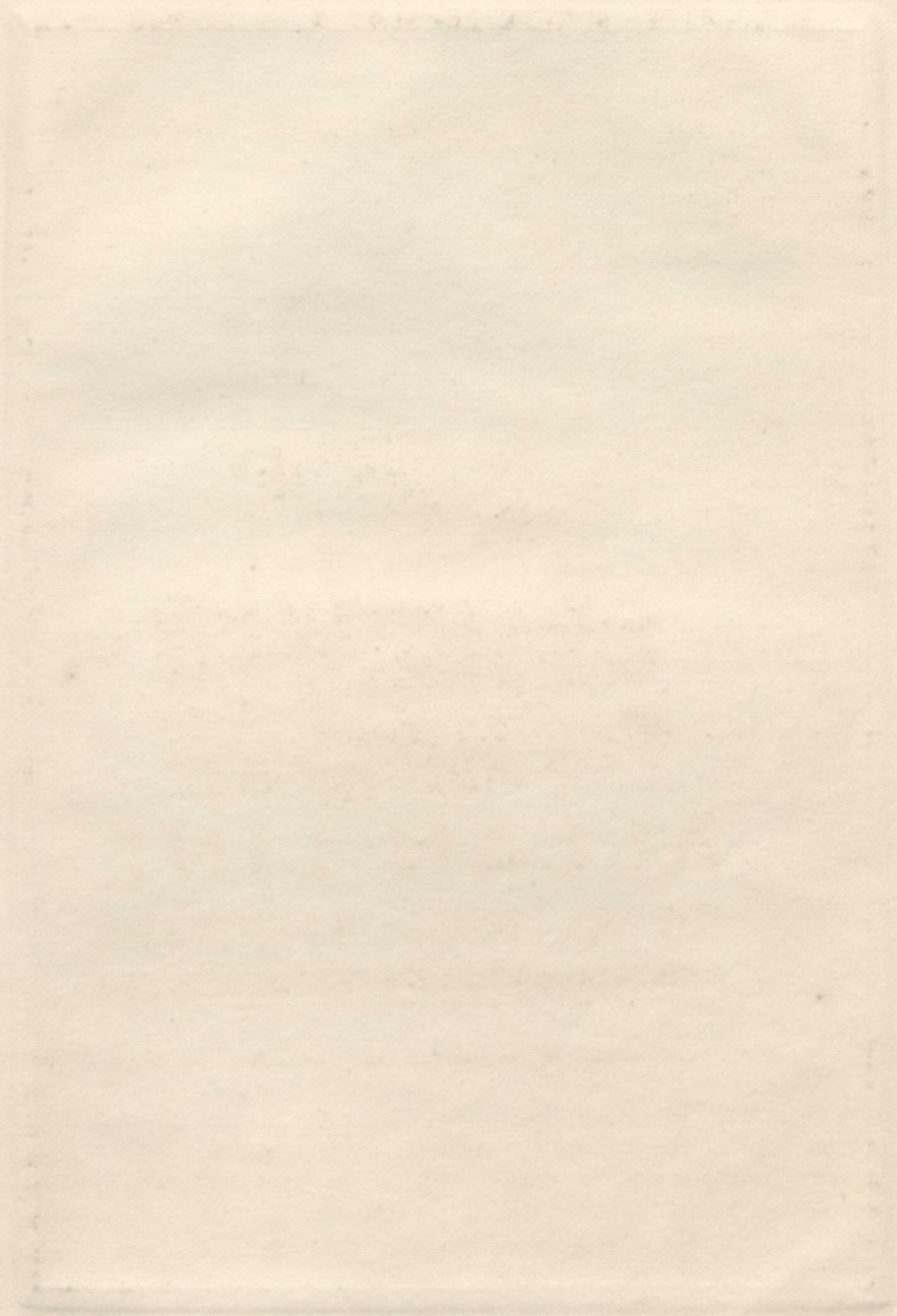
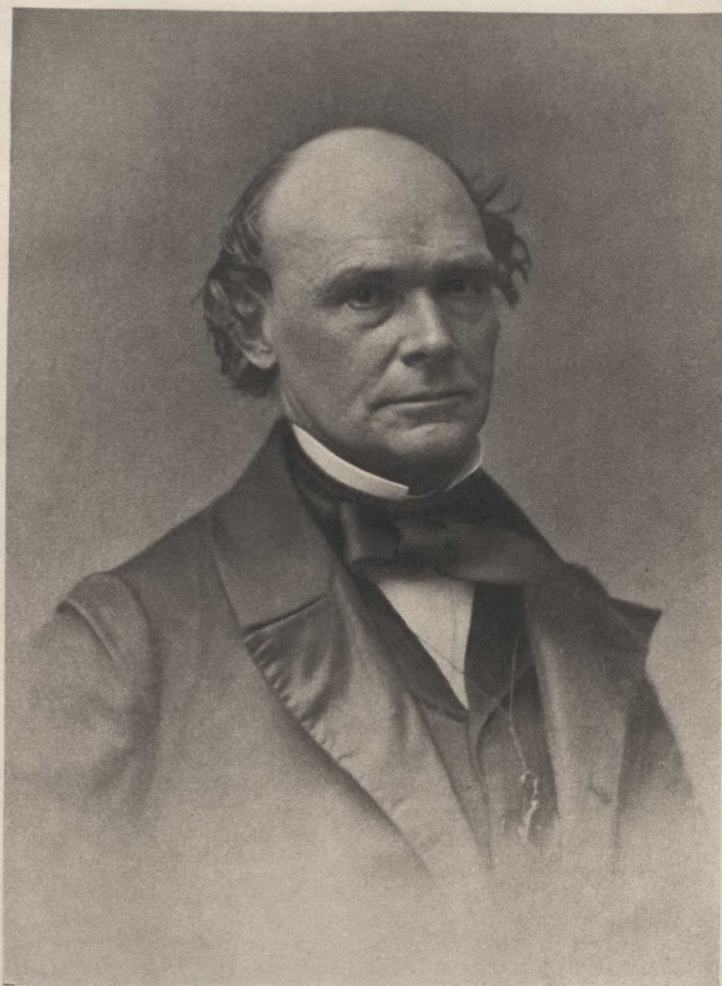


**THE
M^cGILL UNIVERSITY
MAGAZINE**



**MONTREAL:
A. T. CHAPMAN.**





Photogravure

John Andrew P. Son, Boston

The Hon. Charles Dewey Day, LL.D., D.C.L.

Chancellor of McGill University 1857-1884.

From a photograph

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[All articles and other literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-chief, 802 Sherbrooke St., Montreal, or to the Secretary, Royal Victoria College, Montreal. Annual subscribers who wish to renew their subscriptions are requested to fill up the enclosed form, and send it, together with one dollar, to A. T. Chapman, Publisher, 2407 St. Catherine St., Montreal. The next issue of The McGill University Magazine, being the first part of Vol. IV., will appear during the first term of the Session 1904-05.]

THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Since the publication of our last issue a question which was discussed in its editorial has progressed a stage. The Committee of five appointed by the Department of Education in Ontario has finished its deliberations concerning the claim of McGill to have its Honour Courses recognized in that Province. Although the Committee cannot bring itself to submit a unanimous report, it tacitly acknowledges that the position long maintained in Ontario is untenable in face of the educational arguments brought against it. To have elicited a confession of blemish from the Committee is, however, a great gain, and although there may be some difficulty in satisfying parties whose opinions concerning the details of a new scheme are obviously conflicting, any compromise will lead to the establishment of a better order of things. The Committee divided into two parties, and each feels itself justified in presenting a report. The report of the majority, which consists of three members, advocates the establishment of a Board to examine all candidates who are applying for positions as Specialist Teachers in Ontario. It is to be presumed that this Board will be appointed by the Department of Education, and provided that its members are above party influence and not swayed by local considerations, there is, in mere theory, at least, nothing to be said against such a body. The report of the minority, consisting of two members, casts, however, rather a suggestive sidelight on the feelings and doubts existing in the Province. If we are not mistaken, Queen's University regards itself in possession of privileges which would be lost if the scheme of the majority were adopted, and, further, there appears to be a suspicion

that the interests of Queen's would not be adequately safeguarded by surrendering acknowledged rights for the sake of unanimity. In theory, as has been said, a Board might be formed in which all parties could trust, but still there may be some facts, unknown to us, that render the position of Queen's justifiable. Be this as it may, the report of the minority recommends that things remain as they are, with the exception that McGill be granted the privilege she seeks and re-admitted without further controversy to the enjoyment of former rights in Ontario. Of course in virtue of past history and of McGill's present standing, we naturally incline to that view, and are unable to regard as valid the usual arguments which have been advanced by its opponents. As we have rebutted them at some length in former issues of *The McGill University Magazine*, there is no need to confute them again. In the meantime we await the decision of the Department of Education and the action of the Provincial Government with interest.

The University is now engaged in discussing a matter of great importance—the establishment of a Conservatorium of Music. The desire to found a Conservatorium of Music must be regarded as another proof of the growing feeling of nationality in the country, and it is, indeed, time that a civilizing influence, like that of music, should be given academic status. If this is done there is no doubt that a power which can weld together interests that without it would remain disconnected, will effect something of moment in realizing the consciousness of a Canadian spirit. The venture is, of course, attended by various difficulties and complications, and its success is something that only time can bring. But the warm response that the announcement of the University has called forth is a happy augury.

At last the desire of those,—and they are many,—who have long wished to see the social life of the University accentuated by a thoroughly equipped union building will be realized. With that liberality which has been so signally shown towards McGill University in the establishment of great scientific departments with which his name has come to be synonymous, Sir William Macdonald has just announced a gift to the University of one hundred thousand dollars, seventy-five thousand of which are to be spent in erecting a Union building, and twenty-five thousand in equipping it. In addition to such munificence, Sir William Macdonald has promised to provide the site. A more timely gift it is scarcely possible to imagine, for what McGill

particularly needs is a centre whence the amenities of social life can spread. Life in a boarding-house can scarcely be regarded as ideal, and it is such life that the majority of our students have to lead. To them the opportunities of social intercourse of a desirable kind happen but rarely in the course of a session. It is indeed true that they have their occasions of merry-making, but it will be found that there is generally a set which takes advantage of them. The great benefit of a Union building is that it offers the privileges of a club, and so becomes a place where students of varying leisure and different tastes can enjoy just as much or as little intercourse as they may from time to time feel inclined to have. Of all perplexing problems there is none more complicated than education. Whatever subjects may come to the front and appear pre-eminent for the time, however methods may be changed and professedly new doctrines take the place of old, there is one central truth regarding education which can never be shaken, a truth which is often disregarded by persons who profess to found a new educational order. We mean the truth that education is not synonymous with information. To quote from a well-known text-book of Applied Mechanics: "Probably the greatest mistake is that of wasting time in a school in giving the information that one cannot help picking up in one's ordinary practical work after leaving school. Schools and colleges are the places in which men ought to learn the uses of all mental tools; they are sure to specialize afterwards, but in the meantime we ought to give them plenty of tools to choose from. The average student cannot take in more than the elementary principles; the best student need not take in more."

One of the most palpable signs of education is not knowledge but the possession of superior character, keener perceptions and finer tastes; in short, education ought to lead to the acquirement of culture and gentlemanliness, and it is scarcely possible to realize that grand old Winchester motto, "Manners makyth man" except by free intercourse of a tempering and strengthening character. To an institution like a Union building we may look for the influence which will bring about a state of things desirable in old and more especially in younger countries. There is a notion widely prevalent that self-consciousness means self-respect, and that self-respect shows itself weak if it displays any outward signs of reverence. It is, after all, the feeling of reverence which,

either actually begotten in a University or strengthened by it, forms the most acceptable product of academic education. The individual without losing anything that is valuable in his individuality becomes conscious that the graces of life are the secret of much of its happiness.

In the ensuing summer, holiday courses will be established in French. These are intended to supply a want which this Province is best qualified to meet on account of the special facilities it offers for the requirements of conversational French. The aim of the promoters of the scheme is to gather as many teachers of French as possible with the object of surrounding them with a French atmosphere so as to give them an opportunity of hearing pure French constantly spoken, and thus raising it to the level of a living tongue and not one that is acquired in unspoken fashion from grammar exercises and mere translation of French classics. It is, we believe, not rare to find in Canada persons who, while they have satisfied academic requirements in French that appear to be somewhat exacting, have yet never heard French spoken beyond the utterance of the usual paradigms of grammar.

Because it is felt that the cost of travelling in itself is not inconsiderable, the fee for the course will be as low as possible. Board and lodging will be provided at a cheap rate, and in comfortable quarters. As much variety as possible will be introduced into method; in addition to the studies of the classroom, frequent walks and excursions will take place, during which French will be the only language spoken. The success of the enterprise depends largely upon the strict prohibition of the vernacular, and the same amount of proficiency may be looked for as attends similar ventures in large towns in Germany where adults have been known to acquire a fair amount of German in a few weeks when contact with English "colonies" is strictly forbidden. This new extension of University work has been contemplated for some time, but it is only recently that funds have been granted for realizing it. The step which the Governors have sanctioned and aided is one which must be regarded with satisfaction by the academic world generally. A rumour has reached us that the University of Toronto is desirous of taking an active part in this scheme, and we are sure that McGill, true to its Dominion tradition, will be glad to avail itself of any tutorial assistance which the University of Toronto can offer, if further help is required and there are funds to make it available.

A burning question is still under discussion—that of extra-mural courses. The reason advanced for their establishment is that the educational welfare of the Province might be promoted if it were possible for a certain class of teachers to obtain a degree in Arts by following a curriculum partly within the University and partly without. Those who are opposed to the step would prefer to see McGill decline to abandon the position she has always maintained of insisting on the personal influence of teacher upon taught during the Undergraduate course. They would prefer to meet the demand now made, by founding exhibitions and scholarships that would enable a degree to be taken without casting any additional financial burden on persons who, in most cases, are, for want of funds, compelled to terminate their life within the University before they can complete its regular curriculum. Our conviction is that the second course is the more desirable, and for many reasons, some of which we may touch on in a future issue.

JUDGE DAY.

The ability and public spirit of Judge Day deserve to be commemorated in a long article. It is, however, the sole aim of the present notice to supply such an outline of biographical fact as will illustrate the connection between McGill University and one who was its Chancellor for twenty-seven years.

Judge Day became a member of the Board of Governors in 1852—that is to say, three years before the coming of Sir William Dawson—and from this time forward the interests of the University formed a large element in his life. He was, indeed, a fitting representative of those citizens of Montreal who, in conjunction with Sir William Dawson, made McGill a University. So important were the services of the Board during the period of revival and reconstruction, that one may be pardoned for quoting a passage which is already familiar to many of our readers. In his valedictory lecture, Sir William Dawson, after describing the wretched condition of the College buildings on his arrival, proceeded to say: “On the other hand, I found in the Board of Governors a body of able and earnest men, aware of the difficulties they had to encounter, fully impressed with the importance of the ends to be attained, and having sufficient culture and knowledge of the world to appreciate the best means for achieving their aims. They were greatly hampered by lack of means, but had that courage which enables risks to be run to secure important objects. I may mention here a few of these men. Judge Day was a man of acute legal mind, well educated and well read, a clear and persuasive speaker, wholly devoted to the interests of education, and especially to the introduction into the col-

lege course of studies in Science and Modern Literature. Christopher Dunkin was a graduate of the University of London, educated first in Glasgow, and afterwards in University College, and had held a tutorial position in Harvard before he came to Canada. He had made college work and management a special study, and was quite competent to have been himself a college president or principal, had he not had before him the greater attractions of legal and political success. Hew Ramsay was an admirable example of an educated Scotsman, of literary tastes and business capacity. David Davidson was also a product of Scottish college training, and a warm and zealous friend of education, with great sagacity and sound judgment. James Ferrier should have been mentioned first. He was a member of the old Board of the Royal Institution, and senior member of the new, but voluntarily resigned the presidency in favor of Judge Day, in the interest, he believed, of the University. He was longer with us than any of the others, and no one could have been a more devoted worker in the cause of education. Such men as these, and their colleagues, insured public confidence, and a wise and enlightened management."

Charles Dewey Day was born in Bennington, Vermont, shortly after the beginning of the last century, and belonged to a family which has since been rendered famous by Admiral Dewey. While he was still a boy, his father came to Montreal, and he received his education in this city. He was admitted to the Bar in 1827, and ten years later became a Queen's Counsel. At the close of the Rebellion he was appointed Deputy Judge Advocate-General, and had much to do with the courts-martial which were appointed for the trial of insurgents. In 1839, he was made Solicitor-General and a member of the Special Council. At the election of 1841 he was returned for the County of Ottawa, and his speeches seem to have attracted considerable notice. It is at least certain that he was well launched on a political career when, in 1842, to the surprise of his friends, he accepted a judgeship. What motives led him to abandon politics for the Bench we do not know, but his practical acquaintance with public life was of service to him at a later time when he was called on to direct the labors of important Commissions.

In 1849, Judge Day left the Court of Queen's Bench for the Superior Court. Always a hard worker, his duties were increased in 1859 by his appointment to the Commission which was entrusted with the prepara-

tion of a Civil Code for the Province of Quebec. Before the completion of this task he was named a member of the Commission which, acting under Section 142 of the British North America Act, determined the amount of Provincial debt to be assumed by the Dominion. Hardly had he discharged this special duty when he became chairman of the Royal Commission which was appointed to investigate the details of the Pacific Railway scandal. He was also a member of the Commission which settled the amount of subsidy payable to the railroads for carrying the mail; he helped to prepare our case in the negotiations for the Webster-Ashburton treaty; and after his retirement from the Bench he assisted the Hudson Bay Company to prosecute its claims against the United States under the treaties of 1846 and 1863.

While the middle and later days of Judge Day's life were filled with such activities as these, he always had time to expend upon educational questions. Besides being Chancellor of McGill he was one of the founders of the High School. Nothing which made for better citizenship and a maturer culture found him irresponsive. As Fennings Taylor says of him in somewhat rotund phrase: "He seemed beset with a propensity to be useful and to do good." The nature of our views on the subject of helping one's generation may be gathered from the following passage, which occurs in the address he delivered at the opening of Molson Hall in 1862: "This University is but entering upon its career. Its work must grow into a higher and wider scope of usefulness—and its wants must grow with its work. One meets us now. Here is the Library Hall, complete in its appointment—but where is the Library? In the experience of the past let us find hope for the future: these empty shelves must be filled, but how is it to be done? By another combined movement of our citizens generally? Or, better still, by the gift of some one among us, who, comprehending the true use and luxury of wealth, will take to himself the privilege of providing for this urgent want, and thus ally his name inseparably with the cause of education? The names are not rare in the Old World and the New which have thus embalmed themselves in perpetual and grateful remembrance; and as years grow into decades, and decades swell into centuries, an increasing reverence will gather also around the names of our early benefactors, thus interwoven in the history of the country, and in that best portion of it—the history of its progress in knowledge and virtue—the history of the philanthropy and public spirit of its

sons. However true it may be that in the pursuit of riches the better manhood is too often dwarfed and the higher qualities dwindle and perish in the grasp of a concentrated and abiding desire to gather gold, it is equally true that if wealth be contemplated in its better aspect, the pursuit of it may become a dignified employment, worthy of the best and most gifted natures. It is the pursuit of a power of beneficence upon a scale far broader than can be covered by the efforts of mere personal exertion—a power mighty for all great social ends, political, scientific, philanthropic, religious. It creates and governs influences which move and pulsate throughout the whole frame of society, and help to make men freer, wiser, happier and better. It is a multiplication in an almost infinite degree of the power of doing good. Who does not long for such a power of leaving his footprints upon the sacred track of human progress, of building all along the pathway of his life noble and enduring monuments that he has not lived in vain? But there is a consideration above all this—the consideration of duty. Every one of us owes something—owes all he can bestow of talent, industry, money, in sustaining the world in the position it has reached, and in aiding it to yet higher attainments. To this great structure of knowledge and moral culture which we call civilization every child of humanity is bound by sacred obligation to contribute. Its mission and end have been to transmute the brutal naked savage into the educated polite Christian man. What slow preparation has been elaborated for ages to produce this high result, what combination of sciences, what invention and application of arts, what painful toil, what costly self-sacrifice, what pourings out of happiness and life! Sum them up, that we may know how much throughout the rolling centuries mankind has paid for what it has become. The man of this Nineteenth century in his highest form of accomplishment is the expression of a civilization which, with undying vitality, has been growing and struggling and forcing its upward way from the thick darkness of ignorance and barbarism to the illumined heights of science and philosophy and social order, since the birthday of our race. ‘It has taken eternity,’ says a great writer, ‘to produce you, and now eternity is awaiting what you will do.’”

A man is known by his friends, and among the close friends of Judge Day were reckoned Christopher Dunkin and Sir William Dawson. It would be no difficult matter to make a list of personal traits

from the recollection of many who are still living. Judge Day was a man of simple, unaffected manners, of acute and luminous mind, and of wide information. He had a strong love of nature, and spent much time at Glenbrook, his country home on the shores of Lake Memphremagog. Anecdotes which we need not relate testify to his sense of honour. In short, Judge Day was everything that a Chancellor of McGill University should be. The leading article which the Montreal "Gazette" devoted to his memory (Feb. 1st., 1884) closes with the words: "Full of years and honours Judge Day has gone to his rest, leaving behind him a name which will long be remembered as that of one of Montreal's most upright, honourable and useful citizens." And four days later, Lord Lansdowne, speaking in Molson Hall, said: "A public life of usefulness extending over more than a half-century, public services diverse in character, but all rendered cheerfully and with conspicuous ability, will have earned for Judge Day a place among the public men whom Canada will remember most gratefully. In this University he leaves an irreparable void and an enduring memory."

C. W. COLBY.

A MODEST PLEA FOR THE RETENTION IN OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF SOME TINCTURE OF LETTERS.

*(Being the Annual University Lecture, delivered in the Royal Victoria
College, February, 1904.)*

Some weeks ago a colleague of mine and I strayed into a meeting of the Physical Society. We were both professors of Literature—the kind of person which Canada, to use the continental vernacular, has not much use for; which Canada seems inclined to treat with not much more consideration than Plato would have treated our masters the poets—to whose works we act the modest and very moderately remunerated part of guides. Plato would have crowned our masters with crowns of laurel, anointed them with oil and myrrh, and then expelled them from his state. Canada does not quite expel us, it is true, at least not directly—but where are the crowns, or, alas! even the half-crowns? Where are the frankincense and the balm? Being members of a profession so rejected and despised, we were naturally in a most edifyingly humble frame of mind; painfully conscious of our limitations; knowing well what anachronisms we are in this quintessence of modern civilization which men call McGill University; and meekly desirous to have the gross darkness of what we may, perhaps, be permitted to call our minds, a little lightened. Therefore we paid our visit to the Physical Society. Fortune favoured us beyond our deserts. We found that we had stumbled in upon one of Dr. Rutherford's brilliant demonstrations of radium. It was indeed an eye-opener. The lecturer seemed himself like a large piece of the ex-

pensive and marvellous substance he was describing. Radio-active is the one sufficient term to characterize the total impression made upon us by his personality. Emanations of light and energy, swift and penetrating, cathode-rays strong enough to pierce a brick wall, or the head of a Professor of Literature, appeared to sparkle and coruscate from him all over in sheaves. Here was the rarest and most refreshing spectacle—the pure ardour of the chase, a man quite possessed by a noble work and altogether happy in it. The *felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas* we felt was no less true of this demolisher of the Atomic Theory than of that early expounder of it to whom the poet first applied it. No wonder that as we walked away under the still fresh spell of the dazzling experience, my colleague said: “Why did we not take to Science instead of pottering away with words?” He uttered just what was on the top of my own mind. My own secret thought a moment before he spoke had been: “Why did I so scandalously scamp my Mathematics, taking to that musty old stuff of Greek and Latin, and even Hebrew? I might perhaps have become a Physical Researcher too.” But of course the fact that it was my friend who anticipated me in the expression of our common thought at once aroused in me the wholesome demon of contradiction, and I straightway set about refuting myself and him. “No,” I said, “there is room for both Rutherford and us. We too stand for a reality which the world, when it comes to itself again, will not willingly let die, and cannot possibly afford to dispense with. Simple as we seem to be and little worthy as we are, we represent Literature.”

Subsequent thought has only strengthened me in the conviction that this, too, is a great vocation though not a lucrative one. If we do represent Literature even imperfectly, if we do not too fatally misrepresent it, if even some faint beams of that sacred glow do really struggle through us, its horn-lanterns, to the youth of Canada, we shall not have lived and run in vain. We may in our humble way supply an element not less indispensable to this young giant among the nations than is supplied by Dr. Cox and Dr. Rutherford, or by Dr. Harrington, or even by Dr. Bovey himself. All these gentlemen, I know, would cheerfully acknowledge this. Every intelligent person is quite aware of it, at least in a general way. Many people even, whom to call intelligent would be a severe strain upon language, are aware that it is quite desirable, if not absolutely necessary, that every man in a democracy

like ours, even if he is to be employed in merely mechanical labour, should be able to read the newspapers intelligently, and to write a decent letter—considerable literary accomplishments, and none too common among us. But when it comes to be asked how much, then, of this admittedly necessary element ought to be included in a normal school and university education, opinions differ very widely, and in my judgment the view which tends to prevail in Canada assigns to Literature in comparison with other things far too small a place.

The number of persons in any English-speaking country capable of estimating at its full value what Literature can do for us is, I believe, relatively smaller than in any other great nation, not excepting Russia. And that number again is perhaps at present at least not relatively larger in Canada than in any other English-speaking country.

This is natural enough. Our thoughts have been taken up with other things. We have had to clear the forests, to build rail-roads, to start great industries, open up our North-West, to work our coal and iron, our gold and silver, and nickle and mica mines, to negotiate boundaries, to build canals and locks. The immediate demands have been so urgent and the prizes so great, the country we live in is so vast, so full of all manner of material possibilities even now scarcely scratched upon the surface; it offers so magnificent a field for the exercise of that rude vigour that has always been the strong point of our race; it holds out such tempting rewards to the more elementary pluck and perseverance which seem to spring up naturally out of our blood, without any special cultivation, that it is not surprising that we have given very little serious attention to what people immersed in these loud activities are apt to regard as frills, to what, for my part, I think might be more adequately described as civilization. We have been so successful too, and seem to be on the threshold of such astonishing expansion. No wonder our young self-confidence and self-satisfaction is still unruffled. The young giant, to use the picturesque German phrase, *strotzt von Gesundheit*, "riots and runs over with health."

So breathlessly eager have we been in this congenial field of primitive labour upon the mere material problem, that we have been extraordinarily wasteful even of those very material resources which have absorbed our energies. Our forest wealth, for instance, is the greatest in the world. It is calculated, in what seems a very moderate and cautious estimate, as being capable with decent management of bring-

ing in a direct annual revenue to the state of \$569,240,000. How do we look after this enormous asset? Well, some of you may remember Captain Sullivan's timber deal with the Ontario Government. I fear that is significant of the way in which we do not look after it at all. Think of the preposterous waste involved in our whole political and municipal system! A tithe upon these devil's dues would equip the most splendid house of God, the most magnificently furnished educational organization in the world. We won't stop to think. In the familiar bull-headed fashion of our race, we plough ahead, trampling down and destroying the seeds of immense future wealth as well as of present beauty. We believe in "the strenuous life," the life of crude blind energy. We are like the boy in Barrie's story. It makes us sweat to think. We prefer to act. It takes less out of us. But it would really pay us to think more. It would pay in money, and how much more in things vastly more important than money.

Everybody now admits it. The Boer War has made it only too palpable. Matthew Arnold preached it all his life, in the desert to deaf ears—Mr. Gladstone's the deafest. In England now, even the politicians—least prescient of men—have come to see it. Mr. Balfour knows our great national defect is that we don't think, and so to cure the evil has been heroically labouring, whether quite wisely in detail may be doubtful, to give England some fragment of a coherent system of education—a vastly more important thing for the Empire than even Mr. Chamberlain's grandiose schemes, however great might be their success. They don't touch the root of the matter, the one thing needful; the other effort does. Lord Rosebery—whose skill in diagnosis where the disease is fairly obvious, and felicity of expression under all circumstances, are not equalled, I am sorry to say, by the wisdom of his therapeutics, the effectiveness of the curative measures he proposes—told us not long ago that our great defect as a people was a defect of education. He pointed out most eloquently and convincingly that if we are to retain our position in the world, even in our own chosen field, in the things we really prize, commerce and industry, we must wake up, eat less beef, and think. Even in these things the supremacy cannot long remain in the hands of a people who gorge themselves upon "barbarian Stonehenge masses" of half-raw ox which assimilates them almost as much as they assimilate it, washed down by streams of a truly national beer, excellently adapted to flush the ducts of young

ostriches, then take violent physical exercise to work it off, and naturally get headaches and cold perspirations when anything turns up which compels us to think. But think we must. There is no getting out of it. This is the age of industry centralized and organized on a large scale, depending in every single process upon the application of exact knowledge. It is the age of applied science. The supremacy will infallibly belong to the people who can best organize industry, and most successfully bring exact knowledge to bear upon it; in other words, to the people who can think, who possess that one last source of all wealth, the largest number of individuals capable of thought.

About the beginning of last century, Heine, that wicked wag, poking fun at his own country, as usual, at its apparently sterile supremacy in the world of thought and organized knowledge, said that the French ruled the land, the English the sea, and the Germans—the air. Precisely so. They ruled only the air—the cold and barren viewless fields of hungry air—and did not get fat upon the produce of their nebulous realms. France attained to a reasonable *embonpoint* upon her element. England, the leviathan of the seas, with the little eyes, the mighty paunch and tail, swelled to monstrous bulk, much of it, I fear, blubber, amid the waves she ruled, where herring swarmed for her. Germany was lean and hungry, with her head full of ideas for her portion; a country, as Lord Palmerston, the voice of England, using the characteristic adjective of England, called her, of “condemned professors.” She ruled the air. And now, at the beginning of this century, how does Germany stand? Why, she has cut France out of a considerable slice of the land, and believes it to be her manifest destiny to oust England from her exclusive possession of the seas. She certainly has already got in not so very thin an end of the wedge. How has she done it? Just because she was a country of “condemned professors;” because she believed in exact and systematic knowledge; because she had faith enough in the things of the mind, in Literature and Science, to spend, out of her poverty, enormous sums on the endowment of her schools and universities; because she educated her people; because she sought first of all her gettings to get understanding, loved and revered wisdom and wise men—the poor professors whom England only condemned, and Canada does not pamper; because she ruled the air. Yes, indeed! Those who rule the air are certain soon or late to rule both land and sea. You get a tremendous purchase from those

heights. England, too, in Shakespeare's and Bacon's time was at home there. That was what made her great. She must renew her strength up there if she is to keep her hold upon the plains. The horses that have dragged her conquering chariot were of the breed of Pegasus, though their wings have become atrophied now from want of use, and their limbs have thickened and coarsened to the dray-horse work she has made them do. She must learn once again that the only way to make her waggon go is to hitch it to a star. I believe she will learn it too. I have great faith in what Burke truly called the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good nature and good humour of the people of England. She will learn it, but it may be through much tribulation. Oh, that she were wise in time !

But many will say with Lord Rosebery: "Oh yes, we know that what we want is knowledge. Science is the only cure." (By science, English-speaking people mean mainly knowledge of the properties of matter, and the ways and structure of birds and beasts. They used to think it had something to do with boxing. They have now somewhat extended the conception, but have not the remotest idea yet that it really means any kind of systematic and exact knowledge.) "Let us therefore," it will be said, "teach everybody Science. Where does your Literature come in, especially your antiquated lumber of Latin and Greek, that impertinent survival of mediæval sacerdotalism and feudal aristocracy ? The Romans, to quote your own Heine, would never have had time to conquer the world if they had had to learn Latin. The Greeks were great because they never learnt any language but their own. Lord Rosebery shows his controverted wisdom no less than his admitted felicity of phrase when he avers that Greek at least is too heavy a load for the Empire to carry. We need Dr. Harrington, above all Dr. Bovey; we could even find a place for Dr. Rutherford—though he might be a good deal more practical than he is, and bother less about such remote things as the ultimate constitution of matter—but what is the use of your Professors of Literature ? We have no time for frills. One or two of you who happen to have a gift that way might be kept at a strictly inexpensive rate to amuse us at an odd time by fiddling to us a little. Then we should go back to our laboratories and liquid air, our water-falls and timber-strains, our railway-statistics, and decapitated frogs, and sulphuretted hydrogen, and anæsthetized cats, and so resume the serious business of a grown man's life."

Such is the language of the young Canadian giant who studies Latin in McGill University—on compulsion—for two mortal years of his bursting prime. He had rather shovel snow. But let us reason with him a little.

“Young giant, my excellent and really most amiable young friend, you don’t take your own size at all. These things which you do believe in are all most excellent, but they are not all you need. There is a vast deal more in you, slumbering in the depths of your great mind than you suppose—a vast deal, which in your scheme of education you are proposing to leave out altogether.

“You want to get on in the world. Therefore you respect what you call Science, because it seems you can’t get on without it. You respect her, but you don’t love her. You see that she is a well-endowed maiden and are casting sheep’s eyes upon her dowry. But she is most jealously quick to resent that kind of wooing, and to send such cold lovers to the right-about. Besides, she has several sisters. You are aware that there are nine Muses, not rich like her, and yet hard to disentangle from her. She is ‘*nudis juncta sororibus*,’ ‘inseparable from her bare sisters.’ The bride you aspire to, is so exorbitant in her domestic affections that if you are to marry her and her portion, you must be a polygamist in a fashion and take the whole family to your bosom along with her.”

To drop the apologue, what I wish to say is this. It is really most paradoxical in people like Lord Rosebery to imagine that having got into our present uncomfortable situation through our crass utilitarianism, we are going to be delivered from it by sticking to that point of view. He is, as it were, a homœopathist. His cure for the excess of the trouble is the trouble itself in a somewhat reduced form—the good old plan of a “hair of the dog that bit us.” One is reminded of a curious fact in Natural History. There is a certain animal with many amiable and even heroic qualities which have been very imperfectly appreciated by mankind. Civilized mankind somewhat illiberally confine their interests with regard to it to those superlative excellences which in combination with eggs have established it in a paramount place on all breakfast-tables outside the bounds of Israel. This creature is exceptionally well-endowed in all other respects to survive in the struggle for existence. But it is said it cannot swim. It invariably commits, what with etymological appropriateness may be called suicide, they say, when it tries to do so. Utilitarianism in education is just like this

worthy animal swimming. It is hopelessly out of its element, and always ends, if the ladies will excuse me for saying so, by cutting its own throat with its own claws. For the manifest fact is that it is no use trying to take short-cuts in this sphere, expecting to get the results without the process. The chief and all-inclusive result, heightened mental activity, is inseparable from the process. Those short-cuts are like the one attributed in the Gaelic proverb to the blind fiddler, who went twice as far round, and landed in a bog. To Lord Rosebery, who was once well known on the turf, I would say: "Where is the sporting instinct of your race? Are we become pot-hunters?" Even if we are, we must catch our hare before we cook it. Industry needs Science. Science demands whole-hearted devotion to the things of the mind. It implies an intellectual atmosphere where Literature, its elder sister, cannot fail to flourish. It will not thrive except where Literature thrives side by side with it. These two grow from one root. They are always found together in the same society though not usually in the same person. To starve the one is to stunt the other. The Germans, whose indisputable eminence in Applied Science is always in the mouths of those who would make our education merely or mainly technical, devote far more serious attention to Literature than any other nation. They are what they are largely because more than any other people they have assimilated ancient Greece. Any people or any person you see whose interest in any single element of civilization reaches a certain point of intensity, infallibly goes back to Greece and kindles his torch at that fire. Greece may be called the thermometer of culture. Like the Greeks their masters, the creators of Science then, the Germans never dream of putting anything else in the place of a pains-taking study and prolonged study of Literature as the basis of all education. They go upon the rational principle that as everybody must in any case begin with that, everyone should go through it in as thorough a way as he is capable of doing. Like the Greeks, too, they spend out of resources contemptible by our plutocratic scale, sums that seem large even to us in bringing the highest forms of Literature to bear upon the life of their whole people. They are not content with teaching the little boys and girls in the schools a few good poems and leaving them to read Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, and to frequent Lulu Glaser and other painful dilutions—thorns crackling under a pot—after they grow up. They know the incalculable importance of rational

amusement. They maintain by state aid theatres which are great educational institutions, teaching in play. By their means Shakespeare whom we know not of as a people though he is by blood our own, has become the common property of the German people, the favourite and familiar poet of the very office-boys and cigar sellers. Can we not be brought to see the huge significance of this single fact? The makers of modern Germany were Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and Kant, three literary men and one philosopher. There is the true source of their greatness in Science, Industry and War. To adapt ancient Pistol, "The world's our oyster which we with mind must open." The most practical thing in the world, then, is whatever in earnest or in sport feeds and strengthens this ultimate instrument of all progress, the mind. Under all diversity of its manifestations the spirit of man is one. To strangle it in any of its chief expressions is to lower the general tone and cut off the vital sap that would nourish all the other activities as well.

This, then, is one part of the modest plea which I would advance for the Study of Letters. I believe that in a country illiberal enough to neglect them, Science will soon decay, will lose its soul and keen inspiration, and become the mere drudge and hireling of an unintelligent industry which, in its turn, cannot fail to deteriorate and grovel more and more. We literary people do not wish to see Science like Samson, eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves grinding Philistine corn. We are, we believe, a little in the scientific line ourselves. The fact is, our tendency has been far too much in that direction. We have overlaid the distinctive quality and contribution of our own proper subjects by excessive science, grammar, comparative philology, archæology and all the rest of it. Let me then make haste to say that Literature as such—pure Literature—has its own permanent and indefeasible claims, apart altogether from its close connection with the well-being of Science.

We should surely aim at turning out from our universities not mere specialists, but men of light and leading all round. We let loose upon the world every year a host of young men well qualified to serve the community in many important functions which require special knowledge. Our responsibility to them, however, is not exhausted when we have equipped them at this single point. Each of these doctors, lawyers, engineers, miners, railroaders, publicists or plumbers, is

not merely a wheel or pivot in the great roaring industrial machine, but also a spiritual being, of whom it will be black shame to us if it can be said in his epitaph that he was born a man, went through McGill University, and died a plumber. Surely part of our business with him is to see to it in so far as we can that he shall be fitted to live not only in the special function he performs, but also in the universal human life of thought and feeling. It is of the greatest consequence to Canada and to him that he should be not only a good workman but also an enlightened citizen, capable of realizing and discharging the fraction of kingship which our laws give him and of guiding others to do so; an effective member of the British Empire, knowing what that means; a not utterly incompetent father of a family able to take some intelligent interest in the education of his children, a really useful and luminous member of some church, perhaps we may hope—which would take us very far indeed—one on whose mind might dawn some not wholly inadequate conception of what religion really is, who would not be at the mercy of every coarse quack in such things, nay,—shall we be bold enough to demand?—a man who might be conceived, without absurdity, as capable of performing that most exacting of all human tasks—teaching in a Sunday school! In one word, it should be our aim to produce the type of person, who, besides getting creditably through the week, is equipped to deal decently with his Sundays.

