen are so engrossed in the tremendous problems of each day and hour that only here and there is a consecutive picture present to the mind's eye of what the combined world-action of their own Empire has been during this crisis. As a matter of fact, when the war began, each country of the Empire had been pursuing its own policies and politics and was lapped in a peace which the British Navy appeared absolutely to safeguard; each was permeated with opinions of Pacificism which were uniform in their kind, though divergent in forms of expression; each was wrapped in ideals of liberty and unity which were expressed in two widely-sundered phases of thought—(1) unity of the Empire through a loyalty created by the almost absolute liberty of the parts, and (2) unity built by a gradual, constructive, evolution along lines of trade and tariffs, organized defence and an Imperial Council, or Cabinet, or Parliament sitting in London. Within the former school Nationalism has developed, as in Quebec and South Africa; within the latter Federated Commonwealths have grown up and Imperial Conferences evolved. Nowhere except in the Royal Navy was there preparedness for war—but that exception was vital.

When the war came the whole burden of Empire defence rested for a while upon the Fleet, which had a superiority over that of Germany and Austria by no means overwhelming in view of the 13,000,000 square miles of ocean-separated territory, the 434,000,000 of scattered populations on every continent and in a multitude of islands, the $10,000,000,000 of Empire trade and $160,000,000,000 of world-wide wealth

which had to be safe-guarded. Besides all this the vital food supplies of Great Britain had to be assured safe passage, and the wide sweep of a world-commerce carried on by Empire countries, upon every continent and every sea, had to be protected from financial panic as well as from the enemy. As to the Army of the Empire it had, very largely, to be created. The small force maintained on peace establishments was only a nucleus,—though at Mons it did wonderful work. In Britain, during the first five months of war, recruiting and volunteering ran into three millions on a population of 45,000,000; in the Dominions (Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and Newfoundland) it went up to about three hundred thousand on a white population of 15,000,000; in India millions of troops were probably available, but thousands only were utilized to replace the regular British troops and small contingents accepted for outside service. The comparison between the Mother-Country and the Dominions does not, for this period, look well in figures, but the Colonial contributions indicated much more than appeared on the surface. With the contingents went large gifts from Governments and people, of every kind, to the Motherland; the soldiers who did go had behind them hundreds of thousands more who would have gone if conditions of enlistment or equipment had permitted; these formed Home-guards and drilled for an emergency—forming a reserve of probably another 300,000. Half a million men in the Dominions and a million in India were easily available at this juncture if they could have been accepted, trained and equipped.

By the close of 1914 it was found that for the first time in history a great Empire of mixed races and colours and creeds and social status—a world in itself of varied and supposedly conflicting ideas and conditions—had drawn together and stood together with the one great basic principle of love for liberty as the pivot of policy. It was not thought possible by outside nations that such a combination of sentiment and action could occur; there were few in the British Empire itself who believed that its unity would ever

find such practical expression. As General Von Bernhardi put it in "Germany and the Next War," so many believed who were not enemies of England or of her Empire: "The centrifugal forces of her (England's) loosely compacted world-empire might be set in movement, and the Colonies might consult their own separate interests should England have her hands tied by a great war. It is not unlikely that revolutions might break out in India and Egypt if England's forces were long occupied with a European war." There was, of course, Colonial indifference in places, and scattered voices were occasionally heard of an academic, intellectual character or as relics of the Pacifists' long-continued swing of free thought. Some antagonism to war co-operation there was, also, as amongst a section of the French in Canada, the Boers in South Africa, the extreme Labour element in Britain and Australia, a small class of workingmen in Canada, or a group of Hindu agitators in India. But in the mass of so large a population these elements were negligible. The greatness of this aggregation of countries, the importance of its unity, is seen by the following figures, though no statistics will afford a real clue to the varied complexities of the Empire's problems:

Area in square miles	13,123,000
Population	434,000,000
National Wealth	$160,000,000,000
Trade—Foreign and Inter-Imperial	10,000,000,000
Deposits in Banks	6,200,000,000
Revenues	3,000,000,000
Production (Bushels) of Wheat	800,000,000
Live Animals— cattle, sheep, swine, horses (No.)	264,000,000
National Income	$20,000,000,000

To understand the origin of the unity of sentiment described it is necessary to study the character of Great Britain as a sort of historic fairy godmother—helping, protecting and reforming these dependent countries until

they were able to control their own development. It is a British rôle, unfamiliar and unknown to most people in the United States, inconceivable to the statesmen of Germany, unknown, very often, to the individual colonist in the young nations of the Empire. Yet British sympathy and support during the nineteenth century were ever present and British diplomacy was constantly dealing with other powers in defence of far-flung borders such as those of India and Russia, Egypt and Turkey, Canada and the United States, Australia and Germany, South Africa and the Boers. In the year 1914 the English settlers of South Africa would have been under Boer government and the Boers themselves without real liberty if it had not been for a British policy which could first conquer and then conciliate by giving freely every kind of liberty to a conquered people; in that year Australia handed over its local navy to Great Britain, and little New Zealand a great battleship to the British Admiralty, in appreciation of the fact that, during a century of evolution safeguarded by the British fleets, no foreign power had ever seriously menaced their peace and no war-shot had been fired within the shores of the Pacific continent and islands; so it was in India—that myriad yet silent voiced mass of 300 millions, a country which at first loomed up to the eyes of the world in this crisis as something dark and doubtful, yet splendid and spectacular. Typical of the Orient in its silent multitudes, in its subtlety of thought amongst the educated classes as well as the ignorant masses, in its infinitely varied racial and religious outlook, the Indian Empire could hardly have been otherwise. Yet at the end of 1914 British and Indian troops were fighting side by side in five theatres of the war—France, Egypt, East Africa, the Persian Gulf and China; and more than 200,000 men had gone overseas to fight for the Empire of which they desired to be a virile, living unit.

During this period, also, the voluntary gifts of Indian princes, rulers, states, individuals, had been magnificent in scope and size; the personal proofs of loyalty to the King-Emperor were such as to overthrow all German and many

friendly ideas of Hindustan and its 315,000,000 of people. Amid such a population it is hard to say that any one cause produces a definite result. It is true that England had gradually equipped the vast country with railways, canals and roads, and had built up for it a great trade, growing industries and a splendid financial system; had eliminated much of the starvation and suffering that comes from failure of crops, by the construction of irrigation works at enormous cost; had given to its millions internal peace and protected the people against the tyrannical turmoil of earlier days or the frequent invasion of their frontiers; had built up a splendid educational system of schools, technical training and universities, and had provided a judicial system of combined strength and honesty while establishing a Civil Service which was incomparable for honour and integrity. But there was and could be no concrete presentation of these results to the average ignorant native; one half-educated and wholly-vain Hindu product of an English college in Calcutta could teach more sedition in a day than a year's work of all these influences could counteract; one flashy native paper, under a freedom seemingly unfitted to the Oriental mind, could do more mischief in a week than a great statesman could remedy in a year. Yet, in this fundamental crisis of British life and rule, the minor things seemed to be swept away and the broad benefits of British liberty and government to be vaguely but sufficiently understood by such portion of these teeming millions as had anything to do or say about it.

In Canada no one cause created the loyalty which has found such strong expression in these latter years. As in Australia huge British investments helped, no doubt, and so did British settlers and an ever-increasing closeness in trade and travel and intercourse. But these, also, have been factors in the United States and have not affected its policy toward Great Britain. There was something else, something vague, intangible, something quite beyond the comprehension of foreign peoples or a casual visitor, something entirely outside the circle of the German mind. It was the impersonal,

sometimes shadowy and slight, sometimes strong and silent, but often vigorously-expressed sentiment and realization as to what Britain had done for her Empire in all its early stages of growth, in the cultivation of liberty, in the establishment of free institutions and in monetary aid to the struggling Colonies of which Canada may be taken as a sample. Even keen publicists in Canada or the other Dominions are to-day unaware of how great have been the past British contributions in actual money—the product of home taxation—to colonial development.

Some years ago the writer estimated from figures supplied by the British War Office, over a certain period, the cost of troops maintained in British North America; from the cost to Britain of pioneer bridges, canals, fortifications, public works, etc., which in its early colonial days were built and maintained for long years by the British Government; from the expenditure on Atlantic and Pacific Fleets, maintained largely because of Canada's relations to the United States; from the charges incurred by the war of 1812–14 and other expenditures—that the cost of Canada to the British tax-payer in 100 years (19th Century) was $1,200,000,000. Taking similar bases for calculation, Lieut.-Col. William Wood, the Quebec historian, has worked out the total more recently at $2,000,000,000 for 150 years—including the acquisition as well as the defence of Canada and giving $500,000,000 as the amount expended on Canadian public works.[1] Another point more easily understood by outsiders and better appreciated by Canadians, because better known, is the enormous total of British money invested in the Dominions and Empire, generally, during recent years. It reached in 1914 the sum of £1,779,995,000 or $8,899,975,000, as against 3,700 million pounds or $18,500,000,000 for all the rest of the world. Of the Empire total Canada has received the largest amount—$2,574,350,000—with India, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand following in the order named. During the nine years 1905–1913 Canada received a total of $1,280,286,475 or over

[1] Address before Canadian Club, Toronto, Dec. 14, 1914.

$300,000,000 a year, which went into government loans ($300,000,000), railways ($472,000,000), industries ($174,-000,000), municipalities ($173,000,000), mines, land, lumber and financial institutions ($160,000,000).

Combining these facts, as they sifted in broad and slowly growing outlines through the minds of the people during many decades, with their natural belief in British traditions of honour and British decency of policy—despite all minor faults of public action and private manner; with instinctive dislike of German autocracy and militarism and indignation at the treatment of Belgium; with belief in British institutions, pride in Empire greatness and all the other elements of thought and mind and heart which are included in the word "loyalty,"—it is not so difficult to understand the attitude of the Dominions at the outbreak of the war.

