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	PAGE
The Imperial Conference—Principal Peterson	119
Greater Canada : An Appeal—Stephen Leacock.	132
Loyalty to What—Andrew Macphail.	142
At Perugia—Duncan Campbell Scott.	152
The American Novel—Mrs. J. E. Logan.	154
The University and Physical Efficiency—R. Tait McKenzie.	168
The Ethics of Advocacy—Warwick Fielding Chipman.	179
Browning's Women—Archibald MacMechan.	193
The Case of Lear—A. E. Taylor.	206
The Goodness of God—E. W. MacBride.	226
"Progress in Art"—William Brymner.	239
Recent Books on Canada—F. P. Walton.	247

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THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

GREAT moments of history are often recognized as such only in the light of after knowledge. Even the chief personages on the stage of events are sometimes only partly alive either to the nature of the issue at stake, or to the probable results of their individual actions. They are full of motives, proceeding either from impulse or conviction, and when the crisis comes they act as it were automatically, and in accordance with their former selves. So far they play their natural parts. But the consequences of their doings can best be estimated at some distance from the transactions in which they have shared.

A great imperial drama is now again being set for our all-British stage. The unfolding of the issue ought to take no one unawares. For there have been rehearsals, and the main parts should by this time be well known. It is to be hoped that all who are privileged to share in the action will be animated from first to last by a consciousness of the importance of the rôles entrusted to them. What our representatives may do or not do in London next month will eventually influence the whole course of British history. They have had plenty of time to think, and now that the hour for action has arrived, they should be prepared to give reasons for the faith that is in them, even though the full consequences of their attitude may still be hidden both from them and from us.

And what shall be said of the spectators of this drama? Every one who is at all familiar with conditions in Great Britain knows with what good ground, up to recent years, the charge could have been made that the old land was "unconscious of her Empire." She did not know, in short, that she had an Empire, or only woke up at intervals to realize the fact. All that has to a great extent been remedied. There

is probably no subject exercising more intently the minds of publicists at home than the issues presented by the forthcoming Imperial Conference. These issues have an interest also for the man in the street and the man who writes to the newspapers,—especially in London, where the democracy has become habituated, through Jubilees and Coronations, to the splendour of Imperial pageants. And the English press gives a due share of attention and prominence to the whole matter. In the view of a dweller in the Dominion the question may now rather appear to be: Is Canada sufficiently interested? Not to speak of her leaders, are the masses of population throughout the length and breadth of the country conscious of the importance of the issues involved? Is opinion being formulated for them in an intelligent and intelligible way? Are Canadians, in short, alive to the fact that this too is a great "moment of history"?

The distinctive feature about the forthcoming conference is that it is the first that has been specially summoned, apart from some great imperial celebration, and the first for which arrangements have been made in anything more than a merely informal way. The attempt has been made to frame a regular business programme. There is to be a definite paper of agenda. To this paper the Government of Canada declared that it had no new subject to add,—the obvious inference being that it will be well content if the items left over from previous meetings can now be disposed of. On the other hand, even the Canadian Government does not withhold its approval from the substitution of "Imperial" for "Colonial," and the title "Imperial Conference" stands therefore, by anticipation, at the head of this paper.

Twenty years have now passed by since the first Conference was held in London in connexion with the Queen's Jubilee of 1887. The colonies were not specially invited to send their Prime Ministers to it, but in addition to the agent-general or other specially deputed representative each Government was at liberty to include any leading public man who might happen to go to England for the Jubilee, and who might be

specially qualified to take a useful part in the deliberations. The colonial office suggested as a suitable subject for discussion, in addition to defence, postal and telegraphic communications, and to this the Conference of itself added, in the course of its sessions, such matters as legislation with regard to merchandise-marks and patents, the effect of foreign bounties on colonial sugar production, and the investment of trust funds in colonial securities.

The second and third conferences were held under the presidency of Mr. Chamberlain. The former was convened in connexion with the celebration of Her late Majesty's "Diamond" Jubilee (1897), and the questions which Mr. Chamberlain proposed for discussion in his opening speech included political relations, defence, commercial relations, and matters connected with ocean cables, the establishment of an Imperial penny post, and alien Immigration laws. It is of interest to record the fact that it was on this occasion that Mr Chamberlain referred to the Australian suggestion that a commission should be appointed to inquire into the feasibility of closer commercial arrangements within the Empire, stating that if it were the wish of the other self-governing colonies to join with Australia in such an inquiry, the home government would also be glad to take part in it. Two points of importance emerge in the record of the proceedings of this conference. In the first place the assembled representatives, by a majority, declared their opinion that the present political relations between the United Kingdom and the self-governing colonies were "generally satisfactory under the existing condition of things," and secondly, they thought that it would be desirable to hold such conferences periodically for the discussion of matters of common interest.

The coronation of King Edward was the occasion of summoning the third conference in 1902. The subjects proposed in advance were again the political and commercial relations of the Empire, and its naval and military defence. Further suggestions were invited from the colonial governments, and with a view to guide and assist discussion they were also asked

to furnish the text of any resolutions they might desire to submit. The most important, and for some parties to the Conference perhaps the most embarrassing of the resolutions actually adopted was that which gave a general approval to the proposal to establish some system of reciprocal preferential treatment of products and manufactures within the Empire in respect of customs duties. It was further agreed that it would be to the advantage of the Empire if conferences were held, as far as practicable, at intervals not exceeding four years, as between the Secretary of State for the Colonies on the one hand, and the Colonial Prime Ministers on the other.

It fell to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, the successor in office of Mr. Chamberlain, to make arrangements for the fourth Conference, which ought to have met in 1906 but was delayed a year. The narrative given above has followed closely the lines of his encyclical of 20th. April, 1905, which was published, along with the replies received from the self-governing colonies, in November of that year, a few days before the resignation of Mr. Balfour's government.