For all this class of activities so vital, so incalculably important to the inner life of the man himself, as well as to the society in which he ought to be a leader, some tincture of Letters is obviously quite indispensable. Mere Science will not equip him for all this. Mere Science leaves a great deal out.

It is the function of Science chiefly to take things to pieces. It divides and dissects and exhibits the mechanism of the world to the understanding, a quite indispensable process, no doubt, but one which has its dangers to the mind too exclusively formed upon it. Such a mind is prone to become myopic, exceedingly sharp in detecting small distinctions but helpless to grasp the large concrete masses—unable to see the wood for trees. The life of things eludes it, and the beauty which is in them as wholes.

“Er hat die Teile in seiner Hand,
Fehlt leider nur das geistige Band.”

“Our meddling intellect

Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:—

We murder to dissect.”

I don't suppose William Blake knew very much about anatomy. No doubt Charles Darwin could have told him a great deal about tigers that would have been news to him. But if you want to feel the fierce splendour of the tiger, and have the entire expression of his ardent force stamped indelibly upon your mind, do not for that purpose read the “Origin of Species”; read and say and sing, if you can, and suffer to throb and echo in the chambers of your mind the resonant music of “Tiger, Tiger, burning bright.”

Laplace knew a great deal more about astronomy than David or whoever it was that wrote the Nineteenth Psalm. But Laplace saw there only matter and motion, a mere machine to be analyzed and understood, with no more suggestion to him of unfathomable depths of mystery and awe than a steam engine. It was undoubtedly, too, a tremendous achievement for the mind of man that it could thus coolly abstract from these imposing immensities and treat them as on a level for all physical purposes in respect of the essential law of their movements with the dropping of ripe fruit or the fall of a piece of crockery from the breakfast table. But surely there was something lost for Laplace, something very considerable, a very vital aspect of the reality to which man's heart will always resistlessly vibrate down to depths unsounded by any mechanical pincers—lost for Laplace, but imperishably seized for the world by the simple shepherd who watched his flocks in lonely vigil on the uplands of Bethlehem, and, gazing upwards into the blue star-sown depths, saw without telescope what after all is the most permanently important fact for man about them, namely, that they declare the glory of God. “The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language—their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.” It must needs be that men like Laplace should come. Honour to their heroic achievement! Of such, too, is the Kingdom of Heaven. But they do not supersede the Davids. The words of Mercury have not the deep tones of the songs of Apollo. The parallelogram of forces is a poor thing

if it would extrude what came before it and what must have the last word after it—the thrilling lyre. The modern man must find a place in his mind for both points of view, and unite them as Kant did, who on the one side was no less vigorous than Laplace in shutting out all anthropomorphic irrelevancies in his astronomical system, but who on the other hand could say two things struck him dumb, just the two things singled out for adoring wonder in the Nineteenth Psalm, the starry heavens above us, and the sense of right and wrong within.

We want Literature, then, to keep alive in us the power of responding to the appeal which concrete things in their totality make to us for recognition of their life and beauty and manifold suggestiveness. Of Science, like Peter Bell, it may be said:—

“A primrose by a river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

It is an affair of pistils and stamens, structure and classification, nutrition and reproduction. To the poet it is concentration in a beautiful individual form of the universal life which binds all things in one, a symbol of the infinite with inexhaustible meanings, a lovely little window looking out on the immeasurable skies. The poet sees God there and helps us to see Him; mirrored in every fair fragment he sees the Spirit which is all in all. He

“Gives us eyes and gives us ears,
And tender hopes and delicate fears ;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ;
And love, and thought, and joy.”

He keeps alive in us the sense of mystery and reverence, wonder and delight, admiration and amusement before the entrancing spectacle of this great universal show which our scientific dissection is apt to disenchant and desiccate, to reduce to a herbarium of sapless logical conceptions. He continues through the ages the song which the sons of morning sang, and shows us things still in their fresh gloss and lustre with “the thumb nail of their Maker wet in the clay of them,” glorious as on the first day. In spite of the fatal fruit of the tree of

divisive knowledge, he has a private key with which he admits us into the garden of Eden, with all its still articulate and all-harmonious trees and flowers and birds and beasts, still articulate and speaking to men in a language which lets him into the secret of their life, with Adam and Eve still walking in the garden hand in hand. "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not neither do they spin ; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Or take this of Wordsworth:

"Through primrose tufts in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure :
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there."

Or Shakespeare's,

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

Or this of Goethe's, for the sky of your Paradise and its great birds—the oarage of mighty wings,

"Doch ist es jedem eingeboren,
Dass sein Gefühl hinauf und vorwärts dringt
Wenn über uns im blauen Raum verloren,
Ihr schmetternd Lied die Lerche singt;
Wenn über schroffen Fichtenhöhen,
Der Adler ausgebreitet schwebt,
Und über Flächen, über Seen,
Der Kranich nach der Heimat strebt."

Or Virgil's, for that same sky with clouds:

“Quales sub nubibus atres
Strymoniaë dant signa grues atque æthera tranant
Cum sonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.”

Or, for Adam and Eve, the crowning glory of this Paradise, Clough's,

“O odours of new-budding rose,
O lily's chaste perfume
O fragrance that didst first enclose
The young Creation's bloom !
Ye hang around me while in sun
Anon and now in shade,
I watch in pleasant Kensington
The prentice and the maid.”

And as a final benediction on the whole, Browning's,

“O world, as God has made it, All is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty,
What further may be sought for or declared ?”

The eternal enchanting miracle of life and beauty and joy and love bubbling up in sunlit singing fountains and fresh-created with every new morning's blessed light—who can open our eyes and ears to it, and make our life-strings vibrate through all their length and depth to its melodies? Not the men of Science, much as they do for us; not they, but the Poets. It is the Poets after all, and their way of looking at the world, not the men of Science who will contribute the most towards freshness and spring of spirit in us, and enduring youth; to the

“Old age serene and bright
And calm as is a Lapland night.”

They will be found to help a man the most, too, when the end of this lordly banquet comes, and the lights burn low, quietly and gratefully

to gird his loins and go forth upon his lonely way, even there not uncheered and not unlighted by their songs, like a guest who has had his full portion—*ut satur conviva*.

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

So far I have touched mainly on what is only one outstanding function of Literature, to show us things in their primal charm and freshness, to unlock the wealth of beauty and delight which is ever around us if we were only enough at leisure from ourselves to see it. But its highest ministry is of an austerer kind, to body forth and interpret the chaotic and passionate world of mankind with all its discords and sorrows, its love and hate, its tears and laughter, its heroisms and contemptibilities, the infinite play of its jangling characters and forces, the world-old beating against the iron bars of destiny by which the individual falls but the race gets larger room. In this region which concerns us more than any other, Science is practically powerless. It is the peculiar sphere and kingdom of the great poets. Only they can plunge into this storm and catch in some degree the plan of it, and the central peace and harmony, which they somehow make us feel, dwells at its heart. They do not blink the hard unlovely facts of life. They do not shrink from representing, nay, recreating in shapes of flesh and blood and fire, its grimmest and ugliest aspects. It is they in fact who first fully reveal, and bring poignantly to bear upon us, the whole vast burden of unreason which seems to cling to things as we mortals can see and know them, the manifold obstructions and misfits, the wrong and wickedness and pain, the *lacrimae rerum*, the “weight of all this unintelligible world.” And yet they do not crush us to the ground; they uplift and liberate. They show the heights as well as the depths of the human soul, the “exaltations, agonies, and man’s unconquerable mind.” By means of terror and pity they purge us from these emotions, emancipate us from the yoke of our individual ills by widening our sympathies to embrace the universal sorrow. They awaken the latent infinitudes which seem somehow to be in us: the deeps in them calling to the deeps in us: and deliver us from the sordid tyrannies

that beset us at the narrow point of our single separate existence by quickening the mysterious power we have to live and feel in the whole. They reveal those mighty laws of range sublime whose birth is of the clear heaven, which alone can give infinite significance and resonance to our little life: the great beneficent laws compared with whose divine inviolableness the fate of the individual life, were it even our own that makes shipwreck upon them, is as the dust in the balance, so that we are to make that greatest of words our own—though they slay me yet will I put my trust in them. Dante may be taken as the type of the austere and potent spirits who dealt in this uncompromising yet transfiguring way with the sternest side of life. He takes us through Hell, it is true, and brands it into our minds, but it is a Hell which is illumined by many flashes of unconquerable human force and nobleness, by many gleams of a love stronger than Death and Hell, a Hell which has been built by Love, and out of which we emerge stronger and freer men under the open heaven with its stars.

If I had time I would dwell a little on what has already been more or less indicated, the close connection of all great literature with religion. I have spoken to very little purpose if I have not suggested to you that the final claim of the great literary artists lies in the fact that they are revealers of God to men—sacred bards, as Horace rightly called them. They have a message for us, which, rightly received, will build up the immortal part of us—the substance of our deepest life. They are to be numbered with our leaders, the representatives and depositories, and, indeed, in a sense, the creators of the Spiritual wealth of mankind. But among these leaders there is a class whom, with a just instinct, we are in the habit of putting on a different plane from literary artists—I mean the great religious teachers, the men whose names are so predominantly associated with religion that we scarcely think of them as artists at all. They were indeed much more than artists: thinkers; men of action; heroes and martyrs; who have done more than any other men to mould our world, and lift the mind of our race. But they were poets, too, very great poets, whose lasting power over us consists above all in this, that they so vividly conceived unseen and spiritual things, and had such plastic power, that they were able to embody them in winning and moving symbols which have made them in a manner palpable and real to us, a tangible possession and an effective force in the world. And so it is only a man who by nature or training

possesses some literary tact, some sense for poetry, that can really understand these prophets. It is just largely the lack of this sense which has led through the ages to their distortion: the hard inflexible unimaginative temper that is tripped up on the foot of the bare letter, carefully peels off the image and erects it into a dogma and an idol, and throws the thought away. There are great changes going on in our day in the re-shaping of Religion. A new reformation is proceeding before our eyes—a reformation in which the Humanists will have much more to say than they had in Luther's, great as was their contribution then. No man can be called educated, intellectually alive and awake, in true contact with his spiritual environment and the higher movements of his time, who is not furnished forth to take a wise and helpful part in this the greatest task which has been laid upon our generation. Of all the qualifications necessary after the pure heart and the hunger and thirst after righteousness, the most important, I believe, is literary tact and training. Therefore, in view of the supreme interests involved, I think one has a right to say to those who are inclined to undervalue Literature, "Change your minds, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

I have already taken up too much of your time. But I should like to say in closing that I think we have a great opportunity here in McGill. People are beginning to realize that the old orthodox way of making a fortune—to come into London or Montreal with fifty cents in your pocket and all the the rest of it, is not the only way. It looks as if all occupations that need special scientific knowledge—and which of them now-a-days does not?—will soon be recognized as, if not demanding, at least welcoming aspirants with a university training. The railway men are coming, it seems, into the academic fold; the bankers may follow—who knows where the process will stop? No doubt all this has its dangers. We must see to it that in broadening our academic life, we do not make it shallow, and lose sight of what must always be the great function of a university—the disinterested pursuit of truth and beauty and wisdom. Having attracted all these young engineers, and railway men and bankers, let us see that they do not go away from here mere engineers and so forth, but cultivated men, living all round on the heights of their time. If they come here, as impatient youngsters are apt to do—who would not buy their youth at the price

of sharing their un wisdom?—in a great hurry, with no idea of what is the fact, that there is plenty of time for anything worth doing—*die Zeit ist unendlich lang*—let us mildly but firmly insist that they pause and ripen for a while. They will live to bless us for it. If they come like Saul the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, primarily with a somewhat narrowly practical purpose in their minds, who knows but, like him, they may happen to find a kingdom,—the sacred passion for knowledge, the love of the noblest things. A scientific colleague of mine in Queen's College once said that the wilder parts of Canada needed, above all, two things to make them come out all right in the end—the miner and the missionary. Very good, indeed, but there is one thing still better—that every miner we send out should be himself a missionary: a representative of what is best, one who can find not only metals but sermons in stones, books in the running brooks as well as the cheaper nuggets: whose daily work will minister to his own inward life: whose hours of rest will be spent wisely and well so as to recreate, not to waste or fritter away, his deepest vital forces—many of them in the company of the immortal dead, that being dead yet speak and will speak as long as men's ears are not stopped to the eternal voices: one who in the loneliest wilds will be a beacon and a hearth of light and inextinguishable spiritual force. It is not all impossible that we should produce many such. It will be a great glory to us if we produce even a few. I myself have had the happiness to see something like it. Among several honour students of my own in Greek—that much calumniated subject, which only those complain of who have had but little of it to hurt them,—among my pupils who have taken to practical work of various kinds and in every case done exceedingly well in them, one is a miner. Of course he is a good miner. His work in Greek would have been little worth if it had not helped to make him a better miner, a more trustworthy and exact man in that or any other occupation, were it even the management of a furnace. His favourite author is Thucydides. That is not quite what I should have desired. But is it not considerably better than Hall Caine or Marie Corelli ?

JOHN MACNAUGHTON.

THE ROMARIA OF SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST.

In most of the Catholic countries of Southern Europe, the spring and early summer seasons furnish occasion for pilgrimages of a character so singularly blended as regards motive and action in the participants that a mere outside observer finds difficulty in reaching a just estimate of the pure and intense religious feeling that unquestionably stirs a very large proportion of the professedly devout ; the "folk that longen to goon" to the best frequented shrines display strange diversities of purpose. It is likely that the opportunities offered (as is equally often the case in scientific conventions) are made use of by some who are conspicuously not of the elect. Northern Portugal, however, preserves to-day popular religious festivals which the materialism of modern life has not yet completely perverted.

Much the most important of these—the Feast of Saint John the Baptist (24th June)—is held in peculiar honour at Braga ; and with its celebration the visitor, whether pilgrim or tourist, usually combines one or more expeditions to the sanctuary of the Bom Jesus do Monte, "ensky'd and sainted" on a glorious hill some two miles behind the town that is still privileged to bear the title of the "Portuguese Rome." It is a strange fact that from a point on this eminence (and apparently from no other, even in the neighbourhood) the four main lines of the pink town, cased two thousand feet below in the greenery of the plain, form the shape of a perfect cross. Mystical significance is, of course, universally ascribed to this phenomenon which was not designed by the original founders of the town ; and the night effect when the dotted

lines of lights flash out like a vivid constellation, is at first startling, then full of hushing suggestiveness.

The concourse during the two feast-days is very great. Last year (1902) it was estimated that the twenty-three thousand of Braga had been trebled—in confirmation of which a local sheet gravely pointed to the verified increase in the wine consumption as shown in municipal books. At all events, as the last excursion train moves slowly up and around the undulations of that lovely countryside, the spirit of the *Romaria* pulses in everyone. From the crowded third-class carriages ring the hymns of anticipation or praise. Groups of children at wayside stations cheer, and clamour for a *reisilha*. On every side, long converging processional lines of wayfarers point the direction of the town and shrine. These peasants have come in some cases from fifty or sixty miles away, trudging in friendly groups most of the day, and often finding a night's rest on the common pallet of the sun-warmed earth; as they fall with weariness, so they sleep. Many of them on finally reaching Braga make for a shady nook in street or square, and there simply drop in confused bunches, resting on one another like exhausted kittens after a romp. To a foreign traveller with zest somewhat blunted through seeing the mechanical, business-like methods into which pilgrims to more famous shrines than this are drilled, such utter *désinvolture* is as refreshing as any glimpse of primitive life. A little volume (*Manual do Romeiro* : 1866) supplied through the courtesy of Honorius Grant, Esq., H.B.M. Vice-Consul at Oporto, lays down a few rules for private conduct, without any striving after system. Pilgrims are to behave with gentleness and devotion; to avoid futile word and companionship; to aid in checking the misconduct which is declared to be on the increase. Yet, to all external appearance, and notwithstanding the influx of far from desirable strangers, the behaviour is more decorous than might have been expected. No doubt one in search of the unsavoury will find it, and possibly be driven, like Horace's blushing moon,—

“Ne foret his testis post magna latere sepulcra.”

But a crowd of forty thousand strictly angelic pilgrims would leave something to be desired on the score of vivacity. On the artistic side there is infinitely pleasing variety in the moving mosaic formed by the costumes of the women in their incessantly dissolving and reforming groups. Kerchief and bodice are brilliant with showiest colour—

chiefly red, orange, yellow and green; there may be some subtle psychological ground for the general avoidance of the other end of the spectrum. Both maids and matrons, too, usually wear as many massive gold necklaces as parental or marital generosity can afford; some of these ornaments, often inherited through several generations, are not only extremely costly, but designed in the rather heavily splendid style for which the Rua Aurea at Lisbon and the Rua das Flores at Oporto have been famous for centuries. It is by no means uncommon to see a barefoot peasant-woman displaying on an ample red or green upper surface six or seven chains more than two feet in length, and all of elaborate pattern, the triumphal centre of this decoration being a gold filigree heart, which, in regard to size, might sometimes perhaps be wished symbolical of the wearer's own. Of the *cavalheiros* garb, nothing is interestingly distinctive.

In the dirty railway-station at Braga, movement is congested until the huge mob begins to roll slowly up the dusty, blindingly bright street, all the houses of which are gay with bunting emblematic of patriotism or piety, and with the light dresses of the town trippers perched at every available window. The curving side streets with their carved wooden balconies swarm with earlier arrivals; and the *ensemble* composes admirably on a great scale. For the first day, the chief attraction consists in a general orientation, until the falling darkness gathers the crowd to a display of fireworks which may strike one as a questionable concession to the modern spirit. It is surely here that the *abusos e excessos* mentioned by the "Presbytero Bracarense" will be found. There is a hopelessly commonplace side to all this aspect of the festival, its cheap booths, tawdry diversions, and all the apparently inevitable train of grimy mountebanks urged hither by no hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Fortunately, the toy-like steam-tram can take one speedily out of it all to the hill of the Bom Jesus. All the way up are great stone stairways, with halting places for rest or prayer, on this occasion crowded with persons of all ages bowing reverently as they pass a spot of exceptional holiness, and so gathering a little spiritual energy for the rest of the ascent. The last few hundred feet may be accomplished in a funicular car landing one in the very heart of the consecrated spot, about which are grouped chapels, and secular buildings for the solace of the weary in body. There are probably few shrines to-day in Chris-

tendom of which the originally elaborate arrangement is so fully kept up. To go the round of all the chapels with the ceremonies and prayers befitting each is a matter of many hours; yet neither at this time nor at any other period of the year is the place quite deserted, for so much merit attaches to the due performance that the establishment can always count on an abundant supply of the devout. Each halt on the way has its set formula of prayer or hymn, as simple in appeal as in phrase. A *jaculatoria* at prescribed intervals may be followed up with an invocation such as the following:—

“Bemdita e louvanda seja
A Paixao do Redemptor,
Que por nos livrar das culpas
Padecue em nosso favor.”

Religious feeling, not poetry, is the object of these verses. Many a penitent may be heard uttering or singing them fervently as he draws near the shrine on his knees. Needless to say, many small traders deal in the usual mementoes that are supposed to carry with them the hallowing aroma of spirituality.

This colossal *Via Crucis*, of which the dimensions may be guessed from the statement that it extends up the side of a mountain more than two thousand feet high, serves as an illustration of the proverbial Portuguese fondness for constructions executed on a large scale. Even in the chapels that mark the various stations, the figures are life-size, and are coloured with a vividness of realism that never fails to impress the humble peasant worshippers. Indeed, when seen through the window-grating in the waning flush of the late afternoon, after one's nerves have been stimulated by the tears and supplications of hundreds of eager pilgrims, stage after stage, these coarse pourtrayals of the great tragedy may bring even into natures less primitively reverent something of the disposition induced by the sight of a simply rendered Passion Play.

But, apart from all this, the plateau on which we are standing has interest enough of its own. A lovely park, with ponds and bowers, is filled with holiday strollers, who have apparently rid themselves of their burdens of care. Songs and rustic dances seem to burst out on every side under the influence of the pure mountain air and that clear-

est of Iberian skies. Long slant lines of sunbeams, laden with a golden dust, touch up the colours on a group of young peasants, men and women, who flash in and out of the thickets like Bacchanals at play. Roughly improvised tables—mere boards on limping trestles—are set up for an *al fresco* meal, for it seems that fasting forms no part of the religious programme. If we watch this performance, we can soon understand the enormous increase in the consumption of the strong *vinho verde*,—the rough country wine that plays tricks with the unwary stranger, unprepared for so generous a stimulant. In the town below, where open-air banquets are impracticable, accommodation is provided in a myriad of low-ceiled shops hastily fitted up as cheap eating houses echoing with an incessant din and clatter of the constantly renewed guests. Every hotel, inn, and lodging house is so packed with visitors of all classes that notice must be given by everyone of his intended movements in order that any vacant place may be filled by those who prefer the conventional *cuisine* of civilization to the uncanny curiosities purchasable at any street corner by the venturesome. Possibly some of these things taste better than they look. At the approach of sunset, all this hubbub wanes to the soothing murmur that tells of peace; and instead of joining the moving masses for the pyrotechnic show, it is wiser to rest on the small terrace that commands one of the loveliest views in all Portugal, for beyond the sweeping vine-laden curves of the hill and across the rich valley comes the promise of a fiery glory compared with which the human displays are mere sparks. As this vanishes, under the cool wind from the Atlantic, just dimly visible,

“The white mist, like a face cloth to the face,
Clings to the dead earth, and the land is still.”

In the religious exercises devoted to Saint John the Baptist, on the second day (24th. June), little is new to anyone familiar with the corresponding ceremonies in other Catholic countries. Portuguese pageants, as the recent reception to King Edward testified, are not brilliant in originality of invention. In the present case, the most striking feature is the comparatively small number of ecclesiastics publicly concerned in the street processions, which thus take on the character of genuinely popular demonstrations with the attendant irresponsibility of an unguided crowd. Nothing but confusion results in the spectator's mind

from the sight of this swaying mass of worshippers, tourists, exploiters, and *badauds*, through the midst of whom the regular parade slowly forces its painful way. As custom prescribes, interest gravitates about a large car surmounted by a canvas structure rudely painted to resemble the rocks of the desert from which an urchin, representing the saint, repeats in his thin treble the words he has been taught. It would be interesting to discover all the little ruses and intrigues involved in the attaining of the coveted distinction. An obviously disappointed parent near by is attempting to balance affairs by girding at the administration and muttering in disparagement of the looks and deportment of the successful boy. The immediate retinue of the infant saint is peculiar; it is made up of a number of men quaintly garbed in pseudo-oriental fashion so as to suggest the bearded multitudes that flocked to hear the words of him who preached in the desert; but the accompaniment of brass bands introduces a disconcertingly modern note into the symbolism.

During the rest of the day fitful demonstrations on a small scale distract the attention at various points. One might think that a worldly atmosphere had passed over the place, choking the spiritual influences that have driven the country-folk from farm and cottage to the town, where all the purer impulses become lost in the general striving to see and to get the most possible during the one memorable holiday of the year.

Fortunately, the hill of the Bom Jesus offers other resources. Its very summit, five hundred feet higher than the chapel that ends the *Via Dolorosa*, holds a sanctuary, the position of which might again be interpreted as symbolising Catholic doctrine, since the monument crowning the height and the pilgrim's efforts is consecrated to one of the culminating doctrines of the famous Œcumenical Council of 1870,—“*Definição dogmatica da Immaculada Conceição de Maria Sanctissima.*” May it also be held significant of the tenacity of that spiritual power over Portugal? Over the individual, if one may judge from the reverent groups toiling up the mountain path, the influence is still strong. While the gaily decked tourists from town are whirled up the broad carriage road, cluster after cluster (mostly of women) trudge up singing, like Tannhäuser pilgrims, the slow monotonous chants attuned to their march and indicating the solemnity of their destination. Here

and there, a toilworn figure in black tramps alone, her troubles seek no solace from human companionship, and her communings are respected.

But here too the sufferings of human nature seek relief in a manner perhaps all the more horribly repulsive that the afflicted are forced to be present and probably draw no comfort from the aid whether grudgingly or generously given. All the way up the bare exposed path that leads to the summit, one sees dots or masses of white, which prove to be the sheets wrapping what Stevenson calls the butt-ends of humanity lying out under the burning sun with the meagre protection of a gaping umbrella, and spreading out whatever of disease or deformity may chance to appeal to the passer-by. Nothing could be gained by describing the horrors of a hospital or a lazaretto; the human skin and frame are susceptible of ghastly changes. Many an unfortunate is attended by a stalwart exploiter--possibly a relation--whining and sobbing to touch the wayfarer. How such victims as strew this path are carried up two thousand feet from the plain (no doubt often from great distances away) is explained by the many mild-eyed donkeys browsing about until the day of harvest is over. There seems to be no authority whatever desirous of stopping this traffic; nor, for that matter, does anyone in Northern Portugal show the slightest interest in what is evidently a common business arrangement got up with all the possible luxury of stagey and histrionic effect. The wails of sufferer or of attendant are timed for each new arrival with automatic precision. Most of the poorer sort of pilgrims respond in the perfunctory charity of the smallest Portuguese coin.

When the top of the mountain is reached rows of supplicants are seen kneeling about the steps at the base of the column, whence the standing figure emblematic of purity sheds a radiance of benediction upon the sad and truly repentant. What lightening of sorrows may be drawn from this source depends of course on the faith of the troubled or perplexed; that many do cast off their burdens may be gathered from the entire change of tone that often accompanies the descent. Forming again into groups or bands, these simple people come skipping down the hillside, flinging their arms over their heads and trolling catches in character far other than the plaintive hymns

of the upward journey. It is altogether a strange metamorphosis. Now,

.....“The sunburnt peasant,
Like Pan, comes frisking from his ilex-wood,
And seems to wake the past time in the present.”

There is indeed more than a flavour of the Kermesse, almost of the Saturnalia, in this totally unexpected shifting from a state of contrition to a buoyancy of spirit paganly child-like in its spontaneity. In writing of other shrines in Christendom, some of the most famous of contemporary authors have accentuated the note of sadness or gloom. It was natural for Zola when describing Lourdes to dwell on the miseries of the stricken, as well as on the equivocal expressions of sympathy manifested by an administration too undisguisedly concerned in the material welfare of the holy place. Again, the visit of a pair of degenerates to a much frequented sanctuary of the Abruzzi gave D'Annunzio, in *Trionfo della Morte*, an opportunity for displaying both his skill in depicting the uninviting, and the professedly scientific ethics (borrowed from Nietzsche) that make of human suffering or weakness an object of philosophic scorn. It would certainly be possible for the cynic or the misanthrope to see in the ignorant, occasionally boorish, Portuguese peasantry nothing but a mark for satire. Still, out of the blur of conflicting impressions, the lapse of more than a busy year in the hurry of our western life has but served to deepen the conviction of the sincere fervour determining the great mass to this extraordinary annual migration. Its simple pleasures, its stimulating bustle, its atmosphere of a momentarily ampler life, doubtless contribute in no small share to its attractiveness for the peasant nature; but it is equally indisputable that the solace offered through the initial impulse of religion plays too its large part in leading the simple folk, in the words of Camoens,

“Refocilar a lassa humanidade.”

P.T.L.

SUNSET AT THE FRANCISCAN MONASTERY, FIESOLE.

The path to Francis' shrine mounts steep and straight;
Fiercest ere sunset, pours the shadeless heat
Full on a brown-robed monk, whose toiling feet
Pace slowly towards his master's open gate.
There shall he say his Vespers, ere the great
Pale moon arise on Fiesole.—Yet stay!
A crucifix stands midmost in the way:
The friar stops, and kisses it, though late
The day, and tired his feet, and cool there shows
The chapel with its silver lamp. Ah me!
Teach us, like him, thy weary pilgrims, Christ,
To kiss thy cross, though steepest 'fore its close
Our path must be, ere to our blessed tryst
In that dim sanctuary we pass to Thee.

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

SOME SIDE LIGHTS ON PRAGMATISM.

There is a story of a candidate for English Parliamentary honours in the good old days when the Protestant Church "as by law established" was still a power in a land not yet brought acquainted with the Salvation Army, the Christian Science Movement, or the Higher Paganism, which may perhaps bear repeating. The worthy gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, was in the act of rising to his feet in the Town Hall of a city that shall be nameless to deliver a rousing address to a crowded meeting of the local party of progress, when he felt himself violently pulled by the coat-tail by the chairman of the evening. "Sir," says that functionary, "a last word in your ear. If you find occasion to make a sympathetic reference to the wrongs of the Unitarians, I promise you it will have an excellent effect on our fellows." "With all the pleasure in the world," says the candidate, as he gently disengages himself from the presidential grasp, "but—hark'ee friend—where *is* Unitaria?"

Some such query may, I suspect, he suggested to a few of the readers of The McGill University Magazine by the title of this paper. "Side-lights on Pragmatism," it may be said, "and, pray, who are the Pragmatists?" Well, they are a body of philosophers, or, perhaps it will be more accurate to say, of writers about philosophy, of considerable number and varied capacity. Set-a-going, I believe, by Mr. C. S. Pierce, the central doctrine of the sect has been repeatedly expounded with characteristic brilliancy and vivacity by Professor William James, whom we in Canada delight no less than his own countrymen to honour

as the first of living psychologists. More recently the dogma has been illustrated with a deal of questionable logic and still more questionable pleasantry by Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, whom Cornell has lately restored to his original Oxford, and who shares, by his own confession, with the Supreme Being the unique distinction of being the sole person in the universe to have fathomed the inner meaning of Goethe's *Faust*.

Of the lesser luminaries of Pragmatism the number would appear to be legion; their names and achievements the curious may find recorded in the pages of *Mind* by the accomplished pen of my colleague, the Professor of Moral Philosophy. One thing, at least, is clear from Professor Caldwell's enumeration; Pragmatism, whether a true creed or not, is, at least in America, a very fashionable one at the present moment. To be a Pragmatist may or may not be wise; it is undeniably, however, *très chic*, and even, if you like the addition, *très fin-de-siècle*. All the more reason, then, that even ordinary persons like myself, who can boast of no peculiar confidences with our Maker, and even of no understanding of Goethe except such as may be enjoyed by any reader of average capacity and application, should try to take stock of the new doctrine, and, if we find ourselves unable to accept it, should at any rate examine our reasons for remaining faithful to our more old-fashioned ideas.

Professor James's version of the main thesis of Pragmatism will be found, stated with all Professor James's peculiar vigour and humour, in the opening essay of his volume, *The Will to Believe*. For the benefit of those of my readers—and I hope they are few—who are unfortunate enough not to have made the acquaintance of Professor James's book, I will first give as brief a summary as I can of his argument as I understand it. I shall then try, in a desultory and untechnical way, to urge some objections to Professor James's main position, which, if developed to their inevitable consequences, would, unless I am mistaken, conduct us to far-reaching philosophical results. And here I would beg any reader who may be frightened by the not altogether undeserved associations of the words "philosophy" and "philosophical" with triviality and dullness to take heart of grace. Dullness I shall do my best to escape by the avoidance, so far as lies in me, of technicalities of every kind. And as for triviality, whatever, may be thought of our treatment of our subject, the theme itself is no trivial one, but the most momentous that can well engage a man's thoughts, being indeed nothing less than a

branch of the inquiry that has exercised men's minds from the beginning how a man shall best order his steps aright in this strange puzzle-house of a world.

The problem Professor James and the Pragmatist school generally have set themselves to solve is this: How far may the felt need or desire of any one of us to believe and act upon a certain doctrine lawfully influence him in the acceptance or rejection of that doctrine? A question of no small import for the future of ethical and religious belief in an age like our own in which almost every man who thinks must have known from his own experience the conflict between emotional devotion to views of the world learned in the nursery and the family circle and the failure of the mature intellect to find adequate logical justification for them. Now, there is an old-established answer to this question which has in the main been that of philosophers since it was first clearly formulated by Socrates, and which might be called the rationalist answer. According to the rationalistic view the need which I feel to believe a proposition and the "peace in believing" which arises from the gratification of that need have *no* right to influence my estimate of the doctrine's truth. The truth or falsity of a doctrine must be determined solely by an impartial estimate of the evidence for and against it. And this evidence must be rigidly *objective* in character, that is, it must consist of statements which do not depend for their cogency upon an appeal to my private emotions, but would possess the same evidential value for any and every rightly-thinking mind before which they might be laid. From this rationalistic point of view the highest of intellectual virtues is just that philosophic candour or open-mindedness which neither allows more than their due value to arguments which support nor less to considerations which negative what we would fain believe to be true. While the "sin which has no forgiveness," though it is committed daily by us all, is the sin of affirming for truth what we want to be true when we do not know it to be so. It was for this faith in reason and evidence as the guide of life more than for any private crochets about the "divine sign" or any personal touch of *incivisme* that the great proto-martyr of the rationalist spirit "drank the hemlock and serenely died." It was this faith again to which Descartes gave fresh expression in the golden dawn of modern thought when he proclaimed it as the first of his famous rules for the guidance of the understanding to "take nothing for true until I know it evidently

to be so." And it is the spirit of this faith in reason as the one thing supremely reasonable that breathes through the passionate utterance of W. K. Clifford when he warns us in the name of intellectual honesty that a belief for which we can give no adequate grounds is a luxury which we have no right to permit ourselves.

The main thesis of Pragmatism, however expressed, is the direct contradictory of this fundamental proposition of Rationalism. What Professor James and those for whom he speaks claim is that our very emotional need or desire for the satisfaction to be got by accepting a belief is itself legitimate ground for believing. "Our emotional nature" has a right to decide for us to what beliefs we shall commit ourselves. (That is, I suppose, when we can find no other and more objective grounds for our decision one way or the other. I can hardly suppose Professor James to mean that I am justified in believing a thing simply because it gratifies me to believe it, when I know of no other reason for thinking the thing true and do know of definite reasons for thinking it false. Yet a clearer and more exact statement of the Pragmatist doctrine on this all-important point must, I am sure, have been desired by many readers of *The Will to Believe*.)

Professor James's argument for this conclusion may perhaps be very roughly summarized thus. There are alternative beliefs on issues of vital significance for conduct between which we cannot avoid choosing in action, though the materials for a decision purely "according to the evidence" are not, and may never be, before us. These alternatives may be known by three marks. The issues are *living* ones; that is, they vitally affect our whole conception of the world in which we live and of our relation to it. They are *forced*; that is, there are two alternative possibilities only open to us, with no loophole of escape. And finally they are *momentous*; that is, the consequences of a decision are such as must affect the whole course of life profoundly for good or evil. Such an alternative, for example, is given to the civilized Western man in the choice to be a Christian or to be an unbeliever. The issue here is a vital one, the alternatives are exhaustive, and the practical consequences of right or wrong choice are, by the admission of both parties, of enormous importance. Now, Professor James urges that, as a matter of fact, it usually is our wants and desires, and no mere intellectual considerations, which determine our attitude towards these most real and momentous of issues. A man is usually a Christian, if he is one, not

because his intellect has been convinced by the Angelic Doctor, or by Paley, or by the Shorter Catechism, but because he feels his need of a peace which he can only get by faith in God, in Christ, and in the providential government of the world. Or he is an atheist because his heart is in revolt against a theology which he feels to make of the world a worthless place, not because, like one of the characters in the *New Republic*, he has discovered a formal logical disproof of the being of a God. In fact, conviction comes first, and usually on non-rational grounds, and it is only with the conviction already formed that we look round for the arguments to support it.

Further, Professor James goes on to maintain, this state of things is not only the usual but the right state, and that for the following reasons. If only we had some infallible means of recognizing the truth when once it is found, some universal "criterion" of truth, it might be well enough with the rationalist position. But there is no such criterion, no "click of the mental machinery" by which we can tell that its work has been correctly performed. Hardly a proposition has been proclaimed by philosophers of one school as the very truth which philosophers of other schools have not denounced as utter error. If we are to believe for truth only what every one admits for proved, our list of certainties will be almost reduced to the multiplication table. Thus our decisions on the important issues of life have in general to be made at the dictate of the "heart" or not made at all.*

And there is a further consideration of the highest moment to be taken into account with regard to the moral and religious alternatives of which Professor James is primarily thinking. We must reckon the danger of missing the truth if we refuse to commit ourselves in advance of evidence against the danger of falling into error if we believe before evidence is forthcoming. Thus, if there is no God, I shall undoubtedly lose something by allowing my reason to be duped into believing in God; but on the other hand, if there should be a God, how much I shall miss if, out of fear of believing too much, I go through life without the moral inspiration that belief in God gives! The rationalist recommendation of suspense of judgment in the absence of evidence, rests, in fact, upon what may be the mere prejudice that it is a greater evil to

* In fact the Pragmatist seems to have taken for his motto :

Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis.

have been a dupe, if belief should have been wrong, than to have lived miserable and ineffectual if belief should be right.

And finally in moral matters belief has a tendency to create its own object. If I want my friend to prove worthy of confidence or to respond to affection, the surest way is to believe that he is worthy or that he is loving. Confidence and affection grow by being presupposed where they might remain for-ever dormant in the presence of suspicion and refusal to trust beyond what can be "objectively" proved. Now what if this friend, as Browning somewhere has it, "should happen to be God?" What if, that is, there should be a certain character in the universe that can only be experienced if we are willing to meet it half-way and to act as if it were there before proof can be had? It might then be the first condition of our knowing the final truth about the world that we should be prepared to accept that truth before the evidence of its being the truth has been even presented to our experience. And if this may be so, how unreasonable by refusing to meet truth half-way to deprive ourselves voluntarily of our one chance of knowing it for what it is!

So far in substance Professor James, and I cannot disguise from myself that he has made out what must appear *primâ facie* a very formidable case, and that I shall probably have the sympathies of most of my readers against me if I try to suggest a line of defence for the more old-fashioned rationalist view of truth and evidence. Still I will make the attempt in the hope that considerations which appear weighty to myself may possibly have some weight with others. First, then, I shall indicate what, in my judgment, are the weak points of the reasoning by which Professor James defends his cardinal tenet. Next, I shall try to show that there is a dangerous ambiguity in the statement of the Pragmatist principle itself; in fact, that what Professor James sets out to prove, and apparently believes himself to have proved, is something quite different from what really is proved by his argumentation, so far as it is relevant and actually proves anything at all. And finally, I shall try to state briefly what I take to be the truth about the relation of moral and religious beliefs to logical evidence.