As the war passed through its various stages of the 1915 and 1916 world-struggle, the British Empire found that its strong, sudden expression of loyalty in 1914 was not an ephemeral thing or a mere wave of passing sentiment. In many respects its nations discovered themselves just as the world discovered a new Britain—an England far indeed removed from the decadent or decrepit nation portrayed by many writers, pictured in many minds. A Boer revolt in South Africa became a mere flash of folly and was followed by Boer and British troops uniting under a Boer General and a Boer Prime Minister in the conquest of two countries each as large as Germany—German East Africa and German West Africa. Hindu plottings in India backed by German schemes and gold—limited as they were, dangerous as they well might have been—fell into insignificance beside the extraordinary conditions so frankly stated by Lord Hardinge, Viceroy of India, on May 20, 1916: "We have sent out of the country no less than 300,000 men to the various fields of the Imperial battle-line in France, Egypt, China, Mesopotamia, East Africa, Gallipoli and even the Kamerun. These consisted of both Indian and British troops. When it is remembered that the British Army of occupation usually

numbers some 73,000 men, and that at one time, for a few weeks, there remained only a handful of British troops, something between 10,000 and 15,000 men, in a country with a population of over 315,000,000, one can realize that such a course of action would have been foolhardy in the extreme had there been any real foundation for the reports of widespread and serious disaffection, spread from enemy sources." In Australia after 300,000 troops had been raised by voluntary enlistment out of a 5,000,000 population a set-back to the loyalty of its people seemed to be indicated by the voting down of conscription; practically this verdict has been reversed in 1917 by the return of the Hughes' National Government to power. In Canada, with 700,000 people of foreign birth in its population of 7,000,000, with also 2,000,000 French-Canadians, there was by 1917 some slowness in enlistment, yet 470,000 men had volunteered for the various arms of the British and Canadian war services, and, during the first four months of 1916, they had come in at the rate of 1,000 a day, and then at 800 and 300 a day up to the close of the year.

Taking the Empire as a whole what had it done by the close of 1916? First of all it gave the world a picture of the greatest free Empire in history, fighting in the greatest of world-wars, with a purely voluntary system as to men and money, and the nations within its bounds—a picture which posterity will appreciate more than did the peoples of the period involved. Even when limited compulsion was resorted to in Britain, after the greater demands for men had all been met, it was evolved and carried out by leaders who beyond all question represented the masses—their democratic aspirations and policy as well as their war loyalty. The Dominions have been treated as absolutely free entities doing what they desired in their own way and at their own time—as equals working for a common end in a union of free peoples. It has been an inspiring sight, and not all the draggled ends of local controversies such as recruiting or conscription or Home Rule can detract seriously from the general result or mar the picture as a whole.

In the next place the result of war policy and organization at the close of the two years and five months of conflict is, approximately—allowing for casualties and including the whole Empire—an armed military force of 6,000,000 and nearly all raised by voluntary enlistment; a total financial expenditure or war-cost of 20,000 millions, or deducting British payments out of revenue and loans to Allies and Dominions, about two-thirds of one year's income of the people of the Empire; the voluntary contribution of money to patriotic and war funds of at least 350 millions; production in every part of the Empire of great quantities of munitions and war supplies with, in the case of Britain, a concentrated and multiplied product of artillery, guns and ammunition which has been one of the marvels of the period; the maintenance of a trade which covered all the seas with shipping and grew greater even while submarines were taking steady toll of ships and the 1917 crisis was upon the horizon; a huge British industry devoted to the construction of battleships, airships and aeroplanes, trading vessels, the invaluable and invincible trawler, destroyers, etc., which was effective beyond all experience; a navy which has held the seas secure from German warships, German trade, German travel or German soldiers and even checked the desperate plunging of the undersea monster.

What did the Dominions contribute to this total? Considering their white population of 15,000,000 and their isolation from the seat of war, and even the heart of the Empire, they did admirably. In men[1] Australia, by the close of 1916, had 300,000 at the front in Egypt, Palestine and France, or in training; Canada had 350,000 on the Western front or in England and Canada training; New Zealand and Newfoundland had 75,000 on active service or under preparation; South Africa, in its occupation of South-west Africa, its campaign in East Africa, its troops at the Somme and under enlistment at home, had about 75,000 under arms. If India with its forces in Mesopotamia, East

[1] Casualties not deducted.

Africa, Egypt and the Cameroons were included, another 400,000 would be added to a total which was at least 1,250,000 for the external Empire alone.

Without compulsion, without even public urgency on the part of the greatly-strained war authorities of Britain, these far-flung British subjects—Hindus and Parsees, Sikhs and Mohammedans from India, Canadians and Australians and New Zealanders and South African English, and Boers—had fought side by side in France; squatters of Australia fraternized with Maoris from New Zealand and Boers from South Africa and Bengali Lancers from India at the feet of the pyramids; Indian and British and Australian troops fought together in Mesopotamia or within the borders of Palestine; Indian troops helped Sir Charles Dobell to conquer the Cameroons, and the negroes of the King's Own (South African) Regiment aided the Boers and British to conquer East Africa. The West Indies, Fiji, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Nyassaland, Uganda and Nigeria, all proffered men and money to the cause. And this amazing conglomeration of races and interests was fighting voluntarily and was transported freely over half the seas of the world by British naval power. Meantime the "Malaya" and "New Zealand," two Colonial battleships, shared in the Jutland naval victory and brought their respective countries Admiralty cables of appreciation.

In financial expenditure on the war Canada's part during this period was $500,000,000, Australia about $400,000,000, South Africa $200,000,000, New Zealand $100,000,000. The Indian Government, as such, had as yet contributed little directly, but Indian rulers, to some extent, made up for this in voluntary gifts to the King-Emperor which reached a total of $30,000,000, according to an official statement in the British Commons on Mar. 1, 1916. Early in 1917 a local war loan of $500,000,000 was floated. In voluntary gifts to patriotic funds the response of the external Empire was generous. Great Britain set a splendid example by the raising of $75,000,000 for the relief of distress growing out

of the war or the re-establishment of soldiers returning from it, with the Prince of Wales Relief Fund as the chief means of service; about $30,000,000 was raised in the external Empire for Patriotic Funds connected with the troops and their families. For sick and wounded soldiers or sailors the British Red Cross was the chief medium of collection and the estimated total to the middle of 1916 was $30,000,000—at least a third of this came from the Dominions and dependencies. In the first two years of war $30,000,000 was collected in Britain for soldiers' comforts of every kind, with similar contributions (proportionately) raised in each of the Dominions, while throughout the Empire an estimated total of $100,000,000 was obtained for the relief of peoples in other countries—chiefly Belgium and France and to a much lesser extent for Poland, Roumania, etc. So far as estimates can be made Canada collected for these various funds at least $50,000,000, Australia $30,000,000, New Zealand $10,000,000, and others in proportion, with India—apart from direct gifts to the King for military purposes—totalling another $50,000,000. The grand total was $350,000,000 at least, and probably much more.

Such is a brief picture of the British Empire in what might be termed its period of preparation. What has been accomplished by its Navy could be dealt with at great length. Its work and place in this world-war were as wide as the sweep of the seas; as effective as brains and experience, great ships and many of them, splendid sailors and absolute national confidence and support could make them. The silence of those shadowy, sombre ships patrolling stormy seas covered Navy conditions which the neutral world took long to fully recognize—success in its gigantic pressure upon German life and trade, business and *morale*; success in its omniscient watchfulness over enemy ships passing along the ocean highways; success in its first two terrific campaigns of unknown detail against the submarine; success in guarding the transport of millions of soldiers to France without the loss of a man, and to many other parts of the world with trivial losses;

success in guarding the shores of Britain and, up to the close of 1916, in keeping the seas reasonably clear of the great new war monster which German skill had created; success in the absolute destruction of German sea-trade, the protection of an increased British trade and the tying up of German shipping with the practical internment of the second greatest fleet in the world—a fleet which had cost Germany 1,500 millions of dollars; success in controlling the English Channel and North Sea, protecting the shores of France, helping Russia in the Baltic, or the White Sea, or the Persian Gulf, carrying 2,000,000 troops to all parts of the world; success in guarding the Suez Canal route for commerce, holding Greece from the German side, enabling the United States to become a great factory and granary for the Allies.

Of the army, beginning with that gallant 70,000 before Mons and ending with the 1,500,000 men at the Somme or the Battle of Arras, and the tens of thousands in Africa or Mesopotamia or Palestine or Greece, much also could be said; but this is not the place. New conditions have developed, and though disasters may come and defeats by devious German diplomacy, and though a crude, ignorant, Russian democracy may at times undo the work of armies and navies, yet the strength of the British Empire has not been fully expressed, while the power of the United States has only entered the preliminary stage of assertion and organization. The finding of itself by the British Empire was the great event of the war after the Battle of the Marne: may the discovery of a dormant greatness in war as well as in peace be the event of the coming year for the United States in this awful struggle!

J. CASTELL HOPKINS

THE FORTY-NINTH PARALLEL

IN the present paper the story of the forty-ninth parallel west of the Rocky Mountains will be told. By Article II of the Convention Oct. 20, 1818, between Great Britain and the United States, the forty-ninth parallel became the boundary line from the Lake of the Woods to the "Stony Mountains," as the Rocky Mountains were formerly called. West of the latter, and to the waters of the Pacific ocean, the country was "free and open" to both parties for a period of ten years. By the Convention of Aug. 6, 1827, the period was "indefinitely extended and continued in force." In order to understand clearly what led to the Treaty of June 15, 1846, between Great Britain and the United States, whereby the forty-ninth parallel became the boundary line west of the Rocky Mountains, it is necessary to give a brief historical review of what had been done in discovery, in exploration, and in occupation, so that we may have a fair perspective of the claims of the contending nations. Although Balboa was the first to sight the Pacific in 1513 from Darien, Drake was the first to proceed up the coast in 1579 to latitude 43 degrees. It was nearly a century later before the Spaniard Perez reached as far as 54 degrees. Then follow the memorable explorations of the world's greatest navigator—Captain Cook—who in 1778 explored the Pacific coast northward from 43 degrees, through Bering's Straits, to latitude 70° degrees. Trouble arose between the Spanish and British on the Pacific coast, and by the Nootka Convention of 1790, Spain was practically eliminated as far as territory now under discussion is concerned. The man that left an imperishable monument on the Pacific coast by the accuracy of his survey work was Captain George Vancouver, who had served under Captain Cook. Vancouver's work covered the years 1792–3–4. It is strange that Vancouver missed the discovery of the mouth

of the Columbia river, which discolours the water of the ocean for miles and miles. This was reserved for the American, Captain Gray, in 1792, in his ship "Columbia," whence the name of the river. This discovery was one of the important points upon which later the United States based their claim to the country which the river drains. Captain Gray did not ascend the river; but this was subsequently done by Lieut. Broughton, under Vancouver's instructions. Mackenzie, the discoverer of the great river bearing his name, in 1793, made his way through the interior of the continent, in behalf of the Northwest Company, the great rival of the Hudson's Bay Company, to the Pacific in about latitude 52 degrees. President Jefferson followed up the "Louisiana" purchase by sending an expedition under Lewis and Clark (1804–1806) to explore the territory north of the then Spanish territory of California and west of the Rocky Mountains, the "Oregon Country" as it was afterwards called. Lewis and Clark penetrated through the Rocky Mountains and descended the Columbia, whereby the United States added another claim, and a strong claim, to the territory subsequently in dispute. In 1808 Astor founded the American Fur Company, and three years later the Pacific Fur Company, a branch of the former, which was followed by the founding of Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia.