"It will be observed," says the then Colonial Secretary in his despatch, "that these conferences have, step by step, assumed a more definite shape and acquired a more continuous status. Their constitution has lost the vagueness which characterised the assembly of 1887. The conferences now consist of the Prime Ministers of the self-governing colonies, together with the Secretary of State for the Colonies, assisted, when the subjects of the discussion make this advantageous, by other high officials of the United Kingdom and the colonies. Again, the first three conferences met in connection with the presence of the colonial representatives in London incidental to important Imperial celebrations. But by the resolution passed at the last conference, and already quoted, future meetings will be at prescribed intervals, and will be solely for the transaction of business. It may therefore be said that an Imperial council for the transaction of matters which concern alike the United Kingdom and the self-governing colonies has grown into existence by a natural process."

After making the suggestion, without pressing it, that the title of "Colonial Conference" might now be discarded in favour of "Imperial Council", the despatch goes on to say: "His Majesty's government doubt whether it would be wise or necessary to give by any instrument to this council a more formal character, to define more closely its constitution, or to attempt to delimit its functions. The history of Anglo-Saxon institutions, such as parliament or the cabinet system, seems to show that an institution may often be wisely left to develop in accordance with circumstances and, as it were, of its own accord, and that it is well not to sacrifice elasticity of power of adaptation to premature definiteness of form." Then Mr. Lyttelton proceeds to make a suggestion to which he states that His Majesty's Government attaches considerable importance. In view of the necessarily brief session of the Conference, it is desirable, he says, "that subjects which the Prime Ministers agree to discuss should be as much as possible prepared beforehand by a body on which they would be represented, and should be presented to them in as concise and clear a form and with as much material for forming a judgment as possible. In questions of defence, this work is already done by the Imperial Defence Committee, on which also His Majesty's Government desire to obtain from time to time the presence of colonial representatives." The opinion is further expressed, in reference to past experience, that "it would have greatly conduced to acceleration of business and to the utility of the work done by the Conference if there had been in existence a permanent Commission, representing all the states concerned, to which in each case the Conference could have directly referred the task of examining facts and reporting as to the best way of carrying out the principles laid down." After citing the practice of appointing Royal Commissions or departmental committees to inquire into matters referred to them and to suggest solutions, Mr. Lyttelton concludes with the statement that "His Majesty's Government desire to submit for consideration the proposal that

His Majesty should be advised to appoint a commission of a more permanent kind to discharge the same functions in regard to questions of joint concern. . . . Its functions would be of a purely consultative and advisory character, and would not supersede but supplement those of the Colonial Office. . . . It would probably be convenient that the Secretary of the Commission should also act as Secretary of the Imperial Council when it met."

This proposal for conferring increased status in and giving greater continuity to the Colonial Conference, as originally constituted, was approved by Cape Colony, Natal, and Australia. With reference to the joint permanent commission, the government of Cape Colony considered that "such an intelligence department, well-equipped as it would no doubt be, with information and facts requiring examination with a view to harmonizing the legislation of the United Kingdom and the colonies, is an essential adjunct, and will very materially facilitate and expedite the work of the present body." Australia puts forward the question of preferential trade, endorses the substitution of "Imperial Council" for "Colonial Conference", agrees in the view "that the proposed council should be left to develop by adaptation as circumstances may require, and shares the confidence that its establishment will promote that unity both of sentiment and action within the Empire on which the peace and welfare of a large part of the world depends." Newfoundland expresses its opinion, through Sir Robert Bond, with "very great diffidence",—reading into the proposal more than would appear from the papers as published, in the way of curtailment of colonial rights and contributions to Imperial Defence. New Zealand was dilatory in its reply to Mr. Lyttelton's despatch, owing to elections and the difficulty of getting a full meeting of the Cabinet. But it undertook to send a representative to the Conference.

The Canadian Government lagged behind all the others in sending its reply, and the attitude then disclosed deserves a careful statement. The Dominion Ministers begin by

objecting that "any change in the title or status of the conference should rather originate with and emanate from that body itself." It may be remarked incidentally that this criticism did not prevent the Canadian Government from itself proposing, a few months afterwards, to alter the constitution of the conference by including, in addition to the prime minister, any other ministers who might be accredited by any of the governments concerned. They dislike the proposal to adopt the title of "Imperial Council" on the ground that this "would be interpreted as *marking a step distinctly in advance* of the position hitherto attained in the discussion of the relations between the mother country and the colonies." A malicious critic of the words printed in italics might suggest that the Dominion Cabinet's conception of progress in this matter was to stand still. While obviously preferring that the meeting should be, not a formal assemblage, but "a more or less unconventional gathering for informal discussion of public questions", Canadian ministers would accept "Imperial Conference" as a compromise title. The term "Council" suggested to them "a permanent institution which, endowed with a continuous life, might eventually come to be regarded as an encroachment upon the full measure of autonomous legislative and administrative power now enjoyed by all the self-governing colonies." As to the permanent commission of inquiry, the ministers of the Dominion could not "divest themselves wholly of the idea that such a commission might conceivably interfere with the working of responsible government."

It will be seen at a glance that this attitude of reluctance and mistrust is far removed from the enthusiasm of "Imperial Federation" days, when the Premier of the Dominion himself was not averse to contemplating "even if but as a vision of a far-distant future, the rise of a stronger union and the development of a true Imperial Government and Council, directly responsible to the Empire, occupied in its common affairs, and free from the internal business of the United Kingdom, or any other State." It may be partly

accounted for on the theory that the Dominion Cabinet was held by some critics to have gone too far in what it did, or permitted to be done, during the South African War. Those French-Canadians had still to be reckoned with who say that they do not believe that Canada has any such duty to the Empire. Moreover there can be no doubt that in the course of a natural development the ideal of nationalism is, in the case of Canada, rapidly displacing the colonial status. Anything that may seem to involve a real sacrifice of independence is certain to be looked on with jealous eyes throughout the Dominion. This hardly excuses, however, the illogical *non sequitur* by which the Canadian Ministers intimated that they would not be prepared to discuss Imperial defence at the conference of 1902, on the ground that no one scheme of defence could be devised that would suit the circumstances of each and all of our oversea possessions. Mr. Lyttelton and some of the other colonial governments may have been going too far and too fast. Whether that be so or not, it is of importance, on the eve of another conference, to note that it was Canada that applied the drag. In a circular note sent to the Governors of the self-governing colonies shortly before going out of office (Nov. 29th. 1905) Mr. Lyttelton says: "In deference to the views expressed by the Government of the Dominion of Canada it seems to be desirable to postpone further discussion of these matters until the meeting of the next conference." Otherwise it must be obvious to those who now have the papers before them that the Colonial Secretary would have proceeded to carry out the undertaking with which he had concluded his former dispatch of April 1905: "If His Majesty's Government find that there is sufficient *prima facie* agreement on the part of the colonial governments, they will cause a more definite scheme for the constitution of the commission to be prepared and forwarded to the colonial governments for their observation."