I do not deny that the practical upshot of the doctrine I shall try to recommend would, in the majority of cases, not be very different from that of Professor James's theory. But I must respectfully urge that the question at issue, so far as it is a genuinely philosophical one, is not

a question of practical consequences at all. What I am concerned with is simply and solely the logical question whether the Pragmatist principle means what it says, and whether, if so, it is a self-consistent principle. Between two doctrines which are, so far as their consequences in practice are concerned, indistinguishable, there may yet be all the difference between proved truth and demonstrable contradiction. Though, as we shall see, this consideration is of itself enough to show that Pragmatism as a theoretical principle in Philosophy must be false. And we may therefore conclude, if my case is successfully made out, that Pragmatism has won acceptance from philosophers only because they have usually failed to understand the real meaning of their own statements.

(1) Among the arguments of Professor James's essay none is more prominent or more striking than the confident inference from the actual existence of a certain mental tendency to its legitimacy. That we do commonly believe what we wish to believe is put forward as of itself a very solid ground for concluding that it is reasonable to believe. But surely this inference from what is to what ought to be is at least highly precarious. I cannot, indeed, —speaking for myself—undertake to deny that there must ultimately be some sort of relation between the two. I should be prepared to admit that the wide-spread existence of certain fundamental convictions is, so far as it goes, a presumption in favour of those convictions containing at least a kernel of solid truth. In the same way I could not deny that the persistent conviction of civilized mankind, or a great portion of them, that there are certain things which it is good to do, affords a presumption that those things really are good. So far at least the old argument of the Stoics and the Christian apologists from the *consensus gentium* must I think be recognized by anyone who is not prepared to reckon with the almighty practical joker of Descartes' *Méditations* as a serious possibility.

But the real question is, "How far will the *consensus gentium* take us?" And I assert unhesitatingly that it will not take us by any means so far as Professor James seems to suppose. The existence of a belief or a practice may be a presumption in its favour, when no other evidence can be obtained as to its truth or moral worthiness; it is not relevant evidence in the face of demonstration or even of objective probability in the contrary sense. And this can be seen *a priori* from a simple reflection. It is at least conceivable that all mankind may

have agreed in the belief of the truth of a proposition which can be logically proved to be false. Indeed, something of this kind seems actually to have happened in certain cases. Thus, until very recently all philosophers who raised the question seem to have agreed that an infinite number is a contradiction in terms. Now, thanks to the labours of certain philosophical mathematicians, this proposition has been demonstrated to be false. Again, no axiom has won more universal acceptance as a self-evident truth than the proposition "the whole is always greater than the part," and this again has now been proved to be false by the consideration of infinite wholes. Thus the argument from universal consent has in intellectual matters no force as against logical demonstration. What all mankind have agreed to believe as self-evident *may* be no better than an error begotten of prejudice and confusion.

The same is true of universal consent in moral questions. Supposing it to be true that all mankind had without exception agreed in recognizing some line of conduct as good, it is still conceivable that the conduct in question might be proved irrefutably to be bad. The Stoic might be right in declaring that no perfect act of duty has been ever performed by mortal man; the consistent Christian in affirming that in every act of our lives we are unprofitable servants; yet the laws of morality or the commandments of God would lose no whit of their absolute character in consequence. Good would still be good, though all men with one accord should prefer evil; right would still be right though all our works were uniformly "sin and death." This consequence can be logically avoided only by a disputant who is bold enough to sustain the paradox that no man ever does choose evil in mistake for good. For if any one can err in his choice even once, it is conceivable that all of us may err, and, ay, do so continually.

It is unlikely that error is so universal, to be sure, but the general presumption of truth given by the improbability of universal error has no weight in a special case as against positive grounds for suspecting error, just as, on the other side, the general probability of error derived from our knowledge that we sometimes make mistakes, has no weight against a special conclusion which is supported by certain demonstration. And if you object that we may be mistaken as to the soundness of our "certain demonstration" itself, the retort is easy. If we were not sometimes certain that our reasoning is sound, we should be unable

even to distinguish sound inferences from unsound, and thus we should not even know that we are sometimes liable to make mistakes. It may read like a paradox, but it is for all that the plain truth to say that it is only because we are infallible in some matters that we know of our fallibility in others. Thus the existence of a particular belief is no evidence by itself of its truth, and though it were universally the case that we believe what we wish to believe, we should still have no right to infer that what we wish to believe is for that reason true.

Indeed, when we come to deal with particular illustrations of this bias, experience seems rather to show that to believe what we wish to believe merely because we wish it is usually the way to fall into error. We shall best see this by considering a concrete case in which we have the advantage of being able to say beforehand in general what kind of evidence, if procurable, would really justify a conclusion. The choice which is now being offered to Englishmen between the acceptance and the rejection of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy has all the marks upon which Professor James insists. The alternatives are living, the decision between them is forced, and for those of us who care for the future of the British Empire, most momentous. And there is no doubt that most English voters as a matter of fact will decide in accord with their "passional nature," that is, with a mass of unreasoned prejudice only remotely connected with any intelligible economic grounds. Votes will be given not so much on the strength of Board of Trade Returns or statistics of Agriculture or the findings of Chambers of Commerce, as for "Joe" and against "Joe." But would Professor James seriously contend that this is the spirit in which an important economic issue should be decided? And if such a method would be improper in questions of politics, why should it be less improper in questions of morality and religion? Or if we are to trust in these matters of highest moment to bias and prejudice and mere liking and disliking, why may we not equally do so in questions which, however weighty, are after all by comparison of secondary significance. To me, I confess, there is something of intellectual levity in the proposal to decide what Plato and bad "the gravest of all issues—the choice between being really good and bad" by appeals to an influence which would be ruled out of court in deciding on the choice of a profession or an investment. If there are any matters in which it is of supreme moment to know what is true and what is false surely it is just these, and, surely then, it

is just here that we cannot allow the last word to what, for all we know, may be unintelligent caprice.

(2) These reflections bring me to a second point of some importance. It is a singular fact that the very relevant distinction between proof and evidence appears to be utterly neglected by Professor James. His typical rationalist, it seems, has a longer or shorter list of propositions to the absolute and proved truth of which he is ready to swear, but about everything not covered by the items of this list his mind is a blank. Where he is not absolutely confident of knowing the whole and perfect truth his judgment is in a state of equal suspense, inclining neither to affirmation or denial. That certainty has many degrees, and that where there is not conclusive proof there may yet be objective evidence sufficient to justify provisional acceptance of one side of a disjunction rather than the other,—these are commonplaces of the rationalist philosophy upon which its adherents have insisted *ad nauseam*. Professor James can certainly not be unacquainted with them, yet his argument appears silently to ignore their existence.

Yet I should have supposed it a very strange way of defending God and the soul to argue that because there is no more logical ground for belief in them than for disbelief the decision must be left to our personal prejudices. But, if the logical grounds for belief, let us say, are weightier than the opposing grounds for disbelief (and with Professor James's permission, that they are so is still the conviction of Christians), what becomes of the argument that we must take sides on the strength of mere personal prejudice or remain for ever undecided?

There is an answer to this criticism at once so plausible and so typical of the kind of mental confusion out of which Pragmatism springs that I must not leave it unexamined. "Believe according to the evidence," it may be said, "and how is the feat to be accomplished?" Where you have only evidence enough to render a conclusion probable, but not enough to make it certain, and yet must decide definitely either to act on the supposition of its truth or on that of its falsehood, pray what, in the name of Philosophy, are you to do? You have either to act as if the conclusion were absolutely true or as if it were absolutely false; there is no third way. And since belief is measured by our willingness to act on a supposition, belief on topics of fundamental religious and moral significance *must*, except for the fortunate few who claim to possess demonstrative certainty, be based on non-rational

grounds." *Mit nichten*; readiness to act is *not* the measure of belief, and it is largely from a mistake on this point that the further blunders of the Pragmatist logic, or non-logic, arise.

Let me illustrate by a simple example. It is the great arch-rationalist of modern Philosophy, Descartes himself, who tells us—and better advice could not be given—that when one has to find one's way out of an unknown forest, one's surest course is to take some one of the paths that intersect it, and having chosen one's path to follow it no less resolutely than if one knew it to be the road one is looking for. But when I take Descartes' advice, I do not for one moment suppose that my willingness to keep to the path I have chosen at random proves it to be the path I want. I know all the time that it is just as likely or even more likely *not* to be my road. And, more generally, to adopt a working hypothesis for the purpose of testing its efficacy is not the same thing as to believe that hypothesis to be true. At best my temporary adoption of it only proves that I think it likelier to be true than to be untrue. Readiness to act upon an assumption and belief that the assumption is true are distinct and separate states of mind, and nothing but mistake is likely to come from the short-sighted attempt to confound them.

Thus a rationalist who is old-fashioned enough to think that theism has a higher objective probability than atheism may quite well justify his acceptance of God as a working hypothesis without needing either to maintain that there is demonstrative proof of God's existence (though even that alternative has in its favour the names of philosophers at least as distinguished as any of our modern Pragmatists), or to throw the sword of Brennus into the scale by an appeal to blind emotional faith. Irrationalism has fortunately not yet been shown, not even by the combined ingenuity of David Hume, Professor James, and Mr. Balfour, to be an integral part of the "foundations of belief."

(3) It is a curious point about Professor James's reasoning that he is singularly eager to reduce the contents of proved knowledge to a minimum. Indeed he is only got to admit in one grudging sentence that anything can be proved true at all. But the admission, once made, is a fatal one for Pragmatism. The "Abstract judgments of comparison, such as that two and two are four" on examination turns out to be Professor James's playful way of describing the whole contents of mathematics. But do but consider what the existence of a

single mathematical proposition implies. If our mathematical knowledge were limited to the one statement that $2+2=4$, we should still have reason to attach immense significance to it. For that $2+2=4$, and can be proved to be $=4$ and not $=3$ or $=5$, would mean that there is at least one truth which does not in any way depend upon and cannot in any way be affected by our "will" or "heart" or "passional nature," but has to be accepted in the end because it is true and for no other reason. And the existence of one such proposition would be enough of itself to suggest the possibility that there are an infinite plurality of similar truths. Nay, more, from the fact that it is true that $2+2=4$, and that my will has nothing to do with the matter but to recognize a truth which it cannot alter, I could rightly infer that to be true *means* something quite different from being willed, and that any theory which identifies the two may at once be dismissed as either false or meaning something quite different from what it says.

It is for this reason that the empiricist despisers of pure formal mathematics have commonly proved themselves incompetent in logical theory, while on the other hand the three metaphysical systems which have most powerfully affected human thought, those of Plato, of Kant, and of Leibniz, (the last only just now beginning to be understood and to come by its rights), have one and all taken the validity of mathematical truth as their starting-point. Hence I should not shrink from meeting the Pragmatist case with the following challenge. If you grant that in ordinary Arithmetic we have a body of truth which can be proved, (and most Pragmatists, I believe, wisely prefer Hume's surrender of the empiricist case on this point to Mill's desperate attempt at rehabilitation), you have no right *a priori* to set arbitrary limits to the extent of provable truth, and your pessimistic declamations on the uncertainty of human knowledge lose their force. If you can prove that two and two are four, it may be that our failure hitherto to prove the immortality of the soul (or, if you like, its mortality,) is due merely to failure to secure sufficient evidence or to deficiency in logical accuracy of reasoning upon the evidence, and not to any inherent incapacity of the human understanding to resolve the question. And where a question is not in principle insoluble (and no one has as yet shown that any question but one which is self-contradictory *is* in principle insoluble), it is nothing nobler than haste and impatience with the quiet, steady work of careful observation and sound reasoning that prompts us to cry out

for some heroic measure of cutting discussion short by the premature foreclosing of examination with an appeal to unsifted prejudice and personal prepossession. While when I am told that most things which have been claimed as proved have been called in question by some one, I am satisfied to reply in the words of a great German Biblical scholar that a thing may be questioned and yet for all that be unquestionable.

(4) But, I may be told, after all we are concerned here with questions not of fact but of ethical worth. You cannot prove one line of life worthier, one religious conviction more ennobling than another by considerations of objective evidence. Here at least the final appeal must be to my personal *will* to have this rather than that. Of all the Pragmatist fallacies this appears to be by far the most plausible and persistent. And yet that it is a fallacy seems capable of complete demonstration. Indeed the only source of its popularity seems to be the very multiplicity of ambiguous meanings which the Pragmatist contrives to pack into one brief sentence when he asserts that moral truth, at any rate, depends upon our will. Let us try to unravel them by looking at the proposition a little more closely.

To begin with, it is clear that the Pragmatist would be right if he meant no more than that ethical truth cannot be established by the kind of evidence which is required to establish "truth of fact." By proving that a thing is habitually done, you do not prove that it is right to do that thing, though Professor James at least seems to overlook this consideration in the earlier part of his argument, as I have already noted. On this point I have nothing to add to what has been said already.

Again, I would not deny that *ultimate* ethical truths, like all other ultimate truths, are incapable of being proved at all. They have to be accepted, if they are accepted, by Intuition as *self-evident* in the strict sense of the word. We see them or we do not see them, and there is no more to be said. As Aristotle said long ago, such a truth as that "the triangle is the simplest rectilinear figure" admits of no proof. If a man does not see that what has three sides also has three angles, no reasoning will make him see it. But, as this very example shows, there is no special connection between will and self-evidence. That a figure with three sides has three angles is, like other truths, a truth which my will did not make true and cannot make false. It has no doubt to be recognized, and recognition is in essence an act of the will. But though

I may choose whether I will attend to geometrical relations or leave them unnoticed, when once I have chosen to attend to them, I cannot choose what relations I shall regard as true.*

Now, I contend that ultimate ethical truths are in exactly the same case as ultimate geometrical truths. They have to be recognized, but what the relations to be recognized are is both cases independent of our choice. Thus, if murder is wrong, I can no more make murder right by willing that it shall be right than I can make two equal to three or the angles of a triangle four in number by willing these results. To take an instance which brings out even more strikingly the confusion that lies at the heart of Pragmatism: let us admit, for the sake of argument, that Kant was right in declaring that there is nothing good but a good will. Then, however much I may will that something other than a Kantian good will should be good, I cannot make it so. If Kant's proposition is true at all, it will be a truth which we can and ought to recognize, but which would be none the less true, even if, as a matter of fact, no one ever did actually recognize it. That Pragmatism can overlook so obvious a consideration seems only explicable on one hypothesis. The Pragmatist sees that what is ethically good is in general a certain condition of my will; he then jumps to the conclusion that this state of my will is goodness *because* I will that goodness shall be that particular state of my will. But there is no connection whatever between the premises and the conclusion of this inference.

Indeed, one may fairly say that if Pragmatism means what it says, and if again what it says is true, there can be no such thing as morality. What all moral systems agree in pre-supposing is that a certain course of life is good, whether I choose to regard it as good or not. The divergences between rival codes only arise upon the logically secondary issue as to what in particular that course of life is. But if I can make a course of life good merely by willing that it shall be good, then morality itself becomes a thing of my private caprice. Of all the moralists known to history the only consistent Pragmatist would appear to have been the Old Man of the Mountain, whose supreme revelation to his

* cf. Leibniz (Works ed. Gerhardt, I. 370). Toutes les propositions hypothétiques nous assurent ce qui seroit ou ne seroit pas, . . . et cette possibilité, impossibilité ou nécessité n'est pas une chimère que nous faisons, parceque nous ne faisons que le reconnoistre et malgrez nous et d'une maniere constante.

followers ran, according to Nietzsche, "Nothing is true; everything is permitted."

(5) What then becomes of the argument that in ethical matters belief creates or may create its object? Once more we have to deal with an elementary fallacy of ambiguity. When my belief in my friend's loyalty is itself the cause of loyalty in him, what we have here is not a true belief leading to the subsequent reality of its object, but a false belief operating as one of the conditions of a change in objective existence, which in its turn is the condition of a second true belief. Last year I believed in my friend's possession of certain qualities which he, as a fact, did not possess; so far my belief was false. But the existence in me of this false belief has led to a change in my friend's character such that he now really has the qualities in question. Hence my belief in his possession of those qualities this year is a true belief. But this does not in the least alter the fact that last year's belief was false, and that if this year a belief with the same content is true, it is only true because there has been in the meanwhile a change in the objective facts.

It might perhaps be urged that there are cases in which this explanation would not be applicable. Thus in the case of beliefs with respect to the future; it might be said that when my belief that I am going to grow rich or to become Lord Chancellor or Head of my College by inspiring me with the expectation of success tends of itself to make the realization of success easier, we have here a belief which helps to create its own object and yet is not false. For if I really do become Lord Chancellor the belief that I was going to be Lord Chancellor with which I set out on my legal career was in point of fact true. But even in these cases of beliefs as to the future strict logic would compel a distinction between the state of things believed in and the state of things the belief helps to make actual. What is believed is that I shall at a *future* time be Lord Chancellor; what becomes real in consequence of the belief is the fact of being Lord Chancellor in the actual *present*. And, in any case, the religious and moral convictions which Professor James has in his mind as typical instances of things to be believed are one and all beliefs about what is now the truth. Hence, if I have to accept them as a pre-condition of their becoming true, then, when I first accept them, I shall be believing what is not yet true; that is, what

actually is false. And to prove that the belief of falsehood may lead to useful results is not in the least to prove that the useful falsehood is other than false.

But, it may be urged, you have not yet fairly met Professor James's point. For he is thinking of beliefs which may be actually true, though there is little or no evidence of their truth. Thus if, for instance, it is as a matter of fact true that there is a personal God, and if you first believe this truth without evidence, and afterwards obtain in your own inner experience evidence of its truth in the form of personal spiritual relations with God, your original belief, accepted before the evidence was there, will have been true, and you will at no stage of the process be open to the reproach of believing for true what is actually false.

All this is, no doubt, true enough, but still I would make two suggestions in rejoinder. The first is that if the belief *e.g.* in God is a true one, then the very existence of the religious experience of the rest of mankind as part of the facts which a theory of the universe has to explain is, so far as it goes, objective evidence in favour of the belief's truth, and in accepting belief in God before verifying in my own person the possibility of personal relations with God, I am no more taking a leap in the dark, with no justification for it better than my own "passional nature" than I am when I believe in the evidence of Edward VII. on the testimony of others who have seen and spoken with him.

The second suggestion is that even though what I believe without any ground better than my wish to believe should turn out in point of fact to be the actual state of affairs, yet, for all that, my state of mind in believing it is not knowledge, and nothing but intellectual confusion and moral self-deception can come of the attempt to confound it with knowledge. For my part, I had hoped that the distinction between "true opinion" and knowledge had been once for all established by Plato in the *Theætetus*, and I am still inclined to think that our modern Pragmatists have much to learn from the searching logic of that immortal dialogue.

So much for some of the arguments by which Pragmatism has been recommended. I will now ask more briefly what the main proposition for which these grounds have been offered is, and whether it can possibly be true. And I think it is not hard to show that it cannot be. When we ask what, after all, in its simplest terms, is the doctrine that Professor James, as Plato would say, "has uttered in a parable in all

this verbiage," his disciples do us the service of putting the principle more recklessly into set terms than their master. Pragmatism, they tell us, means that "the true is the useful," and the "useful" means what harmonizes with our "practical" needs. What "practical" means I suspect they have not as yet begun to ask themselves.

Now "the true is the useful" may mean one of two very different things, and it is essential to the Pragmatist case to confuse these things under cover of an ambiguous expression. It might mean, "true" and "useful" are mere synonyms; "usefulness" is the very meaning of the word "truth." But that the doctrine so interpreted would be false is only too manifest. For we can ask the question "is the statement 'the true is the useful' itself true?" And in asking this question we are aware that we do *not* mean "is the doctrine that 'the true is the useful' a *useful* doctrine?" but something quite different. Or, to put the same point in another way, the Pragmatist himself, when he asserts that "the true is the useful" believes himself to be making a significant statement. He does not himself believe that his gospel amounts to the barren tautology that "the useful is useful." And thus the very importance which he attaches to his doctrine shows that for him, as for the rest of us, *true* and *useful* mean two things and not one thing.

On the other hand "the true is the useful" may mean, and if Pragmatism can be stated in intelligible terms, must mean simply that "all useful things and only useful things are true things." In that case, truth will not be the same as usefulness, but usefulness will be an universal *criterion* of truth. Stated thus, the doctrine is both significant and important, but we have still the right to ask the further question, "is it true?" Now, for my part, I confess that at least I do not see how its universal truth could be proved. It is rash, no doubt, ever to assume that a piece of knowledge is without useful applications merely because you do not find that it has yet been fruitfully applied; still, since "true" and "useful," as we now know, do not *mean* the same thing, there is always the logical possibility that there may be some true things which are not useful, some truths which have no interest for us beyond the interest of being true. Such truths seem, for instance, to be certain facts of past history. Thus it can make no earthly difference to the future conduct of any human being whether Cain killed Abel or Abel killed Cain, and the only rational reason I could possibly have for preferring to believe that Cain killed Abel and not *vice versa* would be

that it happens to be true. Yet the fact that by believing rightly that Cain killed Abel we gain no result, beyond the cognition of the true state of the matter, which we should lose if we believed wrongly that Abel killed Cain, does not alter one whit the fact that one of these beliefs is (assuming the historical character of the story of Genesis), true and the other false.

If we turn to that much larger body of truths of which we can see that besides being true they are also useful, we still have to reckon with the possibility that their usefulness may be a mere consequence of their truth. It may be that they are only useful because they are already and independently true, and that opposing beliefs would have been equally useful, if it were not that they were false. Thus, it is clearly useful to believe that two and two are four rather than that they are three or five, but the only reason of this usefulness seems to be that it is true that two and two *are* four. If they were three or five, it would then be useful to believe them to be three or five, but as they happen to be four, it is more useful to recognize the fact.

It is true that there are also other beliefs which are useful, but cannot be proved independently to be true. I have tried elsewhere to show that this is, for instance, the case with our scientific beliefs in causation, or in the existence of "laws of nature." For the purpose of formulating practical rules for the manipulation of bodies it is advantageous to be assured that every result depends upon a finite assemblage of assignable conditions, and that whatever happens in conjunction with such an assemblage of conditions will happen again without variation whenever that assemblage is repeated. But, as I have also urged, just because we can give no reason for regarding these assumptions as true beyond the fact that they are convenient, we have no right to say they are true except within the limits in which they have been verified by actual experience. In this sense Hume's doctrine that induction is incapable of yielding demonstrative certainty appears to me at least unquestionable, and to compel us to make a fundamental distinction between such empirical generalizations and those demonstrated truths which, as I have argued, are only useful because we know them already to be true. Though, indeed, even in the case of the empirical generalisations we may at least say that they too would not be useful if we could not by actual verification prove them to be approximately true. For the essential character of all logical induction is

that it is a process of approximation. We assume that cases which are alike in certain respects may be treated for our various objects as alike in other respects also, that the unlikeness which may exist between two cases will not be considerable enough to make an appreciable difference in the results of our manipulation of Nature. But unless this assumption had been tested and found true it would not be useful.

You may perhaps say that in practice these considerations do not seriously affect the Pragmatist position. They still leave us free to devise any working hypothesis which, if true, would be useful, under the proviso that we subsequently submit the question of its truth to adequate tests. And what more does the Pragmatist assert? Well, he asserts a great deal more. He asserts either that the truth of a statement means its usefulness, or, at any rate, that its truth is a consequence of its usefulness. And both these assertions we have seen to be unfounded nor is the difference between the two positions without its consequences. For it will follow, if usefulness is itself a consequence of truth, that where we have no means of submitting the truth of a belief to any kind of test, we cannot, without a *petitio principii* make its usefulness, if true, into a reason for maintaining its actual truth. Thus if there really were no other reason for belief in God, it would be illogical to bid mankind to believe in God merely because the belief would become eminently useful if ground could be found for regarding it as true. The reason why this obvious point is so frequently overlooked I take to be that believers in general are convinced that there *are* objective grounds, capable of evaluation, for believing in God. They do not really hold, as a thorough-going Pragmatist ought to hold, that there is *no* reason for belief rather than unbelief beyond a usefulness which *ex hypothesi* only attaches to the belief on the supposition that it is true. Hence the Pragmatist position inevitably appears to them more logical than it really is.

To see the hollowness of this appeal to usefulness as a ground for asserting truth we need only to consider more closely the very case we have just been discussing. That belief in God is useful if God really exists is no doubt manifest. But on the other hand, if God does not exist, it is no less useful to know this fact and to adjust the conduct of our lives to it. If the objective grounds for a decision are really equal it is not only the atheist but the theist also who may fairly be bidden to consider what he stands to lose if his belief is mistaken. And clearly

a consideration which may, in every debated issue, be urged with equal force in favour of both sides cannot be valid reason for deciding in favour of either.

This will become clearer if we take it into account that one interest of our nature which has just as much claim to recognition as any other is the interest in knowing what is true for its own sake. As Plato would put it, what interest can be more truly my own than to have the eye of the soul directed towards the apprehension of the most real objects? Or what more contrary to my interests than to have the soul in a permanent state of illusion as to the most important things? A belief otherwise unpalatable may thus merely because it is true, satisfy a permanent interest of our nature, and be for that reason alone entitled to recognition as pre-eminently useful. At any rate, if a man truly declares that he personally feels no interest in the knowledge of what is true, because it is true, and independently of its relation to other sides of our nature, he has as effectually debarred himself from a right to be heard in questions of Metaphysics as a man who should declare himself colour-blind or tone-deaf from the right to decide on the beauty of landscape or a symphony.*

Metaphysics owes its very existence to our interest in knowing truth as such, and though we may have many other different interests, it is at least certain that by vacillating from one to another and failing to follow out each with a single mind we shall most likely fail equally to satisfy any of them. It was perhaps a self-confident declaration on the part of a philosopher to say, as I have heard of one who did, "my philosophy has no recommendation but its truth," but the utterance at least showed a more sober estimate of what philosophy can do than Mr. Schiller's vaunts of the regeneration of all things which is to be effected, under Mr. Schiller's inspiration, by the "might of postulation," that is, the license to assert for true what you have no particular reason for calling true except the reason that you would very much like it to be true.

Let me, in conclusion, try very briefly to indicate certain positive

* Dante defends boldly, but not too boldly, the rightful claims of contemplation:

"Io mi son Lia e vo movendo intorno
Le belle mani a farmi una ghirlanda.
Per piacermi allo specchio qui m'adorno.
Ma mia suora Rachel mai non si smaga
Dal suo miraglio," etc.

results which appear to emerge from the considerations which have been before us. The first is that our desire to believe in the truth of certain propositions is of itself no proof that they are actually true. Even if it were the case, (as it is not), that we positively knew that the human race would be less happy and less virtuous without a given ethical or religious doctrine, our knowledge on this point would not dispense us from the obligation to discover independent evidence of the doctrine's truth before we claimed to know that truth. For it is at least conceivable that if the universe as a whole has a single end at all, that end may be neither human happiness nor human virtue, and thus that men in general may be happier and better if they are left in ignorance of certain truths. In that case, a question might arise whether the philosopher should publish his unpalatable knowledge or let it die with himself. But however we might decide this point, it would at least follow that we should have no right to assert that truth because unpalatable is not truth, or error because welcome not error.

Further, it would perhaps be reasonable to concede to the Pragmatist as much as this, that the existence of a wide-spread and persistent conviction may be provisionally accepted as a presumption that it contains at least an element of truth. For, on the whole, we do find that few persistent and widely-diffused beliefs have been demonstrated to rest on mere illusion. And for this reason we may fairly regard the existence of such a belief, when nothing further can be ascertained as to its truth or falsehood, as so far presumption in its favour. But we must remember that the presumption so created is, after all, a slight one, and may readily be entirely overthrown by research into the grounds for belief. There *may* be among the beliefs which we are most prone to accept without evidence because of their congruity with our "passional nature," some which examination will yet prove to be as baseless as the once universally diffused and passionately espoused belief in the personal commerce of old women with the Prince of Darkness. Hence, in philosophy at any rate, which aims at being a reasoned system of true beliefs, the appeal to the "will to believe" can never take the place of unbiassed examination of the objective grounds of belief. Whatever our philosophical conclusions, the method by which we reach them must be the rigidly rationalistic method of "sitting down to argue the thing out."

In reply to the argument from the magnitude of the issues at stake it is surely sufficient to remember that, whatever we may lose by refusing to call that truth which has not been shown to be truth, we gain in return what the "lover of wisdom," if he is to be loyal to his calling, must value above all things,—knowledge and insight into the state of his own soul. We may perhaps, in our loyalty to logic, have to do without some convictions which the future will yet show to be well-founded, but at least we have not the "lie in the soul," we have not blinded ourselves to the distinction between what we can prove and what we cannot, between what we know and what we merely surmise or hope. As Socrates would say, we have not put "opinion" for "knowledge." And it is fair to argue that it is only from the rationalistic method that we can expect sure and positive advance in philosophic studies. Loyalty to reason at least has this reward, that we may look by it for sure if slow additions to mankind's stock of known truths. While the "license of unprovable assertion" which calls itself the "will to believe" gives us no prospect for the future, but one of the constant succession of a series of conflicting philosophies which, because founded on nothing more solid than personal prepossessions and prejudices, can only be expected to replace without confirming or correcting their predecessors.

Our present stock of proved philosophic truths is lamentably small, but its very smallness suggests the reflection that things might be far otherwise with the moral sciences if men could agree, as they have done in the physical sciences, to put personal likings and dislikes rigidly on one side and combine their forces in the common attempt to discover what is definitely knowable. For my own part, I have enough faith in human reason, to trust that when this task is accomplished it will be found that there is in the end no unfathomable fixed gulf between what we know for truth, and what we acknowledge as good and beautiful. But if ever we are to acquiesce in the harmony of goodness and beauty with truth, with the knowledge that our acquiescence is justifiable, we must first have betaken ourselves impartially to the enquiry what the truth is.

This is why, for myself, it is not to be the "might of postulation"

but to candid and sober argumentation, not to less of rigid logic but to more of it, that I look for any future durable progress in philosophy.

“Sanctions and tales dislimn like mist
About the amazed evangelist;
He stands unshook, from age to youth,
Upon one pin-point of the truth.”

A. E. TAYLOR.

THE DYING OF PERE PIERRE.

“—with two other priests;—the same night he died, and was buried by the shores of the lake that bears his name.”—Chronicle.

“Nay, grieve not that ye can no honour give
To these poor bones, that presently must be
But carrion; since I have sought to live
Upon God’s earth, as He hath guided me,
I shall not lack ! Where would ye have me lie ?
High heaven is higher than cathedral nave:
Do men paint chancels fairer than the sky ?”
Beside the darkened lake they made his grave,
Below the altar of the hills: and night
Swung incense clouds of mist in creeping lines
That twisted through the tree-trunks, where the light
Groped through the arches of the silent pines:
And he, beside the lonely path he trod,
Lay, tombed in splendour, in the house of God.

JOHN McCRAE.

A MAY MORNING IN PÆSTUM.

The sun shines down from a sky of marvellous blue upon the flat green plain which lies hemmed in between the mountains and the turquoise sea. Far to the south rise the lilac peaks of the mountains of Calabria, while the nearer Apennines show bold rough masses of limestone, soft chestnut covered flanks, and summits crowned with late May snow. The sunlight falls warmly on three great Doric temples standing grave and austere in their solemn beauty, and paints the ancient travertine a rich glowing yellow. Stains of orange and dull red appear along the friezes where soil has long been gathering. Here the weeds run riot and the birds build their nests. They fly in and out between the pillars, their swift flashing shadows chasing one another over the temple floors. A few lean goats wander about cropping the rank grasses and herbage which carpets the ground where the great city of Pæstum, or, give it its Greek name, Posidonia, once stood. Virgil tells us in the Georgics that the gardens of Pæstum were of surpassing sweetness, for in them the roses bloomed twice every year—

*“Forsitan et pingues hortos quæ cura colendi
Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Pæsti.”*

There are no roses here now, but the temples remain.

One of them, the greatest, the temple of Neptune, built in honour of the tutelary diety of the city, is in an almost perfect state of preservation. As we approach the steps by a faintly-worn path we see the six

great fluted columns rising in front and tapering slightly to their flat capitals. Surmounting these is the architrave, a row of large stone blocks spanning the spaces between the columns, derived from, or corresponding to, the crossbeam in wood. Above this extends the frieze composed of smaller blocks showing, still, slight traces of ornament, while above this again rest the cornice and the pediment. The triangular space or tympanum is now bare of all enriching sculpture, but we can feel that the minds that conceived and the hands that built here so long ago could have chosen nothing for the adornment of this place of honour but that which would be most beautiful and most fitting. At the sides of the temple the outer rows of pillars like those in front recede in their unbroken ranks to the back, while within are three steps up to the *cella*, a higher inner platform of the same oblong shape as the temple itself, which is again surrounded by somewhat slighter columns. These are surmounted by a horizontal course of stone on which a few small columns stand, remnants of a once complete tier which originally supported the roof. The *cella* contained the statue of the god. It was, therefore, the only covered portion of the temple and practically corresponded to the Hebrew Holy of Holies. The roof has long since vanished, so we gaze up into a cloudless sky; the sun shines down, and the shadows of the mighty pillars lie about us on the rough stone floor.

The temple next in size stands close to the seaward side of the Temple of Neptune. It has been called a Basilica, but the name is of no authority. It differs from the first in a curious arrangement whereby the *cella* is divided lengthwise into two by a central range of columns. It is thought that it may have been doubly dedicated—one half to Demeter and the other to Persephone. It is in a much less complete state than the Temple of Neptune, for the pediments are completely gone, but the open light effect produced by the lack of these is graceful and lovely. We turn now to the third temple which is perhaps two fields away on the other side of the great temple. In our walk thither we see a portion of the Greek walls, which extend about the temples in an unbroken circle between two and three miles in circumference. They are, of course, much overgrown, and in places quite embedded, presenting the appearance of a bushy, green dyke, but the ruined remains of eight towers and four gates have been made out. Arriving at the temple of

Ceres we are struck by its beauty, for, though much smaller than the temple of Neptune, it is almost as impressive. The front pediment is still standing, and, for the rest, it is in a fair state of preservation. It is supposed to have been altered in the days of Roman rule, though built as early as the other two—in 600 B.C.

The desolation, the loneliness of these three great temples is curiously impressive, when we remember the power and riches of this ancient city, for there is not so much as a solitary cottage or hut within sight. In this respect, how very much unlike Pompeii, which is surrounded by populous villages! The coins that have been found are numberless, and of extreme and perfect beauty. Upon most of them we see Neptune brandishing his trident, thus showing forth the supremacy Pæstum held at sea. This appears also in the fact that the city gave her name to the great gulf which is now the Gulf of Salerno. As we look across two peaceful fields to the sea, where the soft yellow sand beach gleams, we conjure up a vision of a busy harbour with crowded wharves of galleys riding at anchor, rich argosies and war vessels sailing in and out, and throngs of bronzed mariners filling the city's streets. The vision fades, and we recall the other ancient Greek cities once flourishing along these coasts, Cumæ, Tarentum, Hydruntum (Otranto), Croton and Sybaris, from which Pæstum itself was colonized. These cities seem to represent the very flower of Greek life in Italy, so that if Pæstum, one of the least of these, a city almost unnoticed by ancient writers, produced such wonderful works as we now see, which are unsurpassed, except for the temples in Athens itself, how marvellous indeed must the great cities have been in the time of their full glory! Pæstum was colonized from Sybaris about 600 B.C. It endured constant warfare and plundering at the hands of the Lucanians and Samnites, managing to drive off time and again these rough tribes which looked down jealously upon the fruitful plain from their mountain fastnesses. However, it fell under Roman rule after the failure of the invasion of Pyrrhus in 273 B.C., from which time it gradually dwindled until it was finally destroyed in the Ninth century of our era by the Saracens, who swept up from the South over all this coast, leaving destruction in their wake.

So to-day the temples stand brooding in lonely grandeur. Visions only of past glory are all that remain to us. Solitude, desolation

and silence hold sway over this once teeming plain between the mountains and the sea.

“The old order changeth, and the reign of law
Crushes the beautiful as it is ripe,
That one new monster may o'er-run the world:
That which was saved from his defenceless gripe,
Teaches us what his victims daily saw
Where, o'er the pediment, the acanthus leaf has curled.”

CONSTANCE MacBRIDE.

THE TEMPLE AT MADURA.

Although we had heard of the fame of the temple at Madura, we hardly expected to find much that differed from what we had already seen in the other great South Indian pagodas, but we were agreeably disappointed. Those at Tanjore and Srirangam, while interesting architecturally and otherwise, had appeared very empty and failed to give us the impression of an energetic religion that that in Madura did. This city, anciently the capital of the Pandyan kingdom whose monarchs date back even before the Christian era, has been for hundreds of years the centre of religious life in South India, and is now in the south what Benares is in the north. Moreover, Madura is the great stopping place for pilgrims on their way to Ramessivaram, next to Benares the most sacred spot in all India. Like the temple there, it is honoured by the personal presence of the god Siva, reverence for whom has caused wealthy Hindus to richly endow the shrine so that it is extremely well provided for—the jewels used to adorn the idols being alone worth many lacs of rupees.

In size this temple is said to be the largest in the world. Imagine a vast quadrangle about 850 feet long by 730 broad—or, very roughly, about the size of the McGill grounds from Sherbrooke Street to the Arts Building, and from the west side of the campus to the east side of the Physics building—enclosed by a wall about twenty feet high. This wall is pierced on its four sides by gates, each surmounted by a towering *gopura*, and within it are two other walls, the inner of which encloses the two main shrines, those of Siva and his wife, Minakshi.

These gopuras are the most striking and characteristic feature of this, as of all South Indian Dravidian temples. They are high pagoda-like towers consisting of a number of stories—I have counted eight or nine—each of decreasing size, and ending in a curious cylindrical top usually crowned by a row of gilded spires. They are built of large blocks of stone and are usually of great height—the four main ones at Madura being each about 150 feet. Their entire surface is covered with a mass of most elaborate sculpture representing the various deities of the Hindu Pantheon with their guards, attendants, and sacred animals. These figures, deeply cut and often coloured, are thrown into strong relief by the brilliant sunlight, and the whole effect is as striking as it is curious.

Among the other special features of this temple is the beautiful sacred "Golden Lily Tank," situated near the main shrines and surrounded by a graceful arcade on whose inner wall are curious paintings showing incidents in the history of the temple and scenes from Hindu mythology. We had seen enough temple tanks not to be surprised to find this one being used for bathing, washing of garments, and drinking purposes, notwithstanding the fact that its whole surface was covered with green vegetable matter. Our guide must have heard our remarks, for he was careful to explain to us that under this surface scum the water was clear, being constantly renewed, he said, by strong springs.

Nowhere are the peculiarities of Dravidian art more marked or more elaborate than in this temple, and nowhere does this elaboration reach such a point as in the famous "Hall of One Thousand Pillars." Here are rows and rows of beautifully carved and bracketed pillars, each adorned by figures in high-relief, of deities, guardians, or curious horse-like animals, most of them fortunately free from the disfiguring coat of whitewash which in other parts of the temple detracts so much from the beauty of the work. The stone is a fine hard granite, almost black in colour, and so highly polished as to resemble marble. Many of the figures are grotesque and a few almost revolting, but all are carved with exquisite perfection of detail, even the wrinkles and folds of garments being delicately traced.