The Northwest Company was busy with exploration too in the interest of their fur trade. In 1808 Simon Fraser descends the river that now bears his name, to the sea; and similarly David Thompson, who also has a river to his name, descends in 1811 the Columbia to the Pacific. We see how year by year British and American claims are made by exploration and occupation. A blast of the war of 1812 even reached the Pacific coast. In 1813 Astoria was discreetly sold to the Northwest Company and a month later was taken possession of by a British vessel and its name changed to Fort George, but it was restored in 1818. In the following year Spain waived her claim to the north of 42 degrees in favour of the United States. The bitter rivalry that had

existed between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Company, and which had cost many lives, was brought to a close by the amalgamation or absorption of the latter company by the former in 1821. The fur trade was now vigorously pushed in the far west, and in 1824 Chief Factor J. McLaughlin built Fort Vancouver on the lower Columbia, near the mouth of the Willamette; and this was for years the centre of trade and of authority, which the Hudson's Bay Company knew so well to wield. Russia had been active on the northwest coast of America for many years; her explorations were exclusively in the interest of the fur trade. Under Article III of the Convention of 1824 between Russia and the United States, Russia renounced all claims to territory south of 54 degrees, 40 minutes. Up to this time and for a few years more the strongest claim of Great Britain was that of occupation, for there were few Americans in the territory. The advent of four Indian chiefs from the Oregon country in St. Louis in 1832 stirred the missionary zeal for a new field of labour. The fertility of the Columbia valley, the wealth of the forests, the salubrity of the climate, became known in the east, and slowly a stream of immigration set in. As early as 1841 the Americans in Oregon began to feel the need of some form of civil government, other than that meted out by the Hudson's Bay Company, so that two years later we find a provisional government organized. Year by year the American immigration increased, till in 1845 some 3,000 arrived from the Missouri and Mississippi valleys. The Americans had undoubtedly possession of the territory now, more especially of the Columbia valley, and it was obvious that the day of settlement of adjustment of rival claims was at hand. Matters were somewhat aggravated by the democratic slogan in the presidential campaign of 1844 of "Fifty-Four or Fight." This meant up to the southern limit of the Russian possessions referred to in the Convention of 1824. The slogan served the Democratic party well, for Polk was elected President. Well, they didn't get fifty-four forty, nor did they fight. To the former the Americans had

absolutely no claim; and for the latter common sense stood them in good stead.

Negotiations were now set on foot which culminated in the Treaty of June 15, 1846, already referred to, whereby the forty-ninth parallel is continued westward from the Rocky Mountains "to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island," as the boundary line. The boundary line was now defined on paper, but it was not until ten years later—on Aug. 11, 1856—that Congress authorized the appointment of a commission which with a similar commission to be appointed by Great Britain, was to carry out the provisions of Article I of the above Treaty.

Archibald Campbell was appointed the United States Commissioner and Col. J. S. Hawkins the British Commissioner, and Major J. G. Parke and Capt. R. W. Haig were appointed the respective astronomers. Field operations were begun in 1857 and concluded in 1861. Although the survey was completed late in 1861 it was not until May 7, 1869, that the final report was signed at Washington by the two commissioners. Here begins the gist and romance of the story of the survey of the forty-ninth parallel which it is intended to tell. It should be observed that the observations of the two commissions were made with the utmost attainable precision, and are comparable with the best field work of to-day. The position of the parallel in the 410 miles of its length was determined from twenty-eight astronomical stations, eleven of which were established by the British Commission, fourteen by the United States Commission, and three by joint observations. The total expense of the United States commission was approximately $600,000, equivalent to about $1,460 per mile. We may assume that the expense of the British commission was about the same, although the figures are not available. The boundary line ran across a wild, mountainous, and generally forested country with no population save in isolated spots. The boundary line was not opened out, but only at the astronomic stations on the parallel short vistas were cut in the woods. However, in the

more or less open country lying between the Similkameen and the Columbia, a distance of 96 miles, the commissions decided to connect the astronomic stations by straight lines, with stone monuments (pyramids) at suitable intervals. This was done, and these 96 miles were the only part of the boundary that was continuously laid down and marked on the ground. For some years this marked boundary line lay in solitude; but in time squatters and settlers began to occupy lands on both sides of the boundary line. They found in places three lines cut through the woods, as well as two sets of stone cairns, which naturally left them in a quandary as to where the definite boundary line was. Where is the boundary? and which line is it? were questions that unexpectedly presented themselves.

Settlers on the Canadian side applied to the Provincial Government at Victoria for the necessary information. But none could be supplied from that source. That government referred the question to the federal authorities at Ottawa, but here, too, no records were available. It seemed obvious that it would only be necessary to write to London to obtain the desired information and a copy of the final report of the survey of 1857–1861. Now the extraordinary thing happened. This final report with the necessary data of the survey was not to be found in London. Time and again search was made by different persons for the missing documents, but all to no avail. To add to the remarkable situation, the duplicate final report was not to be found in any of the government archives in Washington. Does history record any similar circumstances? Two governments are engaged for years on an expensive international work, a boundary survey; the respective commissioners sign joint final reports and transmit them to their respective governments; and the reports are nowhere to be found—apparently vanished from the face of the earth! The apparently impossible had happened, and the outlook was that in the near future a new survey under another international commission would have to be made.

Such was the situation in 1898 when the writer was sent by the Dominion Government to London and St. Petersburg (Petrograd) on a special mission, in which was included the obtaining of information regarding the records and final report of the above survey. All the offices in London were visited in which there was the faintest likelihood that the records might be stored, but without result, and no one seemed to be able to give any assistance. It was the writer's first visit to Europe, and naturally a visit was paid to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, as he was astronomer for the Dominion Government. By chance his eye caught the initials B. N. A. on some boxes on top of the library shelves. Like a flash those letters interpreted themselves as standing for "British North America." At his request the boxes were taken down, the dust of years removed, and in them lay the long-lost records of the international survey of the forty-ninth parallel.

The long lost documents had been found, and their precious contents were to reveal and answer those long unanswered questions of international import. The find meant the saving to Canada and to the United States of the great expense of another international boundary survey. The final report, dated May 7, 1869, and jointly signed by the two commissioners, together with other official correspondence pertaining to the boundary, has since been printed by the office of Chief Astronomer, Department of the Interior, Ottawa. With the material found it was now possible to understand all the operations of the survey, the method of placing the monuments, the reason for the existence of diverging lines cut through the forest, and the meaning of duplicate cairns. The occurrence of the last was due to the non-removal by the men, as instructed, of those cairns which no longer indicated the position of the accepted boundary line.

In order to understand how and why unavoidable difficulties arose in making the demarcation of the boundary line continuous, it is necessary to say a word about astronomical observations for latitude. The zero from which

latitude observations are made is indicated by the "level," and its position in turn is the resultant of all the gravitational forces acting on it; that is, the distribution of matter, visible and invisible, about a station determines the position of the "bubble" or "level," the zero of observation. Mountainous regions generally show "deflections of the plumb-line," as the deviation of the zero is termed, due to the anomalous distribution of matter. Were there no anomalies it would be possible theoretically, after establishing an individual point on any parallel of latitude, to establish other points on the parallel from it. Or we may say that, if two points are established in latitude, the direction a straight line must take from the one point to the other is simply a matter of computation.

In the present case the effect of this condition was markedly shown in the 96 miles from the Similkameen to the Columbia. The astronomic stations in this section were, in order from west to east: Similkameen U. S.; Osoyoos Br.; First Crossing or Newhoilpitkw U. S.; Second Crossing, or Inshwointum Br.; Third Crossing, or Statapoosten U. S.; Columbia Br. and U. S. It will be remembered that it was agreed to project the boundary line a short distance east and west from each astronomic station. This was done. From the British station at Osoyoos, the British commission ran lines —cutting the forest where encountered—west and east to meet the United States astronomic stations respectively at Similkameen and at First Crossing; and similarly from the Second Crossing again to the First Crossing and eastward to the Third Crossing. The not-unexpected happened—the lines did not meet, owing to "local deflection of the plumb line," although the discrepancies were greater than expected. At Similkameen the line came 509 feet north of the United States station; at the First Crossing the Osoyoos line came 364 feet north of the United States station, but the line projected from the Second Crossing westward came 300 feet south of this same United States station; i.e., the two British lines run from British stations were 664 feet apart. This was

not attributable to any error in the work, for the work was well done, but to the inherent idiosyncrasies of the environing mass distribution. Because of this operation of connecting, or trying to connect, the astronomic stations there were now two lines cut at each of the three United States stations. Things could not be left in this condition. After discussion by the officers of the two commissions on March 4, 1861, "it was agreed that a mean parallel should be adopted, and a new line run and marked from the Similkameen to Statapoosten." And this new line was run and marked by the United States commission. Thus in places a third line was cut; this was the definitive line. This explains why on the ground several vistas through the woods existed side by side. From the position of the mean parallel at Statapoosten the British commission subsequently ran the line to connect with the astronomic stations on the Columbia. Here, too, the line suffered a deflection to the north, namely of 212 feet. As already mentioned the cairns should all have been removed from the preliminary lines joining astronomic stations, and only those left which were on the final line. The circumstance that this was not done added to subsequent mystification, but the finding of the original records and final report cleared up everything.