Unless the question has been allowed by this time to go by default, it will be for the Canadian representatives to show

cause at the conference for stereotyping the *status quo*, instead of endeavouring to move forward to something better.

Meanwhile a Liberal Government has been returned to power in the United Kingdom, and though it contains men who are known to be as much devoted to the interests of the Empire as any of Mr. Balfour's Cabinet, it has many preoccupations. Those who think that the Conference might become a great instrument of Imperial unity were disappointed that no place was found for any reference to it in the King's speech at the opening of Parliament. It is only right, however, to note that Lord Elgin lost very little time in taking up Mr. Lyttelton's work. Without binding himself to his predecessor's proposals, the new Colonial Secretary, in a despatch dated 22nd. Feb., 1906, intimated his opinion that it would be desirable freely to discuss them when the Conference meets, and asked to be informed beforehand of any subjects the Colonial Governments might wish to discuss and any resolutions they might wish to bring forward. On 26th. September, 1906, in reply to a telegraphic message from London, urgently pressing for a reply, the Canadian Government stated that "ministers do not desire at this date to present any new subjects for discussion at the Conference." The tenor of subsequent correspondence seems to show that the Dominion Cabinet has always had before it the possibility that conditions at Ottawa might make it difficult or impossible for the Canadian Prime Minister toa ttend. On 17th. October, 1906, the Committee of the Privy Council, while accepting the date set for the Conference (15th. April, 1907) "can only express a hope that the business of the session of the Canadian Parliament may be concluded at a date early enough to permit Canadian representatives to attend the Conference." A meeting without the Prime Minister of the Dominion, who has been one of the central figures of recent Imperial celebrations, would be robbed of a great part of its interest; and it is a rather bad omen for the future that a conference which is held only once in four years should be considered of subordinate importance to current business at Ottawa.

What then is to be the next step in the forward movement? Surely means will be devised, in spite of all difficulties, real or imaginary, to make the conference a permanent institution, with some organized body in connexion with it to do work preliminary and subsequent to its periodical meetings. Australia, Cape Colony, and New Zealand have put in the forefront of the agenda paper, with creditable unanimity, the constitution of further conferences, including the question of an Imperial Council, and in a despatch dated 4th. January, 1907, Lord Elgin intimates that this is the subject he would desire to discuss at the outset, in connexion with the proposals outlined by his predecessor in office. The second place is given to preferential trade. Every one knows what a thorny subject this is for the British Government. To reduce duties in favour of the Empire and even to tax food is more than the ordinary voter is ready for. Yet it is a fact of history that the last conference (1902) adopted the following resolution: "That this conference recognizes that the principle of preferential trade between the United Kingdom and His Majesty's Dominions beyond the seas would stimulate and facilitate mutual commercial intercourse, and would, by promoting the development of the resources and industries of the several parts, strengthen the Empire." To this Australia now proposes to add "that it is desirable that the preferential treatment accorded by the colonies to the products and manufactures of the United Kingdom be also granted to the products and manufactures of other self-governing colonies." Here is an opportunity for such treaties of trade as Sir Wilfrid Laurier has always been prepared to negotiate,—"articles on which you can give us a preference, and articles on which we can give you a preference." It will be rather awkward for the British authorities if the daughter states take advantage of the invitation to their mother's house to talk matters over in the absence of their hostess, and to go forward with arrangements among themselves, apart from her! A bargain-made Empire is certainly to be deprecated, but all the same there is a good deal of practical truth in Mr. Garvin's dictum that "the economic

factor in its reaction upon every other factor of the Imperial problem must prove decisive."

Among other topics now scheduled for discussion are defence, naturalization, emigration, judicial appeals, reservation of bills, patents and merchandise-marks, reciprocity in professions etc. The Under-Secretary for the Colonies recently stated in the House of Commons that the constitution of the Committee of Imperial Defence would be considered and the possibility of adding to it colonial representation. This will naturally lead to further issues. "Other subjects discussed would be the Australian naval agreement and the questions of naval policy arising out of it ; the strategic principles of Imperial defence, the expansion of reserves of war-stores, the interchange of units between the Colonies and the mother country, and the pay of colonial contingents."

Perhaps when the delegates get together and warm to their work, the consideration of these and such like problems will do something to stimulate mutual interest and enthusiasm. If so, more will come out of the Conference of 1907 than the man-in-the-street is at present looking for. At the hearth of the Empire, and in daily contact with august associations, there may be some abatement of that fear of the predominant partner, which can be so easily worked upon to stir up the spirit of aloofness and independence. As Lord Milner said lately, "the difference between the United Kingdom and the other states, in the view of the imperialism of the future—the only imperialism that can stand—ought to be regarded as a difference of stature and not of status, a difference which, however great to-day, must tend to disappear."

In the same speech (Manchester, Dec. 14th. 1906) Lord Milner made the interesting suggestion that the President of the Conference should be the Prime Minister of England. "Such an innovation," he said, "would imply no disparagement to the high office of Colonial Secretary. The Colonial Office exercises enormous powers and rules over a very large portion of the earth's surface. But the self-governing colonies are no longer, in anything but name, under the Colonial Office,

or indeed under any British authority except the King." The change proposed has much to recommend it. It might even help towards a new definition of that much abused word "Imperialism." The idea that the "new nations within the Empire" are in the leading strings of the Colonial Office is galling to our young democracies. As the Irish look on Dublin Castle, so they regard it, —*arx aeternae dominationis!* Imperialism must be shown to be anything but the enemy of nationality and liberty. It is in reality only a form of leadership There is nothing inconsistent between imperial headship and the democratic government of partner-states. As President of a permanent Imperial Conference, the Prime Minister of England would merely be "*primus inter pares.*" He will now have at his side General Botha, as Prime Minister of the Transvaal, —an eloquent witness of a magnanimity unparalleled in political history. Not without good reason has the old motto "*Imperium et Libertas*" been carved on the pedestal of the South African Monument shortly to be inaugurated in Montreal!