The day on which we visited the temple was the occasion of a great festival in commemoration of a miracle performed by Siva near Madura, and the courts and corridors were thronged with people all in holiday attire. There must have been several thousands altogether, and in

some places it was very difficult to make one's way through the crowd. Our guide, a wily-looking Brahmin, proved useful here, and also well earned his fee by the way in which he scared off the numerous beggars who lay in wait for us. We entered the temple by what is known as the "Gate of the Goddess," and passing through a corridor adorned with twelve statues of this deity, entered a huge open court where our eyes, ears and noses were immediately assailed by a most bewildering variety of sensations. The noise and din was terrific! From several directions came the boom of huge gongs, mingled with the distracting beat of tom-toms, and the shriek of pipes. Down the centre of the court were ranged six or seven huge elephants used in the temple processions, and these, probably excited by the noise and the crowd, were trumpeting their loudest, while mingled with the rest of the hubbub was the chatter and laughter of the people. On one side of the court were numerous booths for the sale of jessamine and other heavily-scented flowers used as offerings, and the perfume of these was almost overpowering. It was not strong enough, though, to exclude other and less desirable odours, for in all Hindu temples the worshippers are not careful to remove all the rice and *ghee* (clarified butter) used for oblations. This court altogether presented more the appearance of a bazaar than part of a temple, for, besides the flower sellers were numerous other merchants squatting amid their varied wares, which included rice and other foodstuffs used as offerings, variously shaped vessels, usually of brass, employed by worshippers in their *puja*, brass images and coloured pictures of the deities, rosaries and charms, the red and white pigments with which the marks of the deities are made on the foreheads of devotees, and a large assortment of the curious jewellery with which the women of Southern India delight to adorn themselves.

Passing on through a series of corridors and halls, all richly decorated with carving, and along one side of the "Golden Lily Tank," we came finally to the two main shrines opening off a long chamber supported by pillars of the most elaborate description. This was known as the "Court of the Sacred Parrots," from the fact that from the ceiling in front of the shrine of Minakshi hung several cages containing these birds. In this court the crowd was very dense. People were passing in and out of the shrines; groups of Brahmins sat in corners repeating passages from the sacred books in a sort of nasal chant;

worshippers prostrated themselves in front of the entrance to the sanctuaries ; and, while we waited, a procession came along accompanied by its usual music, and headed by a portly Brahmin robed in his priestly vestures and bearing a tray of flowers and other offerings. We noticed that he stopped first in front of an image of Ganesa before entering the shrine of the goddess. This is a usual procedure throughout India. Everywhere this son of Siva, Ganesa, is worshipped as the god of good luck. He is "the auspicious one," and no Hindu would think of embarking on the slightest enterprise before first securing the aid of this deity by means of a propitiatory offering. He has the head of an elephant and the body of a fat, well-fed Brahmin—this latter characteristic being so marked that he commonly goes by the name of the "belly-god"—and he is always represented sitting in an attitude suggestive of the most supreme self-satisfaction and content. The best images of this deity are, by the way, now made in Philadelphia. And in this connection we heard a story at Madura which illustrates the progress of Western civilization in the East, and the readiness of Hinduism to assimilate. A few days before we reached Madura there had been a big festival in honour of the "auspicious Lord Ganesa," and as usual one of the ceremonies performed in every household consisted in doing *puja* before a small clay image of the god, represented as riding on his sacred animal, the rat. But one maker of these idols, wishing to be up-to-date, made a startling departure from the conventional representation, with the result that Ganesa appeared, not mounted on his slow-going rat, but astride a bicycle, and clad in all the glory of knickerbockers and the rest. These images had a phenomenal sale in the bazaars. I tried to procure one but was unable to do so, as they are all destroyed at the end of the festival.

In the Court of the Sacred Parrots we saw many other strange sights. Several sacred cows wandered about among the crowd, and, as we watched, many passers-by paid reverence to them by kissing the ends of their tails. The two inner sanctuaries containing the images of Siva and his consort we were not allowed to enter, and the mere glimpses we got through the doorways showed only dark interiors with numerous gleaming points of light. Near the door of Minakshi's shrine we were the recipients of a typical bit of Eastern courtesy. Two attendants approached from the shrine bearing wreaths of heavily-scented flowers, which had probably been offered to the goddess, and

these were thrown over our heads. This ceremony of garlanding is the usual way of honouring and welcoming a guest in the East, but of course in this case the ulterior motive was probably "backsheesh." In front of the shrine of Siva was the usual stone bull, or Nandi, his sacred animal, and near by was a curious group of images representing the famous dancing contest between Siva and the goddess Kalee to decide which was the greater. The issue was undecided until Siva suddenly, much in the fashion of a *première danseuse* of to-day, kicked high, caught his foot in his hand, and did a graceful pirouette, whereupon "the applause from the gods," we are told, unanimously proclaimed him victor. Siva is here represented in this dignified attitude. The image of Kalee, the blood-thirsty goddess, the protectress of thugs and robbers, was covered from the mouth downwards with a disgusting mixture of clotted blood and what looked like *ghee*. She is supposed to be appeased by nothing but blood.

One is much struck here, as in all Hindu temples, by the way in which the images are all treated as if they were real beings with ordinary human requirements. Most of the images are quite black in colour and gleaming from being continually rubbed with oil; for just as the Hindu thinks an occasional oil-bath is necessary for his own health, so he thinks that the comfort of the god will be added to if he is kept well saturated. This idea is also seen in the daily routine of ceremonies, which is nearly as follows: Early in the morning, before sunrise, the god is awakened by the music—so-called—of tom-toms and pipes, and after being bathed, he is offered a light repast. He is then dressed, and is ready to receive worshippers bringing offerings of flowers and incense. Towards noon comes the principal morning meal consisting of rice, *dol-curry*, *ghee* and vegetables, and after listening to a little more music, he is undressed and takes his afternoon nap. Awakened as before, he has another bath, is dressed, and partakes of tiffin. During the rest of the afternoon he is regaled at intervals with offerings of flowers, sweet-meats, and more incense; and about six or seven o'clock, after being decked out in his finery, jewels and all, he has a last hearty meal, and is kept awake until nine or so with music, when he is finally undressed and tucked in for the night. While in Madura we were startled about 9.30 in the evening by several loud reports from the direction of the temple, which was about a mile from the bungalow.

On enquiry, we are told that these were large fire-crackers which were set off every night for the entertainment of Siva and the lady Minakshi.

A curious thing about Madura is that, although the worshippers in the big temple are nominally Saivayas, that is, followers of Siva, the real deity and the one most honoured, is the goddess Minakshi. She is the ancient tutelary deity of the city, and was worshipped there long before Hinduism was known in the south of India. When the Aryans came with their religion, they found her cult firmly established, and got over the difficulty by marrying her to Siva, a very good example of how, throughout India, Hinduism has absorbed and incorporated in itself the ancient demonolatry of the people. But even yet the *real* religion of the ryots and common people is a modified form of this old demon and spirit worship. What one sees in the great temples is the religion of the Brahmins and the educated castes, but out in the country each little village or district has its own local deity, either some malicious demon, who, unless propitiated, stalks about at night destroying crops and animals, or else some kindly spirit whose friendly aid may be secured by offerings. And the number of these is constantly being added to, for the spirits of many who depart this life are believed to cling to the place of their former abode, and to exercise a beneficent or malignant influence according to their character during life. One district in Southern India is supposed by the natives to be specially under the influence in this way of the spirit of an English official who died there some years ago. At regular intervals offerings are made to this spirit of whiskey and soda and cigars, the natives considering doubtless that to the shade of a departed Englishman nothing could be more acceptable.

No ryot will on any account venture out into the fields after night-fall, so afraid is he of meeting some of the demons on their nightly rambles. Among the commonest sights along the railway which excite the interest of travellers in Southern India are the curious groups of life-sized terra-cotta horses, often with riders, which stand in front of the small shrines usually found on the outskirts of villages. These are offered annually to the local guardian spirit, and on them he rides about the fields at night protecting the crops from harm.

And yet amid all this darkness and superstition there are many

gleams of light. Within ten minutes walk of the Madura temple are the schools and hospitals of one of the largest and best organized missions in all India, whose band of cultured American ladies and gentlemen are engaged in a noble and successful work in the very midst of this hot-bed of heathenism.

O. B. McCALLUM.

SUMMER.

Fair lies young Summer in her bridegroom's arms,
Strong earth, rejoicing in her many charms;
The tender green entwined in all her hair,
Her heaving bosom to the zephyrs bare;
Her breath with lilies of the vale most sweet,
The pale narcissi springing round her feet;
Her voice, the warble of some leaf-hid bird,
At early dawn or gentle evening heard,
Or ripple of fair steamlets to the sea,
Joying to be from icy bonds set free;
Her eyes, blue lakes, placid with love's content,
Drinking in all the joys with sweet June sent;
Her robes, enwoven all of purple haze,
Scarce hide her swelling form from Phoebus' gaze,
Who, all enamoured, pours his rich light round,
And heaps his golden treasures on the ground;
And when at length, half satiate with delight,
She gently sinks into the short-lived night,
Pale Luna, a sweet sentinel on high,
Watches her slumbers from a cloudless sky.

IVAN WOTHERSPOON.

JAPAN.

"It is not the tool that does the work, but the hand which guides it."

Confucius.

The remarkable successes gained by Japan at the outset of her struggle with Russia, have served to concentrate upon her more than the usual interest which she has rightly claimed during the last forty-five years, and especially since her war with China, because of her phenomenal progress in the arts and sciences, and more particularly because of the position she has won as a world power. To those who are familiar with the Japanese character, and who know the great facts of Japan's progress as a nation during the last 2,500 years, it has long been clear that a conflict must sooner or later arise with encroaching continental powers. For them the prowess, the thorough efficiency and perfect preparation for the struggle of both the sea and land forces, the bravery of the men, the feeling of individual responsibility, and above all the intense spirit of loyalty pervading all classes, are but the natural expression of forces which have been in operation for centuries, but which have only recently found expression along lines paralleling the experiences of European nations. It is nevertheless true that while a high degree of success and possible supremacy in the East was looked for as the final outcome of war, the promptitude with which the initial steps of the contest were carried directly into the enemy's territory, and the extent of the successes gained, have greatly exceeded the expectations of the most ardent well-wisher of Japan. So brilliant were the operations which gave the balance of sea power to Japan in less than

three days, that the world gasped with amazement, and to no one community was the surprise greater than to Russia herself, whose profound contempt of the Japanese representations, because Oriental, left her in a state of singular unpreparedness to meet a nation whose every resource had been directed toward meeting precisely the crisis which is now before her since Commodore Perry opened her doors to international intercourse and brought a realization that entrance into the world's political arena would also precipitate the very conditions against which she had been struggling most successfully for a long period. The gathering force of the strength which is now fully manifest, has been unattended by any unusual display of intentions or self-assertion ; but with the conscientious pride of a people who feel strong in their right to a place among the progressive nations of the earth, and who are determined to assert and maintain that right with dignity and firmness, they have been moving quietly forward until at last the pent-up forces have been let loose with irresistible power in defence of what she well knows is a struggle, not for territorial conquest, but for the preservation of her national life. As in the late war with China, the present crisis is devoid of undue popular excitement. Everywhere the people pursue their customary avocations with calmness, but beneath it all there is evidence of that quiet determination which springs from the consciousness of a just cause, and the resolve to sacrifice everything in the moment of national peril.

At certain seasons of the year storms of remarkable violence sweep up from the China Sea, and carry destruction and desolation along the coasts of Japan. Such typhoons are always preceded by peculiar atmospheric phenomena which, to the initiated, offer abundant warning. With lowering skies, an unusual sense of calm settles over all, and seems to demand a suspension of the usual course of events. All animate nature is affected, and even the birds of the air appear to be conscious of some gathering force against the operation of which all efforts are futile. Is it not possible that the fierce moods of the hurricane have left their impress upon the character and temper of the people who come under their sway? Certainly the confident attitude of the Japanese under the provocation offered since the close of the war with China, their untiring industry in preparing for an inevitable strife, and the calmness with which they have regarded the progress of events, were all portents of the fierce blast with which the hurricane of war

swept down upon the Russian fleet when once the accumulating forces had passed the limits of control.

By the general observer the events of the last forty years, culminating in the present struggle, are interpreted as evidence of a great revolution in ideas and methods whereby Japan has succeeded in suddenly discarding the old dress of barbarism and adopting the new dress of an advanced civilization. For those who know Japan historically and personally, nothing could be more remote from the truth than such a view, and it would be well if the public at large could be brought to a true conception of the fact that in making the remarkable changes she has, Japan has simply adapted to her own needs such elements of western civilization as she has found to be of material advantage to her as a member of the great sisterhood of progressive nations. It is not a question of a primitive people suddenly adopting the manners and customs of an advanced civilization, and thus, in the space of a few decades, bridging a chasm which others have crossed only by slow and laborious steps. It is rather the case of a people who had already attained to a high degree of civilization, and were remarkable for their intellectual power, but who had failed to acquire familiarity with the progress of science and letters elsewhere, by virtue of their seclusion during that very period of two hundred and twenty-five years in which the western nations made their greatest advances. The modern history of Japan, therefore, is to be regarded from the standpoint of adaptation to a relatively more complete type of civilization for which all the requisite forces at hand, but lying dormant until called into activity by the operation of external influences.

In estimating the motives which underlie the present contest, and in endeavouring to reach a conclusion as to the possible consequences arising from either victory or defeat, it is useless to argue from the standpoint of occidentals. One must rather first of all gain an insight into the Japanese character and adopt the Japanese point of view, and this can be accomplished only through personal acquaintance with the people and a correct knowledge of their history. It is the purpose of the present article to present such facts as will permit of an intelligent understanding of the reasons why Japan has so firmly opposed the designs of Russia, and so consistently demanded that the verbal pledges given to herself and to other nations respecting the integrity of China and the open door in Manchuria, should be reduced to the form com-

monly recognized in business transactions where there is definite intention of good faith.

What the origin of the Japanese may have been is a question about which there is much controversy among ethnologists, and it is of little consequence in connection with the present study, the general purpose of which will be sufficiently served by the knowledge that they are probably of Mongol Tartar stock, and thus essentially of the same great division of the Mongolian race as that which overran Europe and China under Jenghiz Khan in the thirteenth century. That they occupied the islands now known as Japan several centuries before Christ is a reasonable deduction from their history, both written and traditional. At that time they found the country occupied by an aboriginal people whom they called Ebishu, but whom we know by the name of Ainu—meaning literally *man*. These people were undoubtedly preceded by still more primitive inhabitants, as may be inferred from certain rock inscriptions, from the remains of pottery, bones and implements of various kinds contained in shell heaps throughout the country, and from the remains of certain primitive dwellings unknown to the Ainu themselves. It is fairly clear, however, that at the time of the advent of the Japanese, the Ainu occupied the entire country as shown by their place names everywhere from north to south. Gradually they were driven back toward the north—much as our own North American Indians have been dislodged from their original habitations and forced to seek refuge nearer the setting sun—until they are now confined to the Hokkaido, or, as we know it, the island of Yeso, where they number not more than 17,000. Their kinsmen still live along the coast of continental Asia and reach across Behring's Straits into Alaska where they form a well-marked element of the population.

How the Japanese entered their present territory is immaterial for our present purpose, since there are several points through which it may have been accomplished. It is enough to know that their traditions point to the year 660 B.C. as the probable date of the first occupation under Jinmu Tenno, who is regarded by many historians as purely mythical, but by the Japanese as their first historical ruler, whom they subsequently deified. Contact with the aborigines resulted in the production of a mixed stock which may be found to this day and is always readily recognizable. It must be borne in mind, however, that intermarriages of this sort were never encouraged by the Japanese, who

regarded themselves as infinitely superior, while the progeny of such inter-marriage have always been recognized for their physical inferiority and short lives. As a necessary result, the stock has always been small, and it has never played a conspicuous part in the history of the dominant race. During the various wars with China and Corea, extending over a period of nearly 2,000 years, both Coreans and Chinese were introduced into Japan as prisoners and hostages, and during the intervals of peace, others were induced to take up their residence in the country that they might prosecute their various arts and industries under the patronage of the wealthy nobles. Later, when the commerce of Japan extended to India, and there was an interchange of products with the Philippines and other parts of Malaysia, it is probable that Malays took up their residence in the southern part of Japan with whose people they readily assimilated, and to whom they imparted those warlike qualities and features of great intellectual activity which have made the men of Satsuma and Choshu distinguished above all others in the remarkable progress of the past forty years. Such admixtures have had a permanent effect upon the population of Japan, and they have no doubt done much to determine the particular course of events in the history of the country. To this day the two dominant types may be distinguished, and the observant student finds no difficulty in differentiating the Malay type with its strong physical and mental characteristics, from the æsthetic Chinese strain which gives Kioto its culture and Tokio its elegance.

From this brief analysis it is evident that the Japanese represent a mixed stock, and applying the principle which is known to be operative in the case of European nations, this must be regarded as one of the principal, if not dominant, factors in the ability displayed by Japan to appropriate and assimilate whatever is best in the civilization of others, rapidly outstripping those from whom her models were taken.

If we accept Jinmu Tenno as a veritable personage, he must be held to be the founder of the reigning dynasty as represented in the person of the Emperor Mutsuhito, who is the one hundred and twenty-third in descent. This fact has much to do with the loyal devotion the Japanese yield to their Emperor, who has been exalted by them to a semi-deified position. Within the long line of rulers, the first figure to stand out with unusual prominence is the Empress Jingu Kogo. She was the consort of the Emperor Chiuai who enjoyed but a brief reign

of eight years. Upon his death, she assumed the imperial authority and reigned for sixty-eight years, dying at the advanced age of one hundred years. In A.D. 205, she organized the first invasion of Corea, but before departing for that country, she issued certain orders with respect to the conduct of the troops, which become of singular significance in these later days and throw much light upon the traditional behaviour of the Japanese in the field. The orders were as follows:—

1. No loot.
2. Neither despise a few enemies nor fear many.
3. Give mercy to those who yield, but no quarter to the stubborn.

The subsequent history of Japan shows that the guiding principles thus laid down at that early date, have been steadfastly adhered to throughout a period of nearly twenty centuries, and that they have become incorporated as a permanent feature in the code which prescribes the conduct of a soldier and a gentleman, and determines the operations of the army in the field. The full force of this observation is to be found in the conduct of the Japanese troops during the late war with China, and more particularly during the Boxer troubles, when the restraint of the soldiers in the face of great and trying temptation, brought them into the most striking and favourable contrast with certain European nations, and excited the admiration of the civilized world. The invasion of Corea was one series of bloodless victories, the people everywhere offering a ready submission to their conqueror. The immediate result of this expedition was that the Coreans agreed to pay tribute to Japan, and to send hostages as a pledge not only for the tribute, but that there should not be cause for another expedition. Eighty hostages in all were sent to Japan, and from the influences which were thus early set in motion, it is possible to trace the first crude beginnings of that art which has more recently astonished the world by its purity and lofty ideals, as well as by its remarkable technique.

In 1215, the famous Tartar general Jenghiz Khan completed the conquest of China and established his capital at Peking, bringing the whole of Central Asia under his authority six years later. In 1259, his grandson, Kublai Khan, became Emperor of China, and ruled until the time of his death in 1294, his domains not only including China and

Central Asia, but a large part of eastern Russia as well. The celebrated Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, visited his capital, and was shortly sent as a special envoy to Rome in order to induce the Pope to send missionaries to China for the purpose of introducing Christianity and the western arts and sciences. Returning from this mission, Polo continued to reside at Peking for some years and was there at the time of the Chinese invasion of Japan, of which event he gave an account. Through him the world was given its first knowledge of the wondrous country of Zipangu, where the temples were roofed with gold, and it was this account which gave to Columbus the inspiration that led him to seek that far-off country by following a westerly course, with the result of the discovery of America instead, while, at a somewhat later date, it led the early Portuguese and Dutch traders to penetrate beyond their usual trading limits and establish intercourse with Japan in the Sixteenth century. Having brought practically the whole of Northern Asia and China under his authority, Kublai Khan sought to include the Japanese among his subjects, and to this end he despatched envoys who were instructed to demand tribute. Their mission was a failure, and the Japanese dismissed them in disgrace. Thereupon, in 1279, Kublai Khan organized an expedition of 10,000 men for the purpose of compelling compliance with his demands. This expedition advanced as far as the island of Tsushima, about midway between Corea and Japan, where it met with disastrous defeat. This repulse appears to have so enraged the Emperor that he immediately set about the formation of a grand armada, which, by its irresistible force, should compel the Japanese to submission. Preparations were carried out on an elaborate scale, and in the summer of 1281 the fleet set sail, shortly arriving off the southern coast of Japan. The force included 3,500 ships carrying 100,000 men, including Coreans, Tartars and Chinese. Occasional landings were made, but the invaders were met at every point by a most stubborn and determined resistance, and many cases of the highest bravery and the utmost daring are recorded. One instance is worthy of notice, as affording an early example of that daring which we have more recently become familiar with, in the attacks upon Port Arthur during the late war with China, and now once more in the present war with Russia. A certain captain by the name of Kusanojira, taking a picked crew in broad daylight, sculled to one of the outlying junks, which he boarded in the face of a shower of arrows, one of which took off his left arm.

The hand-to-hand conflict was sharp and decisive, and after scuttling the ship, the daring assailants got away with twenty-one heads before the other vessels could rally to the assistance of the doomed craft. The operations of the armada had been ill-timed, since its arrival upon the coast of Japan was just at that season of year when typhoons (Japanese *tai-fu*—great wind) are frequent. In spite of tremendous efforts to repel all attacks and effect a landing, the invaders were stubbornly resisted by the Japanese, who flocked to the scene of conflict from all parts of the country, and they were held in check until a typhoon of unusual severity added its awful force to the stout endeavours of the brave-hearted islanders. Vessels were driven this way and that, now impaled on the rocks, butted one against the other, or forced relentlessly against the cliffs, where they were soon dashed to pieces. Of the remaining vessels, large numbers were wrecked upon the island of Taka, where the crews immediately commenced the construction of boats, hoping to reach Corea. But they were again attacked by the Japanese and after a desperate struggle were either slain or driven into the sea and completely annihilated, with the exception of three of their number, who were sent back to give an account to their Emperor of how the gods of the Japanese had prevailed over those of China. From that time forth, the Chinese made no further attempt to invade Japan, though it was reserved for the Japanese, at a later date, to show that the tables could be turned with the most signal effect. The general result of this war was to strengthen the Japanese in their insular position and inspire them with a profound contempt for the "outside barbarian," which has found varying forms of expression to the present day, and nothing could be better adapted to calling forth prompt resentment than to mistake a Japanese for a Chinaman.

During the next three hundred years Japan appears to have been too deeply concerned with her own internal affairs to give much attention to outsiders who attended to their own business. It was a period of great internal commotion from which Japan emerged with an elaborate feudal system and a dual monarchy involving the complete seclusion of the Mikado and the usurpation of his authority by his general-in-chief. But in spite of all these difficulties, Japan had not forgotten the affront put upon her by China, and she only bided her time to assert her power in a most vigorous manner. Corea, however, taking

advantage of the situation, ceased to render the tribute she had promised.

Foremost among those whom the struggles of three centuries had forced into a leading position, was Hideyoshi, otherwise known as the Taiko Sama. He was probably the most remarkable among the many men of whom Japan may justly feel proud. The son of obscure parents, he began his career as a soldier under an assumed name. By employing all the devices known to shrewd politicians, he won his way step by step until, in 1586, he had attained to the exalted rank of Kuambaku or Premier, an office which had hitherto been occupied exclusively by nobles of the Fujiwara family, for whom it was reserved. His next step was to obtain from the Emperor the patent of a family name, and he thus became the founder of the Toyotomi family, he being known as Toyotomi Hideyoshi. Having established himself in a position of supreme command, his boundless ambition led him to turn to Corea and China, to conquer which had been the dream of his boyhood as it was the ambition of his later years. Taking advantage of Corea's failure to furnish tribute, which had lapsed during the decline of the Ashikagas; the state of piracy which had reduced the coastwise trade to a very precarious condition; and the state of anarchy and military disorganization which was reported by immigrants to exist in China, he found an opportune time for putting his long-cherished plans into effect. An embassy to Corea demanding tribute met with success, but several embassies to China were without result, and he finally sent word through some Liu Kiuans who were on their way to China with tribute, that if the Emperor would not listen to him, he would invade China with an army. This threat was unheeded, and Hideyoshi thereupon began active preparations for invasion, remarking that "this expedition will make the Chinese use our literature." What fruit this boast was to bear, the sequel will show. Being at that time shaken with the infirmities of sixty years, Hideyoshi intrusted the command of the expedition to two of his generals, Kato Kiyomasa and Konishi Yukinaga, while he remained at home. The expedition consisted of 500,000 men in two divisions, with a reserve of 60,000. After a series of detentions it entered Corea by way of Fusan and speedily recorded a series of brilliant victories. The army was on the point of entering China, when, in 1598, the death of the Taiko was announced. This brought about a truce and the despatch of envoys to Japan, to which

country Korea once more became tributary. The suzerain power which Japan thus established by two invasions at an interval of 1,300 years, was re-asserted in 1875 and again in 1894, and it constitutes the real basis for the present contention that Korea shall not be dominated by any other power. Although the conquest of Korea did not lead to the particular results which the Taiko sought to attain, it was of great consequence to the future progress of Japan. The "Age of the Taiko" is among the most notable in the annals of the Empire. Hideyoshi was able to so co-ordinate the various internal forces of the country as to construct a solid basis upon which his successor Iyeyasu was able to establish a complete unification. He lent encouragement to the arts and sciences which gave promise of a rich development. Commercial enterprises were fostered; great public works were inaugurated; while a spirit of great military enterprise and intellectual activity spread throughout the land. In no one respect was this progressive tendency more marked than in the field of marine architecture. The ships of that period were two or three times larger than the ungainly junks of the present day, and we also have reason to believe that they were not only superior to the ships of Columbus in point of size, but that their sailing qualities were nearly on a par with the vessels of contemporary European nations. It was during this period that the commerce of Japan was carried to India and all intermediate points. But to all this must be added the results of the war upon Korea. Instead of forcing the language of Japan upon China, the invaders returned laden with rich spoils and a wider knowledge of the material resources and intellectual power of continental Asia. They brought in their train expert artisans of various sorts, who laid, broad and deep, the foundations of that art and literature which found so congenial an atmosphere in the profound peace of the next two hundred and fifty years. The general results of the war were essentially the same as the influence which has extended to northern Europe as a consequence of the Crusades during the Middle Ages. Whatever censure his methods may merit, and however much we may deplore a war which had no adequate provocation, Hideyoshi is deserving of all praise as having initiated that Renaissance which curiously coincided with our own Elizabethan Age, and which was similarly characterized as a period of great intellectual activity and national progress.

Throughout the Tokugawa period there was no element of discord

to disturb either the domestic or foreign relations of the country, and it was not until after their emergence from seclusion that the Japanese found justifiable occasion to once more assert their authority toward China. In 1875, the Koreans, whose country was then closed to intercourse with the world, and who were growing restive under the conditions surrounding them, made an unwarranted attack upon the Japanese, firing upon one of their vessels among other things. This brought matters to a climax, and there was a popular demand for another invasion of the country. An expedition was despatched under General Kuroda, who succeeded in securing a peaceful settlement of the difficulty, but Korea was once more brought to recognize the preponderant influence of Japan in the direction of her internal and international relations. For several years after the Perry Expedition, complaints had reached the Japanese government of the serious ill-treatment to which sailors had been subjected at the hands of Formosans. Frequent acts of piracy culminated in a particularly aggravating case in which some wrecked sailors had not only been denied the succour and relief which such a situation demanded, but they were subjected to the most inhuman treatment. Representations to China, having met with nothing more satisfactory than promises which were not intended to be fulfilled, the patience of the Japanese was exhausted, and in 1875 they forwarded an expedition under General Kuroda, who exacted a definite promise that there should be no further cause for complaint. In the following year, however, further provocation was offered by the savage hill-tribes and the hardly less savage half-breeds upon whom but an indifferent restraint was placed. The Chinese having had abundant warning that if they could not keep the Formosans in control and compel them to conform to the usages of civilized people, the Japanese would be obliged to undertake the task themselves, repressive measures were determined upon and an expedition under Saigo Tsugumichi was forwarded to Formosa in 1877 with instructions to inflict such punishment as might be found necessary to bring the natives to a proper sense of their position and to safeguard the commerce of the world against what had come to be an intolerable condition. Although Formosa rightly belonged to China, the ties which bound her were of so loose a nature that she felt no restraint in any of her actions, and it is doubtful if China could have successfully enforced any discipline which she otherwise might have desired to inflict upon a people of such mixed

and warlike character, so far removed from her shores. Nevertheless, the despatch of a punitive expedition for the purpose of accomplishing that which her own indifference and neglect had rendered imperative, stirred her resentment to the very depths. Being in no position to engage in a contest with a nation which had already made very considerable progress in the science of modern warfare, China was compelled to accept the situation and yield Formosa to the Japanese, together with the Liu Kiu islands which had long been tributary to her, but which ethnologically and geographically belonged to Japan. The effect of this contest was to impress upon China the importance of placing her military and naval forces in such a state of efficiency as to render her capable of competing with her progressive neighbour on something like equal terms. Reorganization of the army followed, new and modern ships were purchased, a navy was organized under foreign supervision, and China soon felt herself to be in a position to dispute the demands of Japan, which were renewed in another connection twenty years later.

It will be recalled that although China had not renounced her suzerainty, Corea had been tributary to Japan for nearly 2,000 years. The Japanese very naturally felt that they were thereby permitted to exercise a strong influence in the country, and, in accordance with the usages of other nations under similar circumstances, they were disposed to resent any suggestion that others should be allowed to encroach upon their prerogative. Since the time of Hideyoshi there had been a somewhat free intercourse between the two countries. A few Japanese had settled in Corea, but more particularly had Coreans emigrated to Japan, where they established their industries and laid the foundations for the future development of the ceramic and pictorial arts which had entered upon the first stages of decline in Corea at the time of the Taiko's invasion. It was through them that the famous Satsuma ware first came into existence under the patronage of the Daimo of Satsuma, and to the same influence we may trace much that is best in art productions of the Tokugawa period. Furthermore, the population of Japan had become very much congested at the time of the Perry expedition, and the conditions which followed the opening of the country to foreign intercourse were such as to favour a rapid increase. In 1890 there were 40,435,461 inhabitants, but according to more recent statistics they now number about 44,000,000. The Japanese naturally

looked for an outlet for so redundant a population, the accommodation of which was presenting problems of a grave character. Until the advent of Commodore Perry in 1854, the island of Yeso had received but scant consideration as a place suited to settlement. With an area of 35,000 square miles, it represented practically a virgin territory with fertile valleys; everywhere richly clothed with valuable timber; with good natural resources in coal and minerals; an abundance of deer and other wild animals; and along the coast extensive herring, salmon and sardine fisheries, which constituted the chief occupation for a scanty population. With the exception of the fisheries, no attempt had been made to take advantage of the natural resources of the island, the inhabitants of which were wholly confined to the fishing villages of the coast, while the interior was left to wild animals and such few Ainu as were led there by the chase and the abundance of fish near the head-waters of the larger rivers. Soon after the reconstruction of the government in 1871, attention was directed to this part of the country as likely to afford a desirable outlet for the surplus population. Under the direction of carefully selected foreign advisers, roads were constructed, mines were opened, educational institutions were established, manufacturing industries were encouraged, agriculture was fostered and the land was opened to settlement. At the present moment, large and flourishing towns are to be found where twenty years ago the bears and wolves roamed at will through a virgin forest; railway and steamship lines afford a ready circulation for the greatly increased commerce; education is in an advanced state of development, and the whole territory has become occupied by an active, agricultural population. Other than this there was no natural room for expansion. It is true that Japan at one time owned the southern half of the island of Saghalien, but the unfortunate transaction by which it was exchanged for the worthless Kurile islands, closed the one opportunity which was left for extension towards the north.

At the time Japan emerged from her seclusion, Corea was still in the position of a hermit nation, persistently resisting all subsequent efforts to have her open her doors to international intercourse, until, in 1882, the United States, supported in its endeavours by Japan, succeeded in securing a treaty of commerce. Among the first to take advantage of the new opportunities were the Japanese, who emigrated in large numbers, and soon acquired a natural and preponderant in-

fluence. The somewhat anomalous position long occupied by Corea—paying tribute to Japan while acknowledging China as her suzerain—was a constant menace to the peaceful relations of the East. When, therefore, with the opening of Corea to the commerce of the world, the Japanese took advantage of the situation, China considered it necessary to once more assert her suzerainty, which she did in 1887. This led to a prolonged dispute with Japan, which was only settled by an appeal to arms in 1896. The contest was of an unequal nature, and speedily resulted in the supremacy of Japan, who thus once more brought Corea under her authority. In addition to Corea, Japan acquired control of Manchuria by right of conquest, but at the dictates of a powerful European combination, of which Great Britain unfortunately formed the controlling factor, she relinquished her rights to all but Corea, over which she extended a protectorate, but which she wished to recognize as an independent nation. Under the terms of the treaty which restored peace, the open door was to be maintained in Manchuria, and under these conditions both Manchuria and Corea offered abundant accommodation for the overflow population of Japan which was content to accept the conditions imposed, inasmuch as her primary desire was very remote from any idea of territorial extension. Had Great Britain opposed the designs of other powers in 1896, and insisted that Japan should reap the legitimate fruits of her victory, it is quite possible that the present war would not be in progress, since Manchuria would then have presented a barrier to the further progress of the most grasping nation of the present century, a nation whose lust for territory seems to be insatiable. On the other hand it is quite probable that Japan would have found herself unable to long protect so extensive a territory void of natural barriers, and that sooner or later it would have been absorbed by the very power which gained possession by disregard of its most solemn obligations, and now seeks to retain it permanently by force of arms.

The world-wide ambitions of Peter the Great laid the foundations of that policy which has ever since been a prominent feature of Russian diplomacy, and that he already contemplated the ultimate absorption of at least the greater portion of Asia, cannot be doubted. Like a giant amoeba, Russia has slowly spread herself eastward, overrunning with irresistible force and incorporating into her own system all those with whom she has come in contact, until, having reached the Pacific

ocean, she paused, but only to accumulate the energy necessary for a further attempt upon more distant territory. Russia's first outlet upon the Pacific gave her only an ice-bound coast devoid of good harbours. In 1858, she succeeded in gaining from China that fertile region of the Amur river which lies to the north and east of Manchuria, and in 1861 she established the town of Vladivostock which gave her a more desirable shipping port. The harbour at that place, however, is closed by ice during several months of the year, and it was found necessary to look for a port in more southern latitudes. The Russians had no sooner gained a footing on the Pacific coast, than they cast covetous eyes upon the fair land and good harbours of northern Japan, and the ill-fated expedition of Captain Golownin about the year 1820, affords a striking illustration of the efforts they were making at that early date to secure control of Japanese territory, and especially of the harbour of Hakodate, which is of great capacity and wholly free from ice.

In 1875, the Japanese possessions in the island of Saghalien were exchanged for the Russian Kurile islands which were supposed to be rich in fur-bearing animals, but which have since proved to be worthless. This transaction served to open the eyes of the Japanese to the true nature of the methods employed by the Russians, and it kindled a fire of resentment which has ever been ready to burst into open flame, while it also developed a spirit of impatience with respect to all subsequent negotiations. The duplicity and designs of the Russians have been fully appreciated by Japan for a long time—so well, indeed, that so far back as 1871, when the question of a capital town for the island of Yeso was under consideration, Hakodate was rejected and an inland location was selected for strategic reasons.

The interpretation put upon the present situation by the majority of observers is, that it represents the logical sequence of recent events which had their origin in the war with China. To those who are familiar with the history of Russian encroachments in the East, this is an incorrect view. It is rather the culmination of a long series of endeavours extending over a period of two hundred years, and to no one is this better known than to the Japanese themselves, who have long foreseen that a conflict would inevitably result, and that when it came it would mean not simply the limitation of territorial aggrandisement, but a struggle in which the very life of the nation would be involved. The history of Poland, and more recently of Finland, have given con-

clusive proof that if once Russian supremacy were established, Japan would be speedily reduced to the position of a degraded vassal with the obliteration of all those ideals of civilization for which she has always striven, and which she has now successfully attained. It is a condition which strongly appeals to the better sense, nay, the spirit of justice, of the civilized world, and it happily finds a sympathetic response in the hearts of the two most progressive and enlightened nations, who would no doubt give practical effect to their sentiments should the chances of war unhappily turn against the efforts of those who are champions of noble ideals against the barbarism of eastern Europe, however much the encroaching power may attempt to disguise its designs under the name of Christianity and enlightenment, and seek to gain sympathy by the specious plea of a "yellow peril," which it is supposed to be checking in the interest of European civilization. Their entire relations with Russia show the Japanese to have acted with moderation, and in many cases with great restraint. Had Russia regarded the solemn pledges given to Japan, the United States, and others, to evacuate Manchuria on October 8th., 1903, and leave the country under the authority of China, free to the intercourse of the world, Japan would have been abundantly satisfied, and no difficulty would have arisen; but, as has more recently become apparent from the utterances of those in official positions who may be supposed to have knowledge of the real policy of the government, it was never intended to fulfil treaty or other obligations, when once a firm foothold had been secured. It was with a full knowledge of this element in the Russian character, that the Japanese requested a written contract, embodying verbal agreements, and failure to comply with this reasonable request finally exhausted their patience and precipitated the only condition in which a final answer could be found. In this we discover the explanation of the elaborate preparations which Japan is now known to have been carrying forward ever since the close of the war with China. Throughout the country but one voice was heard, and that was to establish once for all her supremacy in the East or perish in the attempt.

The first appearance of foreigners on Japanese soil was due to the daring exploits of a Portuguese adventurer by the name of Mendez Pinto, who arrived at Tanegashima with two companions in the Sixteenth century. The reports with which he returned to Europe attracted large

numbers of other Portuguese, who were warmly welcomed by the various "daimios" in their rivalry for increased power, which they sought through the fire-arms and the wealth of the traders. Reversing the present-day order, the missionary followed the trader, and the country was soon over-run with Franciscans, Augustinians and Jesuits, the latter led by the famous Francois Xavier himself. Christianity spread throughout the land with astonishing rapidity, while the greater influx of foreigners of divers nationalities and rival religious beliefs, led to bitter dissensions. The Protestant Dutch and English endeavoured to stir up the hatred of the Japanese against the Papists, but ended by directing the same force against one another; while the Spaniards and Portuguese not only denounced heretics, but abused each other. Slave traffic became extensive and involved the grossest abuses, thousands of Japanese being sold into slavery and transported to the Spanish and Portuguese possessions. The history of the world furnishes but few parallels among civilized peoples, of the gross inhumanity and bitter feuds which were perpetrated in the name of Christianity. It is a record of which the Europeans might well feel ashamed, and they had themselves to blame for the measures which sealed Japan from intercourse with the rest of the world for two hundred and twenty-five years. The repeated warnings of Hideyoshi were of no avail until, in 1587, he issued a decree of banishment against all foreign missionaries, who thereupon closed their churches, but continued their work privately. Later, there was an unusual influx of friars from the Philippines, and they bade such open defiance to the Japanese laws that the Taiko renewed his decree of expulsion.