It may be interesting to continue the story and recount what happened in Washington. Marcus Baker, cartographer, made a report on June 9, 1900, to the director of the U. S. Geological Survey on this boundary line. He searched the various departments in Washington for documents pertaining to the survey and had personal interviews and correspondence with men then living who had been officially connected with the boundary survey, with a view to throwing light, if possible, on "the most important document of all," the final report, but failed, as had Captain George M. Wheeler, U. S. A., in a previous search in 1889. Baker adds to the above: "The search above mentioned I have now repeated and with like result. The manuscript has not been found." Further on Baker writes: "But the report, unfortunately, was not

published, and the manuscript has for many years been lost to view. Its whereabouts are still unknown. The reason it was not published, I am informed, is that Mr. Fish, Secretary of State at that time, deemed its publication too expensive. The war had brought a mountain of debt, and under these conditions he refused to sanction so costly a publication."

Such were the vicissitudes of the 1857–61 survey. Within recent years the whole boundary line, from Point Roberts on the Gulf of Georgia to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, has been opened up, a "sky line" cut through the forests, and additional monuments erected by the joint action of the United States and Canada.

OTTO KLOTZ

TRAGIC DRAMA:

ARISTOTLE'S THEORY TESTED BY SHAKESPEARE'S PRACTICE

EVEN as Shakespeare is the first of tragic poets, so Aristotle still remains the most eminent of those who have made tragic poetry the object of theoretical investigation. Great weight must be attached to any principle upon which they agree, and great interest belongs to any point where the practice of the one parts company with the doctrine of the other. In this article I shall first set out, as concisely as I can, the main points of Aristotle's scheme, and shall then inquire how these are illustrated or corrected by Shakespeare's actual treatment of his material in a few of his greatest tragedies.

I

Professor Butcher's exposition of Aristotle's view is the chief—for many readers indeed the sole—guide in interpreting the *Poetics*. Its value is so widely recognized that any subsequent writer may dispense himself from any tribute beyond simply acknowledging at the outset that this is one of the great classic commentaries, and that we owe to it illumination at almost every difficult turn in the text. It will be obvious how far I have drawn upon this source; my own debt to Professor Butcher is not least in regard to those passages where I cannot persuade myself that he is right. For, even where he does not convince, he invariably provokes and stimulates thought.

Our two authorities certainly appear to agree upon that definition which must taken as the starting-point in our whole view of the subject. Aristotle laid down the dictum "Art imitates Nature"; Shakespeare makes Hamlet declare

that the end of playing is "to hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." Hence both the philosopher and the poet are still quoted in defence of what is called "dramatic realism." But if we mean by this the presentation in minute detail of any and every aspect of life, the mere photography, that is, of the actual, it is certain that this is equally foreign to Aristotle's theory and to Shakespeare's habit.

Wherever Aristotle uses the word φύσις he intends it in a very special sense, a sense which is not only different from, but at times antithetical to, the loose popular acceptation of "Nature." He means by it, for example, something very different from that "Nature" which was so glibly spoken of by eighteenth century philosophers in France. To Rousseau the natural food of man consisted of those herbs, roots, and flesh, which the fields and the forest supply, while the process of cooking was an artificial interference, a spoiling of the natural simplicity. George Eliot makes merry over this in *Daniel Deronda.* She exclaims: "Imagine Jean Jacques, after his essay on the corrupting influence of the arts, waking up among children of nature, who had no idea of grilling the raw bone they offered him for breakfast with the primitive flint knife!" But, whatever compromise he would have made in practice, such was Rousseau's theoretical position. Aristotle urges precisely the reverse. For him digestion was a process effected by Nature within the body, and upon that process the cook's preparation of food ought always to model itself. Digestion was Nature's cookery; cookery was artificial digestion. The saucepan and the oven, so far from being an outrage upon the natural order, are but an intelligent imitating of that for which Nature has set us the pattern. So too the physician, whose interference through drugs, and the surgeon, whose interference through the knife, may seem at first sight to meddle with natural process are in reality justified and successful just in so far as they study Nature's own methods, work along her lines, reinforce the recuperative

agency which is already in action. In this way every useful art is shown to be imitative; and the need for it arises because through accident, through hostile forces, or through defective material, some valuable end is being frustrated or delayed.

This plainly implies a certain postulate about Nature. It implies that certain ends are being sought, that there is a process working with a purpose. Thus the natural is not that which happens at any moment to exist; still less is it that which existed at the beginning; it is that towards which things tend. An oak is the nature of the acorn; a developed human being is the nature of the infant; organized society is the nature of man. The unnatural is that which would divert such normal evolution, and it is the function of useful art, wherever such growth is being hindered, to step in as Nature's auxiliary; having acquired insight into her methods it removes her obstacles and facilitates her purpose.

As he passes from useful art to fine art, Aristotle carries with him the same conception. Painting and sculpture are very obviously imitative; but what is it, exactly, that has been imitated in the work of Zeuxis or of Pheidias? Not the actual form of an actual man—this would be the task of the photographer. But not, on the other hand, any form in which humanity is repudiated or contradicted—this would give us the monstrous figures of a caricaturist. In shape and pose and colour the painting or the statue must be "true to life," or, more precisely, "true to nature," true, that is, to the conception which Nature, amid many blunders, is seeking to attain. Thus the true in poetry, in music, in sculpture, is not identical with the true in fact. We may illustrate Aristotle's point, I think, in this way. Many persons, if asked to account for their interest in a Shakespearean drama, will speak of the vivid play of emotion, the ingenious plot, the inevitable *dénouement*. But these are present in much work that we call artistically inferior—in much that we refuse to call art at all. There are many novels with a plot of surpassing ingenuity, which absorb our attention for an afternoon, but which we never wish to read again. The

Bovril advertisement, in which an ox looks down with pathetic interest upon a bottle of meat essence, with the legend printed below "Alas! my poor brother!" is a vivid picture of emotion. But not even its designer would call it high art. Aristotle, I think, would have formed a low estimate of such a writer as Jane Austen, though her genius is commonly pronounced dramatic. He would have urged that her little world of the parlour, however faithfully she photographed it, lacks the compass, the volume, the idealization, which are essential to good art. He would have said that one might as well make drawings of one's chance acquaintances and claim, in virtue of their accuracy, to rank with Zeuxis.[1] Artistic material is, of course, embedded in the actual, but it is hidden there; to draw it forth means at once following and transcending fact. This seems to be the point of that pregnant definition in the *Poetics*: "Art is the expression of the universal element in human life"; and again of that daring paradox: "The poet should prefer probable impossibilities to improbable possibilities."

Of fine art poetry is one subdivision, and in drama, beyond any other form of literary workmanship, an imitative effect is adequately produced. For there the illusion of words is helped out by the still stronger illusion of sight. Even on the ancient stage, and of course to a far higher degree on the modern, action could be made realistic. For Aristotle this is of the very essence of tragedy. It imitates action, not indeed in the sense of mere outward behaviour, for action, he tells us over and over again, must be the manifestation of inner purpose and character. But, on the other hand, for Aristotle nothing is quite so necessary to drama as its plot, its march of incident. Hence narrative, and mere soliloquy by which the movement of the piece is not furthered, are alike out of place. One might almost say that both for our philosopher's theory and for Greek practice only the vicissitudes of the human lot possess artistic interest. For example, no place is given to the depicting of outward nature

[1] Cf. Charlotte Brontë's criticism on Jane Austen's work: "An accurate daguerreotyped portrait of a common-place face."

for its own sake, or to the depicting of the animal world. There is nothing analogous to the work of Turner or of Rosa Bonheur. If the external appears at all it appears only as a setting, a background for the interplay of the characters and wills of men.

We may sum up the theory then, so far as we have gone, as follows. Tragic drama is, in its essence, a structure of incidents, which must be true to nature, but the nature to which they are true must not be the trivial, the commonplace, or even the average mode of conduct of the men and women whom one knows. To imitate this with fidelity would indeed require an ingenious craftsman, but such work would not be worth doing, and, if it were done, it would not deserve the name of art. That term in the literary sense should be reserved for the skill of him who deals with impulse and passion as the sculptor or the painter deals with form, finding his data in the actual, but operating upon it in such a way as to reveal Nature's potentialities, to exhibit full-grown that which Nature holds in germ, that which she is always struggling and is never quite able to bring to maturity. It would thus be no reproach to a dramatist if one could show that his men and women have never lived, or even that they never could live—any more than it would be a reproach to Zeuxis that his Hera was more majestic or to Apelles that his Aphrodite was more beautiful than the human figure could possibly become. For the poet properly imitates that which is *beyond* the actual.

We now reach the best known, and many would say the central part of Aristotle's doctrine.

In so imitating an action as to reveal some universal element in life the tragic poet has before him a serious purpose. Unlike the comic poet he selects an action that is grave (σπουδαῖον), not an action that is ludicrous (γελοῖον). For that life which tragedy imitates is a life of struggle between man and the forces which encompass him. We may think of these forces as circumstance, or as hostile wills, or, still more profoundly, as inner discord within man himself which

prevents him from being or doing the thing that he would. The struggle is one of which we may be conscious in the most varied degrees; such consciousness is at a minimum in him who "drifts with the tide"—it is most intense for him who, in Tennyson's phrase, "grapples with his evil star." Hence it is the exceptional character which is suited to the tragic stage. If the scenes shown there are foreign to common experience, and hence condemned as "improbable," this only means that strong characters are rare, that they belong so slightly to the experience of the commonplace man as to make him fail to recognize them when they are presented. But they are thoroughly probable in the poetic sense, because they disclose on a great scale that spiritual conflict which on *some* scale is ubiquitous and inevitable. Hegel's way of putting this was to describe the tragic situation as always one in which two duties conflict, and in which there seems to be no means of being faithful to one without disloyalty to the other. The classic instance of such a play is the *Antigone*. But Aristotle does not thus wholly moralize the tragic motive. It is for him a drama of destiny, and the antagonisms which make the issue doubtful may spring from different causes

But the purpose with which the whole is placed on the stage is always one and the same. Actual life regarded from this solemnizing standpoint excites two principal emotions—pity and fear. It excites pity, for we often see a failure and a suffering which are undeserved, a purpose which should have succeeded, but which has been baulked by fate—a suffering which has been entailed not only in spite of but even in consequence of virtue. It excites fear, for we never know when the same experience may be ours. We tremble lest our own best efforts may be similarly brought to nought, or our own highest aim may be vitiated by a missing of our way at the critical moment. Such pity and such fear are, in Aristotle's view, a source of danger; they weaken, they unnerve. "The native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." But the tragic dramatist acts as

a kind of physician to these disordered feelings. He "imitates" upon the stage in idealized form such situations as would, if we met them in ordinary experience, rouse pity and terror. By a kind of homœopathic process, as Professor Butcher puts it, a process analogous to the cure of frenzy through "a wild, restless music," the vent given to emotion in the playhouse serves as a safety valve; the feelings undergo a κάθαρσις or purgation, and the balance of the system is restored.