There are some who say "Let well alone!" Such persons have not grasped the significance of the new tendencies at work in the world around us—the British world. Here we have a colossal political organization which needs only some approach to a better organic structure to make it a constant factor in the welfare, peace, and prosperity of a large portion of the globe. The like of it has never been seen before,—never in all history. In the words of a recent writer—W. F. Monypenny,—"For everything else in the relations between the parts of the Empire we may find perhaps a parallel elsewhere: the existence of a number of national centres and national governments within our political system is an entirely new phenomenon........Yet these younger nations have developed or are developing each a true nationality of its own. They are virtually independent in their Governments. The supremacy of the Imperial Parliament has lost all practical importance in the present, and does not even appear to contain the germ of any useful development in the future. Their

allegiance is not to the parent Parliament, nor even to the parent nation, but to the common throne and Empire in which, indeed, they have a common citizenship of profound significance and value..... The Empire stands before us as the living embodiment of a new political conception which transcends nationality without dwarfing or disabling it, which preserves all that is good in it, leaves it all its rights, but makes it subservient to a higher and more comprehensive ideal."

Imperialists are those who wish to see this Empire hold together, and who desire to do all that may properly be done to strengthen the bonds that unite us. Canada will be fortunate if her representatives at the forthcoming Imperial Conference address themselves in this spirit to the work that lies before them.

W. PETERSON

GREATER CANADA: AN APPEAL

NOW, in this month of April, when the ice is leaving our rivers, the ministers of Canada take ship for this the fourth Colonial Conference at London. What do they go to do? Nay, rather what shall we bid them do? We—the six million people of Canada, unvoiced, untaxed, in the Empire, unheeded in the councils of the world,—we, the six million colonials sprawling our over-suckled infancy across a continent,—what shall be nor message to the motherland? Shall we still whine of our poverty, still draw imaginary pictures of our thin herds shivering in the cold blasts of the North, their shepherds huddled for shelter in the log cabins of Montreal and Toronto? Shall we still beg the good people of England to bear yet a little longer, for the poor peasants of their colony, the burden and heat of the day? Shall our ministers rehearse this worn-out fiction of our 'acres of snow,' and so sail home again, still untaxed, to the smug approval of the oblique politicians of Ottawa? Or, shall we say to the people of England, "The time has come; we know and realize our country. We will be your colony no longer. Make us one with you in an Empire, Permanent and Indivisible."

This last alternative means what is commonly called Imperialism. It means a united system of defence, an imperial navy for whose support somehow or other the whole Empire shall properly contribute, and with it an imperial authority in whose power we all may share. To many people in Canada this imperialism is a tainted word. It is too much associated with a truckling subservience to English people and English ideas and the silly swagger of the hop-o'-my-thumb junior officer. But there is and must be for the true future of our country, a higher and more real imperialism than this—the imperialism of the plain man at the plough and the

clerk in the counting house, the imperialism of any decent citizen that demands for this country its proper place in the councils of the Empire and in the destiny of the world. In this sense, imperialism means but the realization of a Greater Canada, the recognition of a wider citizenship.

I, that write these lines, am an Imperialist because I will not be a Colonial. This Colonial status is a worn-out, by-gone thing. The sense and feeling of it has become harmful to us. It limits the ideas, and circumscribes the patriotism of our people. It impairs the mental vigor and narrows the outlook of those that are reared and educated in our midst. The English boy reads of England's history and its glories as his own; it is *his* navy that fought at Camperdown and Trafalgar, *his* people that have held fast their twenty miles of sea eight hundred years against a continent. He learns at his fire-side and at his school, among his elders and his contemporaries, to regard all this as part of himself; something that he, as a fighting man, may one day uphold, something for which as a plain citizen he shall every day gladly pay, something for which in any capacity it may one day be his high privilege to die. How little of this in Canada! Our paltry policy teaches the Canadian boy to detach himself from the England of the past, to forget that Camperdown and Copenhagen and the Nile are ours as much as theirs, that this navy of the Empire is ours too, ours in its history of the past, ours in its safe-guard of the present.

If this be our policy and plan, let us complete our teaching to our children. Let us inscribe it upon the walls of our schools, let us write it in brass upon our temples that for the Navy which made us and which defends us, we pay not a single penny, we spare not a solitary man. Let us add to it, also, that the lesson may bear fruit, this "shelter theory" of Canada now rampant in our day; that Canada by some reason of its remoteness from European sin and its proximity to American republicanism, is sheltered from that flail of war with which God tribulates the other peoples of the world, sheltered by the Monroe Doctrine, by President Roosevelt

and his battleships, sheltered, I know not how, but sheltered somehow so that we may forget the lean, eager patriotism and sacrifice of a people bred for war, and ply in peace the little craft of gain and greed. So grows and has grown the Canadian boy in his colonial status, dissociated from the history of the world, cut off from the larger patriotism, colourless in his ideas. So grows he till in some sly way his mind opens to the fence-rail politics of his country side, with its bribed elections and its crooked votes—not patriotism but 'politics,' maple-leaf politics, by which money may be made and places and profit fall in a golden shower.

Some time ago Theodore Roosevelt, writing with the pardonable irresponsibility of a Police Commissioner of New York and not as President of the United States, said of us here in Canada, that the American feels towards the Canadian the good natured condescension that is felt by the free-born man for the man that is not free. Only recently one of the most widely circulated of American Magazines, talking in the same vein, spoke of us Canadians as a "subject people." These are, of course, the statements of extravagance and ignorance; but it is true, none the less, that the time has come to be done with this *colonial* business, done with it once and forever. We cannot in Canada continue as we are. We must become something greater or something infinitely less. We can no longer be an appanage and outlying portion of something else. Canada, as a *colony*, was right enough in the days of good old Governor Simcoe, when your emigrant officer sat among the pine stumps of his Canadian clearing and reared his children in the fear of God and in the love of England—right enough then, wrong enough and destructive enough now. We cannot continue as we are. In the history of every nation as of every man there is no such thing as standing still. There is no pause upon the path of progress. There is no stagnation but the hush of death.