Upon the death of Hideyoshi, Iyeyasu, whom he had raised to the Shogunate, completed the unification of the Empire which gave to it a period of profound peace, lasting until the time of Commodore Perry, but among the great deeds for which his reign was celebrated, was the complete expulsion of all foreigners and the closing of the country to all outside communication, except through the limited channel afforded by the Dutch at Nagasaki. The death of Hideyoshi was followed by a relaxation of the decree of expulsion, in consequence of which the priests became emboldened in their work, until at last the Christians arose by tens of thousands in an attempt to overthrow those whom they had been taught to regard as their oppressors. Their efforts were attended by failure. Thousands were put to death and, in 1637, edicts

were issued prohibiting Christianity under the severest penalties. As late as 1880, such an edict might have been seen on the great highway of Tokio at the Nihon Bashi, from which point all distances in Japan are measured. To complete the isolation of the country, the models of all vessels were so changed as to render them unwieldy and little likely to carry the crews to distant shores, while a death penalty was imposed upon all who either entered or left the country without a special permit.

To understand the real significance of such drastic measures, it is necessary to recall the fact that the remarkable progress which the country had made during the reign of Hideyoshi, placed it at the time of his death not only on a par with contemporary European nations with respect to agriculture, commerce and marine architecture, but it was even superior to them in many departments of its art productions. Had foreign intercourse continued under favourable circumstances, it is more than probable that Japan would have moved on parallel lines with the progress of western nations; but the closing of the country arrested, for the time, this course of development and diverted the energies of the people into other channels. Under the encouragement of the nobles, feudalism attained to its highest development with all the attendant advantages of a rich culture. The ceramic and pictorial arts, as well as the manufacture of bronze, reached their best expression; intellectual pursuits of all kinds were greatly encouraged, and the western sciences gained a foothold through the medium of the Dutch traders. While from one point of view such seclusion may be regarded as unfortunate, from the standpoint of Japanese civilization it was undoubtedly the best thing that could have happened. The hermit period not only served to promote art and letters, but it welded into one homogeneous mass the various factions which for centuries had deluged the land with blood; it was a period of intellectual ripening. The forces accumulated at that time have served Japan well in her later intercourse with foreign nations, and they have formed the basis of her diplomatic triumphs and military successes, as well as of her achievements in science, and her adjustment to the methods of other people.

To gain a proper estimate of the Japanese character and obtain a suitable perspective for the course of events already recorded, it would be necessary to study the social and feudal systems and the influences

which have emanated from them. To do this would take us far beyond assigned limits, and we must be content with a very brief reference to some of their more prominent features and results.

The feudal system had its origin in the Seventh century, with the foundation of the Fujiwara family in A.D. 645. To this family was assigned the exclusive right to hold the office of Kuambaku or Premier, and eventually they established a monopoly of all the civil offices. With the growth of the country and an extension of responsibilities of both a civil and military nature, and the slow growth of an indolence which had its roots in the luxury of the court, it was found expedient to delegate the military authority to specially selected generals or shoguns, who were chosen from the great Taira family, founded in A.D. 782. With the foundation of the Minamoto family in A.D. 839, such appointments were divided. The natural outcome of such conditions was a coalition against the civil authority of the Fujiwara, followed by a strife among themselves for military supremacy. There followed a prolonged series of wars which were the analogue of the War of the Roses in England, and which were not terminated until the twelfth century, when Yoritomo practically exterminated the Taira, permanently established the supremacy of the Minamoto, and, with his capital at Kamakura, introduced those measures of administration which separated the civil from the military authority, and thus founded the feudal system. He also induced the Mikado to delegate his authority to such an extent as to greatly reduce the direct control of the imperial power, and in this we may perceive the beginnings of that policy which later led to the complete seclusion of the Emperor and the usurpation of his temporal power by his chief vassal. This was the condition of affairs when Commodore Perry knocked for admission to Japan in 1854, and its overthrow came from the operation of internal forces. The great educational progress which was made under the Tokugawas, led the people to a more intelligent appreciation of great public questions, and for some time there had been a growing spirit of protest against that system which kept the rightful sovereign in seclusion and endeavoured to reduce him to helpless effeminacy by all the seductive devices of voluptuous surroundings. This under-current of revolt found a favourable opportunity for expression under the new conditions attending the opening of the country to foreign intercourse, and, in 1868, it

succeeded in once more restoring the Emperor to his rightful position and forever abolishing the power of the usurping shoguns.

No more remarkable figure has appeared among modern rulers than the present Emperor of Japan, Mutsuhito. Coming to the throne in 1867, while yet the authority of the Shogun was supreme, he affords a striking example of the latent power of which an ancient lineage may be capable, and the great force of character which enabled him to emerge into the full glare of a nineteenth-century political atmosphere, unspoiled by the effeminate influences which had been in operation for several centuries and prepared to cope with the gravest national problems. Upon the accession of an emperor, it is the custom for him to give a pledge of certain lines of policy and reform. Probably guided by the advice of his sagacious father Komei, he promised to give to his people a constitutional government and all the advantages which could follow from the introduction of the western arts and sciences. In view of current ideas, it may be well to quote some of the passages of this remarkable document: "We, sitting on the throne which has been occupied by our dynasty for over 2500 years, and now exercising in our own name and right the authority and power transmitted to us by our ancestors, have long had it in view gradually to establish a constitutional form of government, to the end that our successors on the throne may be provided with a rule for their guidance. Systems of government differ in different countries, but sudden and unusual changes cannot be made without great inconvenience. We therefore hereby declare that we shall, in the twenty-third year of Meiji, establish a parliament in order to carry into full effect the determination we have announced. We perceive that the tendency of our people is to advance too rapidly, and without that thought and consideration which alone can make progress enduring, and we warn our subjects, high and low, to be mindful of our will, and that those who may advocate sudden and violent changes, thus disturbing the peace of our realm, will fall under our displeasure." How well these pledges have been kept the whole world knows, and the Japanese have abundant cause to rejoice in the blessings which this glorious era of Meiji (enlightenment) has brought to them.

The fierce wars which were waged among themselves during the time of the Tiara and Minamoto, when viewed from the outside standpoint of distant nations who have had but an inadequate knowledge of

local conditions and the code which governed the relations of contending parties, have unhappily created the impression of a bloodthirstiness and cruelty which are far removed from the real character of the Japanese. Unfortunately, also, the system of punishment which prevailed in feudal times, and the incidents of the late war with China, served in some instances to give colour to such a belief, and they have often disposed otherwise friendly critics to question their right to support so barbarous a nation against one who poses as an apostle of enlightenment and progressive civilization. To all such we would respectfully urge a careful perusal of history and an honest answer to the question: "Does the history of Japan, modern or ancient, record one incident which in any way represents greater excesses than those committed by ourselves?" The history of the Spanish Inquisition, as applied both at home and in the reduction of innocent people whom the fortune of conquest brought under the heel of the Spaniard, furnishes a series of the most ingeniously hideous tortures, beside which the methods formerly applied by the Japanese exclusively to criminals, sink into absolute insignificance; and it must be also remembered that such methods are not so remote from this enlightened Twentieth century that we can afford to boast of our superiority in this respect. But we are reminded of the Port Arthur incident of 1894, and asked what possible justification could be found for such a wanton act of cruelty. It must be remembered that in their march from Ping Yang, the Japanese troops discovered numbers of their comrades, who, having fallen into the hands of the enemy, had suffered the most horrible torture and mutilations, and their wrath was aroused to the highest pitch. Entering Port Arthur in the face of such atrocities—with their blood at fever heat, and with all the excitements of war and the horrors they had witnessed—they would have been possessed of far more exalted virtues than usually fall to the lot of mortal man if they had not yielded to their natural impulses and wreaked vengeance upon those who fell into their hands. Do we find anything less culpable in the deliberation with which the prisoners of the Indian Mutiny were blown from the mouths of cannon, or in the frequent recurrence in our own wars, of reprisals which follow the heat of the battle and make us momentarily blush for the boasted civilization of our time, but for which we readily find some plausible excuse? The Japanese nature does not delight in wanton cruelty, but on the other hand its tendency is to extend to the

vanquished a clemency of treatment which may well excite the admiration of, and serve as an example to, other more favoured nations. No people in the world are in such close communion with nature in the higher, æsthetic sense, as the Japanese, and it would be a contradiction of natural laws for them to delight in the destruction of that from which so much benefit is derived.

During a residence of several years in Japan, it was a common experience to meet drivers of bullock teams returning from their labours, carrying the load upon their own shoulders, in order to relieve their tired beast who would be following on behind, from unnecessary exertion after the labours of the day. Shortly after my arrival in Japan in 1876, General Kuroda, the chief of our department, related an incident which gave us our first insight into the attitude of the Japanese under the most trying circumstances. General Kuroda was one of the typical products of the feudal system and a fighter of great repute. As he told us on another occasion, he hated the foreigners but tolerated them for the good they brought his country. At the time of the reconstruction of the government in 1871, Shimadzu Saburo was on his return from Tokio to his own province of Satsuma, when he met a party of foreigners on the Tokaido, who had ridden out from Yokohama in defiance of the orders of their Consul and the warnings of the Tokio authorities. Kuroda was in charge of the escort to Shimadzu, who had given him the most positive instructions that if any foreigners were met, he should see to it that no difficulty arose, no matter what the provocation might be. The party of foreigners rode directly into Prince Shimadzu's train in absolute disregard of what they knew to be the rule of the road in such cases, thereby offering the grossest of insults and inviting the consequences that followed. In spite of Kuroda's efforts, one of the party was killed. So marked a piece of impertinence and outrage toward foreigners, called for prompt action. A fleet was despatched to reduce Kagoshima and exact a heavy indemnity, and the Richardson affair passed into history as one of the greatest blots upon our sense of justice, and our early relations with Japan.

In the war of the restoration in 1868, the forces of the Shogun were finally driven to the fort at Hakodate, where they made a final stand under Admiral Enomoto. They were besieged by General Kuroda and finally captured, but the story of that siege as related to me by both the principals on the occasion of Admiral Enomoto's return from St.

Petersburg, where he had been as ambassador, contains a pathetic note which correctly sounds the key to the Japanese character. Enomoto, having been securely confined within the fortress, was ordered to surrender, but as repeatedly refused. News reaching Kuroda that the garrison was on the point of starvation, he immediately forwarded provisions for their relief, again urging surrender. Enomoto replied that his troops were prepared to fight to the last man. Kuroda thereupon sent a final demand for surrender, with the intimation that he greatly disliked to destroy such brave men, adding that if he (Enomoto) would surrender, he would guarantee him his life. The reply accepted the terms proposed out of consideration for the brave men of the garrison. Shortly after, the Imperial Council condemned Enomoto to death in accordance with the usage of the times, but upon the announcement of this decision, Kuroda informed the Council of his guarantee to Enomoto, and stated that if the sentence were carried out, it would be over his dead body. The sentence was reversed; Enomoto was placed in positions of responsibility; he became one of the most able and useful members of the government, and was later sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg. Kuroda and Enomoto were thereafter the warmest of friends, but while the latter still lives, the former joined the great majority some years since. Far from a cruel disposition, the Japanese in war as well as in peace, have ever been true to those noble ideals embodied in the commands of Jingu Kogo in 203 A.D.: "Give mercy to those who yield."

The history of Japan affords many curious and striking parallels with the contemporaneous history of Great Britain. This is first apparent in their insular positions and their general relations to continental powers. At the present time they are emphasized by the similarity of geographical area and population, Japan having an area of 147,000 square miles and 44,000,000 of people. Like the English, they developed an elaborate feudal system; they had their Wars of the Roses; they had a Renaissance which almost exactly coincided with that of England; the one great attempt of continental powers to invade the country through the medium of a powerful armada was defeated by the destructive effects of a hurricane; they have reaped the benefits of foreign wars which brought to the country the influence of higher ideals in art, and the advantages of a more active intellectual life; while, finally, they have been called upon to contend with encroaching

continental powers, and in defence of their rights, have won a place as a world power which is destined to be the controlling factor in the Far East.

To use the metaphor employed by the Rev. Arthur Knapp: "Japan has ever been the centre of light and civilization in the midst of a sea of barbarism;" and our prayer shall ever be that, like the glorious orb which she makes her symbol, she may rise from the mists which now surround her, into the light of a more perfect day, shedding a beneficent influence upon the millions of kindred people whom it is her right, as it is no doubt her destiny, to guide in the ways of a more perfect civilization; and we heartily join in the refrain of her impressive national anthem:

"May our Lord's dominion last,
Till a thousand years have passed,
Twice four thousand times o'ertold,
Firm as changeless rock, earthrooted,
Moss of ages uncomputed."

D. P. PENHALLOW.

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S LULLABY.

(A Fairy sings.)

Lady, sleep ! The dawn is breathing
O'er the uplands brown and cool,
Gently breathing where the grasses
Bend and break the fairies' pool.

(Chorus of Fairies.)

Sleep ! The bells of heather red,
Touching, parting overhead,
Softly sigh
Lullaby !

Lady, sleep ! The moorland spectres,
Seeking now their barrow lone,
Leave the crumbling homes they rounded
When earth hid her ore unknown.

Sleep ! Beneath the opening spray
Moonlight circles fainter play;
Ere they die—
Lullaby !

Lady, sleep ! The dreams of elfland
Vanish from the rustic's brain ;
When the night descends shall fairies
Whisper in his ear again.

Sleep ! The guard is round thee set,
O'er thee stems, in feathery net,
Arching lie—
Lullaby !

CHAS. E. MOYSE.

COURT LIFE IN THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

There is one respect in which artists resemble baser and less talented mortals. They must work within the limits which are fixed, not merely by the nature of their powers, but by the circumstances of their time and place. Take, for example, Mr. Sargent, who ranks with the greatest portrait painters of recent generations. Had he been born in Burgundy during the tenth century, he would have received his education at the monastery of Cluny. There, under the rule of Abbot Odo, he might have become an excellent illuminator of manuscripts for the abbot was devoted to literature and owned, when he entered the Benedictine order, a library of one hundred volumes. Born and trained under such conditions, Sargent would have made beautiful rubrics, or he might even have worked in the precious ultramarine which was then doled out to illuminators, and which cost so much that the brushes were carefully washed lest any of the pigment should be wasted.

Imagine, again, that Sargent had flourished in Holland at the middle of the seventeenth century, just after the freedom of the Republic had been acknowledged by the Peace of Westphalia, when the Dutch fleet swept the seas, and when the burghers were at the height of their prosperity. There, in a democratic and Protestant community, he would no longer have served the Latin Church. His patrons would have been rich and convivial trading-companies, and, like Franz Hals, he might have adorned the Town Hall of Haarlem with a spirited series of guild pictures.

Finally, place Sargent at Paris one hundred years ago, in the days

when the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte were conciliating all parties and preparing a way for the establishment of the Empire. The painter would then have found his occupation at the court of Malmaison. He would have left portraits of generals and maids of honour, and even of Napoleon and Josephine themselves.

But how stands it with the actual, living Sargent? In the tenth century he would have served the Church; in the seventeenth century he would have served a trading company; one hundred years ago he would have been court painter to Napoleon. But at present Sargent lives under conditions which differ from all of these and, when he wishes to immortalize a person he takes whom he chooses. And whom does he choose? Mr. Asher Wertheimer.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Italy was filled with painters, sculptors and architects who worked unceasingly and produced masterpieces which are associated with our most elementary knowledge of art. Brunelleschi, Donatello, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian—and the others—did not create the Renaissance, but taken together they are one of its most remarkable manifestations. When we stand before Raphael's portrait of Pope Julius II., or before the Medicean tombs of Michelangelo, we may not think of the local circumstances by which the artists were affected. We may not, just then, recall the League of Cambray which Julius II. formed against Venice, or the Spanish soldiery who fastened the despotism of the Medici upon Florence. Yet Raphael and Michelangelo were helped to achieve what they did by the political and social state of Italy during their day. Their ideal performances had a solid physical basis, namely, the recognition of artistic genius by those who possessed the wealth and the political power. Accordingly when one speaks of court life in the Italian Renaissance, he does not select a subject which has a purely historical interest; for with courts and politics the art of that age is inseparably bound up.

Had there been fewer courts, the art of the Renaissance would have been less varied in scope and its glories would have been less complete. At present Italy has but two courts; the king's court on the Quirinal and the Pope's court at the Vatican; and of these only the former enjoys political power. So much for the work of the Nineteenth century. Michelangelo restored to life could hardly comprehend the change. The fact is that "United Italy" as a national watchword goes

back no further than Mazzini, while the modern kingdom is only a little more than forty years old. Between 1815 and 1848, when Austria held Lombardy and Venice against the will of their inhabitants, Metternich was fond of saying that Italy was a geographical expression. And if things could always remain without change, his phrase was justified. Between the fall of the Roman Empire and 1860 no national state arose in the peninsula, although its physical boundaries are perfect. At all times there were divisions; during the Middle Ages, very many; during the Renaissance, a considerable number; during the eighteenth century, only a few. But whether many or few the barriers were firmly established. Local allegiance meant everything while patriotism in the wider sense was undreamt of, save by Dante and a few enthusiasts. The most obvious fact in Italian public life during the age of the great artists is the existence of separate, independent and conflicting states.

Advancing one step more we encounter a hateful word, Despotism. At least it should be hateful to those who sympathize with the principles of Magna Carta. But if we were suddenly called by duty to be despots ourselves, and could choose our own terms (such as the extinction of anarchists and other dangerous persons) perhaps we should see that absolute power is not without its benevolent side. I have a friend whose playful and ingenious fancy sometimes leads him to speculate concerning the most fortunate of human occupations. At one moment he thinks the ideal state is that of a bride, because she has independence, leisure and few cares. But after fuller reflection he inclines towards the lot of an archbishop, because it has dignity, influence and detachment. I have never heard him pronounce in favour of the despot, but I am sure that he would recognize the advantage of being a Ludovico Sforza with Leonardo to design the court pageants, or a Cosimo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, with Benvenuto Cellini to execute the jewellery and plate.

Despotism was almost universal during the Italian Renaissance, and it assumed every possible guise. It was cloaked under constitutional forms, and it was openly paraded: it was intelligent, and it was idiotic: it gave good government, and it entailed frightful wretchedness. But whatever its benefits or its vices, it was established. We are always meeting with it in our studies, and the artists never escaped contact with it in their lives.

I shall first describe what I conceive to have been the spirit of court

life during the Renaissance, although this cannot be done in a single phrase. It was not simply the mood of joy and blitheness : still less was it simply the mood of intrigue and treachery. It was the spirit of humanism which might take the graceful form of courtesy, or the sombre form of a murderous ambition. Humanism is an awkward word, but it lies at the root of everything relating to the Renaissance and therefore deserves some comment.

Is it desirable that man should devote a large part of his attention to the affairs of this world—that is, to his own culture, to his own enjoyment, and to the whole range of his personal interests ? This is a question which affects all races in all ages. The Greeks and the Romans answered it with an unhesitating “Yes.” Mediaeval Europe, from the sixth to the thirteenth century, answered it with an unhesitating “No.” At least, the best thought of the Middle Ages held that the salvation of one’s soul should be the first consideration ; and, secondly, that the cares of the world endanger one’s chances of salvation. The man who was least worldly was holiest and best. Other-worldliness was the quality of soul which won the most unstinted praise.

What was the attitude of Italy towards this great question, during the Renaissance ? It frankly took the side of Greece and Rome. Without rebelling against mediaeval *institutions*, it deserted the mediaeval point of view. It found its chief pleasure in the things which during the Middle Age had been shunned, or slighted or condemned. On the higher side, the Renaissance revived science and learning, recreated art, and transformed education. On the lower side, it encouraged a sensuousness which easily ran into sensuality. Here is a profound change in thought and society, produced (what a triumph for Greek and Latin in their present persecuted condition!) by the new study of classical literature. The whole movement, including art, science, literature, scholarship, social usages and education, is called the Renaissance: and the essence of it is that Humanism which, accepting the Roman and particularly the Greek view of life, avows an interest in the concerns of the present world.

I cannot pass from this topic without venturing to differ from an opinion which was expressed thirty or forty years ago by Charles Reade the novelist. He was a firm believer in the benefits of technical education, and he once went so far as to use the following words: “I look forward to a time in the near future when an industrious and skil-

ful stenographer will be better able to protect himself from want than a great Greek scholar." I doubt whether the prophecy will be fulfilled. The most opulent Hansard reporter hardly makes the income of Sir Richard Jebb. And when one thinks of how Greek thought renewed Europe in the fifteenth century, he may well doubt whether its best modern masters will be eclipsed by stenographers, or by many of the *orators* whose words they set down.

The Renaissance afterwards crossed the Alps and awakened northern Europe; but it reached mature form in Italy before it passed elsewhere. The Italians had the first zest. They measured the full extent of human pleasure while France, Spain, Germany and England were still rude and unthinking. The humanistic impulse reached every class in society, but it existed most fully at the courts of the despots, where artists, scholars, poets and cavaliers clustered around the person of the reigning prince. The blackest plotting might lurk beneath, but on the surface only smiles and gaiety were to be seen,—together with those graces which Lord Chesterfield was always urging his son to pursue. Nor were the smiles forced or the gaiety feigned. Bandello, the favorite novelist of the late Renaissance, gave the watchword of court life, when, on his death bed, he turned to his companions and said "Live joyously." Nor need we go to an Italian for an expression of this feeling. Shakspeare, the flower of the Renaissance in England, voices it in a hundred passages. For instance:

"What is love ? 'Tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure."

Italian courtiers felt that, in the last words of the foregoing stanza, "Youth's a stuff will not endure," and they anticipated Shakspeare's advice by snatching the moment.

Among the Italian despots there were men who had a genuine fondness for art and a critical appreciation of its character, for instance, Lorenzo the Magnificent and Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan. But even those rulers who were in no sense amateurs, employed the artists and made them their personal friends because they loved fame. One must distinguish between the mere desire to have a sumptuous palace (with furniture, pictures, marbles and bric-à-brac in keeping), and the

insatiable thirst for fame which is so prominent in Renaissance society. To-day, a man becomes famous by being made the hero of an associated press despatch ; that is, by travelling round the world in thirty days, or by paying a grotesque election bet. But the modern love for fame is a poor rushlight beside the million candle-power arc light of Renaissance passion for notoriety. It was an age when men and women longed to be immortalized even in their own lifetimes ; and as the rulers were the wealthiest, they had an advantage over other people in securing such reputation as could be bought. The innate love of distinction was stimulated by the classical revival, for every one who read the Latin authors found his own warrant in the Roman passion for show and celebrity. No one pretended to be eager for fame. On the lip it was universally despised. Petrarch writes to a friend: "Think no more of Fame, for what is it after all ? It is the wind. It is the smoke. It is a shadow. It is nothing. Still it is a pest which often works its way into generous souls, and it may affect you, too. In that case try to allay such an evil appetite by the voice of reason."

The despots were beset by the craving for reputation, and where they could not win fame by benevolence or virtue, they sought it by crime. I shall not describe minutely any of those terrible Italian tragedies which had such a fascination for the Elizabethan dramatists but I will tell the story of what might have been a tragedy. In the early part of the fifteenth century, the tyrant of Cremona was named Gabrino Fondolo. He had gained power by very simple means. Just before him the tyrant of Cremona was named Cavalcabo. Fondolo urged the two nephews of this man to murder their uncle, and after they had done so he assassinated them and seized the town. After which he lived, if not in the odour of sanctity, at least without being molested. At the beginning of 1414, Europe was very much agitated over the Church council which the Emperor Sigismund had promised to summon for the sake of ending the Great Schism. The Emperor and Pope John XXIII had just been discussing the matter at Lodi, near by, and on the third of January they visited Gabrino Fondolo in his town of Cremona, politely ignoring any little scandals in his former history. At Cremona, the most conspicuous object is the Torrazzo, which rises 400 feet above the plain and commands a magnificent view of the Apennines and, in the distance, of the Alps. Fondolo, who had never entertained a Pope and an Emperor before, invited them to

ascend the tower and see the country. Without the least suspicion they went with him and remained some time at the top, talking and admiring the prospect. Had they known, however, the thoughts which were racing through the mind of their host, they would not have gone so close to the edge. All three descended in safety, but Fondolo afterwards cursed himself for a fool, that he did not pitch Pope and Emperor headlong into space while they stood with their backs turned to him at the verge of the parapet. Never before had the chance come to any one of making himself immortal with the same ease. Sadler memory still, he had had the thought, but changed his mind and let the chance slip. One feels some satisfaction in knowing that Fondolo was afflicted by these regrets eleven years afterwards, when he was lying in the dungeons of the Duke of Milan, a prisoner who awaited execution.

Artists of real genius conferred fame, and so they were sure of employment. They, too, had hopes of being well thought of by their contemporaries and posterity, but with them the goal could not be reached without effort. If the despot wished a mausoleum, a palace or a cathedral, he had only to increase the taxes, collect the required funds and give an order to the architect. But the architect himself must earn fame by the route of a laborious training. Vasari, a bad artist though a good biographer, gives us his own experience. When a young man, he attached himself in turn to two princes and a cardinal, who smiled upon him and treated him well. Unfortunately they were killed, one after another, or died. Then he determined not to trust to the favour of patrons, but to make himself truly great. "Meanwhile," he says, "the Cardinal Ippolito, in whom all my best hopes were placed, being dead, I began to understand the promises of this world are for the most part but vain phantoms; and that to confide in one's self, and to become something of worth and value, is the best and safest course." The best artists acted in this spirit. After one's work reached a certain standard, he was freed from dependence upon any single patron. So, too, with painters and sculptors. The despots competed among themselves for the brush or the chisel which could give them renown. As individuals they had higher or lower conceptions of Fame, but none of them was indifferent to it.

Perhaps by thus emphasizing one of the lower motives which led a despot of the Renaissance to surround himself with artists, I may

create a bad impression of court life. How could there be sincerity and friendliness where every one was yearning for applause and glory? In answering this question I would say that love of Fame did not always become a monomania, and that it did not, as a rule, interfere with the code of good breeding. We may now turn to the fairer side of court life and see how attractive it could be at its best.

Talleyrand looking back, when an old man, on his diversified career, had one word of praise for the French monarchy which he had helped to destroy. "No one," he said, "knows how pleasant life can be, who did not live under the Old Régime." Doubtless the French nobles had learned the arts of enjoyment, but they were indebted to the Italians for their instruction. Italy, to repeat a hackneyed saying, was the first school of manners: the land where the first gentlemen arose. During the Middle Ages nobles abounded, but their feudal duty was ended when they had fought for their lord. Their manners were those of Bois-Guilbert in *Ivanhoe*. The Italian Renaissance worked a vast change in standards of breeding, for the daily intercourse of equals was then made a fine art. The courts, despite their many iniquities, did something for the world.

Such remarks as these may bring to mind the Florence of Lorenzo the Magnificent and the group of artists, scholars and poets which he brought together at his palace in the town, or at his villa of Careggi. He was, indeed, the centre of a remarkable society, but I shall not try to describe it, because it was less a court than a circle. The model court of that age was situated, not by the Arno, but in the little hill town of Urbino where Raphael and Bramante were born. By way of introducing it, I turn to a work which can always be opened with a sense of certainty: the certainty of finding in it just what is wanted. I refer to Boswell's "Life of Johnson." On Saturday, October 2nd, 1773, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell were discussing the subject of manners, when the following conversation took place. "Dr. Johnson said that a chief and his lady should make their house like a court. They should have a certain number of gentlemen's daughters to receive their education in the family, to learn pastry and such things from the house-keeper, and manners from my lady. That was the way in the great families in Wales; at Lady Salusbury's, and Lady Philips's. I distinguish the families by the ladies, as I speak of what is properly their province. There were always six young ladies at Sir John Philips's;

when one was married, her place was filled up. There was a large school-room, where they learnt needlework and other things." I observed that, at some courts in Germany, there were academies for the pages, who are the sons of gentlemen, and receive their education without expense to their parents. Dr. Johnson said that manners were best learnt at those courts. "You are admitted with great facility to the prince's company, and yet must treat him with much respect. At a great court, you are at such a distance that you get no good." I said, "Very true: a man sees the court of Versailles as if he saw it on a theatre." He said, "The best book that ever was written upon good breeding, 'Il Cortegiano' by Castiglione, grew up at the little court of Urbino, and you should read it."

Any one who follows Johnson's advice and reads "Il Cortegiano," will see at once that it is not an ordinary book of etiquette. "The Courtier," if we give it an English name, is a series of conversations held in the Duchess's apartments at the palace of Urbino. The lords and ladies who make up the court, meet there each evening, and Castiglione describes their arguments over such questions as the training and actions of the ideal courtier. These conversations or debates are purely imaginary, but the speeches are ascribed to actual persons and reflect the tone which pervaded that one court. An account of the Duchy, its dukes and its society, is a proper preface to "The Courtier" and will illustrate the political condition of Italy during the Renaissance.

Urbino was a strange place to be made the capital of a powerful prince. The despots required, first, last and always, money for the execution of their schemes and the support of their dignity. At Florence, Milan, Mantua and Ferrara, a large and wealthy population supplied the requisite funds. But the district of Urbino had neither commerce, manufactures nor agriculture. It consisted for the most part of Apennines which, however purple and picturesque in the distance, were barren and unprofitable to live among. Frederick of Montefeltro, who founded the duchy, derived not a farthing of revenue from his subjects. He expended on them much more than they paid him in taxes. Yet he maintained a court which numbered five hundred persons; he owned a library which cost 30,000 ducats, and he built the largest palace of his age. This he did without having inherited riches or having gained his money dishonestly. He was, in a word, a professional man, and drew a salary for service rendered. He lived by

war. It was only in the intervals between campaigns that he could devote his energies to the embellishment of his capital and the welfare of his people.

Frederick of Montefeltro is the finest example of a class of persons, who, in Renaissance Italy, were only less important than the despots themselves—I mean the mercenary generals. Almost all the despots had seized power by violence and were compelled to keep it by force. Each of them had his army, whether honest or dishonest. And many a general, under the favour of fortune, became a despot by using his opportunities. The late Thomas B. Reed said that an honest politician is one who stays bought—a piece of modern cynicism. This phrase gives a precise definition of what an honest mercenary was in the Renaissance. If he served his employer faithfully according to the terms of the contract, (that is, if he did not disband his army on the eve of a battle or desert to the enemy after it had begun, or if he did not turn his army against the prince), he was called a man of honour. He made a limited engagement and when it ended he might place his sword at the disposal of another prince. Thus Frederick of Montefeltro, without the least reproach, served three popes, two kings of Naples and two dukes of Milan. Alfonso of Naples paid him the equivalent of 80,000 dollars a month in time of war, and 60,000 a year in time of peace, as a kind of pension, or rather as a token of esteem. And the Duke of Urbino deserved all his rewards: his enormous salary, his title and his endless decorations. For he acted with mercy, he never broke his word, and amid the countless temptations of camp life, he kept a spotless name. He was not a fair-favoured man, but unlike most of the mercenary generals, he was neither a blackguard nor a brigand.

At Urbino, Duke Frederick founded what I have already called the model court of the Renaissance, and under his nurture grew up the type of courtier whom Castiglione describes. The bane of the average court was loose morality, but the Duke's example checked this at Urbino. Frederick introduced a certain discipline, not military yet still controlling. Gambling and swearing were forbidden, but, on the other hand the spirit of the place was not puritanical. The Duke had been educated by an exceptional teacher, Vittorino da Feltre, in whose honour he caused a medal to be struck. He knew the classics well and was a hard student when not engaged in war or public business. He collected

a superb library which was undisgraced by the presence of a single printed book and in which every manuscript was illuminated on kid-skin. I must sum up by saying that he combined industry and fine tastes with a sense of duty. His virtues have been described in such detail by Vespasiano that a full account of them would leave space for nothing else.

Duke Frederick died just before Raphael was born, leaving a son and successor, Guido, who might, but for ill health, have equalled his father in reputation. He had the same enlightened mind and the same strong character. One may add that he possessed the same courage, for he bore habitual illness without flinching. During his reign the tone of the court did not decline, and Urbino received fresh lustre from the presence of a brilliant duchess, Elizabeth Gonzaga. She had beauty, learning, goodness and wit, besides the highest birth. Her father was the Marquis of Mantua, and at her marriage she went from one illustrious court to another.

The action of Castiglione's "Courtier" opens at Urbino in 1506, immediately after a visit which Guido had received from Pope Julius II. His Holiness departs, and to prevent a reaction after the galas in his honour the members of the Duke's household rack their brains for a new amusement. Several suggestions are made and laughingly discarded. Then some one says: "For our diversion this night, let one of the company be made choice of, whose business it shall be to describe an accomplished courtier, explaining all the particular qualifications and conditions requisite in one who shall deserve that character. And where anything advanced by him shall appear improper, any one shall be at liberty to object and argue, as the custom is, against him that holds disputation in the schools of philosophy." The Duchess welcomes this idea, Count Caesar Gonzaga is made the first speaker, and a lively battle of argument begins.

"The Courtier" was once thought a very witty book, and that, too, by readers who were quite as clever as we are—the Italians of the Renaissance. Whether Dr. Johnson, who praised it so highly to Boswell, ever read it through, cannot be known, but I incline to think that he did. As late as 1800, Rollin's "Ancient History" was thought excessively light reading by the founders of a public library on Long Island, and a former owner of my copy of "Il Cortegiano"—a thick quarto in Italian and English—has pencilled at the foot of the last page, "Ended

13th July, 1741." Leaving aside German professors and a few other special students, "The Courtier" is in little request at present, because standards of taste change so. The same statement applies to Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," which was written in the same year with "The Courtier" and was considered in its day a piece of uproarious fun. The latest biographer of Erasmus—an American whose opinion of English humour is low—says: "The 'Praise of Folly' is about as funny as an average copy of 'Punch.'" For pure sprightliness, "The Courtier" probably ranks below "The Praise of Folly," and therefore would not be comparable with any of our humorous papers. Still it is readable in itself, and for the light it throws on Renaissance society it is a perfect treasure. I shall not attempt to outline the arguments of the various speakers or give examples of their repartee. But we can briefly gather from Castiglione's book what the qualities of a good courtier actually were.

The good courtier was not a hanger-on who attached himself to a prince in the hope of securing a pension. He usually had a large enough fortune to make him independent, and he did not cringe for promotion. He was a gentleman who entered a prince's service, partly from motives of legitimate ambition, and partly because he was a social being. At courts, alone, if we except Venice, could a highly cultured form of life be found. The talented and the educated went there as they flock to large towns to-day, only more surely. The mediaeval dukes and counts of Germany felt supremely honoured when they stood behind their Emperor's chair at dinner, or held his stirrup as he mounted his horse. In the court life of the Renaissance this spirit does not appear. The courtiers helped the prince in his civil business and often fought in his wars, but they were not exalted menials. They were not servile to him and he was not overbearing to them. While they lived at his court they must be loyal, but they were under no compulsion to remain there. The personnel of any given court was always shifting with great rapidity.

But a good courtier must be distinguished by personal gifts and careful training. Talent was so common in the Renaissance that almost any one had the native capacity. He must also have the education—and what an education! It included solid learning, physical exercises and the social graces. The accomplished courtier knew Greek and Latin well, and could speak familiarly of their literature and

philosophy. He was a skilful horseman, he could use his sword, and he had a technical knowledge of military operations. He could write verses, sketch, play several musical instruments and talk with wit and eloquence. He must have good taste in dress, and it was desirable that he should be the thorough master of some art or craft. Above all he must have courteous manners and perfect self-control. Never has a more complete training of faculty been attained than in the Italian Renaissance. We learn from Castiglione what the standard was, and we know from the biography of the period that, exacting though it seems, it was often attained. Urbino, under Duke Frederick and his son Guido, was a rare and favoured spot upon the earth.

Unfortunately these rulers are the exceptional, rather than the ordinary despots of the Renaissance. They did not owe their rise to the overthrow of civic liberty or to the murder of their predecessors. Their subjects adored them and so they had no revolutions to put down. Their neighbours did not covet the crags which made up their territory, and so they were relieved from plotting for its defence. But fifty miles away, at Rimini on the Adriatic seaboard, Pandolfo Malatesta was murdering three wives in succession, was ruining the people by his taxes, and was acting, in general, like a low and crafty savage. Italy has always been a land of extremes, and during the Renaissance such contrasts as those between Urbino and Rimini could exist in adjoining states. Moreover, the generation that produced Castiglione's "Courtier" produced, eight years later, Machiavelli's "Prince," which exalts political expediency and neglects political morals.

Urbino, considered apart from its dukes, was a town of no political consequence. Milan, on the contrary, ranked among the first five powers of Italy. Naples, the Papacy, Florence, Venice and Milan overshadowed all despotisms in their localities, and rivalled each other at every point. They belonged to the first group and hopelessly outclassed the remaining states. On the intellectual and aesthetic side Florence and Venice dwarfed Naples, Rome and Milan. That is to say, they produced and trained the greatest artists, the most learned scholars, the best men of letters. But these, when once developed, often drifted from their homes, and, under the inducement of high pay, resided for years at Naples, Rome and Milan. For sheer strength Milan was the peer of any Italian state. She had wealth, population and the widest political influence. Indeed, Milan at the time of Ludovico

Sforza means Lombardy, for she had annexed the cities of that whole region. Well might Prospero say to Miranda: "Thy father was the Duke of Milan and a prince of power."

It is desirable to connect Leonardo da Vinci with Ludovico Sforza and the court life of Milan, for among Renaissance artists he was the most accomplished and the most courtly. It is somewhat remarkable that the Italian aristocracy should not have produced a great sculptor, painter or architect. In letters the case was otherwise. The eloquent and learned Pico was born Prince of Mirandola, and the verses of Lorenzo the Magnificent have a high place in Italian literature. But all the leading artists sprang from the lower and middle classes. Leonardo, despite his bar sinister, was gifted by nature with the talents which courtiers chiefly prized, and he may be called, I think, the noblest courtier of the Renaissance. The friend of Italian princes and then of French kings, he was a confessed master in whatever court he set foot. And by this standard he must be judged. The works of art which he left, his treatise on painting and his discoveries in physics are not his lasting title to fame. In an age of unexampled versatility he was the most versatile. There can be no doubt concerning the impression which he made upon his contemporaries. They felt that marvellous and supernatural gifts congregated in his sole person; that in him, beauty, grace and genius were so united as to render his actions divine and to prove that he had been endowed by the hand of God. His pre-eminence could not be the fruit of human teaching.