That this may have the due effect it is necessary for the hero to be of a certain type, and Aristotle goes on to indicate some types which must be excluded. Stainless virtue must not be shown as crushed, for such a result would be morally shocking (μιαρόν); whilst the converse case of triumphant villainy would fail to exhibit any tragic feature at all. Nor should we admit the catastrophe of the utter scoundrel, though it would satisfy the moral sense; such a case would not come personally home to the average citizen. He would view it as so external to himself that the appropriate emotions would not be aroused. It is essential that the actor should appeal to the spectator as to one who might conceivably be circumstanced in a similar way.

Finally, Aristotle is very decided in his preference for the unhappy ending. We think of this as a matter of course in a tragic drama; how far our view has been determined for us by the philosopher's teaching no one can tell. But so eminent a critic as Dr. Johnson maintained that *Lear* ought to have shown at the close a happier fate for Cordelia. The play, he said, was at fault, because it made the wicked prosper, and a revised form, more satisfactory to the moral sense, was actually attempted on the stage. Whether Johnson's criticism, based in part upon Aristotle's canon, would have appealed to the author of the *Poetics* we can only guess; quite possibly he would have thought the ending too painful. But that nothing like poetic justice should be aimed at we are expressly told. It is wrong, he says, to censure Euripides because his plays so often close unhappily; this is the right closing, and Euripides, faulty as he is in

other respects, is felt to be "the most tragic of the poets." For otherwise pity and fear would be so dissipated as to fail of their result.

II

How far is this theory confirmed or discredited by the great modern master of tragic effects?

To begin with, Aristotle seems to have fixed for ever the meaning of the word "tragic." What do we understand by it? Clearly something disastrous, as when we speak of the tragic fate of the *Empress of Ireland*, or of the tragic death of President Garfield. But though all that is tragic must be disastrous, not everything disastrous is necessarily tragic. A natural death in ripe old age, the termination of a criminal career in the penitentiary, the failure of a man who has chosen a profession for which he is unsuited—these are disasters, but not *tragic* disasters. On the other hand there is genuine tragedy where premature death has cut short a life of rich promise, where a criminal's innocent family has to bear the brand of his disgrace, or where high gifts have been wasted against insuperable obstacles. In all these cases the moral element is the significant one. In each we discern a conflict —that very conflict which constitutes the eternal problem. We see that which appeared entitled to success, and yet was cheated of its reward by some antagonizing force which, we feel, ought not to have stood in the way. If we are philosophical pessimists we maintain that the order of things is such as to make these disasters permanent and inevitable; hence it is with perfect propriety that the pessimist speaks of life as "in its essence tragic."[1]

According to Aristotle such a conflict is presented, or, as he would say, "imitated," upon the stage. That the imitation may impress, the hero must be of elevated dignity, of good though not spotless character, a man of like passions with ourselves, though his passions may be on a grander

[1] Mr. Hardy is a typical present-day representative, with that *ineluctabile fatum* which he calls "the coil of things." Tragedy in Aristotle's meaning, and perhaps even with Aristotle's purpose, is the essence of *The Return of the Native*, *Jude the Obscure*, and, above all, *Tess*.

scale, one who passes from prosperity to downfall, and whose collapse is at least in part due to himself, proceeding from some ἁμαρτία which he has committed.

Postponing for the moment our inquiry into the meaning of ἁμαρτία, let us mark how close this description comes to the tragic picture in *Hamlet*, or *Lear*, or *Othello*, or *Macbeth*. Professor Bradley, in his profound lectures on this subject, has used the phrase "the *substance* of Shakespearean Tragedy." He explains this as the answer which we want to the question, "What is the nature of the tragic aspect of life?" or "What is the general fact, shown now in this tragedy, now in that?" Who are the heroes in these four plays? A prince, a king, a thane who becomes a king, a general bearing the burden of a war. Shakespeare nowhere attempts to weave such a plot round the figure of one in humble life. The social consequence of these persons accentuates the spectacle of their calamity, but it is by no means their position alone which makes them impressive. Hamlet has speculative genius of the first order; his dialectic rapidity, his dazzling gifts of phrase, his loftiness of feeling, all add to princeliness. Like Burke as he thought of Marie Antoinette we are moved while we contemplate "that elevation and that fall." Lear never loses his grandeur, he rather increases it in the depth of adversity. The aged king with his torrential passions, with his pride that will not break, with his magnanimous trust in human nature, with his eloquence that glows the brighter when reason has become dimmed—no figure could be more true to Aristotle's conception of heroic material; none perhaps reminds us so much of Sophocles' Œdipus Coloneus; there is little doubt that it was the *Œdipus* that the philosopher had in mind when he wrote this chapter of the *Poetics*. Othello, indeed, is neither king nor prince, but he is in high public trust, and he is brought before us at the acme of his fame. He has saved the state, he is the people's idol, he wears the laurels of victory; in spirit he is all that we admire in a soldier, self-possessed, candid to bluntness, modest amid his glories, incapable of double dealing, almost

incapable of suspicion. Moreover, the dramatist has removed him still further out of the common rank by surrounding him with a halo of romance. He has a history of triumphant adventure in lands almost unknown, and though he calls himself "rude of speech" he shows a warmth of imagination which constantly breaks into poetry. Macbeth, with all his repulsiveness, is cast no less in the tragic mould. Why is he so fascinating a figure, despite all the efforts of his critics to rob him of interest, to exhibit him as a weakling, clay in the hands of his masterful consort, without the courage of his own base desires? His wife taunted him that he "would not play false, and yet would wrongly win"; commentators have taken their cue from this, and have tried to make us think of him as that most despicable creature, one who wants somebody else to commit his crimes for him. Macbeth would not be the fearsome human symbol he is if such were a true account of him. As Professor Bradley points out, so far from being a coward his courage is "simply frightful"; it proves itself at every turn in the play where mere physical boldness is called for—from the moment when his smoking steel carved a passage through the enemy, down to his last single encounter with Macduff. But Macbeth has a better side, a gloomy, superstitious conscience which misgives him at crucial points in the movement of the play. What we witness is the recurring conflicts between his better self and his master passion, the progressive enfeebling of scruple as he passes from one deed of blood to another. His so-called weaknesses, so far from making us despise him, awaken a kind of sympathy; we seem to be present at the contest of good and evil for Macbeth's soul, and, as the *dénouement* is reached, pity and fear pass almost into awe.

How are we to understand the cause which, in Aristotle's view, should be shown as leading to the tragic downfall? The hero, we are told, goes wrong not through μοχθηρία but through ἁμαρτία. Professor Butcher translates this: "not through deliberate wickedness but through some great error or frailty." It is an extremely attractive, even a seductive

way to understand the passage. We think at once of those Shakespearean figures whom it would fit to a nicety, figures whose general strength of character was marred by a flaw, who had—as we often put it—the "defects of their qualities," an overwhelming impulse, an impetuous zeal, a failure of insight. We think of Hamlet's indecision, of the moral shock that unnerved him for life, of the melancholy which he could not control, and which he pretended in a still higher degree that the reality might thus be disguised, of that fatal skill in casuistry which made him able to cajole himself with plausible reasons for delay. Thus, as one writer says, "Hamlet, instead of trying to be the hero of his own history, seeks to be the spectator of his own tragedy"; and, we may add, by drifting into this attitude towards it he makes that tragedy in the end tenfold more tragic than it need have been.

Again, the majesty of Lear is crossed with an absurd capriciousness, with the self-will of an old autocrat whose whims had never been resisted, with reliance on his own rash judgements of character even where these lead him to sudden and irrevocable steps. What the Greeks called ὕβρις, the quality which was for them *par excellence* the origin of all things tragic, overweening self-confidence by which the gods are challenged and which provokes heaven to "cut down towering things"—this may be looked on as part of the ἁμαρτία of Lear. Though his misfortunes arouse such sympathy that we forget his faults in indignation against his heartless daughters, yet the drama sets in strong relief the connexion between his temperament and his fall. In *Othello* the case is, at first sight, very different. One is tempted to say that it is no flaw of character, it is the hero's very virtue that becomes his undoing. His disposition is all of a piece, direct, straightforward, honourable; he assumes everyone else to be the same. Charity is not for him something painfully acquired by self-discipline, it springs from his nature. Thus, when perverse fate brings him into relation with Iago he comes to grief where one even ordinarily suspicious would not have

been deceived. Othello seems a martyr to his faith in man. But, assuming for the moment that by ἁμαρτία Aristotle meant a "defect of character," I can easily see how he would have shown Othello to be at fault. He would have reminded us that virtue includes an intellectual element, that ὁ σπουδαῖος should also be ὁ φρόνιμος, and that to deal with this imperfect world as if it consisted of persons through and through genuine is to be culpably blind to the facts which one ought to have observed. And Aristotle would have pointed out that so sanguine a charity, once it has been disillusioned, is very apt to rush to an opposite extreme. Othello's simple confidence in Iago makes him outrageously unjust to Desdemona. The former is assumed to be honest; the latter is not given a chance to refute the charge against her. Nor is Macbeth any exception to the principle that a tragic figure must be one where a defect spoils some genuine nobleness. The zeal, the courage, the loyalty, which Shakespeare is at pains to make prominent in the earlier scenes are vitiated by a craving for power, and from beginning to end of the play we have glimpses of the inward struggle.