And for this progress, this forward movement, what is there first to do? How first unravel this vexed skein of our colonial and imperial relations? This, first of all. We must realize, and

the people of England must realize, the inevitable greatness of Canada. This is not a vain-glorious boast. This is no rhodomontade. It is simple fact. Here stand we, six million people, heirs to the greatest legacy in the history of mankind, owners of half a continent, trustees, under God Almighty, for the fertile solitudes of the west. A little people, few in numbers, say you? Ah, truly such a little people! Few as the people of the Greeks that blocked the mountain gates of Europe to the march of Asia, few as the men of Rome that built a power to dominate the world, nay, scarce more numerous than they in England whose beacons flamed along the cliffs a warning to the heavy galleons of Spain. Aye, such a little people, but growing, growing, growing, with a march that shall make us ten millions to-morrow, twenty millions in our children's time and a hundred millions ere yet the century runs out. What say you to Fort Garry, a stockaded fort in your father's day, with its hundred thousand of to-day and its half a million souls of the to-morrow? What think you, little river Thames, of our great Ottawa that flings its foam eight hundred miles? What does it mean when science has moved us a little further yet, and the wheels of the world's work turn with electric force? What sort of asset do you think then our melting snow and the roaring river-flood of our Canadian spring shall be to us? What say you, little puffing steam-fed industry of England, to the industry of Coming Canada. Think you, you can heave your coal hard enough, sweating and grunting with your shovel to keep pace with the snow-fed cataracts of the north? Or look, were it but for double conviction, at the sheer extent and size of us. Throw aside, if you will, the vast districts of the frozen north, confiscate, if you like, Ungava still snow-covered and unknown, and let us talk of the Canada that we know, south of the sixtieth parallel, south of your Shetland Islands, south of the Russian Petersburg and reaching southward thence to where the peach groves of Niagara bloom in the latitude of Northern Spain. And of all this take only our two new provinces, twin giants of the future, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Three decades ago this was the

'great lone land,' the frozen west, with its herds of bison and its Indian tepees, known to you only in the pictured desolation of its unending snow; now crossed and inter-crossed with railways, settled 400 miles from the American frontier, and sending north and south the packets of its daily papers from its two provincial capitals. And of this country, fertile as the corn plains of Hungary, and the crowded flats of Belgium, do you know the size? It is this. Put together the whole German Empire, the republic of France and your England and Scotland, and you shall find place for them in our two new provinces. Or take together across the boundary from us, the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut—all the New England States and with them all the Middle States of the North—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin, till you have marked a space upon the map from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and from the Ohio to the lakes—all these you shall put into our two new provinces and still find place for England and for Scotland in their boundaries.

This then for the size and richness of our country. Would that the soul and spirit of its people were commensurate with its greatness. For here as yet we fail. Our politics, our public life and thought, rise not to the level of our opportunity. The mud-bespattered politicians of the trade, the party men and party managers, give us in place of patriotic statescraft the sordid traffic of a tolerated jobbery. For bread, a stone. Harsh is the cackle of the little turkey-cocks of Ottawa, fighting the while as they feather their mean nests of sticks and mud, high on their river bluff. Loud sings the little Man of the Province, crying his petty Gospel of Provincial Rights, grudging the gift of power, till the cry spreads and town hates town and every hamlet of the country side shouts for its share of plunder and of pelf. This is the tenor of our politics, carrying as its undertone the voice of the black-robed sectary, with narrow face and shifting eyes, snarling still with the bigotry of a by-gone day. This is the spirit that we must purge. This

is the demon we must exorcise; this the disease, the cankerworm of corruption, bred in the indolent securities of peace, that must be burned from us in the pure fire of an Imperial patriotism, that is no theory but a passion. This is our need, our supreme need of the Empire—not for its ships and guns, but for the greatness of it, the soul of it, aye for the very danger of it.

Of our spirit, then, it is not well. Nor is it well with the spirit of those in England in their thoughts of us. Jangling are they these twenty years over little Ireland that makes and unmakes ministries, and never a thought of Canada; jangling now over their Pantaloon Suffragettes and their Swaddled Bishops, wondering whether they shall still represent their self-willed Lords nose for nose in the councils of the Empire or whether they may venture now to scale them down, putting one nose for ten. One or ten, what does it matter, so there is never a voice to speak for Canada? Can they not see, these people of England that the supreme English Question now is the question of Canada: that this Conference of the year of grace 1907 might, if it would, make for us the future of the Empire? Or will they still regard us, poor outlying sheltered people of Canada, as something alien and apart, sending us ever of their youngest and silliest to prate in easy arrogance of 'home,' earning the livelihood their island cannot give, still snapping at the hand that feeds them?

And what then can this Colonial Conference effect after all, it is asked? Granting, for argument's sake, the spirit of the people that might prove it, our willingness to pay, their willingness to give us place and power, what can be done? Hard indeed is the question. Hard even to the Ready Man in the Street with his glib solution of difficulties; harder still to the thoughtful; hardest of all to those who will not think. For if we pay for this our Navy that even now defends us, and yet speak not in the councils at Westminster, then is that Taxation without Representation; straightway the soul of the Anglo-Saxon stands aghast; the grim deaths-head of King John grins in the grave, while the stout ghost of old Ben

Franklin hovers again upon our frontier holding in its hand the proffer of independence. But if you admit us to your councils, what then? Ah, then indeed an awful thing befals! Nothing less than the remaking of your constitution, with a patching and a re-building of it, till the nature-growth of precedent and custom is shaped in the clumsy artifice of clause and schedule, powers and prohibitions, measured and marked off with the yard-stick of the *ultra-vires* attorney. This surely is worse than ever. This perhaps you might have done, save for the bare turn of a majority, for Irksome Ireland. But for Uncomplaining Canada, not so.

So there we stand, we and you, pitched fast upon the horns of a dilemma. You cannot tax us, since you will not represent us. We cannot be represented because we will not be taxed. So we stand stock still, like the donkey in the philosophic fable, balanced between two bales of hay, nibbling neither right nor left. So are we like to stand, till some one of us, some of you and us, shall smite the poor donkey of our joint stupidity there where it most profits that a donkey shall be smitten, and bid it move!