Leonardo went to Milan at the suggestion of Lorenzo the Magnificent. He was thirty-two years old when he entered the Sforza court, and he remained in it until Ludovico's downfall—that is, for sixteen years during the middle part of his life. The change of surroundings must have been great. If Florence may be called the Boston of the Renaissance, Milan was its Chicago. Milan, if one may mix metaphors, "had got the ships, and got the men, and got the money, too." What she wanted now was culture. I believe that some citizen of Chicago recently observed: "We haven't gone in for culture yet, but when we do, we shall make culture hum." Perhaps we should treat Ludovico unjustly if we said that he was trying to make culture hum; but finding few eminent artists among the Lombards, he brought in Bramante and Leonardo besides many others of lesser note.

To Leonardo the Duke showed his best qualities, and he could be

very attractive. The unpleasant facts in Ludovico's career are three. He probably poisoned his nephew; he certainly invited the French invasion which caused Italy's ruin; and his execution of the minister Simonetta was a judicial murder. He committed, also, various political perfidies, which were considered at the time as worse than criminal, for they were stupid and did not succeed. But unlike many despots he was free from blood-thirstiness, and no ruler ever took more pains to surround himself with the best in art and in scholarship. He had splendid ideas, and showed an unstinted, sympathetic generosity towards those who could help him in fulfilling them.

The Duchess was Beatrice d'Este, sprung from the ducal line of Ferrara, which held its head high among the despotic families of the Renaissance. The mention of her name opens up the most important subject of all, though I have rather avoided it until now—I mean the feminine element in Italian court life. The reason why I have avoided this topic can best be explained in the words of a Neapolitan ambassador at the court of Milan. Writing to his king about a great festival which had just taken place, he says: "Yesterday I attended the Duke's gala, which was truly magnificent. The costumes of the ladies were the most superb which I have ever seen; but as that sort of thing is not much in my line, I shall not attempt a description of them."

Well may one shrink from speaking about the women of the Renaissance, if he cannot describe their dresses. The mysteries, for instance, of such a splendid garment as the *camora* are revealed to but few men, and of them Worth is the most distinguished. But let me read one passage from a private letter. The Marchioness of Mantua, who was the sister of the Duchess of Milan is describing the marriage of the Emperor Maximilian to Ludovico's niece Bianca Sforza. "The queen wore a bodice of crimson satin, embroidered in gold thread and covered with jewels. Her train was immensely long and the sleeves were made to look like two wings, which had a very fine appearance. On her head she wore an ornament of the magnificent diamonds and pearls. . . . The Duchess Isabella wore a *camora* of crimson satin, with gold cords looped over it, as in my grey cloth *camora* which you must remember; and I wore my purple velvet *camora*, with the pattern of the links worked in massive gold and green and white enamel, about six inches deep on the front and back of my bodice, and on both sleeves. The *camora* was lined with cloth of gold, and with it I wore a girdle of

St. Francis made of large pearls, with a beautiful clear-cut ruby for clasp." I am glad to throw the responsibility for these details upon the Marchioness of Mantua, who, so far as she goes, shows quite the spirit of a modern newspaper reporter.

But quite apart from her magnificent raiment, Beatrice d'Este is too notable a person to be overlooked. She was not learned like her sister, the Marchioness of Mantua, from whom I have just quoted, and who, despite her interest in dress, was an excellent Greek scholar. The Duchess of Milan was lively and frolicsome, with a quick wit besides, like Shakspeare's Beatrice. She only lived six years after her marriage, but they were crowded with enjoyment. She kept a sound heart throughout, and her mirth, though sometimes boisterous, was innocent. Practical jokes were permitted at the Renaissance courts, and she played many mad pranks, but they brought her no reproach. She could box with her maids of honour, and even knock them down in open, manly sport, taking the blows which they dealt her with the utmost cheerfulness. She made her husband love her by showing courage in the hunting field. It had been a political marriage, and Ludovico, though always considerate, did not become devoted to his wife until after he had seen her at close quarters with a wounded stag. He has himself told how she escaped. "All at once we heard that the wounded stag had been seen, and had attacked the horse which my wife was riding. And the next moment we saw her lifted up in the air a good lance's height from the ground; but she kept her seat, and sat erect all the while. We all rushed to her help, and asked if she were hurt; but she only laughed, and was not in the least frightened."

With a large supply of animal spirits, Beatrice d'Este was not a hoyden, and her affections were very warm. She corresponded with her mother at Ferrara and her sister at Mantua, never letting more than a few days pass without writing them, either from her palace in Milan or from her favourite country seat of Vigevano. I must read a short letter which she sent her mother with a portrait of her first child, Ercole. Before he was three months old his portrait had been painted for the grandmother, and this charming note accompanied the gift:—

"Most illustrious madama mine, and dearest mother,—Your Highness must forgive my delay in writing to you. The reason was that every day I have been hoping the painter would bring me the portrait of Ercole, which my husband and I now send you by this post.

And, I can assure you, he is much bigger than this portrait makes him appear, for it is already more than a week since it was painted. But I do not send the measure of his height, because people here tell me if I measure him he will never grow! Or else I certainly would let you have it. And my lord and I, both of us, commend ourselves to your Highness, and I kiss your hand, my dearest mother.—Your obedient servant and child, Beatrice Sfortia da Este, with *my own* hand. To the most illustrious lady, my dearest mother, Signora Duchessa di Ferrara.”

In character and in talent Beatrice d'Este stands above the average duchess or princess of the Renaissance. Without being a paragon, she was graceful, she was witty and she had a good heart. But leaving her aside for the moment, I wish to express the opinion that the condition of women improved a good deal during the Renaissance. In the Middle Ages one hears much about queens of beauty, queens of love and chivalrous devotion. But women were very badly treated. I am not criticising the conceptions of chivalry; I am simply alluding to the actual state of things. Women were kept dependent, and the honour which theoretically they received by no means compensated for the disadvantages which they really suffered. The Renaissance is stained by innumerable scandals, in which women participate. Lucrezia Borgia has been partially whitewashed, but at the best she is an unpleasant figure. Bianca Capello is unendurable. We must accept them, and many like them, as they stand, for they cannot be glossed over. The other scale, however, will contain Michelangelo's friend, Vittoria Colonna; Elizabeth Gonzaga, the Duchess of Urbino; her sister-in-law, the incomparable Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua; and, finally, the latter's sister, Beatrice d'Este, Duchess of Milan. But, irrespective of the balance between vice and virtue, the Renaissance provided a training which developed the faculties of men and women. The difference between the two cases is that the Middle Ages had furnished a certain education for men which it denied to women. Now, in the Renaissance the handicaps were readjusted, and though women did not come into their own, the favoured ones among them had splendid advantages. Lady Jane Gray had her Roger Ascham, the sisters Isabella and Beatrice d'Este had their Guarino of Verona; and no lady of noble birth missed the chance of some intellectual training. Emancipation from tutelage began when the lip-

service, which kept women helpless, ended. And it was soon found more desirable to be a rational being than a Dulcinea del Toboso.

Returning to the court of Milan, we may measure its grandeur, in part, by its expenditure. One always asks about a great despot, like Ludovico Sforza, "What was his income, and how much did he spend?" Of late years the world has been so congested with money that the figures of the Renaissance appear small, and I blush to say, on behalf of Ludovico Sforza, that his revenues only amounted to six million dollars a year. Judged by present standards, this is little enough. But everything is relative, and the English crown under the thrifty Henry VII. had barely an income of seven millions. The Republic of Venice could count upon eight millions a year, and the list was headed by the King of France with ten millions. I take these figures from the estimates of Italian bankers, who loaned money to governments. The ducat of 1500 is reckoned at two pounds sterling, modern value. In this fairly accurate table Milan is set down as being less wealthy than England, Venice and France. But for the control of comforts and luxuries, the six millions of Milan must have gone further than the seven millions of England, and the eight millions of Venice than the ten millions of France. Italy had the hosts of skilled workmen, the central location being East and West, and the finest appliances of manufacture. The Italians felt that they were a superior race, and their northern neighbours powerful but rude barbarians.

Ludovico Sforza, while generous and even extravagant in many ways, was a careful financier. He held a large reserve in hand against any sudden war. Part of this hoard took the ordinary form of gold coin, but another part was made up of precious stones, which he could easily pawn in an emergency. His finest gem was the "Ear of Corn" ruby (*Il Spigo*), which the bankers valued at 250,000 ducats (2,500,000 dollars), but he owned multitudes of diamonds, rubies and pearls—including the Slancy diamond, which Charles the Bold of Burgundy kept on his person, and which he wore when he fell at the battle of Nancy. Having such wealth, the Duke could be lavish with his friends. One day he took his sister-in-law, the Marchioness of Mantua, to see the costliest fabrics in Milan, and before leaving the merchant's house he asked her to say which she thought the handsomest. "I replied," says Isabella, "that what I had most admired was a certain gold and silver tissue embroidered with the twin towers of the light-

house in the port of Genoa, and bearing a Spanish motto." "Ludovico praised her good taste, saying that he had already had a *camora* made for his wife of this material, and begged her to accept fifteen yards of the same stuff, and wear it for his sake." "This brocade," Isabella wrote to her husband, "is worth at least 40 ducats a yard." Or 6,000 dollars for the material of a single dress!

The Duke of Milan did not consume his wealth in vulgar display. Ambition and the love of pleasure required that he should have the most brilliant court in Italy, but his tastes were refined. Whatever he did was embellished by art. He approached politics in the spirit of a dilettante, and ruined his fortunes at last by being too subtle. He invited to his court every kind of artist from embroiderers to architects, and kept them busily employed. He regarded living itself as a fine art, and all his occupations were dictated by a delicate choice. He gave up much time to the adornment of his palace; within, by curios, tapestries and pictures; without, by landscape gardening. When he lost the duchy, the general of the French army took the tapestries of the Castello for his share of the booty, and they were appraised at 150,000 ducats. He was so fond of music that Leonardo first went to Milan, not because he was a great painter, but because he was the best lute-player in Florence. The comedies of Terence and Plautus were constantly played at the Sforza court before audiences which could dispense with the aid of a libretto. The courtiers also enacted Italian plays which they had written. Literature flourished in the general esteem, and although no one had a marked poetical genius, the Milanese court abounded with graceful sonnetteers. Good conversation was highly prized, and serious debate arose over the respective merits of Dante and Petrarch, or when the question turned upon heroes, over the greater courage of Roland or Rinaldo. Technical and abstruse studies were also held in honour by the Duke.

In the country he established a large model farm at Vigevano, and filled a "Zoo" with wild animals, both native and foreign—with bears and stags from the Alps; with giraffes and lions from Africa. He improved the system of irrigation upon which Lombardy depended for its support almost as much as Egypt depends upon the Nile. He tried, also, to prevent the Po from overflowing its banks. Ludovico Sforza combined the tastes of an art critic with those of a squire.

The honour which was paid to Leonardo at Milan is a decisive

proof of the Duke's fondness for art, and of his patience in waiting for artists to finish their work. How endless were that master's delays in bringing any specified task to completion, is well known. Leonardo, in one memorial which he drew up, professes to have the widest range. In time of peace he can build an aqueduct or a cathedral. In time of war he can construct bridges, cannon, engines and catapults of fair and useful shape, hitherto unknown but of admirable efficiency. Unfortunately for the world, his experiments took a long time, and though he could not be accused of pure idleness, seldom followed an enterprise to the end. Darwin's motto: "It is dogged as does it," was not Leonardo's. The Duke must have been sorely tried with these delays. The work in which he took the deepest interest was a bronze equestrian statue of his father, the Duke Francesco. He showed his confidence in Leonardo at an early stage of their acquaintance by giving him the commission for it. Here was a great compliment, and the master felt its full weight. He began an elaborate series of studies and models with a view to excelling Donatello and Verocchio. After several trials, he failed to satisfy his own hopes; then other projects caught his fancy, and though he understood the Duke's wishes, he never finished the statue in bronze. He executed a fine clay model, but it was destroyed by the French when they first occupied Milan.

And yet Leonardo received at Milan an enormous salary; the largest, I think, which was paid to any artist during the Renaissance. Ludovico gave him 2,000 ducats a year, besides presents and favours. He was not hurried or interfered with. Everything lay within his reach—books, instruments, leisure, friends. If, when he was sent to Pavia to inspect the new cathedral, he remained there for months, studying anatomy or discussing science and metaphysics with the Professors of the University, no one objected. He enjoyed the privileges of a reigning genius. He had a large house, rich clothes and an enthusiastic band of disciples. He doubtless deserved his good fortune, but such success did not always follow merit, even in the Renaissance.

I have tried to describe the best side of the Sforza court in its best days. It remains to notice Ludovico's downfall. Naples was not the only Italian state which contained a volcano. With the exception of the Papacy and the Republic of Venice, every government in Italy was situated on the slopes of Vesuvius. The despot might be assassinated

by some one whom he had wronged, or by some one else who had been reading in Plutarch about Timoleon, Brutus and the other tyrannicides of Greece and Rome. He might be poisoned by a relative. He might be overcome by a strong and greedy neighbour. But if he survived all local accidents, he and his government were threatened by the danger of foreign invasion. The Italian states needed a spirit of union where there was only mutual discord; for to the east of them lay the Turks, to the west the Spaniards, and to the north the French. Italy, rich, alluring and defenceless, was the natural prey of all three. It escaped the Turks, because they marched up the Danube and seized Hungary instead of pursuing conquests in the Mediterranean, but the Spaniards and the French were not to be eluded. The kings of both countries claimed Naples by inheritance, and the French also had a family claim to Milan. Ludovico Sforza made the ridiculous mistake of inviting the French to seize Naples. Presently, as the result of the French invasion, he found himself a prisoner for life in the French chateau of Loches. He had reigned nineteen years; fourteen in the name of his nephew and five in his own.

Three years ago an eminent German scholar, Karl Brandi, published a short book called the "Renaissance in Florence and Rome," and he justified his title by stating that the Italian Renaissance centred chiefly at Florence and Rome. Venice was the one other place which could be fitly compared with them. This view, I think, is perfectly sound, and, moreover, there were courts at both Florence and Rome. Why, then, should one, in speaking upon court life, exalt Urbino and Milan at their expense? The answer is simple. Florence did not technically become a despotism till 1530, just when the Renaissance was drawing to its close, and almost one hundred years after Cosimo de' Medici had rendered himself the first citizen of the Republic. The Medici ruled by influence rather than by force. They had the real power of despots, without bearing an official title. But when Piero, soon after the death of his father, Lorenzo the Magnificent, began to be overbearing, the citizens drove him into exile. Had Florence been left alone she would never have recalled the Medici. They were restored twice by Spanish aid, after spirited resistance from the town. Thus, while they held political ascendancy for long periods together, they had no court, properly so-called, until after 1530. Ben-

venuto Cellini's autobiography, which describes in vivid colours the court of Cosimo, the first Duke, is a work of the decadent Renaissance.

As for the papal court, it undoubtedly has a political side, and the Popes were despots from their undisputed control of the papal state. They had two sets of interests which often conflicted. They were at the head of a great international church, and they were the immediate lords of certain Italian territories. Political, social and ecclesiastical interests constantly reacted upon each other at Rome; and under many Popes of the Renaissance, Sixtus IV., Alexander VI., Julius II., Leo X. and Clement VII., for example, the political element was very prominent. Yet, the papal court is not a typical one, because the papacy was an international institution, and because their religious character prevented the Popes from leading the lives of purely secular princes. The Renaissance had a profound influence upon the Latin Church; the Popes were enthusiastic patrons of scholarship and art; but court life, in the ordinary sense of the word, did not exist at Rome.

Urbino and Milan are more typical than Florence and Rome, but it cannot be said when you have learned one court, or two, or three that you have learned them all. The Italian courts of the Renaissance differ wholly from the German courts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which Mr. Boswell commended to Dr. Johnson. These were all under the social influence of France, and copied on a reduced scale whatever was done at Versailles. Everywhere at the pretty German courts might be seen the same courtiers in their French perruques, the same court ladies in their Paris dresses, and the same Prime Minister, who was secretly in the pay of France. On the other hand, the Italians of the Renaissance were not servile copyists. The small courts were not the larger ones in miniature. Urbino did not reproduce the fashions and amusements of Naples. Turin did not reproduce the pomp and intellectual ambitions of Milan.

The effect of the court system upon art is most interesting. It encouraged, but it did not stimulate. Except Raphael and Bramante, the greatest artists arose in Florence and Venice, and were born before 1500, when both states were free from open despotism. Raphael and Bramante were born at the little town of Urbino, and had secured their education before they entered the service of despots. These men had ambitions beyond the heaven of court patronage; partly, perhaps, because their youth was passed outside the awe-inspiring pale of a

court. The artists who, after 1500, were merely court painters, court sculptors and court architects did not reach the level of their predecessors. I am quite aware that the numbing effect of despotism offers but a partial explanation of artistic decadence. Many and complex causes contributed to the same end; but the artists could hardly escape losing imaginative power when they were born and bred in courts where they worked for the prince first, and secondly for Art.

It seems to be accepted by moralists that, in the long run, absolute power injures the character of the man who exercises it. Good and bad were mixed with strange caprice in the natures of the Renaissance despots and in the atmosphere of their courts. On the surface, and for the time, the bad predominated, for most of the Italian princes were self-indulgent, and many among them were wantonly cruel. But if the worst offenders perished in their sins, and if Italy suffered bitterly from the Spanish oppression to which the despots brought her, much good remains. Societies which had no part in the glaring iniquities of the Cinquecento have been touched, to their profit, by the humanizing influences of Italian court life. I have a profound respect for the virtues of the Puritans, and without a Puritanical sub-stratum it is hard to live well. But Puritanism is not everything here below. I know an elderly lady who was born in Massachusetts when the celebrated "New England conscience" was at its full maturity. And I once heard her say: "When I was a girl, if any lady spoke a polite word or smiled a sympathetic smile, it was observed, 'She is *insincere*.'" Against this aspect of Puritanism, Italian court-life at its best (the court-life, let us say, of Urbino) is a lasting protest. For in Renaissance Italy to be surly and to be sour were not considered the marks of gentility or even of goodness.

C. W. COLBY.

LABORARE EST ORARE.

(" Vois-tu, Trilby, I'm very much afraid He doesn't really exist, le bon Dieu !—most unfortunately for me, for I adore Him. I never do a piece of work without thinking how nice it would be, if I could only please Him with it !")

He does exist, blithe artist-soul !
You prove it, by that wish you own ;
We know it, in a world unknown,
Where men must work, as ages roll.

Why, else, our glad uncounted pains,
To raise each task and make it great ?
Why, else, the will insatiate
That mediocrity disdains ?

He lives—the all-inspiring God !
Of Him is skill, of Him is power,
His praise goes up, with every hour,
From hammered bolt, or new-turned sod.

Complete in joy, or wrought in tears,
The artist's dream—the chemist's proof—
Work blends with prayer, as warp with woof,
And, while we pray, One sees and hears.

MILDRED P. HALSEY.

BROOK FARM.

The great republic to the south of us is characterized by the spirit of decadent Athens—"an eagerness to hear or to tell some new thing." Because this is so the States furnish ground and toleration to experiment stations for all manner of schemes—educational, industrial, social or dietary. New England, especially, is a hatching ground for novelties, though many of these go west in their tender youth and grow up there, so that the credit or discredit of them becomes attached to Chicago. If this is true of the New England of to-day, it was still more true of New England sixty years ago. "No orders of men," says Frothingham, "no aristocracies of intellect, no privileged classes of thought were established. . . . Experiments in thought and life, of even audacious description were made, not in defiance of precedent—for precedent was hardly respected enough to be defied—but in innocent unconsciousness of precedent." A feeling was abroad that all things must be new in the New World. And in those days the New World, though it had cut some ties which bound it to the Old, shared with the Old in the upheaval and expansion which characterized the earlier half of the last century. Fresh life seemed to have broken old bonds, as expanding buds burst their cerements in spring.

In literature the polished periods of Addison and the desiccated couplets of Pope were forgotten for the verses of poets who sang as spontaneously as birds do in a June dawn. "Dissenters in poetry," says Taine, "who repelled settled minds by the novelty and audacity of their theories." It would be interesting, if we had time, to trace the course of this wave of "romanticism," as it has been called, through

civilization,—to show how all the arts felt its impulse, and how it was followed by a wave of realism and pessimism, which is even now breaking in Russia, with Tolstoi on its crest. “But that is another story.” With this feeling after truth in art, came an earnest desire for truth in life—a wish to break down those artificial barriers which selfish man has built between himself and his brother, to cut the cords wherewith the strong have bound the weak. In England this showed itself in the extension of the suffrage, the emancipation of the Jews, the passing of one Factory act after another. In the United States there was a great and growing anti-slavery movement.

It was at this time that a little group of New England enthusiasts (pupils of their age as well as leaders in it) started the Transcendental Club of Boston. During the fourteen years of its life this Club enrolled among its members some of the most noted men and women of New England—Emerson, Bancroft, James Freeman Clarke, Bronson Alcott, Theodore Parker and Margaret Fuller. It held informal meetings at the homes of its members to discuss universal reform—no less. The words “transcendental” and “transcendentalist” have been sadly overworked and grossly misapplied. According to the best authority I have been able to consult, the transcendental philosophy is the study of those things which transcend the physical senses. Mathematics cannot determine its triangle without two angles and a side to start from. Not so transcendentalism. It is all in the air, so to speak. To one not gifted with a transcendental mind, the mental involutions of the elect suggest the proverbial effort to “hoist one’s self by one’s bootstraps.” The common mind wanders into a labyrinth and gets lost there. The exact opposite to the transcendentalist is the “sensationalist,” who will not accept as truth anything which has not come to himself or to some credible witness through the physical senses. But the transcendentalist claims that there are spiritual senses also, and that things of the spirit are spiritually discerned. Transcendentalism is not only a philosophy. It is a gospel. It deals with eternal realities. Its chief disciples have been clergymen. “It taught,” says one who was in it and of it, “a deeper sense of the rights and claims of others. It made its disciples realize the brotherhood of man.” Under its impulse Bronson Alcott, George Ripley and Margaret Fuller held many earnest consultations in regard to a community soon to be established, which was to substitute “brotherly co-operation for selfish competition.”

But when this community materialized as Brook Farm in 1841, Alcott declined to cast in his lot with it. He had entirely put away the use of animal food and he held peculiar views as to wherewithal he and his family should be clothed. The Brook Farm community declined to be dieted and dressed in accord with Alcott's ideas. So, instead of joining it Alcott went to England where he found friends like-minded with himself. On his return to Massachusetts he was accompanied by a few of these enthusiasts, and the spring of 1843 found him inspecting lands suitable for a community which was to "solve the labour and culture problem." By the summer, Alcott and his English friends were domesticated on an old farm near Harvard, which, with touching hopefulness, they named "Fruitlands." Emerson spent a July day with them, and thereafter wrote in his journal: "The sun and the evening sky do not look calmer than Alcott and his family at Fruitlands. . . . They look well in July—we will see them in December." The struggles, misfortunes and collapse of this community are told by Louisa Alcott in a witty and tender sketch bearing the happy title "Transcendental Wild Oats."

"A new dress had to be invented for the Fruitlands community," she writes, "since cotton, silk and wool were forbidden as the product of slave-labour, worm-slaughter and sheep-robbery. Tunics and trowsers of brown linen were the only wear. The women's skirts were longer and their straw hatbrims wider than the men's and this was the only difference. Some persecution lent a charm to the costume, and the long-haired, linen-clad reformers quite enjoyed the mild martyrdom they endured when they left home. . . . Money was abjured as the root of all evil. The elect preached vegetarianism everywhere, and when they dined out, ate apples and bread only, at well-spread tables, to the great affliction of hospitable hostesses."

Reform conventions of all sorts were haunted by these brethren, to the sore hindrance of farm work. Louisa Alcott relates that just as the grain was ready to house, and an easterly storm impending, "some call of the Oversoul wafted all the men away, and the harvest was rescued only by the indomitable energy of Mrs. Alcott." Little wonder that this brotherhood of dreamers found virtue, as they saw and practised it, its own and only reward. The experiment at Fruitlands was outwardly an utter failure.

Brook Farm was less visionary and therefore longer-lived. Work was begun there about the first of April (an ominous date this) 1841, and the colony continued in existence for more than six years. George Ripley was its founder and its cherisher, but never its historian. When some one asked Ripley when he was going to write an account of Brook Farm, he replied, "When I reach my years of indiscretion." "He never lived long enough for that," comments the narrator.

One of the best detailed accounts we have is by George Bradford, who joined the community when it was barely two months old. At that time there were in residence Mr. Ripley, his wife, his sister, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and one Warren Burton, who had been a Unitarian clergyman, and was known in his day as the author of several little books, among them "The District School as it was." Mr. Ripley had also been a Unitarian clergyman. He was a scholar of much metaphysical acuteness, sanguine, enthusiastic, gifted with a magnetism which enabled him to inspire enthusiasm in others. Mrs. Ripley was also of an ardent temperament. She was in thorough sympathy with all her husband's views, and entered with zeal and efficiency into every department of communal life in which she could take part. The farm had been bought by Mr. Ripley with his private means, and he supervised the finances of farm and household. "He cheerfully gave all that he had and was," says an ex-resident, "that the experiment of an honest friendly society might be fairly tried." Those who joined the community did so by personal arrangement with him. The first residents worked with and for him, receiving their daily support in return, but at this idyllic period there was no exact bargain-driving on either side. His sister, Miss Marianne Ripley, had had a school for little children in Boston. She brought several of these children with her, and lived with her charges in a cottage called "The Nest," close to the farm. The rest of the community was housed in the old farm house, afterwards called "The Hive." During this first summer they were joined by Dana, afterwards editor of the New York Sun, but then only a Harvard law student, obliged to leave college on account of trouble with his eyes. Later he filled a most important place in the community as teacher, worker and counsellor. During this summer also there were several accessions to the colony. Minor Pratt (locally well known as a field botanist) arrived with his family and became a pillar of the community. (His son, by the way, afterwards married Alcott's eldest

daughter, the Meg of "Little Women.") Probably the most useful resident received at this time was Tom Allen, of Vermont, who brought with him a practical knowledge of farm work.

The "Blithedale Romance" is the result of Hawthorne's experience in the colony during this earlier idyllic period. "He was attracted, as I understood him," says Bradford, "by the hope of finding a chance to live according to his own peculiar tastes and views. But he found he could not combine writing with severe bodily toil, and as writing was so manifestly his vocation he gave up at the end of the first summer. He was shy and silent, and though he mingled with the evening gatherings in 'The Hive' he was apparently pre-occupied." Perhaps his reticent soul expanded more freely in the society of one sympathetic companion, for Bradford says he "has very agreeable recollections of raking and working over acres of hay in company with Hawthorne." "Some of us," says Bradford, "learned the mysterious accomplishment of milking, much to our own satisfaction, less apparently to that of the animals." He also speaks of the pleasure he felt in practising a very old industry, the cutting and stacking of turf.

Jack London says there is a call of the wild which drives men into the wilderness, at certain seasons, to kill things. It comes to us from a distant past when all mankind were hunters. To gentle and highly developed natures there may come, instead, a call from a less remote past, when men were shepherds and tillers of the soil—a longing to work with one's muscles under the open sky, and to breath the fragrance of the fresh-turned sod. But though scholarly men, drawn from desk or pulpit, found field work less irksome than one might suppose, some indoor tasks were a weariness to the flesh. "These jobs about the house," writes Hawthorne in his diary, "are not at all suited to my taste." And even the sunny Bradford has no good word for the task assigned to him in the laundry. "I was put," says he, "to pounding clothes in a hogshead with a heavy wooden pestle, in which process I learned something of that remarkable disappearance of buttons from garments in passing through the laundry—so vexatious to bachelors."

Hawthorne's craving for Mother-earth was soon sated. "All the morning," says the diary under the date of May the first, "I have been at work under the blue sky, on a hill side. Sometimes it almost seemed as if I were at work on the sky itself, though the material in which I

wrought was the ore from our gold mine. There is nothing so disagreeable in this sort of toil as you could think. It defiles the hands indeed, but not the soul." A little later comes the rift within the lute—"I do not believe I should be so patient here if I were not engaged in a righteous and heaven-blessed way of life." By August the fifteenth the depths of disgust have been reached—"Even my custom-house experience was not such a thralldom as this. O, labour is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming brutified. Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for horses and cows? It is not so."

All residents, without distinction of sex had to labour for an allotted daily period for the common weal. All labour was rewarded alike, on the principle that physical labour is more irksome than mental, and less improving. All took their turn at the several branches of employment. As time went on, and the colony grew, work became more varied. Boarders were received who must be "done for" and kept contented, and scholars to be trained and instructed in various branches. From these boarders and scholars, as well as from the sale of farm products, the necessary expenses of the community were derived. In course of time several trades were introduced, and these contributed something towards the necessary funds. No labour was hired that could be supplied within the community. There was no communal sharing of goods, but each member gave as much as he or she felt able to afford towards the support of the institution. Many had nothing to give save their work. The farm supplied many needs of the table and the food, though wholesome, and, at first, abundant, was very simple.

The land lay between the towns of Dedham, Newton and West Roxbury. "About the house," says Bradford, "were wooded knolls, sinking into a wide meadow that bordered on the River Charles. Through the fields, within sound of 'The Hive,' ran the lively brook which gave the experiment its name. At a little distance was a fine upland pasture sloping to the river's brink, a favourite resort for sunset views and twilight walks. We had very varied amusements suited to different seasons, tableaux, charades, masquerades and rural fêtes out of doors." These last seem to have impressed Emerson, who irreverently called the community life "a perpetual picnic." But these picnics were deeply politic.

"Our most profitable source of income," says a woman resident, "was that derived from pupils sent to us. Having so many young people under our charge, little recreations were almost a necessity. Little dances were common, but ball-dresses were unknown; a knot of ribbon added to our usual dress was often our only adornment. These little dances were not extended beyond 10 p.m." This narrator belonged to the ironing-room, and did all the clear-starching. "Life at Brook Farm," she writes, "was on the whole very busy, very monotonous, and looked upon by one accustomed to the stirring life of the city, would have been considered unbearable; yet it was strange how much variety we contrived to put into it. You might have heard a great problem discussed over the wash-tub, by one whose brightness shed light on all around, and every evening there were pleasant and often brilliant conversations."

The community was never very large. In its most prosperous years it had an average of seventy residents, and of these less than half were young people sent to be educated. By the time the community was three years old the prospects were most promising. The farm contained 208 acres and could be enlarged to any extent necessary. The Association held property worth about thirty thousand dollars. Public meetings had awakened an interest in the movement. Appeals for money had been generously answered. The colony had been increased by many skilful and enthusiastic labourers in various departments. Several buildings had been added to the original cottage, and a large workshop had been erected. A phalanstery, or communal dwelling, on a large scale was in progress of construction. The department of education, on which much thought had been bestowed, was flourishing.

At this juncture there arrived upon the scene Albert Brisbane, of England, a self-chosen apostle of the doctrines of Fourier. His propaganda was so successful that the directors of Brook Farm (George Ripley, Minor Pratt and Charles Anderson Dana) published a statement giving to those doctrines their unqualified assent. A good literary exposition of Fourier's ideas will be found in Zola's novel, *Travail*. Once established in the United States they spread like the gypsy moth or the Russian thistle. Soon no less than thirty-four Fourierite groups or "Phalanxes" were formed in all parts of the North and West. From an economic standpoint, by far the most important of these was the North American Phalanx at Red Bank, New Jersey, with which Horace

Greely cast in his lot. But Brook Farm, become a Phalanx, has had the widest and most enduring fame, because of the eminence of its residence and its visitors.

"The Harbinger," a weekly paper issued by the Brook Farm community, gives the first English translation of the "New Industrial World" in which most of Fourier's schemes for social regeneration are set forth. The language of his writings is at once prolix and obscure, and his habit of using scientific modes of classification for mental and spiritual ideas is, to me at least, very bewildering. His dream-world is to consist of many swarms of from 1,600 to 2,000 individuals. Each swarm is to live in a communal dwelling or phalanstery, and to provide itself with all commodities and amusements desired. The phalanx is to be controlled by a uniarch, elected by popular vote, and holding office for one year. Three or four phalanxes form a union, three or four unions a district, many districts a province, and finally many provinces are to be united under an omniarch, who rules the whole world. There is to be unity of language, of coins, of weights and measures. "Association" is indeed the keynote of Fourier's teaching. The pages of the Harbinger are liberally sprinkled with this word, always capitalized. Fourier points out the vast economy of a communal kitchen and the wastefulness of the present method by which each household, however small, pays for its own cook and fire. This is obvious. Yet the Fourierite colonies, with their communal tables, got into financial difficulties very soon.

One cannot see why a man should work better in the interest of a big heterogenous household of chance companions than he would for his own wife and weans, his household roof and fire. Neither can one see why the world re-made according to Fourier's views should be free from poverty, from crime and from war. The Kingdom of God comes always and only from within. Fourier, however, succeeded in proving to the entire satisfaction of his disciples that his system, thoroughly worked out, would remould this wicked old world to the heart's desire. One can scarcely see why his dreams should have so shocked the orthodox. Most of them are so innocent and all of them so unattainable. Thoroughly shocked, however, the orthodox were. Fourier in his years of indiscretion held and put forth some startling views on the subject of marriage. Later he endeavoured to suppress the book in which he had stated these opinions, and few of his followers ever

adopted them. But the enemies of his teaching persisted in believing, or at least in asserting, that those were the beliefs of all Fourierites.

The supply of pupils, Brook Farm's main financial hope, fell rapidly away. "Even many who understood us and our lives," writes the woman resident already quoted, "felt timid when it was a question of education of their children. They were afraid of the comments of Mrs. Grundy, and though they knew that there were among us highly-learned men, who had made their mark along the line of education, they chose to give their children to inferior teachers. And there were thousands who looked on us as no better than heathen returned to a state of semi-barbarism."

In the Harbinger, the Brook Farm Phalanx, as the community is now called, advertised constantly and anxiously for pupils, younger or older, of either sex, to be provided with board, washing, fuel, lights, parental care, instruction of experienced teachers and use of a piano, all for the modest sum of four dollars a week. It was hoped that this paper, started in 1844, would prove perhaps a source of income, and would spread the doctrines of Fourier. The bound volumes thereof for five years, the whole life of the periodical, can be seen in the McGill Library, and they are full of interest. Among the contributors we find the names of Albert Brisbane, William Ellery Channing, Charles A. Dana, Whittier, Lowell, George W. Curtis, and W. W. Story. George Sand's *Consuelo*, then and there first published in English, goes through it as a serial. It is in the thick of the anti-slavery agitation. The messages and open letters from other Fourierite phalanxes, and the items of news as to what is doing therein, show the hold obtained upon the minds of the last generation by doctrines which are now well-nigh forgotten. The Harbinger led a precarious life, from hand to mouth as it were. It probably made fresh enemies for the Brook Farm community by publishing its heresies far and wide.

The wolf was at the door. "Every effort was made," writes an ex-resident, "to enable us to continue our life at Brook Farm. We murmured at no retrenchment. Baked pork and beans became a Sunday luxury. Coffee was banished from the communal table. Butter was dealt forth with a frugal hand." All who had skill in any kind of fancy-work made it useful. It was agreed that a number of mechanics who had applied for admission and been denied, should be recalled, in hopes that handicrafts would do what farming alone had been unable to effect."

The Harbinger of March 10th., 1846, records the burning of the newest, most important and costliest of the Brook Farm buildings, the Phalanstery or communal dwelling, just ready for occupation. This was the death blow. The summer was occupied in closing up the affairs of the Association, and in the autumn its members betook themselves to the world again and engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life. "The Farm," says Frotheringham, "was bought by the town of West Roxbury, and afterwards passed into private hands. The main building has since been occupied as a hospital. The leaders of the Association removed to New York, and for about a year continued their labours of propagandism by means of the Harbinger till that expired; then their dream faded away."

Now, why did it fade? One can see several causes for the failure of the Brook Farm colony. The site of the experiment had been chosen for its beauty, with little regard to the fertility of the land." Sand and gravel," says an ex-resident, "interspersed with picturesque rocks do not produce very good grass." The society to be found there drew to Brook Farm many cultivated men and women, longing for stimulating companionship, or weary of conventionality. Some took advantage of the easy hospitality of the Association and lived there mainly at its expense, their unskilled and incidental labour being no compensation for their entertainment. "Thither came all manner of reformers with various bees in their bonnets, vegetarians, come-outers from church or state and long-bearded reformers," says Bradford, "dressed all in white, which was itself a protest against something—I hardly know what." Distinguished visitors also gave charm to the place, but all these literally helped to eat the Association out of house and home. The mechanics who were taken into the colony during its latter days proved less of an acquisition than was hoped. We can see how the certainty of food and lodging for himself and his family would attract an idle or unskilled man, often on the verge of penury, while a thoroughly good mechanic, able to do well for himself, would hesitate to cast in his lot with an experimental colony.

The transmutation of scholars into farm-hands was a mistake both ways. Few literary men can follow Tolstoi's programme, a forenoon at the plough-tail and an afternoon at the desk. Hawthorne confesses that he could not. Physical weariness stupified him, and dried up invention at its fountain head. In the "Blithedale Romance," the farmer

who directs the agricultural energies of the men is asked his candid opinion of his labourers, and in reply to earnest questioning he says with Yankee directness that "three of you lily-handed city chaps are about equal to one good farm-hand." We must remember that one of these "lily-handed city chaps" has been described by Lowell as "the rarest genius, in some ideal respects, since Shakspeare." What of the scheme of life which would reduce this man to one third the value of the farm-hand?

Here, I think, lies one cause for the failure of Brook Farm, and for the early death of its sister Fourierite colonies. Fourierism, in its desire to make all men equal and all work honourable, puts men of rare mental and spiritual gifts to monotonous muscular toil. But we are not all equal. The young kindergarten teacher learns otherwise in the experience of her first year. And if we question the justice of the inequality we must carry the indictment to a court so high that we dare not criticize its decisions. Fourier's system, moreover, shifts people from task to task. Constant change of occupation is one of his favourite schemes, and the domestic duties of the phalanstery are to be performed by every one in turn. The practical result is that woe is worked in every department by the unfit, the unskilled, or the protesting. An ardent advocate of the system might plead that no one of the experimental colonies has been large enough to give it a fair trial. But who shall plead the same now-a-days? Its day is gone. It took hold when and how it did, because it came to people so hungering for comfort and for hope.

Increase in the use of machinery had driven hand workers out of employment, and thrown the industrial world out of gear. Many earnest men and women of the time seemed unable to realize that the industrial world would re-adjust itself, in time, to these new conditions. They saw but two alternatives—increasing pauperism or social reconstruction. There were no trades-unions to protect *employés* from the avarice of employers. The crying evil of slavery was in the land. The newspapers of the day recorded tales of privation and outrage which drove generous souls into absurdities of protest. "Transcendental wild oats were sown broadcast," says Louisa Alcott, "in those years, but futile as the crop seemed to outsiders, there was an invisible harvest worth much to those that planted in earnest." "Many there were," says Bradford, "who look back upon the Brook Farm episode as

one of the most profitable as well as delightful times in their lives." To young people especially it was an opportunity for great and lasting benefit.