But, despite the attractiveness of a translation which would bring modern practice into such accord with classic theory, I confess that I cannot find this sense in the Greek text. Aristotle speaks of the downfall as due to a ἁμαρτία, and this word can certainly mean a "flaw of character." But it can also, and more naturally, mean an error for which no one is to blame, a mistake about circumstances, a wrong judgement. That this is the meaning in the passage of the *Poetics* with which we are concerned seems to follow from the instances of such ἁμαρτίαι that are quoted in illustration. Œdipus, Alcmæon, Meleager, Thyestes, Telephus—not one of these can be convicted of having brought his fate upon himself through a moral flaw. In each case the legend speaks of tyrannical circumstance, of an inherited curse, of actions done in all good faith—sometimes even at the bidding of an oracle—and yet colliding with the will of gods or furies, who arrange accident to work out doom. Thus, I think, what

Aristotle had in mind was man's incapacity at times to steer his way among the forces which bear upon his lot, the struggle he has to sustain against destiny, the

> ill dicing with the gods
> Who load the dice with death.

He was no doubt influenced here by that Greek fatalism which no adroitness of reinterpretation can eliminate from Attic drama. It is very conspicuous in the work of Æschylus, and it is there to a reduced extent even in Sophocles. The feature which answers to this in Shakespeare is not Macbeth's self-destroying ambition, but the chapter of accident by which that ambition becomes inflamed at the most dangerous moment, the prophecy of the witches on the blasted heath, the arrival of Duncan just when Macbeth's sinister purpose had been encouraged, the oracle that bade him fear nothing from those of woman born, and promised him life till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane. Again, in *Othello* the Aristotelian element is seen less in that impetuous passion which made the hero so precipitate than in the network of chance by which he was entangled, the generous confidence which prevented him from questioning Cassio, Desdemona's dropping of her handkerchief, Othello's overhearing of the conversation with Bianca. Such points as these have suggested to Professor Bradley the close parallel between *Othello* and the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and we happen to know that the *Œdipus Tyrannus* was Aristotle's ideal tragedy.

The next point that we must look at is the relative importance in a tragedy of the two elements, action and character. Aristotle's word for the former is πράξις, and for the latter ἦθος; but it has been hotly disputed whether the English terms are anything like precise equivalents for the Greek. Assuming for the moment that they are so, how does Aristotle's doctrine run? This is what he says:

> Poets do not represent persons acting in order to display their character, but they take this in as accessory to action. . . . Moreover, there cannot be a tragedy without action, but there may be one without character.

This is a very real shock to our modern ideas For it seems to mean that the essence of tragedy lies in complication of external incident, that the interest is due, not to that interplay of passion and impulse which the plot reveals, but to the mere succession of startling occurrences upon the stage.

Think again of *Hamlet.* It is, of course, in a certain sense a play of action, action that becomes almost melodramatic in its intensity. Adultery, murder, madness, a ghost, the curtain rung down upon the stage strewn with four corpses. And no doubt there are those to whom such "thrills" are the essence of the piece. In that inimitable chapter of *Tom Jones,* where Partridge pays his first visit to the theatre, it is these things that chiefly affect him. His knees knock together when Garrick enters as the ghost, and, as Hamlet is bidden to follow, Partridge exclaims from the gallery "Go along with you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Lord have mercy on such foolhardiness!" He looks at the king, wonders how so innocent a face can disguise a murderer's soul, and breaks into reflection on the deceitfulness of appearances. He watches the gravedigger only to remark that he is lazy at his job, and that a sexton could easily be found to do the work quicker. On hearing that the ghost is to come again he sits in fearful expectation, and for many nights afterwards he cannot sleep for perspiring at the thought of what he has seen. Partridge is no caricature of those who crowd the upper gallery in a third-rate playhouse when some awful scene of blood and fire is presented.

But, unless we are as dense as he, the movement of *Hamlet* will appeal to us differently. The old, worn-out jest about playing that drama without the prince of Denmark recalls to us the fact that it is just the ups and downs, the alternate resolves and reconsiderations in the hero's soul, which constitute the interest of the piece. It might be called, in Mr. Hardy's phrase, "The Sketch of a Temperament." And can we suppose that this, so conspicuous a *motif* with modern playwrights, is wholly left out, or is relegated to a subordinate position, in Aristotle's theory?

The answer to this depends on the meaning we give to πράξις and to ἦθος. Professor Bradley has drawn a distinction which at first sight appears to help. "Action in drama," he says, "is something quite different from plot." He means to separate that conduct of the characters which adds to their psychological portraiture from those external events which constitute their fortunes. Can we suppose that Aristotle intended by πράξις action in the former sense—not in the latter?

Evidence may be adduced in support of this. There is a special word for plot, namely, μῦθος; the philosopher places this as a dramatic element in a position of co-ordinate rank with character and action. When he declares that it is essential for the persons of a play to "act," he explains this as the mark which distinguishes drama from epic or lyric poetry, compositions full of events which are not shown as happening but are merely reported,or again compositions full of speechmaking where character is orally analyzed, not revealed in behaviour. Thus, too, he elsewhere tells us that a πράξις need not pass beyond t actor himself; it need not involve a second person. Professor Butcher sums up the matter thus: "The word 'Action' requires to be interpreted with much latitude of meaning. It embraces not only the deeds, the incidents, the situations, but also the mental processes, and the motives which underlie the outward events, or which result from them. It is the compendious expression for all these forces working together towards a definite end."

In harmony with this view Professor Butcher goes on to maintain that such a tragedy as *Hamlet* is well within Aristotle's conception, though he admits that it can seldom be, in Aristotle's sense, a dramatic success. "The emotions," he writes, "must harden into will, and the will express itself in deed. Much more rarely, as in *Hamlet*, can character become dramatic by an intellectual and masterly inactivity, which offers resistance to the motives that prompt ordinary men to action. Events are then brought about, not by the free energy of will, but by acts, as it were, of arrested volition,

by forces such as operate in the world of dreamland. There is in *Hamlet* a strenuous inaction, a not-acting, which is in itself a form of action."

Again, though ἦθος is a common word for character, it seems questionable whether Aristotle intended it in the *Poetics* in the sense of individual portrait drawing. When he says there can be a drama without any ἦθος at all, we seem forced to explain it in some other way. And that way is, I think, fairly obvious. Aristotle had in mind, and he meant to protest against, those plays where the disposition of the hero is not made to show itself unconsciously through the series of his acts, but is proclaimed in quasi-rhetorical declamation. He rightly prefers genuine drama to dramatic speech-making. No doubt the prevailing taste at the time for rhetoric had in some degree corrupted the stage, and Euripides, to whom our philosopher is very severe, had set the example of ῥήσεις in a play.

At the same time I think Professor Butcher has failed to make room in the classic scheme for one form of tragedy which we admire. It seems a little far-fetched that we should be asked to construe Aristotle's word for "action" in a sense which will include inaction equally well. And I feel sure that the criticism in the *Poetics* was primarily aimed at such a play as the *Prometheus,* where the whole interest turns upon a process in the hero's mind. Such a piece would diverge from the spirit of Greek tragedy, partly because in Greek drama free human choice had not anything like the field which it has in modern plays. The plot was taken from the cycle of legend, the *dénouement* was fixed by tradition, and the dramatist had to move within the limits of the accepted story. He might vary the detail, but he must not depart from the well-known outlines. And the supernatural element formed an essential part of the whole. Thus the hero often fell, not through his own avoidable fault or error, but through a divine decree. Hence interest centred more in the externals and less in the character-drawing. Both the ancient and the modern drama had to do with destiny, but it is only in the modern that character is explicitly shown to *be* destiny.

A further contrast with later ideas is offered in the absence from the Greek stage of the brilliant scoundrel, the figure like Richard III. Aristotle considers, and definitely rejects, the project of making such a person the central interest of a play. There could, he thinks, result neither pity nor fear—no pity, for we should feel that the downfall was deserved; no fear, because in one completely depraved we should not recognize the necessary kinship with ourselves. This is a judgement in which, with so many striking examples of tragic effectiveness where a consummate villain is portrayed, we can no longer concur.

What is the secret of such effectiveness? Can the morally ugly be made artistic? Is it possible to separate the beautiful from the good? These are different ways of putting a single question. Someone has said that Satan is the real hero of *Paradise Lost*. He *is* the hero in the sense of concentrating interest, making us follow his fortunes, evoking a certain sympathy and admiration. Unless, however, like Milton's Belial, we "love vice for itself," our feelings cannot be thus stimulated by Satan's depravity alone. They come, I think, from our sense of his power, his endurance, his intellectual adroitness, his pride, his fitness to command—in a word, his quasi-virtues. Tragic emotion is stirred at the sight of all this capacity running to waste, turned to futile rebellion against the moral order, ground exceeding small in the mills of God. The vulgar, blundering criminal excites indignation and contempt: the artist in crime, far-seeing, self-controlled, resourceful, defiant of consequence, ready like Macbeth to "jump the life to come"—a spectacle such as this rouses the highest degree of pity and fear. There is such a spoiling of promise and of potency. Treated thus the arch-outlaw has given to the modern stage particularly tragic material, and Aristotle's rejection of such a "hero" has not been justified.

One might further point out that a modern play, with its far greater scenic machinery, as well as its far greater length, gives opportunity for much more complicated character-

drawing than was within the range of the Greek drama with only three actors, with women's parts taken by men, and with only the simplest stage properties. The very number of persons gives a chance for greater effectiveness and delicacy of contrast. Or one might raise the problem how far Aristotle would have endorsed that modern axiom which forbids the depicting of personified abstractions. The characters, we constantly hear, must be men and women of flesh and blood, no villains wholly villainous, no heroes completely heroic, no embodied Avarice, embodied Ambition, embodied Benevolence. It is usual to mention Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* as denying by its very title the essence of drama, and it is said that while such abstract entities may be fit for allegory the clash of such unreal types is wanting in human, and hence in dramatic, interest. This principle is, of course, both sound and important, but surely we may so overstate it as to make undramatic those figures which are central in some of our greatest plays. Of all the characters drawn by Philip Massinger only one may be said to still live in the public imagination, and that one would be still more alive to-day if it had not been thrown in the shade by Shakespeare's Shylock. Yet *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* could scarcely bear the test of the critical rule I have mentioned. Only one passion lived in the breast of Sir Giles Overreach; every word he speaks from beginning to end of the play proceeds from the impulse of covetous ambition. If we exclude such a piece we do so, I think, through forgetting that sense laid down by Aristotle in which a character may be true to nature without being true to what is loosely called "life." Just that class of men in whom a master-passion prevails are suited to the "universalizing" of poetic art.