Yet is the difficulty perhaps not impossible of solution. The thing to be achieved is there. The task is yours to solve, men of the council table. Find us a way whereby the burden and the power shall fall on all alike; a way whereby, taxed, we shall still be free men, free of the Imperial citizenship, and your historic constitution unshattered in the progress. Is it then so difficult? We come of a race that has solved much, has so often achieved the impossible. Look back a little in the ages to where ragged Democracy howls around the throne of defiant Kingship. This is a problem that we have solved, joining the dignity of Kingship with the power of democracy; this, too, by the simplest of political necromancy, the trick of which we now expound in our schools, as the very alphabet of political wisdom. Or look back to where the scaffolds of a bigot nation run with blood for the sake of rival creeds that know not yet the simple code of toleration, to be framed now in an easy statute with an artful stroke of a pen. Have we

done all this and shall we balk at this poor colonial question? At it then, like men, shrewd representatives of Ottawa and Westminster, trained in the wisdom of the ages. Listen not to those who would block the way with a *non possumus* on this side, a *non volumus* on that. Find us a way, shew us a plan, a mere beginning if you will, a widow's mite of contribution, a mere whispering of representation, but something that shall trace for us the future path of Empire.

Nor is guidance altogether lacking in the task. For at least the signs of the times are written large as to what the destiny of Canada shall *not* be. Not as it is,—not on this *colonial* footing, can it indefinitely last. There are those who tell us that it is best to leave well alone, to wait for the slow growth, the evolution of things. For herein lies the darling thought of the wisdom of the nineteenth century, in this same Evolution, this ready-made explanation of all things; hauled over from the researches of the botanist to meet the lack of thought of the philosopher. Whatever is, is: whatever will be, will be,—so runs its silly creed. Therefore let everything be, that is: and all that shall be, shall be! This is but the wisdom of the fool, wise after the fact. For the solution of our vexed colonial problem this profits nothing. We cannot sit passive to watch our growth. Good or bad, straight or crooked, we must make our fate.

Nor is it ever possible or desirable that we in Canada can form an independent country. The little cry that here and there goes up among us is but the symptom of an aspiring discontent, that will not let our people longer be colonials. 'Tis but a cry forced out by what a wise man has called the growing pains of a nation's progress. Independent, we could not survive a decade. Those of us who know our country realize that beneath its surface smoulder still the embers of racial feud and of religious bitterness. Twice in our generation has the sudden alarm of conflict broken upon the quiet of our prosperity with the sound of a fire bell in the night. Not thus our path. Let us compose the feud and still the strife of races, not in the artificial partnership of an Inde-

pendent Canada, but in the joint greatness of a common destiny.

Nor does our future lie in Union with those that dwell to the Southward. The day of annexation to the United States is passed. Our future lies elsewhere. Be it said without concealment and without bitterness. They have chosen their lot; we have chosen ours. Let us go our separate ways in peace. Let them still keep their perennial Independence Day, with its fulminating fireworks and its Yankee Doodle. We keep our Magna Charta and our rough and ready Rule Britannia, shouting as lustily as they! The propaganda of Annexation is dead. Citizens we want, indeed, but not the prophets of an alien gospel. To you who come across our western border we can offer a land fatter than your Kansas, a government better than Montana, a climate kinder than your Dakota. Take it, Good Sir, if you will: but if, in taking it, you still raise your little croak of annexation, then up with you by the belt and out with you, breeches first, through the air, to the land of your origin! This in all friendliness.

Not Independence then, not annexation, not stagnation: nor yet that doctrine of a little Canada that some conceive,—half in, half out of the Empire, with a mimic navy of its own; a pretty navy this,—poor two-penny collection, frollicking on its little way strictly within the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a sort of silly adjunct to the navy of the Empire, semi-detached, the better to be smashed at will. As well a Navy of the Province, or the Parish, home-made for use at home, docked every Saturday in Lake Nipigon!

Yet this you say, you of the Provincial Rights, you Little Canada Man, is all we can afford! We that have raised our public charge from forty up to eighty millions odd within the ten years past, and scarce have felt the added strain of it. Nay, on the question of the cost, good gentlemen of the council, spare it not. Measure not the price. It is not a commercial benefit we buy. We are buying back our honour as Imperial Citizens. For, look you, this protection of our

lives and coast, this safe-guard from the scourge of war, we have it now as much as you of England: you from the hard-earned money that you pay, we as the peasant pensioners on your Imperial Bounty.

Thus stands the case. Thus stands the question of the future of Canada. Find for us something other than mere colonial stagnation, something sounder than independence, nobler than annexation, greater in purpose than a Little Canada. Find us a way. Build us a plan, that shall make us, in hope at least, an Empire Permanent and Indivisible.

STEPHEN LEACOCK

Professor Leacock's paper may be had in pamphlet form from the Montreal News Company—Editor, U. M.

LOYALTY—TO WHAT

THERE are certain matters which are not proper subject for discussion,—the honour of a patriot, the virtue of a prude, the learning of a professor, the uprightness of a judge, the fidelity of a friend, the loyalty of a subject. These would better be taken for granted. Yet, the theme of every public address to resident and visiting nobility, and the burden of the reply, is the loyalty of Canadians.

When the representative of the Sovereign attends a durbar at Delhi, he may quite properly remind the natives of their obligations and privileges, in view of the somewhat recent events which happened, when "John Nicholson by Jalandhar came on his way to Delhi fight." Lord Milner, also, in a progress through the Transvaal might pitch his tune to the note of loyalty in view of the still more recent events which happened in those parts. The Egyptians, too, are quite properly praised for their loyalty; since Arabi Pacha is not dead these many years.

There is not the same necessity for dwelling upon the word in Toronto, for example, before an assemblage of persons whose presence in that city is established by the loyalty of their "loyalist" ancestors who suffered exile for their loyalty. There are men yet living in Toronto who were out in Sixty-Six, to repel the most flagrant invasion of a friendly state which ever went unavenged; and they have heard their fathers tell of Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane. Nor have they forgotten that their city was burned to the ground within the last hundred years. Even in the province of Quebec the *habitants* have reason to know something of the meaning of loyalty. Their fathers had to resist the blandish-

ments of Franklin and his fellow-emissaries. They saw Montreal in the hands of the enemy and their country ravaged up to the walls of Quebec.