It was "a protest against the insincerities and superfluities of modern life, an attempt to live a life simple and sincere." But need one withdraw into a community to lead a life simple and sincere? It is noteworthy, I think, that the withdrawing of one's self from society was never taught by Christ, nor by those who lived closest to him in intercourse and in time. The monastic idea comes from the heathen world, where it existed for centuries before Christ's coming. We remember Emerson's noble lines:—

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun ?
Loved the wild flower and left it on its stalk ?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse ?"

The dweller in a community eats bread and pulse among table companions like-minded with himself, and where, perchance, the larder supplies nothing else. He chooses the path of least resistance. But to "eat bread and pulse at the rich man's table," that is the trial to resolution, the difficult enterprise. Yet a task akin to this lies before all earnest souls to-day, for surely there have been few societies in history so hampered with unnecessary things, so tempted with luxurious things as the society in which we find ourselves.

Many of us may recall that famous picture of two Greek lads who are taking part in the torch race. The first has run to the limit of his strength. He reels and falls. But his torch is caught from his failing hand by a fresh runner, and carried flaming on. The last of the men and women who shared the life of Brook Farm and its kindred communities are passing away. They were tossed about by some very mad winds of doctrine, but through all they kept their torch alight. They knew that the mental and spiritual life can be rich and full amid the simplest material conditions, that "intercourse between the people of different classes and degrees of education is very easy, that when conventional and artificial barriers are thrown down we realize how petty and poor they are," that "the most real of all things, inasmuch as they are the most enduring, are the things which are not seen," that "the life simple and sincere is best." This knowledge was their torch. Who will catch it from their failing hands and bear it on?

MAUD GOING.

SOME NOTES ON HERBERT SPENCER.

Fierce, if often fitful, is the light that beats upon the great dead within the first few weeks of their death. Yet, at the last meeting of the "American Philosophical Association" at the close of the year 1903, only in a single paper was a passing reference made to any view of Herbert Spencer, whose death occurred on December 8th. Barely recognized as one of themselves by the philosophers, standing outside the uppermost tendencies of his age in speculation, censured by representatives of almost every science to which he appeals for illustration of his principles, he ended life lonely amongst thinkers, possessed, nevertheless, of a vague general recognition as the "last member of the great Victorian era," and of a large body of adherents amongst the half-thinkers, people of reflective if untrained minds, to whom, for reasons to be suggested in what follows, there is much that is attractive in Spencerianism.

It is a strange paradox that Spencer, with his close, hard reasoning, his almost unequalled skill in linking together the lesser thoughts, the greater systems of his thought, should attract just this body of disciples. His work is deserving of a more appropriate reception, and surely will have, if it has not already had, something of this. Spencer's thinking-achievement—let it be so called, to avoid at the outset any question-begging—must have recognition, and this on more than one ground. If he made the mistake so fatal to the philosopher, of attaching the vessel of his thought to the tug-boat of a single scientific conception, though it were the greatest of his time, in this very experiment he

performed a task necessary to the progress of thought. For history seems to prove that every conception found illuminating in one sphere of phenomena, has at some time to be tried in application to ultimate problems, or at least to other spheres than that to which it originally belongs. This is the natural way of human thought, which gropes and stumbles from known to unknown, and has to try the staff proved trusty on this grassy mountain, in a venture up the more difficult and icy height beyond.

Thus Spencer made trial of all that might be done with the conception of Evolution, and, failing in the main, left ruins which thinkers will do well to examine. If, again, he undertook the feat, impossible to the modern student, of embracing all sciences in his universal survey, and compelling all to fall into line with his dominating theory, in this very proof of impossibility we may see revealed once more the consuming passion of thought, the glory and weakness of the human mind. The philosopher must have unity. How green and fresh is each example of the ancient axiom! He must have it, even though he may agree with Plato that he is bound to toil through all the sciences first. Plato, secure in the scarcity of Greek sciences, could lay down from his watch-tower of Dialectic, the law for all succeeding philosophers. Aristotle, busily gathering fresh material for future toilers, could nevertheless obey. The Nineteenth century thinker applying without respect to Plato his law in the Nineteenth century way, led, indeed, a forlorn hope, yet made one of the most courageous attempts at a unification of all known facts which the history of thought can furnish. The effort to regard the universe in all the unwieldy vastness and complexity of our modern knowledge of it, from one point of view, involving, as it did, the attempt in spite of Aristotle and in spite of Kant to interpret special laws of the special sciences in the terms of that single general idea, will always have a place in the romance of thought. Once more, if Spencer as a political philosopher sacrificed all the force that rushes upon the reforming thinker, and sweeps forward his thought to greater heights than he had imagined, when he is in some sympathy with the temper of his age, if he remained in persistent aloofness, unable to guide or to steer the general currents of feeling because of his austere lack of sympathy, on this very ground his position was a factor needed, in face of the totally different position to which it was opposed. And though he did not much affect the general point of view in questions social, poli-

tical, educational, it may be allowed at no distant time that there was kept alive by means of his writings a certain spirit essential to the older Anglo-Saxon ideal of liberty, and which had been in some danger of oblivion. In the present paper a few brief notes will be made on the three aspects in which, as already suggested, Spencer is chiefly significant; that is, on his doubtful place in philosophy, his attitude as social prophet, and his influence over a fair proportion of the intelligent public.

And first as regards his conception of Philosophy. It is not the one most in favour amongst living representatives of philosophy. The gigantic advance of science seemed to Spencer to leave no room for a philosophy except that which should represent the extreme point reached by the sciences, co-ordinating their results, and expressing their widest generalizations yet more widely. "Philosophy is knowledge of the highest degree of generality; the truths of Philosophy bear the same relation to the highest scientific truths that each of these bears to the lower. Philosophy is completely unified knowledge."^a It deals not less than science with the relative; it knows no more than science of the Absolute.

Such a conception seems to quench the Philosophic spirit, for which a unification of experienced phenomena does not give the unity it demands, the unity which leaves no schism between the mind that knows and the world known, the unity beyond which is no unknowable. If no philosophy has approached this goal, at least no philosophy can long satisfy which declares the pursuit of it illegitimate, the attainment inconceivable. The scientific facts and laws which are formulated without any satisfactory examination of the question how they are known, or what are the epistemological presuppositions of science, cannot themselves be the basis of a philosophy. If Spencer had really succeeded in showing, as at every stage of the march in his *First Principles* he attempts to do, that all the changes of the universe from the first condition of indefinite homogeneity up to the most complex phase, definite and heterogeneous, of Evolution with its products of Life and Mind, are strictly deducible from the one law of "Persistence of Force," then indeed we should have had a *Weltanschauung* of the classic German type, and one, moreover, not without analogies of method to that of

* *First Principles*. Part II., Chapter i.

Hegel. For "Persistence of Force" is not truly postulated as a "Law of Things"; it is rather assumed, though not consistently throughout, as an indispensable and undemonstrable necessity of thought. And yet such a philosophy would not have been in complete accord with the Spencerian conception. Philosophy is not, according to this view, the interpretation or history of the Universe by deduction from the necessary nature of thought. It is the expression of the highest generalizations of science. "Philosophy cannot," he says, "be concerned with being." But this conception is the culmination of English empiricism, whether or not it reached Spencer by means of Auguste Comte.

There is, nevertheless, much in Spencer's method, his employment of deduction, his architectonic plan, which is more akin to the typically German than to the typically English philosophic spirit. In this interesting combination of probably irreconcilable forms of speculation may be found one source of Spencer's originality and also of his inconsistencies. The German tendency is remarked on by his biographer, Otto Gaupp, who marvels at the neglect in Germany of one who "in contrast to all other English philosophers has, in the whole character of his work, something that brings him near to the German *Geistesart*. Spencer in no way shares the instinctive objection of his people to the deductive procedure; he contends everywhere for an ultimate association between inductive and deductive methods."* Whether or not the joint use of the deductive and the empirical methods can be satisfactory in the treatment of ultimate questions, the very cause of Spencer's failure to satisfy either the older or the more recent schools of philosophy in Germany, seems to be the way in which he attempts to associate them. It appears that the idea of the "Persistence of Force" comes to him originally in connection with psychological data, sense of effort, and so on. Proceeding from this hint he finds that it has to be assumed in every scientific demonstration. It cannot then be called a "Highest Generalization of Science." Now, in the course of deductions from the "Persistence of Force," Spencer arrives at certain conclusions, which, it seems, further advance in science might call in question. For instance, his views on the ultimate fate of the Universe, and especially the alternate eras of Evolution and Dissolution, are already criticised as incon-

* Fromman's *Klassiker der Philosophie*.—Spencer.

sistent with the second law of thermo-dynamics.* If such criticism be well-founded, some corollaries from Spencer's primary postulate would have to be modified, to say the least. It is not really, then, beyond experience, and must submit to the changes and chances which lie before all scientific hypotheses. For

"Experience, like a sea, soaks all-effacing in."

We are left, in fact, in a fog as to the part played by experience. It is to necessities of thought that Spencer continually refers. "Persistence of Force" is apparently resolvable into the Laws of Causation and of Uniformity of Nature. Surely, then, Spencer should take a frankly epistemological standpoint. But if we seek in the *Psychology* for a justification of the necessary postulates of thought, we find an account of the building up of such necessities through experiences of the race and of the individual. Hence a circle. For such experiences and our knowledge of them could not be *ex hypothesi* without "Persistence of Force."

With reference to the main attempt to account for the succession of changes in the Universe, as for those of an individual member of the Universe, by means of the formula of Evolution, the criticisms of Professor Ward, made as they are in a tone of sarcasm not entirely appropriate to philosophical argument, must be admitted to express the difficulty which most thoughtful students feel. The Universe cannot be regarded as a single individual, and so explained by any one formula. Having no experience of the totality of things, we are not warranted in saying that it must present rhythmic alternations of Evolution and Dissolution. Nor, as Professor Ward also sees, does Spencer avoid the dilemma usually fatal to those who posit an Unknowable Absolute. The witticism of Dr. F. H. Bradley on a position which he translates, "Since all my faculties are totally confined to my garden, I cannot tell if the roses next door are in flower," seems indeed not to reach the mark. For Spencer again and again insists upon a positive consciousness, indeed a thought of the Absolute, which cannot, however, be described as knowledge. Nevertheless, the most cautious thinker falls into inconsistency, if not confusion, when, having asserted the existence of an Unknowable Reality, he proceeds, as is almost inevitable, to allow his

* Ward, *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, p. 5.

explanation of the realm of the known to be affected by his belief in the existence of the Unknown. Thus it seems that, as Professor Ward points out, the doctrine of "Persistence of Force" is given applications which it owes primarily to its origin in the Permanence of the Unconditioned. It would take up, however, too much space to follow further such attacks and others on Spencer's fundamental position. In passing, one cannot but criticize these criticisms as omitting to recognize that if Spencer fails, he fails in a splendid attempt of which the ruins are sublime.

Turning to Spencer's political teaching, it is first to be noticed that independence was the dominant feature both of his life and of his speculation. The mind which in youth avoided a university education lest the original nature of the thinking activity should be blurred or deflected by the insidious influence of alien methods and dominant phases of education, had no difficulty in disapproving in old age all the national enthusiasm over a war and the patriotic fervour of Imperialism which he characterized as "Re-barbarization."

He dissociated himself from first to last from the almost universal admiration for State-education and the gradual advance of the state over spheres formerly under individual control. This he calls in his last book "Regimentation." For such convictions he suffered loss in earlier years, his outspoken views on State interference being the cause of his failure to obtain from the Government a post which would have enabled him to devote himself to philosophical work. As Mr. Leonard Courtney said in his funeral speech over Spencer, "His overmastering and dominant purpose was practical, social, human. . . . The self-adjustment of forces which he had found explaining all Cosmic movements, had a parallel in the self-adjustment of the forces through the working of which has been developed the society of man. In Spencer's vision it seemed inevitable that this should lead him to the highest exaltation of the worth of individual freedom, and to contest with all his energy the interference of the rules of the many with the growth of the one." Not less, probably more than was the case with a greater than he, Immanuel Kant, the interest in the results of his theory on individual and social life was the predominating influence of his speculation. How far this practical interest actually determined the form taken by his speculative theory is a question of importance in the Psychology of thinkers. And the Pragmatist's view that "the intellect is built up of practical inter-

ests"* might discover a facile illustration in the elaborate unfolding of the Development Theory of the Universe, Life and Mind, to its end in the demonstration that the individual should be left as far as possible to natural growth, uninterfered with by artificial agencies such as the state. For this was manifestly the conviction with which the thinker began, as shown in his earliest responsible actions and writings. In the social and ethical teaching to which he gave voice through life many will find a protest too anarchical. It may, on the other hand, be argued that this was of value in an age, when, as the civilized world tends more and more towards democracy, the virtue of democracy, the truly free and liberal temper, is in a new and peculiar danger. Spencer's profound individualism, inexhaustible in producing independent points of view, his capacity for working out (from premisses of his own original conception of man's relation to the Cosmos) always a strong principle over against all the counter forces of popular feeling and authoritative dicta—these were not the antagonism of the iconoclast or the fruitless criticism of the malcontent with all existing systems. They belonged to the consistent view of his life, which he endeavoured to fortify by founding it on philosophical first principles. Spencer was a true prophet of liberty, and like the prophet he puts his exhortation necessarily, at times, in extreme forms. He understood what liberty is—that it is something positive and not the mere negative absence of coercive restraint. He knew that it is not so much an opportunity of the will as a condition of the spirit. Such a condition may be encouraged or prevented by influences such as that of education. His own education had been especially directed to arouse independence of thought, and it is against the tendency opposite to this, which he believed himself to see in the prevailing educational methods, that his attacks are chiefly aimed. Thus, amongst his last utterances he observes of the modern Englishman, "Delivering a ballot-paper he identifies with those unrestrained activities which liberty implies, though, to take but one instance, a threatened penalty every day reminds him that his children must be stamped with the State-pattern, not as he wills, but as others will."† Here is combined the suggestion of coercion of the father's will with that of injury to the child's independence of mind.

Strange to almost all the modern educational tendencies as such

* Professor James, *The Will to Believe*, p. 84.

† *Imperialism and Slavery*.

opinions are, they serve at the very least the purpose of compelling those who heed them to criticism of the triumphant views of the day, that they may search and know the reasons for the faith that is in them. Such searching may disclose some ground for Spencer's suspicion that the modern peril of liberty is not the tyranny of the few nor the despotism of established governments, but the ineradicable human love of sameness—the wish of each that his own type shall be repeated in others, the wish of the many that the few shall share their thoughts and enthusiasms, the need of the mass to become a larger mass, and of many masses to amalgamate. That such numbers tend to demand a tyrant, or at least a leader blindly followed, has been pointed out by others, as for instance by Bryce in his recent "Studies in History and Jurisprudence," some of which betray a melancholy tendency to moderate the author's earlier enthusiasm over American Democracy. In Spencer's own constructive ethical and social theory, justice is the supreme virtue, and human justice emerging out of sub-human and animal justice has still at its basis the egoistic, rather than the altruistic principle. Now the egoistic principle or the freedom of each to do that which he wills (limited afterwards by the equal freedom of any other) is in its simplest form considered as a condition to the maintenance of life, and that Inequality which Spencer finds more essential to justice than Equality, follows naturally from the law that the fittest have survived through the advantages which their superiorities give them in obtaining those things necessary to life. From the primal principle of justice flow all those Rights which in the less un-ideal societies are the social framework, from the Right to Life to the Rights of Free Contract, Free Industry, Free Belief and Free Speech. The general spirit of Spencer's late political and ethical writings was expressed already in his earliest work "Social Statics," and comparing with this the fragmentary utterances—little more than interjections as are some of them—in the thin volume "Facts and Comments," we find one of the most striking examples of consistency in the history of thought. And it is not the consistency of stagnation, since it was maintained throughout an unremitting struggle of thought to reduce to intelligibility all the phenomena it encountered. In the final volume the original principles are applied to such matters as the undue use of directorial powers of Companies in speculation, the diminution of the freedom of the private member of Parliament, the real effect of taxa-

tion for State purposes in making the worker for much of his time practically a "State-Labourer." With perhaps some arbitrariness, yet always with reference to the same principles, he traces connections between decrease of individual independence in various spheres and the increase of militarism, the outward sign of the coercive spirit. The political boss and convention in the United States, the caucus in England, are made to fall into line with the other marks of declining liberty, as also the advocacy even in schools of Militancy and Imperialism, and the intolerance during the South African war of those who did not share the dominant view. In Art and Literature he finds marks of the same retrogressive movement or "re-barbarization." Last of all one may refer to the already famous "Japan Letter," not published until after Spencer's death. In Japan his philosophy had produced a great impression, and it was to one of his ardent disciples, Baron Kaneko, that the letter was addressed in 1892 in response to appeals for his sympathy in the nation's aspirations for recognition as a power on equal international terms with the civilized Powers. The response contains the strongest advice to the Japanese to keep the "Americans and Europeans as much as possible at arm's length." The policy of "opening the whole empire to foreigners and foreign capital" he regretted as fatal. The fate of "subjugation of the Japanese Empire, difficult to avoid in any case," would be made more sure if any privileges beyond those indispensable for the exchange of commodities were allowed. Spencer's request that the letter should not be published during his lifetime, as "I do not desire to rouse the animosity of my fellow countrymen," shows some weariness of the lengthy warfare—"the grand iaw case of his life," as a writer in Blackwood terms it—"Man *versus* The State" and his other polemics.

From this subject we turn to the light in which he no longer seems so solitary and aloof from his people. On the completion of the third volume of his *Sociology* in 1896, although he had refused all other honours, all forms of official recognition, on the ground that to accept them was to handicap the young by admitting artificial advantages for those who had already succeeded, he received a congratulatory address of which the eighty-two signatures included the majority of those eminent in science in England. His works have been translated into fourteen languages. Though Spencer's name is still heard little in Universities in comparison with such general homage, and his political and social

teachings have no life for the majority of politicians or even social reformers, Spencerianism has entered into the reflective process of a great number of people who would hardly call themselves students of philosophy. These people illustrate the position which is fundamental in Bradley's *Apologia for Metaphysics* (Introduction to "Appearance and Reality"): "I must suggest to the objector that he should open his eyes, and should consider human nature. Is it possible to abstain from thought about the Universe?" Such thought which goes on in all in complex and unreasonable association with the other mental action required by the business and pleasures of life, rises to self-consciousness in many minds by means of speculative poetry. To them, Browning and Tennyson have brought some peace and relief from the vague trouble of isolation. To minds of another stamp, suspicious of a solace which comes in too attractive forms of imaginative beauty, and yet by various causes prevented from attempting for themselves to crack the hard nut of metaphysics, the Evolutionary scheme of things elaborated in a form so systematic, so richly illustrated by facts, as is the work of Spencer, has furnished what they need. For them, the idea of Development is already a familiar, if little understood, conception, having entered validly or fallaciously into much of the intellectual pabulum on which their minds have fed. For these, therefore—and they occupy at present no contemptible proportion of the world of readers—Spencer is like the orator who "returns in flood" what the listeners "give in vapour." These are the minds (and all who think have been or are at such a state of mind at some time) for whom a splendid metaphor is often indistinguishable from a valid conception applied to hold together and render comprehensible a great complex of things. Spencer's works are full of such unforgettable metaphors, not so intended indeed by him, yet better thus regarded. They illuminate so long as we take them as such, and mislead if we apply them as literally as their author intended. Illustrations are most easily found amongst the biological, or—as perhaps the biologist would term them—pseudo-biological conceptions, especially as applied in the "Data of Ethics." That "Life consists in the correspondence between internal relations and external relations;" that the increase of correspondence in complexity and extent is the increase of life; that it must be a principle of Ethics to further such increase, since Ethics is a means to the furtherance of life—these positions evidently furnish a kind of

metaphor from which may be drawn very fruitful maxims. A conception which makes the law determining change to be one and the same from the lowest form of animal life, with its single means of correspondence with a world beyond, up to the most highly developed type of living being with its innumerable possibilities of relation with Universes near and remote, worlds present and past, is invaluable to many enquirers. Especially is it precious to those finely-tempered beings who think by means of it to read their own native impulse to extend their correspondence by the life of sympathy and altruistic action to wider and wider circles, writ large in letters scrawled across all time and all existence. When the capacity of the individual to extend his correspondences in space and time has reached the utmost point, Spencer allows the imagination to dwell on Humanity as a whole, able "to respond to environing changes, which are too slow to be responded to by its component individuals."* He is, moreover, optimistic as regards the progress of man towards a happier state. In "Social Statics" he is assured of the evanescence of evil, since all evil results from the "non-adaptation of constitution to conditions." This again is true of everything that lives, from the "shrub, dwindling in the poor soil," up to the lament of the emigrant for his father-land. But this non-adaptation of an organism to its conditions is ever being rectified, and hence "evil perpetually tends to disappear." On these premisses Spencer advances to that bold forecast of absolute morality, devoid of the sense of effort, of struggle and of moral obligation, which, appearing at the end of the severe progress of his ethical argument does not disclose to the ordinary reader its inconsistencies both with the very conception of Ethics and with important principles of the author's system. It furnishes a splendid hope, and seems to be firmly based on an exact process of reasoning. The whole conception of Evolution as characterized by progress from indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to definite, coherent heterogeneity, applied through all spheres, inorganic and organic, physical and mental, affords rich material for the mind whose thoughts fly easily over the wilderness of untameable facts on the wings of metaphor.

It is not possible here even to touch on many other aspects of Spencer's work besides those to which allusion has been made. The posi-

* *Principles of Psychology*, General Synthesis, v.

tion taken in this paper is that his contribution to speculative thought is not without considerable value, whether regarded as forcing forward a few thinkers through criticism to new thoughts, or as widely, if vaguely interesting and influencing the many who cannot avoid reflection, though "all our thoughts are but degrees of darkness." (Ruskin.) Less doubtful, however, is the value of his criticism of modern social and political tendencies. In this sphere it is not long possible to maintain any *via media*, and we see the pendulum swing in the philosophy of statesmanship from one extreme to the other. And it may with good grounds be argued that in the modern democratic communities, in France, in the United States, and even in England, a movement too rapid in the direction of state control is in progress. A philosophy that seems to go deeper into the truths of human nature than Spencer's, drawing from Hegel its first social principles, has developed the outlines of a theoretic basis for this movement. Those who have passed under the spell of such thinkers as the late Professor William Wallace, and listened to his half mystical, but none the less persuasive proofs that the individual cannot truly be understood, or his nature and rights analysed apart from the society of which he is a unit, and that the law imposed by the government of a free country expresses no less than the highest will of each member, until such idealism seemed the very truth—are not apt pupils of Spencer. But the actual march of society is beyond or beneath or wholly heedless of philosophic guidance, and is always one-sided in its character; it requires the opposition and denunciation of a keenly unsympathetic prophet if only to curb its force. Such eminent service is rendered by Spencer's lonely *vox clamantis*. Solitary seer, throughout life he attacked now at this point, now that, the forces always augmenting, marching in the direction of socialism, representing throughout, as before suggested, the old characteristically British Liberal view, the spirit so extolled recently by many distinguished foreign critics of their own systems in Education, Local Government, and in Government relations to Industry and Trade.

This temper fundamental in Spencer, as has been already noticed, seems to give the keynote to his system in all its ramifications and even Von Baer's Law of development from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous may have been attracted into the sphere of his thought by its capacity for serving as a major premiss in his deduction of individual-

ism. Guesses of this kind, however, can have at most but a half-truth, for a single dominating principle will no more explain the architecture of any intellect than will a single principle serve as interpretation of "all this unintelligible world."

Spencer's mind, as probably that of every thinker of speculative originality, was not without a poetic vein, which, if severely curbed throughout his productive life, rises distinctly at the last. The interest in music, which never failed him, is keenly expressed in many essays of his final "Facts and Comments." The concluding essay on "Ultimate Questions" begins by recording the reflection that has arisen for years past in the spring, "Shall I ever again see the buds unfold? Shall I ever again be awakened at dawn by the song of the thrush?" And it closes with a confession from the dauntless thinker and controversialist that there is one thought which in later years "produces in me a feeling from which I shrink. . . . The consciousness that without origin or cause infinite space has ever existed, and must ever exist."

To conclude. Neither in his theoretic system, nor in his trenchant criticism of transient phases of individual and social life, nor in his power, perhaps permanent, of providing mental appeasement for thoughtful people of certain prevailing types, will be Herbert Spencer's greatest memorial. This will rather be the always fresh and inestimably valuable evidence that the human mind is capable of devoting itself through the course of a life undeviatingly faithful to rational principles, to the employment of the highest faculties on the greatest questions. For to bring in the testimony of perhaps the most formidable critic of the foundations of Spencer's philosophy, "It is the quest after perfected truth, not its possession, that falls to our lot, that gladdens us, fills up the measure of our life, nay! hallows it."

HILDA DIANA OAKELEY.

* A. Weismann, *Essays on Heredity*.

ZAÏRE AND OTHELLO.

At once the exemplar and exponent of French classicism, and marking, as he does, a development of that tendency characterized by instinctive aversion to the spirit of English literature—it might at first seem strange to find that Voltaire is indebted to Shakspeare, the greatest of the romanticists. Yet when we consider his residence in England, his knowledge, though superficial at the best, of English literature, and the unwearying activity of his wonderful mind, it would be worthy of more than passing remark had Voltaire remained unmoved in the presence of Shakspeare's sublime genius. But from the contact no vital spark was struck, no new intellectual order was the result. Voltaire, far from understanding or benefiting by Shakspeare's real spirit and meaning, recognized in him but a certain degree of merit, and caught only a stray idea or theme for use in his own work. And had he had the soul of a Shakspeare he might have exclaimed with De Musset, in "Rolla":

"Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux."

The spirit of the time cramped him ; the world had grown old and cynical and exacting.

Hence "Zaïre," with which we are at present specially engaged, though obviously suggested by "Othello," has nothing of its force or fire, its warmth or passion. It represents a few material gleanings, but no great spiritual depth either innate or borrowed. Voltaire evidently

was attracted by the situation in "Othello," and thought to give this a wider significance by making his characters of the noblest birth, and his scene the palace of a Sultan. The effect is heightened by the conflict of Christian simplicity and sense of duty with the perverted ethical ideas of a Mohammedan court.

Voltaire had lived in London, and had seen some of Shakspeare's plays acted ; he felt, though he could not fully understand, something of the glow and attractiveness of Shakspeare's scenes—scenes of passion, for example. As Professor Lounsbury has said:—"The power of Shakspeare attracted him as much as his practices shocked him." In France, as we know, there was a growing curiosity concerning English literature, especially in the case of the drama. In a word, there was apparent a desire for just a little more realism, a little more life, a little more sentiment and passion. Voltaire, who aspired to dictatorship in matters literary, and was perhaps feeling about for a legitimate use of what he recognized as Shakspeare's peculiar power, tries what we might call a Shakspeare experiment in passion and emotion. Indeed, he admits that for the public of his time, "il faut de la tendresse et du sentiment"; and not too sure of his ground, he remarks:—"il a donc fallu me plier aux mœurs du temps, et commencer tard à parler d'amour." He excuses his effort on the ground that "Zaïre" could not fail to suggest the story of "Othello." The hero, in each case a dark-skinned man of exalted birth (for Othello is a noble among his own people), loves a simple Christian maiden ; in each case the very opposition of so great innocence and uncontrolled passion quickened by jealousy, brings ruin and death. Orosman is the man of action ; he despises the neighbouring sluggard kings, enthralled by lazy inactivity, and promises Zaïre,

"De partager mon cœur entre la guerre et vous."

Othello's history is that

"Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent-deadly breach."

Desdemona loves Othello for the dangers he has passed ; Zaïre will revere and love "un heros que j'admire."

It would be natural for a self-respecting Christian to object to his

daughter's marriage to an infidel Turk ; but one cannot fail to notice here a resemblance. Brabantio denounces the Moor as a "foul thief" and infidel, as one utterly unworthy of any connection with his family:

"For I'll refer me to all things of sense—
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy"

would

"Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou."

Lusignan, too, is horror-struck at the thought of Zaïre's marriage to Orosman, the infidel whose people have killed her brothers:—

"Ma fille, tendre objet de mes dernières peines,
Songe au moins, songe au sang qui coule dans tes veines;
C'est le sang de vingt rois, tous chrétiens comme moi."

There is another similarity between the heroines, due to accident rather than design. Both are entirely ignorant of the world and of human nature; innocent and secure, their every action is wrongly interpreted. Zaïre shows more determination and force of character, but falls too easily under Orosman's displeasure when his resentment might have been foreseen. Both heroes fall in love with the delicate simplicity of the women they admire, making in the end their supposed guilt appear doubly black.

Then comes the scene of discovery. Zaïre has at the last moment, with apparently no good reason, hurled to the ground Orosman's high hopes, and left him in a ridiculous position. He is bewildered, unsuspecting, until Corasmin suggests that it is his own fault—presumably in allowing Nérestan to see Zaïre. More easily convinced, Orosman, like Othello, jumps at a conclusion which becomes a ruling idea from which he cannot entirely break away. He pounces upon Nérestan as his rival ; but his passion and what should be his native depth of feeling, are to my mind very inadequately expressed. There is none of the throbbing anguish of Othello. The two lines,

"Si c'était ce Français . . . quel soupçon ! quelle horreur !
Quelle lumière affreuse a passé dans mon cœur!"

seem the only impassioned lines in the whole scene. Orosman is no crossed and storming Sultan ; but Othello is the typical Moor. With faith in Desdemona so much as weakened, the whole energy of his ungovernable nature is directed to confirmation of his suspicion and extinguishing revenge:

“Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump . . .
 . . . Othello’s occupation’s gone.”

Both Othello and Orosman are men without any finer insight into character ; they are in no sense psychologists ; they take people just as they find them and judge them merely by their actions.

The similarity can be traced even more closely. Corasmin, though he serves to arouse and foster the suspicion of his master, is in no other sense an Iago. He is not at our side whispering, with malice-aforethought, vile but plausible suspicions in our ear. A Mussulman, and his master’s trusted counsellor, and regarding with disfavour Orosman’s concessions to the Christians, he feels no sympathy for them. Unlike in character, he yet serves the purpose of an Iago. His ever seizing upon the doubtful aspect of an action, and his peevish cynicism, grate upon Orosman and heighten his suspicion. When Orosman pleads, even with Nérestan’s letter in his hand, that he cannot reconcile Zaïre’s professions of love with the idea of her treachery, Corasmin exclaims:

“Tout sert à redoubler son crime.
 Seigneur, n’en soyez pas l’innocente victime.”

Orosman is convinced: Nérestan with his “fourbe abominable” is a traitor, but “Zaïre, Zaïre, est cent fois plus coupable.”

In Act IV, Sc. 6, there is another curious resemblance to a scene in “Othello.” Orosman has in the shape of a letter what he considers complete proof of Zaïre’s guilt though she continues her professions of love and expresses her surprise at his attitude of censure, and he exclaims:

“Quoi ! des plus tendres feux sa bouche encor m’assure !
 Quel excès de noirceur ! Zaïre ! . . . Ah, la parjure !
 Quand de sa trahison j’ai la preuve en ma main !

Othello is about to strangle Desdemona ; she pleads for mercy :

“I never did

Offend you in my life ; never loved Cassio

.I never gave him token.”

Othello.— “By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in’s hand,
O perjured woman !”

Returning to the general scheme of the plot, we find that Voltaire has followed “*Othello*” closely, and made the tragedy turn upon jealousy of a supposed rival. Both *Othello* and *Orosman* are brought to a state of blind, immoderate fury, and the murder is committed in a matter-of-fact way that suggests the madness of Browning’s “*Porphyria’s Lover*.” Each discovers his lamentable mistake too late, and, overcome with remorse, kills himself, a sacrifice to his own unreasoning passion.

Such appear to be the main points of similarity between these plays. But one has only to read “*Zaire*” to feel what a lifeless, soulless production it is. There is not a trace of really creative or transfiguring imagination. There is no jostling of character against character in fierce, passionate encounter. The contrasts, the minute shadings and shifts and turns of character that so distinguish “*Othello*” are missed; the characters are strangely wooden; they are cut to a pattern. The lovers are conventional and formal, and the love scenes lifeless. Of lyrical emotion there is none—indeed, lyricism was wanting in French literature at the time. The most elemental agony must be tempered; it must conform.

Voltaire seems to have been less interested in his lovers than in limning scenes made tragic by reluctant struggling with moral and religious ideals—at any rate, he succeeds better in these. There loomed great in his mind an intensely dramatic conflict between two utterly opposed types of character and religious belief, a scene in which the characters themselves were merely subsidiary. But it lacks the inevitableness, the fierce shock and onrush of emotion that such a motive requires. Mr. Raleigh, speaking of the Oriental tales of Hamilton and Voltaire, says there is “a free employment of the grotesque in the ser-

vice of serious emotion." And Voltaire's was scarcely the type of mind to heighten the serious by the use of the grotesque. Here Shakspeare and Voltaire part company.

In conclusion, it may be well to remark that mere imitation has never produced a work of art ; nor is there much hope of successful imitation of a work of foreign genius.

WALTER SEELY JOHNSON.

SKETCHES OF MEMBERS OF MCGILL MEDICAL FACULTY, 1847-50.

The present article may be regarded as a continuation of *Reminiscences of the Medical School of McGill University* (which appeared in "The McGill University Magazine" for April, 1903), and consists of short sketches of such members of the Medical Faculty of 1847-50 as were not described in that article.

Dr. Michael McCulloch.—Dr. Michael McCulloch was appointed to the chair of Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children in the year 1842. He commenced the study of medicine in the University of Glasgow. Subsequently, he removed to London, where he became a student at Brooks', a distinguished private school, and in due time obtained the diploma of the "Royal College of Surgeons of England." He also attended closely the practice of the celebrated Farre, the founder, in conjunction with Saunders, of the London Ophthalmic Institution. While at London he formed an intimacy with Mr. Barnsby Cooper, from whom, on his departure for Canada in 1824, he received letters of introduction to the Bishop of Quebec and other gentlemen. On his arrival in this country he commenced practice at Ste. Thérèse. Here he remained until 1833, at which time he was in possession of one of the most extensive rural practices in the Province. This he relinquished to establish himself at Montreal. On his departure from Ste. Thérèse, so endeared was he to the inhabitants by his many excellent qualities, that they presented him with a valuable piece of plate, as a token of their high esteem for him as a friend and physician. He had

not been long in Montreal ere he found himself in large practice, and the same confidence and esteem which he won from his patients in the country were freely awarded to him by those with whom he became professionally connected in his new sphere of action. From 1833 to 1854, he maintained a foremost position as a practising physician, and was greatly and deservedly respected by his professional *confrères*. In 1841, during the administration of Lord Sydenham, he entered the political arena, and was returned to parliament for the important county of Terrebonne.

Dr. McCulloch was of full habit of body, inclined to *embonpoint*. His movements were slow and deliberate, in keeping with, and a reflex of, the operations of his mind which were never influenced by prejudice or enthusiasm, but which calmly and dispassionately weighed all the affirmatives and negatives of questions that were ever presented to him for solution, and almost invariably arrived at solid and trustworthy conclusions.

He was particularly fond of the study of Zoology, and always took a deep interest in the Natural History Society. He was quite successful as an ornithologist, and his fine collection of the birds of Canada, collected, arranged and mounted by himself, was, after his death, presented by his family to the University, and is now in the Redpath Museum.

As a lecturer he was somewhat monotonous. The subject of the lecture, however, was always up-to-date and essentially practical. He excelled as a teacher of practical midwifery, and his instructions were clear, well-defined and always readily grasped and retained by the student. He was conservative in his views, and reluctant to have recourse to operative measures. The Report of the Montreal Maternity Hospital, while under his guidance and control exhibited a mortality of one in 354 cases—certainly a most remarkable result, and one that is not often attained even in the present day of antiseptics and modern improved appliances.

Dr. McCulloch fell a victim to cholera, which prevailed epidemically in Canada in the year 1854. He was seized with premonitory symptoms of this fatal disease on the morning of the 11th. of July, but of so slight a nature that he paid but little attention to them, and ordered his carriage with the intention of proceeding to make his morning visits. In two hours, however, the disease had assumed a most serious character,

and he summoned to his aid his staunch friend, Dr. Campbell. From that time, notwithstanding all the unwearied care and attention bestowed on him by his many professional friends, the disease continued with unabated severity, and terminated fatally at five o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 12th. of July.

The "Montreal Gazette," in announcing his death, thus feelingly referred to the sad event:—"It is with the deepest feeling of regret that we have to announce the death of Dr. McCulloch of the prevailing sickness yesterday morning. He fell emphatically the victim of over-exertion. For some nights previously he had hardly been able to obtain an hour's rest. On Monday evening at ten o'clock as he was getting into a cab, weary and worn out, he said to a friend, 'Don't you pity me?' and narrated at the same time the heavy labours he had to undergo. These were bestowed on rich and poor alike. At one o'clock the same night he was again called out, and the previous evening, so fatigued was he, that he fell asleep as he was talking to a friend. So that when it is remembered that physicians are but composed of flesh and blood as other men, it is little wonder that Dr. McCulloch is a victim. Thus fell one of the foremost and oldest and most loved and respected of the physicians of Montreal, a heroic sacrifice to the welfare of others. His loss will be long and deeply felt as well by his family as by the citizens. But if anything can give balm to mourning or mitigate grief for his loss, it is the reflection that he died in the too arduous and faithful performance of the humane and Christian duty of endeavouring to soothe the pains and save the lives of others."

Dr. James Crawford.—Dr. James Crawford, when the chairs of Clinical Surgery and Clinical Medicine were established in 1845, was appointed to discharge the duties pertaining to the two. He retained the chair of Clinical Medicine till the year 1849, when he relinquished it, and Dr. Robert L. MacDonnell succeeded him. That of Clinical Surgery he retained till his death, which occurred in the year 1855. Before coming to Montreal, Dr. Crawford had served for years as assistant surgeon of the 24th. Regiment, and he always retained a military bearing and manner that were quite characteristic. He was a keen discriminating observer and a clear forcible writer. His contributions to medical literature were fairly numerous, and essentially practical, consisting mainly of well recorded cases of disease, interesting from their rarity or from the light which they shed on the etiology, pathology or treatment of morbid conditions. He was the first to recommend

tincture of iodine as an ectrotic in small-pox. The preparation he recommended was a saturated solution of iodine in spirit of wine, which was to be brushed freely over the face once or twice daily from the earliest day of the eruption that was practicable, and the application to be repeated daily or oftener during the period of the maturation of the pustules. The earlier the application was commenced, the more efficacious it proved. This application of tincture of iodine is at present considered by several authorities to be attended by quite as good results as can be obtained by any other ectrotic that has been recommended in the treatment of small-pox. It modifies or entirely prevents the "pitting," which is so disfiguring to the face after a severe attack of the disease.