Let me briefly sum up the conclusion to which this survey seems to have conducted us.

Drama preceded dramatic theory; Aristotle had to shape his doctrine on the basis of those actual plays which had, so far, appeared. Just as we do not expect his Æsthetic to cover forms of art that were still unknown in his time—

landscape painting, for example, or the drawing of animals—so we need not look for an account of those types of tragedy which no one had even attempted. It may well be that so fertile a mind evolved suggestions pointing to the future, discerned artistic possibilities which had not been actualized. On the other hand he may have thought regarding poetry, as he certainly did regarding politics, that everything possible had been already tried. And no theoretical mind, however fertile, could define in fullness of detail that which was still to come, any more than a zoologist could give an adequate account of an animal form which he had never seen, but whose existence he suspected. Thus we shall do well to discount any view which makes Aristotle's analysis faithful to the specifically, or even the predominantly, modern features of tragic drama. A critic who did this would impose upon himself through one of three errors. He might close his eyes to any artistic element in a modern play which had not been emphasized in the *Poetics*; or he might strain the text of the *Poetics*, reading into it non-natural senses, in order that such new effect might be included; or, again, he might commit the fault so tersely put by Professor Butcher—the fault of ascribing to Aristotle ideas which, "though perhaps present in germ, could have ripened only in another soil and under other skies."

Of tragedy as constructed by one Greek dramatist Aristotle's account seems to leave little that could rightly be added; and just so far as modern plays are of the Sophoclean order he may be said to have spoken the last word concerning them. He has analyzed that particular tragic situation in which the hero, through no fault of his own, but through error of judgement, or through circumstance made not by him but for him, becomes entangled in disaster. We may perhaps extend our notion of environing fate so as to include those perverse characters which the hero failed to appreciate and allow for; the most obvious modern instance is *Othello*. But the plight remains that of a ἁμαρτία which was morally innocent. Professor Venn has pointed out that a god or a

demon, aiming to destroy mankind, could do so either by making our minds rational and placing us in an irrational universe, or by depriving us of reason and setting us to make our way through a systematic world. So too a suspicious man in honest surroundings would have fared as ill as the trustful Othello with the duplicity of his friend. But either would be very much like Œdipus, who could not cope with the inherited curse.

We are bound to recognize, however, that at least two types of modern drama fell outside Aristotle's scheme. The first is such a tragedy as that of *Richard III*, where we have a master criminal, pitting his own sinister genius against the moral order, and finding in the end that his purposes have defeated themselves. Would Aristotle have said of this, as he did of Euripides' *Meleager*, that the hero was "gratuitously bad"? This type of tragedy was before him, and failed to win his appreciation. But if he had seen *Richard III* can we doubt that he would have judged it fit to effect through pity and fear a certain moral purgation? The other type of play which he seems to have expressly dismissed is that in which the interest is predominantly psychological—in which, to reverse his own maxim, action is for the sake of character, not character for the sake of action. Of this again Euripides had offered some notable illustrations, dramas in which, so far as the legends admitted, divine interference and determining fate recede into the background, and the interest of the whole centres in the play of human impulse. Any theory which has no room for *Hamlet* must, of course, be called incomplete. But they are blind zealots indeed who would erect the authority of Aristotle into a limitation against that progress in art which, if he had seen its maturity, he would have been the first to welcome. His theory of drama is no more final than his theory of science. It becomes us to wonder at the insight which carried him so far. We should neither feel surprised that drama has outgrown his formulæ, nor attempt, by manipulating the formulæ, to prove that growth an illusion.

HERBERT L. STEWART

WIND

The Wind is a black-winged Beast to-night!
I toss and shudder and long for light.—
Oh cruel talons that grasp with might
My casement window!— How frail it seems—
How it opened once to the moonlight gleams,
Rustle of leaves and the tiptoe dreams—
But now it is shutting a wild Thing out—
A winged Beast in a mad death rout—
(Oh, the great black wings on-rushing!)

Was it the wind that yesterday
Crooned so soft in the bent sea-pine?
Touching my lips like a pungent wine,
On the cliff-top there with the lichened turf.
(Marriage of sea and of rich brown earth)
Bayberry bushes of frosted green
Guarded that tryst of a king and queen;
Sun-warmed strawberries formed the feast—
(Ah-h-h! The rush of this black-winged Beast!)

Yet I remember the Wind that day
Tore rose petals in wanton play.
Yesterday was long years ago,
And my own true Love was there.

Louise Morey Bowman

THE LOVER

Oh! such a windy windy day
  So glad and wild and sweet!
A day all made for strong white wings
  And song, and dancing feet.
Every thing's white and blue and gold—
  The sea and sand and sky—
And oh the wind, the gay salt wind,
  That frolics blithely by.

Oh! windy lovely day so bright,
  Oh! frolic wind so glad—
Stay in my soul, a memory
  For still days grey and sad.
Your blue and white and gold, your song,
  Your white wings soaring free—
Oh! ardent Lover Wind that brought
  My soul's own wings to me!

Louise Morey Bowman

THE MOURNER

The night that wee Francesca died
A little night wind sighed and sighed;
Chill and dew-laden it crept in
Beneath her tiny hands, so thin,
I laid some little friendly flowers
That saw her laugh in sunshine hours.
She loved those pansy faces best,
Wise-eyed they went with her to rest.
The trees looked very dark and old,
The stars gleamed so far off and cold—
Only the little night wind sighed
The night that wee Francesca died.

Louise Morey Bowman

THE MESSENGER

Far out from the whirlpool cities
They call and they call to me
Where the Journey ends;—
My infinite Friends
The Wind—and the Sea.

To-night the Wind—in the inland wood
Where my little house is set—
Carries the rush of the sea waves past
Till my cheeks feel cold and wet;
And I smile and shudder—
"What wouldst thou of me
Oh Wind—and Sea?"

Far out from the whirlpool cities
They call and they call to me
Where the Journey ends;—
My infinite Friends
The Wind—and the Sea.

LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

W. B. Scott. With special reference to the evidence upon which it is founded. Richard Westbrook Lectures of the Wagner Free Institute of Science, Philadelphia. New York, Macmillan, 1917, with illustrations. $1.00.

Many are the lines of evidence that point towards evolution, and to follow one of them at first-hand from start to finish would, without exaggeration, require the devotion of a lifetime. Each way is a long lane that has no turning, and its sparkling promise of finality is blocked at the end by a blank wall. It is the congruence of circumstantial evidence that makes the strength of the theory of evolution, which, like the Pole Star, though it can never be reached, can be seen from many distant points. Most people have other interests to occupy their thoughts in life, yet it is obvious to an attentive observer that the idea of evolution often troubles their minds like King Charles's head. To such as are inclined that way, instead of a vexatious quest, the opportunity is offered by Professor Scott of a pleasant six-hour journey in his genial company. No doubt there will be an occasional jolt, but on the whole the going is smooth.

The objections to the theory of organic evolution are on all-fours with those which have assailed other scientific innovations. Marvellous as we may believe the inspiration of Aristotle to have been, surely a much greater marvel was the perpetuation of Aristotelian errors through a period of two thousand years of the world's civilization. The natural phenomenon of molar attraction, with the discovery of which is associated the venerated name of Isaac Newton, is not less surprising and intangible than is that of organic evolution, and it is safe to predict that, before the present century shall have run its course, the latter as well as the former will be taught in schools. For, notwithstanding the heroic lessons of war, it cannot be maintained in principle, however bitterly it may be felt in experience, that the main object in human life is to have done with it. Only by understanding the whole of life can the mystery of human life be fathomed. As Professor Scott intimates more than once in his pages, the human body has retained a primitive organization and has thereby escaped the cramping effects of excessive specialization. The human hand owes its perfection of mechanism to its persistence of form through untold ages as much as to its change of function. The horse's and ostrich's feet are the fleetest in the world, the elephant's teeth are the most powerful of grinders, the

eagle's eye has the keenest vision. Only in man the brain acquired marked precedence over other organs in the march of evolution.

It is sometimes averred that the essential articles in the theory of evolution were familiar to classical writers and that in our day we are foolishly putting new wine into old bottles. It would be easy enough for a devil's advocate to brazen out this detraction, and it is therefore expedient to seek for impartial utterances in order to gain support for our convictions. It so happens that quite recently the Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford has referred to the Darwinian theory of organic evolution, with all its limitations, as being " one of the greatest of scientific discoveries." Accepting this position, we commend Professor Scott's little book, which is as free from technicalities as his subject permits it to be, to the perusal of those who would take advantage of the services of a trusty guide through a tortuous maze of facts.

THE CRUISE OF THE TOMAS BARRERA.

J. B. Henderson. The narrative of a scientific expedition to Western Cuba and the Colorados Reefs, with observations on the Geology, Fauna, and Flora of the Region. New York, Putnam, 1916. $2.50.

The *Tomas Barrera*, now no more, belonged to a fleet of Cuban fishing schooners and, by the generosity of the owner, was placed at the disposal of Mr. J. B. Henderson, an American diplomatist, to enable him to make a naturalist's cruise among the coral reefs of Western Cuba, which was to include inland trips to the northern slopes of the Sierra de los Organos.

The original objective was the collection of marine and terrestrial molluscs in order to study their distribution and compare their shells. The scope of the expedition expanded and the party received an accession of force from the National Museum at Washington. The author writes his narrative in an entertaining style, besides imparting a fund of information about the natural history and topography of Cuba, which is reputed to be one of the richest islands in the world for variety of land shells. Owing to the peculiar weathering of the limestone formations, portions of the sierra have become isolated from the main range and rise up from the plain as detached elevations covered with luxuriant vegetation. The name *mogote* is applied to them in Western Cuba. Their living interest will be best conveyed in the author's words which we may be permitted to quote:

" It is upon the sierras that Cuba's astonishing wealth of molluscan life exists. As these land molluscs cannot maintain themselves away from the limestone of the sierras, their restricted little world may be said to consist of the 'continental area' of the sierras and the 'islands' represented by the *mogotes*. From whatever source was derived this extraordinary aggregation of land shells, with its many unique species and genera, it is

reasonably certain that it developed to its climax only since the elevation of these sierras. Since this elevation the forces of demolition have been actively at work, and their original range of habitat has continually dwindled in area. The constant mutations slowly going on in all living species are most strikingly shown by a comparative study of the life, especially of the molluscs, that have suffered isolation upon the lesser sierras and the *mogotes*; indeed the answer to most of the puzzles concerning the origin and the development of the Cuban fauna must be sought in the modified faunas of the *mogotes*. This line of investigation, with abundant material offered for study, becomes a most absorbing one."