When the Sovereign goes down to Devonshire to open a cattle-show, he does not think it necessary to remind the Devonian descendants of those stout seamen, who on many occasions saved England, of their loyalty by praising them for it. Even in Wales and Scotland he assumes that it is so. The thing may be taken for granted in Canada also, even by Englishmen who cannot fail to remember the divided allegiance of their own country so recently as the time of the accession of the House of Hanover, and by Scotchmen who were loyal at the same moment to Charles Edward and George the Second.

Having in mind, it may be, these aberrations of political feeling in their own land, the more ignorant amongst the writers for the British press pretend to believe that we are ready to fly into the arms of the United States upon the slightest pretext; or, failing in this treachery, that by some secret *coup d'état* we shall set up an independent government of our own. These persons would please us more if they would refrain from imputing to us such evil intentions; and they would serve better by not instilling into the minds of foreigners these unfounded suspicions.

So long as Britain was far away, we were under the enchantment which distance lends. In the long perspective she was the Britain which always stood against the world for right; and our fathers had shared in her making. They had fought against each other—Highlander and Lowlander at Culloden, Cavalier and Puritan at Naseby, Orange and Green at the Boyne. In Canada for generations we lived side by side more closely than our cousins in Britain, and we gloried in our old victories and in our defeats. But England to us was the merrie England of Chaucer and Shakespeare, the austere England of Milton and Cromwell, the spacious England of Elizabeth and her Plymouth men. Scotland was glorified until her very stones were dear to us, and the wrongs

of Ireland were forgotten. It was not hard to be loyal to that.

> "Keep your dead, inviolate past,
> "Hold your pale ideal fast,
> "Well I know, who crave the whole,
> "Only dreams and memories last."

But now England is very near to us. A cable-service is paid to supply us every morning with the meanest trivialities of English life, to record the intrigues of politicians, to proclaim the squalor of the poor and the inanity of the rich. The newspapers follow—and they will come in increasing volume when the postage is lowered—giving in all their hideous details the filthiest reports of the proceedings of any divorce court in the world, telling us of the wickedness of the idle rich and the brutality of the idle poor.

We visit England in increasing numbers. We look upon the factory workers of Nottingham, and the dwellers in the Black Country, the impoverished farmers, the voters who live in Whitechapel, and the daughters of these voters, those peripatetics of the Circus. We see the riches and the vices of the world from Chile to Japan poured into London as into a sink, corrupting the national life at its very source. The obligation of sympathy and commiseration is engrafted upon the old loyalty.

Also, Englishmen come to us. Some of them in high position are intelligent enough to know that there is little which they can do; and others, more conscientious it may be, expend infinite energy in a meaningless activity. Many of the wise men who come to write about us write what appears to us to be merely silly. If they have eyes, they do not see. Their ears are open to any jester who takes pleasure in sending them astray. English artisans come to Canada, and write letters to the newspapers that they cannot find employment, failing to see that an employer wants a thing done in his own way, and that may not be the way in which it is done in London, as the new arrival is so assiduous to explain. The English labourer who comes amongst us is perpetually exercising his

inalienable privilege of grumbling in a language which appears to us like a foreign tongue; but in his grumbling he forgets to work, and we cannot forgive that. The fact of the matter is we look upon our fellow-Britons as fellow-men, not as trees walking.

To the present Sovereign and the present arrangement the people of Canada are as loyal as the Archbishop of Canterbury, and perhaps more so than is Mr. Timothy Healy or Mr. Lloyd George. So long as the British Parliament contains only a due proportion of archbishops and Mr. Healys, there is nothing to be said. But we are well aware that the House of Commons which came into existence as the result of the last general elections contained, out of 670 members, fifty representatives who avowed frankly their socialistic opinions, and ranged themselves behind Mr. Keir Hardie. There is no cause for alarm in the presence of members holding socialistic, or any other opinions, so long as they are kept in due subordination to the whole. But in the session which followed, these labour members were treated with more consideration than either the liberal or conservative parties received. They had only to bring forward a measure to have it considered favourably. The Bill providing free meals for all children in the elementary schools was opposed at its second reading by only one member, and it was passed without division. A resolution approving of old-age pensions was carried without a dissenting voice. The bill by which the unemployed were subsidized was criticised by only two speakers, and there was no division upon it. At the same time legislation which would benefit the whole nation was kept back, and private interests were neglected. One bill, for example, was read a first time which had been under formal consideration for twenty-two years. We are also aware that the British House of Commons contains a certain number of members whose function is to obstruct legislation, a certain number who have spent a term in prison, and that at least one member was elected who was afterwards convicted of high treason. To ask Canadians to be unceasingly, and unreasoningly, and forever loyal to that, is expecting too much.

We are intelligent enough to see that a united House of Commons is practically supreme; that there is none to stay its hand, and none to question the validity of its decrees. In the United States it is not so. Not the House of Representatives nor the Senate, nor the Executive, not all three together, can enforce legislation which is contrary to the principles of the Constitution. Any citizen who feels himself aggrieved has the right to demand that the Supreme Court shall pass upon the legality of any enactment, and declare whether the provisions contained in the Constitution have been infringed. The citizens know to what they are loyal—not to the vagaries of popular assemblies, but to principles with which they have been acquainted since 1787. In Canada also we have the comfort of knowing that our foolish legislation can be disallowed by some one. The people of England are without such safeguard against the wanton legislation of a House of Commons resolute to do evil—and we also, in so far as it concerns us. In that, it appears to us, the danger lies for us and them.