Dr. Crawford had quite a taste for mechanics, and contrived several surgical apparatus that suited admirably the objects for which they were intended. One was a modification of Carte's apparatus for compression of the femoral artery in popliteal aneurism, and another was an adjuster for fractured clavicle. He deservedly held a prominent position as a practising physician among the members of the medical profession of Montreal, and enjoyed the confidence of the public, which was manifested by the satisfaction with which the announcement was generally received of his appointment to accompany to England the Governor-General, Lord Metcalfe, who was suffering from a painful, and, which subsequently proved, a fatal disease.

Dr. Crawford's death occurred on the 28th. of December, 1855, and was the result of an unfortunate accident. On the 2nd. of December, leaving the Montreal General Hospital with a colleague, he was invited by this gentleman to take a seat in his vehicle and be driven home. While they were taking their places, the reins of the horse were allowed to hang loosely over the dash-board. A sudden noise caused the horse to leap forward, and the reins not being secured, they were drawn over the dash, and fell between the horse and the carriage. The horse, a young and spirited animal, finding he was free from control, dashed down St. Dominique Street at full speed. As the runaway neared Craig Street, Dr. Crawford pressed his hand on his colleague's knee, and said, "Don't move, William." At the same time he rose to his feet and leaped from the vehicle, the back of his head coming into violent contact with the hard road. He was perfectly unconscious when he was removed to his residence, and remained in that condition,

with an occasional slight manifestation of returning consciousness, giving rise to hopes of a possible favourable termination, for a period of twenty-six days. Gradually, however, he became emaciated, marked failure of the vital powers occurred, and death quickly followed. An autopsy was held. There was no fracture of the skull. The conditions were attributable to injuries produced by *contre-coup*.

Dr. Hall.—Dr. Hall's first appointment was to the chair of Pharmacology and Therapeutics in the year 1835. He occupied this position until the year 1842, when he was transferred to the chair of Chemistry. In the year 1849 he returned to his former position, which he retained till the year 1854, and was then appointed to the chair of Midwifery, rendered vacant by the death of Dr. McCulloch.

Dr. Hall was an ardent participator in medical polemics; in fact, he was a very Rupert of controversy. A keen incisive writer, a man of acute perceptive powers and of sound judgment, a powerful but, at the same time, a courteous and even a generous critic, he was admired as well as feared; and in the solution of questions which agitated the profession during the years 1847-50 he was an important factor, and proved himself to be an intrepid and successful defender of the interests not only of McGill College, but of those also of the general profession. In the year 1845 he established the "British American Medical and Physical Journal," of which he was the proprietor and editor. Previously to this time there had existed a journal called the "Montreal Medical Gazette," which lived only for a period of fifteen months. Dr. Hall may be fairly considered as the principal pioneer medical journalist of the old Province of Lower Canada.

The Act incorporating the "College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada," which was passed by the parliament of Canada in the year 1847, contained a clause securing to graduates of local universities, and to those of the universities of Great Britain, the privilege of obtaining a license to practise medicine in the Province without being subjected to an examination as to their qualifications. A determined attempt was made in the years 1850-51 by a number of Lower Canadian physicians, supported in parliament by Dr. Laterrière, to have the clause repealed, and the following instituted:—"No person shall, after the passing of this Act, receive a licence from the Provincial Medical Board to practise Physic, Surgery or Midwifery in Lower Canada, unless he shall have undergone an examination before the said

Board, and obtained a certificate of qualification from the said Board." Dr. Hall in his journal opposed this move with all his accustomed ability and energy, and the result was that parliament refused to adopt Dr. Laterrière's amendment, and the original clause was allowed to remain unaltered, thus securing to university graduates the right to receive a licence from the Provincial Board to practise their profession in Lower Canada without having to submit to an examination as to qualifications. This right has been secured in the Act as it exists at the present day, with this provision attached:—"That the diploma has only been given to the holder thereof after four years of medical study, from the date of admission to study, and, furthermore, that he must satisfy the Board that he has passed an examination preliminary to the study of Medicine equivalent to that exacted by the Board from students entering on the study of Medicine."

Dr. Olivier T. Bruneau.—The chair of Anatomy having become vacant in the year 1842 by the death of Dr. John Stephenson, one of the founders of the medical school, Dr. Olivier T. Bruneau was appointed to succeed him. He occupied this position as long as he was connected with the University, which was until his death in 1856.

Dr. Bruneau, who was a native of the Province of Lower Canada, and of French extraction, laboured under the great disadvantage of being obliged to deliver his lectures in a language with which he was not familiar. This was especially the case when he first entered on the duties of his position. By close application to the study of the English language, and by availing himself of every opportunity which presented of conversing in it, he eventually became able to form and express his ideas in English, and to lecture fluently and correctly in that language. The flow of words was never rapid or tumultuous, but glided along slowly, smoothly and expressively, as became the character of the man, for his was a calm, reticent, self-possessed, self-respecting individuality, which, under all circumstances, challenged and had awarded to it respectful recognition. There was no more orderly class in the Faculty than the class of anatomy, and a student would have been surprised at his own temerity, if he had even harboured the thought of annoying the lecturer in any way. In lecturing, Dr. Bruneau had a wonderful facility of aiding the verbal descriptions of the different portions of the human subject by the motions of his fingers and hands. The tortuous courses of nerves—the anastomoses

of vessels—the relations of organs, and the intricacies of minute parts—were made more intelligible and instructive to the student when thus illustrated by the motion of the hands. The motions, moreover, had certainly the effect of attracting and fixing the attention of the students. The class was always greatly impressed by the manner in which he exhibited the ossicula of the middle ear, and the lucidity with which he described them. He placed them side by side on the palm of his left hand, which he had the power of arching forward in a most peculiar manner. On the summit of this arch the *malleus*, the *incus* and *stapes* rested, and were brought clearly within the range of vision of the class. He kept them steadily in that position, his arm outstretched, until he had fully demonstrated the character and peculiarities of each—a feat which few would be capable of accomplishing. This manner of treating small objects of anatomy strikingly illustrates the thoroughness with which all parts of the human subject were brought before the class, and the completeness with which human anatomy at this time was taught in the Medical Faculty of McGill by Dr. Olivier T. Bruneau.

Dr. Bruneau had an extensive and select practice, principally amongst the leading French-Canadian families of Montreal, to whom he was endeared by his mild, gentle manner, his sympathetic nature, his hopeful disposition, and especially by his devotion to his patients and the unwearying care he bestowed on them.

Dr. William Sutherland.—Dr. William Sutherland graduated at McGill College in the year 1836, and was the first graduate in Medicine in course, of that University to become a professor in the Medical Faculty. Of the many graduates who subsequently attained a similar position he was one of the most brilliant. After obtaining his degree he proceeded to Upper Canada, and entered upon a mercantile career. He soon discovered, however, that this was not his “vocation,” and he became thoroughly dissatisfied with business pursuits and business transactions. He returned to Montreal, and commenced the practice of his profession. For several years his practice was very limited, and his income was barely sufficient for the support of his family, but eventually he acquired an extensive and lucrative practice, and the fortune he accumulated was probably greater than that of any one of his contemporaries. In the year 1843, in conjunction with Drs. Badgley, Arnoldi and others, he established a school of medicine,

which was subsequently incorporated under the name of "The Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery." The organ of this school was the "Montreal Medical Gazette," which had, as I have already mentioned, an existence of only fifteen months. Under the able editorial management of Drs. Sutherland and Badgley, this journal maintained a high-toned and, as much as could be expected, an impartial character. To the accusation that, in establishing a school of medicine, they had been actuated by a factious opposition to McGill, they returned an indignant denial. "Of this," they said, "we are not guilty. We unequivocally disavow all intention of opposition or hostility. Is our undertaking treason? Is our course stratagem? Is our end spoil? We acknowledge not any sovereignty, any divinity in science which we may not attempt to reach. Have we done aught in secret or in malice? Our deeds have been open as the noon-day; our acts are beneficent as those of mortals may be. Are we agrarians in the field of intellectual acquirements—levellers of the standard of mental excellence? Are we not engaged in attempting to extend the range of intelligence? Are we not labouring to elevate our profession by all our humble efforts?" They were nevertheless powerful advocates of the interests of incorporated schools of medicine, unconnected with chartered universities, claiming for such schools especially the privilege to be conferred by legislative enactment, of issuing diplomas or certificates to be acknowledged as *ad practicandum* licenses, entitling the holders thereof to practise Medicine and Surgery in Lower Canada without being obliged to submit to further examination by a Provincial Board. This question remained an open one, giving rise to much animated and even acrimonious discussion, until it was finally settled by the Act passed in 1847, incorporating the profession of Medicine of Lower Canada under the title of "The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada." By this Act, as I have already mentioned, the only medical diplomas carrying with them *ad practicandum* rights are those issued by chartered universities.

In the year 1849, Dr. Sutherland severed his connection with the "Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery" to accept the chair of Chemistry in the Medical Faculty of McGill College. This position he occupied until the year 1867. Possessed of a striking physique, and of a fine-toned, resonant voice, these, in conjunction with a remarkable command of language and a fluent, impressive delivery, made him

easily the finest and most admired lecturer in the Faculty. It was a pleasure to listen to him in the class-room, as he presented the dry details of Chemistry with an attractiveness that commanded the unflinching attention and admiration of his hearers. Not only did he excel as a speaker; he was as well an elegant and forcible writer, and a formidable controversialist. One of the most admirable lectures I have met with is his lecture introductory to the second session of the "School of Medicine and Surgery." As an example of his eloquent diction, and particularly as an evidence of his having been imbued with deep religious feeling, and with a firm belief in the great fundamental truths of religion, with the possession of which many of his friends during his lifetime probably did not credit him, I shall give the following quotation from this lecture:—"The physician as well as the astronomer, but more particularly the anatomist, has been accused by many of being more prone to atheism than any other class of men, simply, I believe, because it has been imagined that the beautiful mechanism of the frame was nothing more to him than a mere machine—the intellect than a physical elaboration of the brain! Than this imputation, I need scarcely say, none can be more gross. If the unerring and undeviating course of the planetary system, if the good everywhere visible around us, cause us to admire and wonder, will not even a slight acquaintance with the structure of man prompt us to adore and bless? To no class of men can the philosopher's words be more justly applied than to physicians—*qui studet orat*. He who reads the book of nature must worship Him who impressed it with this character and type. We feel, aye, and equally with his peculiar apostles on earth, that the Almighty is everywhere present at all times; that His past years are countless; that His future days are unnumbered; we inwardly know from our daily occupations, amidst pain and disease and death, that His life is eternity—a never-ceasing youth without the helplessness of infancy or the decay of old age, an entity, a Being, without birth or death. And is this not so? Has the inbred monitor ever whispered in vain? Are not the living letters written on all the infinity of space above, on all the earth around, and in his own resemblance on the features of his own creature—man? What can account for those 'longings after immortality' which elevate our aspirations to conditions more lasting, more holy than the present—to another and to a better world? Is it a physical terrene fear, which,

causing a dread of death, compels us to forge a doctrine which reconciles our doubts and dispels our apprehensions? No! it must be the moral conviction, emanating from God's own Spirit, which induces a man to feel that he is possessed of a soul." A clearer or more forcible presentation of a lofty religious creed could not possibly be given.

Dr. Stephen C. Sewell.—Dr. Stephen C. Sewell, a graduate of Edinburgh University, was appointed in the year 1842 to two chairs in the Faculty—that of Physiology and that of Pharmacology and Therapeutics. These he occupied until the year 1850, when he succeeded Dr. MacDonnell in the chair of Clinical Medicine.

Dr. Sewell was a man of prepossessing, even handsome, physique, and largely endowed with the *suaviter in modo*; indeed, he was noted for his agreeable and polished address. He performed the duties of his position thoroughly and with marked ability, and although not the object of much enthusiasm on the part of the class, he was deservedly respected and highly esteemed by the students. He contributed many excellent papers to the medical journals, not any of which were controversial or speculative. They were essentially practical, dealing generally with the records of cases of disease interesting to the physician in active practice from their pathological peculiarities or from the results of their treatment. He was a pleasing lecturer, with a smooth, ready delivery, a finely modulated voice and a good command of language. He had an excellent memory, as his lectures on *Materia Medica* were delivered without the aid of notes. Dr. Sewell, about the year 1850 (I am not certain as to the exact date), was the subject of a most painful and distressing experience, which invoked the deepest sympathy of his colleagues and that of the public generally. During an epidemic of scarlet fever of a malignant type, which prevailed at the time, his whole family of children, seven in number, fell victims to the disease. Plunged in the deepest grief, almost in despair for his loss, it was long before he could shake off the incubus which weighed down his spirit and paralyzed his energy. Gradually, however, with the lapse of time, he regained to all appearance much of his former cheerfulness and activity. After a few years two more children were born to him, but these also were attacked by, and succumbed to, scarlet fever, making in all nine children whose lives were cut off prematurely by this dread disease. This last blow, which, for a second time, bereaved him of his children, had a most depressing effect upon him. He lost all interest

in his profession, and entered on a course of preparation for Holy Orders. This he never completed, but, returning to the profession of Medicine, he quietly continued in its practice during the remainder of his life. He removed from Montreal to Upper Canada, and died either in Ottawa or Toronto, I am not certain in which city.

Dr. William Fraser.—Dr. William Fraser, of all the professors of the Faculty, was best entitled to the “honourable distinction” of being a “self-made man.” He commenced the study of Medicine in the “College of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow.”

Like many a student from the Highlands of Scotland, of respectable parentage but of straightened circumstances, he had a hard struggle to overcome the difficulties he met with in his efforts to secure an entrance to the profession of his choice. By carefully husbanding his slender resources to make ends meet, by the practice of a rigid self-denial, by unremitting attention to his studies, by availing himself of every opportunity that presented of acquiring a knowledge of medicine, and by a closing of the teeth with a firm determination to succeed, he eventually reached the goal of his ambition, and received from the Glasgow institution a licence to practise Medicine and Surgery. After receiving his licence, he sailed for Canada, and arrived at Montreal, a young man without friends, without influence, and without the prospect of being able to earn a bare living. The courage, however, to adapt himself to circumstances, no matter how discouraging and trying they might be, the capacity to perceive and take advantage of any event that would conduce to his well-being or advancement, the self-reliant spirit that inspired confidence in his own efforts, and the firm determination to succeed, if success were within the limits of possibility, were all there, and by their influence and exercise he eventually triumphed over all obstacles, and secured for himself an honourable position amongst his fellows. His first appointment to the Faculty of Medicine was to the chair of Medical Jurisprudence, at the date of its foundation, in the year 1845. This he held for a period of four years, and was then transferred to the chair of Physiology, vacated by Dr. Robert L. MacDonnell. He occupied this position till his death, which occurred in the year 1872.

Dr. Fraser could not lay the least claim to oratorical abilities. He was an earnest, unemotional, emphatic speaker. In lecturing he appeared to be governed, in the presentation of his subject, by a strong

desire to fix the attention of his students and to impress upon them the importance of the matters brought before them. In this he certainly succeeded, and it was generally acknowledged by the students that notes of his lectures could be taken more correctly and with greater facility than those of the lectures of the other professors. And the notes, when taken, were preserved and treasured, for they were found to be a carefully arranged and valuable epitome of the science of physiology as it existed at that day. And when we consider that the two principal text-books in use were the two large volumes of Müller and Carpenter, we can readily understand how much the student was benefitted and his work lightened by having the cream of these works presented to him in a concise and understandable form. Dr. Fraser undoubtedly excelled as a teacher; and although his voice was rough and unmusical, he was listened to with marked attention by his class, who were, moreover, deeply impressed by his earnestness, and his evident desire to do full justice to the subject he might have in hand.

As a general practitioner (or family doctor, as the public were wont to style the physician of the time) he was eminently successful. Although his first attempt to form a practice was modest and unpretensions—the starting point being a small drug store on McGill Street—he gradually added to the number of his patients, until he had eventually one of the most numerous and most respectable *clientèles* of the city, and on his death he left those of his family who survived him a handsome fortune, considered from a professional point of view.

Dr. Robert L. MacDonnell.—Dr. MacDonnell, who was a Licentiate of the “King and Queen’s College of Physicians” and of the “Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland,” was appointed to the chair of Physiology in the year 1845, which position he held for four years, and was then transferred to the chair of Clinical Medicine in the year 1849. This latter position he retained for one year, so that his connection with the Medical Faculty of McGill existed only five years. Brief in duration however, as was this connection, it sufficed to enable him to introduce and establish on a permanent basis improvements in clinical teaching, which placed in this respect the Medical School of McGill on a plane with the schools of the most advanced European and American medical institutions.

Coming to Montreal directly from the distinguished clinical school

of the Meath Hospital, Dublin, presided over by the celebrated Graves and Stokes, whose teaching and methods were the admiration of the profession the world over, he entered enthusiastically on the work of introducing the same method of clinical teaching into our Montreal General Hospital. And he was admirably fitted for the work. To a familiar acquaintance with medical literature, and to an intimate knowledge of the methods of investigating disease, he brought the advantage of practical experience, having for some time served as clinical assistant to Drs. Graves and Stokes. Under his directions and instructions, clinical teaching in the hospital was, in a measure, revolutionized, and the reputation of the Medical School of McGill for sound clinical instruction was firmly established; and that reputation, I am happy to say, has been sustained and even increased, up to the present day, by his successors in the chair of Clinical Medicine.

Dr. MacDonnell contributed largely to medical journals, and many of his articles were of exceptional value and interest. Among those specially deserving of notice are:—(1) Contributions to Clinical Medicine; (2) The Use of the Microscope in the Practice of Medicine; (3) Electro-galvanism in Dysmenorrhœa; (4) Injections of Nitrate of Silver in Chronic Cystitis. He first pointed out also the value of contraction of the pupil as a symptom of thoracic tumour, aneurismal or other, involving the recurrent laryngeal nerve. For one year he was associated with Dr. Hall in the editorship of the "British American Journal of Medical and Physical Science," and, with Dr. David, established and edited the "Canada Medical Journal," which publication existed only for one year. When the St. Patrick's Hospital was opened in August, 1851, Dr. MacDonnell was appointed surgeon of the institution. This hospital was established by the nuns of the Hotel Dieu, who purchased for that purpose a fine building on Guy Street between St. Antoine and Dorchester Streets, originally built for a Baptist College, and now converted into an educational institution of the community, known as "Mont Ste. Marie." St. Patrick's Hospital was subsequently transferred to the extensive buildings of the Hotel Dieu on Pine Avenue. Previously to its removal, Dr. MacDonnell's connection with it had ceased. Dr. MacDonnell was a fluent and an agreeable lecturer. In his command of language and ease of delivery he was quite the equal of Dr. Sewell, and, like that professor, he never had recourse to notes. His death was painfully tragic. The accident which led to it occurred on Craig Street while he was attending the funeral of the late Dr.

Peltier. Having suffered from a painful affection of the knee-joint, which at times incapacitated him from walking any distance, he was seated in his sleigh waiting for the funeral procession to leave the house. While so seated, a runaway horse rushed down the street, and came into violent contact with the back part of his sleigh, the shaft of the vehicle to which the runaway was attached striking him forcibly on the back part of his head and throwing him violently forward. He was taken up in an unconscious state, and removed to his house. He lived for several days. A *post mortem* examination revealed a fracture of the base of the skull, with extensive effusion of blood.

Drs. Badgley and Arnoldi.—Drs. Badgley and Arnoldi were two able and highly-educated professional men, who, for many years, had openly and squarely combated the interests and opposed the progress of the Medical School of McGill University, but who eventually accepted positions in the Faculty. The former was appointed to the chair of Medical Jurisprudence in the year 1849, and held the position for one year. He resigned in 1850, and was succeeded by Dr. Arnoldi, who retired in 1851.

Such, then, as I have briefly and imperfectly described them, were the environments of the medical student in the early years of the existence of the Medical School of McGill, and such the men who, in the face of the greatest difficulties and discouragements, succeeded in establishing the school on a firm and enduring basis. Comparing the conditions existing in the years 1847-50 with those existing at the present day, one cannot but be deeply impressed with the magnitude and importance of the changes that have taken place. To-day, by the munificence of wealthy friends, notably by the generous contributions of Lord and Lady Strathcona, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, and J. H. Molson, Esq., the Faculty is housed in a magnificent building, which has been fully described by Dr. Maude Abbott in her valuable historical sketch of the Medical Faculty of McGill, recently published. This building contains within it all the most modern improvements, and includes all the most modern facilities required to assist the student in his effort to acquire a thorough knowledge of his profession; and in the Faculty are able men fully competent to do justice to these facilities for teaching—men who are as devoted and as enthusiastic in their work as their predecessors, and as determined to keep old McGill in the very first rank of medical educational institutions.

D. C. MACCALLUM.

EPITAPHS ON "CASSIE."

*(A pet dog of many accomplishments, who would often sit up and beg
his mistress to play music to him.)*

I.

Lie there, the gentle and the true,
Dowered with all good above thy race!
Old friend, we miss thee from thy place,
The trustful love that ever grew

Part of our life. And none forgets
Thy patient, plaintive-sweet appeal,
Thy heart not all untaught to feel
The joy of music. She that sets

Fine-strung, melodious souls afire
With heavenly rhythms,—who shall say
Divinest Music's mystic sway
Disdained the meaner-moulded lyre?

'Twas hard to give thee thy release,
But Love was brave, and Mercy wise,
And so sleep fell on half-dimmed eyes,
And painful age dissolved in peace.

II.

Hic tandem pace fruitur
Catulorum praestantissimum exemplar,

CASSIUS,

Qui genus omne suum
Forma, ingenio, virtute
adeo superavit
ut vix minime

BRUTUS

esse videretur.

J. C.

CREMAZIE.

*(Allocution prononcée à la Soirée d'ouverture de l'Alliance Française,
à Montréal.)*

C'est l'occasion qui fait le larron. Le projet d'ériger un monument à la mémoire de Crémazie m'a suggéré de faire ici, devant l'Alliance Française — qui doit avoir chez nous le caractère d'une alliance franco-anglaise — quelques observations sur la littérature franco-canadienne de nature à démontrer que cette littérature a aussi son intérêt pour les Canadiens-anglais, intérêt qui ne peut qu'ajouter un nouvel anneau à la chaîne des sympathies réciproques qui nous unissent.

Crémazie ayant vécu uniquement par la pensée, les détails de sa vie extérieure n'ont qu'un intérêt médiocre, du moins jusqu'au moment où il quitta le Canada. Il possédait une librairie à Québec. Il avait embrassé la carrière de libraire par nécessité plutôt que par vocation. Parmi tous les genres de commerce celui-là lui répugnait le moins, en ce qu'il le tenait en rapports constants avec la vie intellectuelle non seulement du Canada mais aussi de la France. Crémazie donna rapidement, trop rapidement, une grande extension à son commerce. Sa maison commerciale alimentait les autres établissements du même genre, même à Montréal. Les prêtres, les étudiants et les jeunes littérateurs québécois y venaient faire leurs achats de livres, et recevaient en même temps dans le petit bureau du fond de la boutique un accueil cordial de la part du propriétaire. Parmi ces littérateurs, signalons les deux historiens du Canada, Garneau et l'abbé Ferland ; Gérin-Lajoie, le futur auteur de "Jean Rivard" ; Taché, qui devait se

tailler une place respectable dans la littérature avec ses "Forestiers et Voyageurs"; le futur Lauréat, Lemay, E. Parent, Chauveau et Casgrain. Tous rêvaient quelque chose qui les ferait sortir de la foule, et contribuerait au relèvement intellectuel et politique de leur pays. Crémazie était le confident de chacun, et les longues causeries sur l'art et la poésie étaient constamment à l'ordre du jour. En 1862, ces réunions furent brusquement interrompues; Crémazie disparut, et l'on apprit bientôt qu'il avait dû quitter le pays afin de ne pas tomber sous le coup de la loi. Le nom de Crémazie, qui jusqu'alors avait été synonyme de l'honorabilité même, devait chercher désormais à se réhabiliter. Le poète se rendit à Paris, où il passa les seize ans qu'il lui restait à vivre, solitaire et malheureux. L'exil pesait sur le cœur de cet homme qui avait écrit:

" Il est sous le soleil un sol unique au monde
 " Où le ciel a versé ses dons les plus brillants,
 " Où, répandant ses biens, la nature féconde
 " A ses vastes forêts mêle ses lacs géants.

" Heureux qui le connaît, plus heureux qui l'habite,
 " Et, ne quittant jamais pour chercher d'autres cieux
 " Les rives du grand fleuve où le bonheur l'invite,
 " Sait vivre et sait mourir où dorment ses aïeux.

Crémazie ne revit ni sa mère, ni sa patrie, ni ses amis, si nous en exceptons les rares passants à Paris, tels que l'abbé Casgrain, qui le visita plusieurs fois dans sa mansarde, et qui en fut amplement récompensé par la conversation souvent épigrammatique et toujours intéressante de son hôte.

Ceux qui ne savent pas de quoi Crémazie s'était rendu coupable — et ils doivent être nombreux, puisque je ne l'ai appris moi-même que tout récemment — s'attendent sans doute à un mot de renseignement sur ce point délicat. Crémazie s'était servi des signatures de deux amis afin de sauver sa maison d'un désastre. Il n'y a pas, comme dit M. Fréchette, deux manières d'entendre le mot coupable. Crémazie avait commis une faute très grave. Mais ses défenseurs prétendent que les circonstances atténuantes étaient tout à fait exceptionnelles, qu'il avait reçu virtuellement la permission de se servir de ces noms; que

son action, quoique répréhensible en loi, n'était pas rigoureusement criminelle en conscience. Moi-même, après avoir lu ses œuvres, tant sa prose que ses vers, je suis convaincu que Crémazie n'avait pas l'âme d'un malhonnête homme. Je renvoie ceux qui voudraient se renseigner plus amplement sur ce sujet à la brochure intitulée "La Nation outragée," publié par le comité chargé de l'érection du monument auquel j'ai fait allusion il y a un instant. Crémazie regretta amèrement ses fautes. Il les expia par seize années d'exil. N'est-il pas temps enfin d'alléger la mémoire du malheureux poète du fardeau qu'elle porte depuis quarante ans passés, et de mettre plutôt en relief les qualités qui lui valurent l'amitié de tant d'hommes distingués, et longtemps l'estime générale de ses compatriotes ?

Crémazie était sincèrement attaché à la vie intellectuelle. Il dit dans une de ses lettres : " Vous m'avez compris quand vous me dites que je n'avais nulle ambition, si ce n'est de causer poésie avec quelques amis, et de leur lire de temps en temps quelque poème fraîchement éclos. Rêver en écoutant chanter dans mon âme l'oiseau bleu de la poésie, essayer quelquefois de traduire en vers les accords qui berçaient mes rêveries, tel eût été le bonheur pour moi." Crémazie s'exprimait ainsi à l'âge de trente-neuf ans, c'est-à-dire, à l'âge où l'on est arrivé à la connaissance de soi-même. Il avait des goûts fort simples. Tout ce qu'il souhaitait, c'était le pain quotidien assuré. Pour lui l'idéal eût été de se retirer chez quelque curé de campagne et de se consacrer uniquement à la poésie. Malgré son éducation classique, il avait trop de bon sens pour croire que la littérature française s'était éteinte à la mort de Bossuet. Il adorait les Romantiques : Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, Musset. Il écrivait à l'abbé Casgrain : " Ne pourrait-on pas faire un choix parmi les auteurs indifférents ou hostiles à la religion ? Pourquoi ne donneriez-vous pas à vos abonnés (à ceux du "Foyer Canadien") ce qui peut se lire de maîtres tels que Hugo, Musset, Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Guizot, Mérimée ? Ne vaut-il pas mieux faire sucer à vos lecteurs la moelle des lions que celle des lièvres ?" Crémazie disait que les "illusions, les rêves, les aspirations et les regrets des Romantiques éveillaient un écho dans son âme, parce que, à une distance énorme de ces génies, il avait caressé les mêmes illusions, s'était bercé dans les mêmes rêves, avait ouvert son cœur aux mêmes aspirations, pour adoucir l'amertume des mêmes regrets," tandis qu'il ne trouvait aucun lien entre lui et les héros des tragédies clas-

siques. Crémazie loue le romantisme d'avoir délivré les modernes de la mythologie grecque. "J'ai toujours été, dit-il, de l'opinion de l'abbé Gaume. On nous fait ingurgiter beaucoup trop d'auteurs païens quand nous sommes au collège.... Ne vaudrait-il pas mieux être moins fort en grec et en latin, deux langues qui ne sont en définitive que des objets de luxe pour les quatre-cinquièmes des élèves, et recevoir dès l'enfance des idées saines et fortes, en rapport avec l'état social actuel?" Crémazie entreprit la défense du réalisme contre M. Thibault de l'Ecole Normale, en disant qu'il acceptait la nature telle qu'elle était, et qu'il croyait pouvoir chanter quelquefois ce que Dieu avait bien pris la peine de créer. "Si je puis m'exprimer ainsi, dit-il, la nouvelle école a démocratisé la poésie....lui permet d'accorder sa lyre pour chanter même ce qu'on est convenu d'appeler le laid, qui n'est souvent qu'une autre forme du beau dans l'harmonie universelle de la création....Ezéchiel, le plus poétique, à mon avis, de tous les prophètes, n'est-il pas tantôt un magnifique, un divin fantaisiste, et tantôt un sombre et farouche réaliste?"

Crémazie se plaint de ce que la population canadienne n'ait pas encore le goût des lettres, du moins, des œuvres produites par les enfants du sol. "L'écrivain devrait être libre, dit-il, des soucis quotidiens de la vie, et pouvoir vivre de sa plume. Dans nos conditions actuelles, c'est un malheur que d'avoir reçu du ciel une parcelle du feu sacré. Il faut chercher un emploi qui est presque toujours contraire à ses goûts. On devient un mauvais employé et un mauvais écrivain. Permettez-moi de me citer comme exemple. Si je n'avais pas eu le goût de la poésie, je me serais brisé aux affaires, et j'aurais aujourd'hui l'avenir assuré. Au lieu de cela, qu'est-il arrivé? J'ai été un mauvais marchand et un médiocre poète." Voici sa conclusion: "Plus je réfléchis sur la destinée de la littérature canadienne, moins je lui trouve de chances de laisser une trace dans l'histoire. Ce qui manque au Canada, c'est d'avoir une langue à lui. Si nous parlions iroquois ou huron, notre littérature vivrait. Nous avons beau dire et beau faire, nous ne serons toujours, au point de vue littéraire, qu'une simple colonie, et quand bien même le Canada deviendrait un pays indépendant....nous n'en demeurerions pas moins de simples colons littéraires....Mais qu'importe après tout que les œuvres des auteurs canadiens soient destinées à ne pas franchir l'Atlantique, ne sommes-nous pas un million de Français oubliés par la mère patrie sur les bords du Saint-Laurent? N'est-

ce pas assez pour encourager tous ceux qui tiennent une plume que de savoir que ce petit peuple grandira, et qu'il gardera toujours le nom et la mémoire de ceux qui l'auront aidé à conserver intact le plus précieux de tous les trésors: la langue de ses aïeux?... L'écrivain canadien doit se regarder comme amplement récompensé de ses travaux s'il peut instruire et charmer ses compatriotes, s'il peut contribuer à la conservation, sur la jeune terre d'Amérique, de la vieille nationalité française."

Il est intéressant de constater que le Canadien-français, tout comme le Canadien-anglais, a deux patriotismes, l'un qui s'adresse à l'Europe, l'autre qui a trait à notre propre pays. Seulement, tandis que nous autres Anglais, nous marchons dans une direction d'esprit plus indépendante, mal dissimulée derrière le surcroît d'affection inspiré par les récentes épreuves de la mère patrie, les Canadiens-français ont dû faire de grands efforts pour renouer des relations qui furent brusquement interrompues il y a cent quarante ans. Crémazie est le premier poète considérable qui ait aidé à faire revivre ici le souvenir de la France. Son affection pour la France se révèle dans toute son œuvre, en particulier dans ses odes intitulées "Guerre d'Italie", "Castelfidardo", "Les Ruines de Sébastopol", et dans ses deux poèmes les plus connus, "Le vieux soldat canadien," et "Le Drapeau de Carillon." Le refrain du "Vieux soldat canadien" est touchant:

"Dis-moi, mon fils, ne paraissent-ils pas ?

"Mes yeux éteints verront-ils dans la nue

"Le fier drapeau qui couronne leurs mâts,

"Oui, pour le voir, Dieu me rendra la vue,

"Dis-moi, mon fils, ne paraissent-ils pas ?

"Le Drapeau de Carillon" pourrait s'intituler le chant de cygne du régime français en Amérique. Un vieux guerrier qui avait "porté à Carillon l'éclatante bannière" blanche, traverse l'océan pour la déposer aux pieds du trône comme le suprême appel d'un peuple abandonné. Mais,

"Quand le pauvre soldat avec son vieux drapeau

"Essaya de franchir les portes de Versailles,

"Les lâches courtisans à cet hôte nouveau

" Qui parlait de *nos gens*, de gloire, de batailles,
 " D'enfants abandonnés, des nobles sentiments
 " Que notre cœur bénit et que le ciel protège,
 " Demandaient en riant de ses tristes accents,
 " Ce qu'importaient au roi quelques *arpents de neige*.

Alors il revint au Canada :

" A ses vieux compagnons cachant son désespoir,
 " Refoulant les sanglots dont son âme était pleine,
 " Il disait que bientôt leurs yeux allaient revoir
 " Les soldats des Bourbons mettre un terme à leur peine.
 " De sa propre douleur il voulut souffrir seul.
 " Pour conserver intact le culte de la France,
 " Jamais sa main n'osa soulever le linceul,
 " Où dormaient pour toujours sa dernière espérance.

Crémazie conclut ainsi :

" Ah! bientôt puissions-nous, ô drapeau de nos pères!
 " Voir tous les Canadiens unis comme des frères,
 " Comme au jour du combat se serrer près de toi!
 " Puisse des souvenirs la tradition sainte,
 " En régnaant dans leur cœur, garder de toute atteinte
 " Et leur langue et leur foi !

Ainsi par ce "Drapeau de Carillon," qui, au propre dire de son auteur, a dû son succès plutôt à l'idée qu'à la forme, Crémazie relie les nouvelles aspirations de sa nationalité aux antiques traditions françaises. Il est très canadien tout en étant très français. On lui a fait un tort de chanter la France, en le qualifiant "d'inventeur de blagues à succès," "d'exalté," de "vive la France," mais je ne vois pas que Crémazie exaltât les actions de la France sans distinction. Il n'épargne pas ses sarcasmes au roi Louis XV. Il parle des jours où

..... " lâchement vendus
 " Par le faible Bourbon qui régnaait sur la France,
 " Les héros canadiens, trahis mais non vaincus,
 " Contre un joug ennemi se trouvaient sans défense.

Il parle aussi des temps

“ OÙ seuls, abandonnés par la France leur mère,
 “ Nos aïeux défendaient son nom victorieux.

Et vraiment, il me semble qu'on ne puisse faire un crime à un Français d'aimer la France. Cela me paraît d'autant plus naturel que je l'aime moi-même, sans pouvoir me dire français.

Qu'on me pardonne, si, en terminant, j'ose faire quelques observations sur l'avenir de la littérature franco-canadienne. Jusqu'à présent elle a puisé son inspiration dans deux idées capitales, qui se réduisent dans leur expression à une seule : le patriotisme allié à la religion. Depuis 1806, l'année de la fondation du journal “ Le Canadien,” la littérature franco-canadienne se consacre au maintien des caractéristiques nationales. La Société Saint-Jean-Baptiste, fondée en 1834, et qui adopta comme devise “ Nos Institutions, notre Langue, et nos Lois,” les fêtes nationales instituées à la même occasion, ont stimulé la production d'un grand nombre d'effusions poétiques qui toutes ont poursuivi le même but. “ L'Histoire du Canada ” de Garneau fut comme un coup de clairon. Garneau dit dans sa préface : “ La cause embrasée dans ce livre est la conservation de la religion, de la langue et des lois canadiennes.” L'abbé Casgrain a raison de dire qu'une histoire de cette portée est plus qu'un livre, qu'elle est une forteresse. De même on peut dire de toute la littérature canadienne, qu'elle est plus, ou qu'elle est moins qu'une littérature ; qu'elle est une arme de combat. Elle est née dans la lutte. Elle a été formée dans la lutte. Elle a réussi dans cette lutte. Grâce en grande partie aux poètes Crémazie et Fréchette, aux romanciers Taché, Bourassa, Casgrain et autres, aux historiens — surtout à Garneau — la nationalité française a gagné sa cause. Le maintien de la langue et des lois françaises, le libre exercice de la religion catholique, tout cela est désormais assuré. Il me semble que, si j'étais Canadien-français, je me ferais un devoir de perpétuer par des monuments commémoratifs le nom et le souvenir des esprits d'élite qui ont si largement contribué à cette grande victoire. Du reste, c'est une tradition toute française que celle d'honorer les hommes de lettres. D'un autre côté, on peut se demander quel sera l'avenir d'une littérature faite de protestation, à présent que la protestation n'a plus sa raison d'être. Il y a deux alternatives possibles. Ou elle cessera d'être

inspirée par l'idée nationale, ou bien — et c'est la solution que j'appellerais de tout mon cœur — elle haussera son point de vue et élargira ses horizons en se faisant une conception plus étendue de la nation canadienne. Je sais que certains esprits voudraient que le Canada français fût toujours "une patrie dans la patrie." Pourquoi les Anglais ne constitueraient-ils pas aussi de leur côté une patrie dans la patrie ? Il y aurait de cette façon deux patries dans la patrie, ce qui est évidemment incompatible avec l'unité nationale, source de toute force et de toute grandeur. La littérature franco-canadienne rajeunira, quand elle reconnaîtra franchement que le Canada est sur la voie de l'avenir. La littérature franco-canadienne ne doit plus borner son intérêt à la province de Québec ; elle devra comprendre et embrasser tout ce qui est canadien depuis le Cap-Breton jusqu'à la Colombie Britannique. Sans détourner ses regards du passé, que la littérature franco-canadienne sache donc regarder l'avenir en face. Qu'elle s'occupe d'élever le niveau de l'instruction, ou, ce qui vaut mieux, de l'intelligence. Qu'elle trempe sa langue aux vraies sources. Qu'elle crée le goût de ce qui est simple, et digne, et beau. Qu'elle imprime à la nation canadienne un caractère qui la fera respecter par tous les esprits. Garneau s'est donné pour tâche la conservation de la langue et des lois françaises. Les futurs littérateurs du Canada devront assurer à toute la patrie canadienne une place honorable parmi les nations.

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