Amongst the full-page illustrations there are coloured pictures of some Cuban birds and coral reef fishes, but unfortunately it did not occur to the author to furnish a plate of the wonderful land shells. The most conspicuous bird in the Cuban landscape is a black bird with metallic sheen and crested beak, called from its cry the *ani* (*Crotophaga ani*). It is a member of the cuckoo family occurring in the Antilles and Guiana, and is sometimes called the old witch or Savannah blackbird by English-speaking residents. It feeds upon insects and has acquired the additional accomplishment of alighting upon the backs of grazing cattle to pick off the ticks and flies, just as the oriental Indian crow does, as well as several other birds belonging to different families in various parts of the world. This is a sight which, Mr. Henderson says, astonishes the northern visitor to Cuba. The ani is equally distinguished for its co-operative nesting habits. American cuckoos, unlike their Old World relatives, make their own nests and do not place their eggs parasitically in the nests of other birds to be hatched and reared by foster-parents. The American cowbird, which does this, is not a cuckoo. The ani neither indulges in vicarious brood-nursing nor is it content with a solitary nest. Parties of them club together to build capacious nests of interlaced twigs lined by moss and green leaves. In such a communal nest several females will lay some five eggs each, up to a total of twenty or thirty eggs, and incubate them there and then. Not only do we find the pastime of perching upon cattle pursued by different species of birds in east and west, but in the sierra flora and in the pages of this book we meet with the Antillean vampire tree, *Clusia rosea*, which, as it grows to treehood, wraps its flattening trunk and anastomosing branches, like the toga of Hercules, around the body of a neighbouring tree and, ever tightening its cincture, slowly stifles the life out of its auxiliary stem. A species of oriental fig tree (*Ficus benjamina*) offers an exact analogue to this behaviour.

The gaily coloured reef fishes live in security amongst those stinging nettles of the animal kingdom, the coral polyps. Their colours are specific, though in some cases liable to change. It has been shown experimentally that they have no nauseous properties, and consequently are edible. Their

colour patterns are therefore not warning signals, as had been conjectured, but depend upon their immunity from attack in their own surroundings. Any combination of colours can be displayed with impunity by the various species to the top of their biochemical bent without the restraining influence of natural selection being brought to bear upon them. In the case of the Sargassum fish, of which there is an illustration, the skinny tags and blotches would seem to have protective value, this being a gulf weed fish, not a coral reef fish. One more out of many points of interest may be mentioned. Cuba shares with the other islands of the Antilles a great poverty of mammalian life, in strong contrast to the large East Indian islands. There are three species of arboreal rodents, the Cuban name for which is *hutia*. One of these (*Capromys prehensilis*) has a prehensile tail like that of an opossum; it is often tamed and kept as a pet in peasant houses, but "resembles too closely in appearance a huge rat to be wholly acceptable as a playmate." Omitting bats, the other indigenous mammal is a peculiar ant-eater, *Solenodon*.

Mr. Henderson's book should be read by all who take an interest in the people, the productions, and the prospects of Cuba.

STUDIES IN EDUCATION.

M. W. Keatinge. London, A. & C. Black, 1916. $1.60.

The Reader in Education at Oxford writes an interesting preface to his new volume of Studies. He is one of the fortunate authors of serious works for which second impressions are demanded, and is thereby assured that there are people to whom the discussion of educational problems is attractive. But his experience is that, among what may roughly be called academic people, there is very little interest in them. Therefore it is to his "unknown readers" that he offers these further essays. We might say that the failure of educational discussions to prove attractive is likely to be redeemed when the writer is as fresh and clear as is Mr. Keatinge. We might recall that one of the most widely read of modern books was a theoretic discussion, by Herbert Spencer, of the fundamental educational problems as they appeared to what was then the newest type of scientific thinker. But in spite of the enormous increase of educational literature, there have been few philosophers since Bain, few scientists since Miall, hardly a humanist or schoolmaster, who have found a congenial field for thinking and writing in the philosophy of education.

The reasons for this are not far to seek, but would be long to discuss. The intellectual study of practical activities, while the most characteristic exercise of human reason, is still uncommon in a developed and organized form. As a comparatively recent achievement of the race it is still comparatively insecure or unevenly distributed. Not only this: the sciences and philosophies have, by the concentrated energies of great brains in experi-

mentation and abstraction, been welded into coherent bodies of thought, capable in varying degrees of adventurous and fruitful extension. But the subject matter of educational theory, while universally the subject of opinion, is chaotic, stubbornly concrete, capriciously anecdotal, and educational science is short of exact information about the processes involved and the results achieved. It calls for long, close and expert study, such as is given so abundantly to the more docile data of the physical sciences.

There is hope for the future of the study of education. There is criticism of all kinds. Experimentation is freer than ever befere, many traditions are questioned and found inarticulate in modern speech, social and economic changes are profoundly modifying theory and practice alike. There is growing up a body of opinion, increasingly familiar with recent thought in many different social fields, increasingly careless of tradition, increasingly devoted to the common welfare. This is where educational thought is stirring with discontent and hope and determination; this is where probably a public is found for such work as Mr. Keatinge's.

Educational philosophy will follow this movement, taking and giving inspiration, and eventually give it form which shall cover the eager yet reluctant matter. Dewey and Henderson and others in their different ways have made a beginning. The new synthesis will cover a wide field of matter as yet imperfectly related, and will give it the unity of a true philosophy, at once a reasonable account of, and a safe guide to, practice.

These comments were suggested not by Mr. Keatinge's book, but by his preface, with its interesting question. The essays make, as his previous work has led us to expect, very good reading—well-informed and candid, shrewdly conservative treatment, of such subjects as: Education and Biology, Education and Æsthetic, Social Needs and the Curriculum, Freedom in Education, Imagination, Politics as a school subject. It is perhaps worth while adding that Mr. Keatinge is distinguished among educational writers for the simple clearness of his English style.

THE GERMAN ROAD TO THE EAST.

By Evans Lewin. 7s 6d. Heinemann, 1916.

This book sums up, in a few clear and vigorous chapters, the progress of German intrigue for some forty or fifty years with the present war as its climax. The whole is a painful revelation of the tortuous course of European diplomacy during the period mentioned, and it must be admitted that other nations besides those which are now ranged against us, cannot be defended from the charge of ineptitude and craftiness. The writer, for example, quotes from J. Holland Rose: "The story of the misgovernment and massacre of the Armenian Christians is one that will ever redound to the disgrace of all the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin; it is doubly disgraceful to the Power which framed the Cyprus Convention." We may

add to this that any one of the Great Powers, even without the support of the others, could have prevented these massacres—we are referring, of course, to the period preceding the war.

The story of the Berlin Congress in 1878, told in the present volume, will be instructive reading to those whose eyes have never been opened to the unedifying story of the selfishness of nations. Many of us are old enough to remember the jubilation which greeted the return of our representatives from that conference to London. To the average Englishman it represented a brilliant victory for Great Britain over our dangerous rivals the Russians: as a matter of fact it was a triumph for Bismarck, who had set England and Russia by the ears. Whilst these two Powers, which could easily have co-operated on friendly terms, were learning to regard one another with mistrust and jealousy, Germany was silently preparing the policy which was ultimately to take as its watchword the march of Teutonic civilization to the East. All the steps in this movement are laid before us in the present volume, and the writer with justice uses severe terms of the complacency with which England looked on, with very imperfect realization of what the future had in store. The charge is just, but we may take exception to a certain tendency on the part of the author—in spite of his general impartiality—to lay the chief burden of the blame on the Liberal Party. Surely he hardly expects to win our sympathy for his great hero, Rhodes, by telling us that "Rhodes returned from his visit to Berlin full of enthusiasm for the German Empire," that he "ever afterwards spoke of him (the Kaiser) with respect and admiration," and that "the respect was mutual."

The author is evidently well acquainted with his subject, and the reader will find things in their proper perspective. We have already had occasion to mention in these pages that the present war is essentially a Balkan War. Next to the Balkans, Poland and the Adriatic coast will be the storm-centres of the settlement, when it comes. It is desirable to emphasize and repeat this, because of the tendency of our usual channels of information to keep our attention fixed on Belgium. In the opinion of the present writer, a strong Poland and a strong Rumania will be the best safe-guards against German aggression.

The book is not free from minor errors: the German quotations for example are very faulty: we find Das Grösser Deutschland, Keipert (the Geographer), the Alldeutscher Blätter, das Turkische Erbe, Naturschatze, gesammelen (for gesammelten), Tannhauser, Alexander of Battenburg, Deutscher Tageblatt, Handelsgesselschaft, Wiederaufbrau (for Wiederaufbau), Tannenburg. These and a few other minor errors tend to leave an uneasy feeling that in other cases of more vital importance where we have no means of testing the writer's accuracy, mistakes may have crept in. However, the author indulges in numerous quotations from well-known books, so that we have a consensus of witnesses before us.

We note with interest that King Edward was far more alive than his ministers to the result of Austria's action in 1908. It was her ministers, too, that held back Queen Victoria when she desired to oppose Prussian aggression in 1866. In both cases timely action would have prevented the tragedy of the present war. At a time when popular criticism does not spare even the sanctity of thrones, these two recent incidents are instructive.

The author does well to remind us that the war against Serbia was intended in any case—the murder of the Archduke was only a pretext; it is even suggested that this murder was planned in Austria. Another interesting side-light on German aims is given us on p. 199, where we are told that "De Lagarde proposed that the Slovaks, the Slovenes and the Czechs, like the Redskins of North America, should be imprisoned in reserves from which they should be forbidden to move." We commend this to the notice of those who still ask what we are fighting for.

The book has a map, an index, and a good bibliography.