The weakness of the House of Lords does not reassure us. Unaltered in its constitution for six centuries, it is an anachronism, and proof against neither ridicule nor reason. Lord Salisbury affected to believe that its languor, its good-natured and easy-going tolerance, were the best assurance against conflict. That was only his ironical way of saying things. No institution was ever reformed from within, and no Government will very soon reform the House of Lords from without. The Conservatives know that, as a rule, it will sanction their legislation; for, as Lord Rosebery plaintively observed, the son of a Liberal peer is always a Conservative. The Liberals know that it will usually pass their legislation, because it dare not do otherwise. To us, however, it appears that the Lords will reject one measure, because nothing will happen to their House; and pass another measure because something may happen to it. In one session they refused the Education Bill, and accepted the worst principles of trades-unionism. The House of Lords, feeble as it was, dealt effectively with the Franchise Bill in 1884, and with the Irish Bill in 1893, and

nothing happened. Nothing would so make for the lasting loyalty of Canada as a House of Lords founded upon reason, and therefore strong enough to resist predatory legislation, or legislation inimical to the Empire as a whole.

We do not object to the Lords having convictions, even if they are based upon prejudice. Our objection is that they do not act upon the convictions which they have. No legislation is the worse for being obstructed. By obstructing insane legislation they give the country a chance to return to its senses. We would wish to see the House of Lords either reformed enough to be completely intelligent, or made strong enough to be consistently stupid. A body which is only partially intelligent is apt to exercise at the wrong time the intelligence which it has. We would feel more secure if our interests were not entirely in the hands of Mr. Healy and of Mr. Keir Hardie. It would minister to our self-respect if the House of Lords were no longer a recruiting ground for theatrical managers and the wives of American millionaires. Our neighbours to the South are a witty people, and they say things which we cannot contradict.

It is worth remarking that loyalty is like any other virtue. If pushed beyond the bounds of reason a virtue becomes a vice. Love may pass into sentimentality; religion into theology; temperance into asceticism; zeal into bigotry; caution may degenerate into cowardice, and loyalty become a stupid adherence to nothing. There are persons in England to-day who pretend that they are still loyal to the House of Stuart, and once a year bedeck with flowers the statue of Charles the First. Loyalty is not, then, an abstract virtue like honesty, truth, and charity. Its value depends upon the ideals to which one is loyal, and the motives by which one is actuated.

This utilitarian view of loyalty is the one which has always been adopted by the English people. Ever since the great events which happened at Runnymede they have felt at liberty to choose whom they would serve. On Bosworth field again they had an open mind. They taught Charles the First the

valuable lesson that a king has a bone in his neck. Eleven years later they demonstrated to the Puritans, in turn, that practical loyalty is an affair of common-sense. Again, after only twenty-eight years, they convinced James the Second that loyalty was no bar to the accession of William and Mary. When Queen Anne was dead the Stuarts required another lesson in the practical nature of loyalty; and in 1745 a large proportion of the people of Scotland were convinced of the truthfulness of that view of the case. The Jacobites have left upon record their impression that loyalty is not a virtue of universal validity:

> "God bless the King—I mean the faith's defender.
> "God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender,
> "But who Pretender is, and who is King—
> "God bless us all—that's quite another thing."

Loyalty then, it would appear, has always been to the people of England a virtue or a vice, according to the circumstances of the case. To the people of the United States also, in 1776, loyalty was a crime as we know to our cost, and disloyalty the supreme virtue. To us in these days it appears that the loyalty of the mass of Russians to their "Little Father," is the cause of the unsatisfactory conditions which prevail in their country. In short, the lesson of history is that the breaking with a tradition, if it become outworn, is the price of progress and the safeguard against decay.

But the glory of the English people is their loyalty to a principle at cost of disloyalty to their government. The government often became disloyal : the people never did. That is the privilege which Canadians are resolved to keep secure; to remain loyal to the ancient "truth, pity, freedom, and hardiness" of the race, wherever those qualities may be found. The English people never committed the unspeakable treachery of disloyalty for material gain. Neither shall we. Yet that is precisely the infamy which is alleged against us by British writers who urge that we be given trade privileges, so that we may remain loyal, and by Canadian writers who

demand preferences upon the same ground. We all remember the melancholy case of that Mr. Smith who ended his life, because he "laboured under the apprehension that he would come to poverty, and that his soul was eternally lost." We also remember that Matthew Arnold likened many of us to this unfortunate man, in our concern for making money and saving our souls. We are not now so much concerned about our souls. We have substituted for that solicitude the desire to "get into good society," but we are solicitous as ever about making money. To the socially ambitious "loyalty" has become like the burden of Jaques's song: "ducdame—an invocation to call fools into a circle." Within the last year a ship-load of patriots journeyed to England, and stood before kings. They sat at banquets, and met upon equal terms eminent personages whose shoe-latchets they would not have been counted worthy to unloose, had they appeared in the quality of plain individual farmers, lumbermen, miners, merchants, and manufacturers, of whom there are several millions in Canada.

Loyalty in Canada has in some way become identified with that class which favours a monopoly of trade, it may be because they have the facilities for making themselves heard. They have their associations, their paid secretaries, their publicity bureaus, their cable-service for disseminating their views. It is they who have propagated the theory that the loyalty of Canada depends upon the benefits which they receive. They have created a tariff as high as the country will stand. They have made it a little higher against all the world except England, and call that a preference, reserving to themselves the right to give an equal preference in any other quarter. Not content with free entry of their own goods into England, they demand that the entry of goods from other countries shall be put under an imposition. If, they say, this is not done, Canada will become disloyal, and either seek refuge with the United States, or set up in "business" on her own account. Canada will do nothing of the kind. If her loyalty depends upon commercial gain, the sooner England

bids her go in peace the better. The spirit of Demetrius, the silver-smith who saw his craft in danger, is not the spirit which actuates the mass of the people in Canada. The proof of the loyalty of the most and best Canadians is that they say nothing about it. A wholesome child does not think or speak of his affection for his parents or cousins. Words are unnecessary; if they are necessary, the sentiment is wanting. Loyalty, like affection is a thing of the heart. It is not of the mouth or the pocket. Those who proclaim that it is merit the stern Miltonic rebuke: "Blind mouths; for their bellies' sake, they scramble at the feast." Canada's loyalty is her birth-right. Small danger that she will barter it for a mess of money in which only these will share.

Nor is our loyalty a product of fear. If ever the time comes that Canada is in danger of invasion, it will be but part of world-wide complications in which England will have employment for her forces elsewhere. We shall try to shift for ourselves, and perhaps spare a hand for her besides. The thing has been tried three times already without an encouraging result to the invader. More ignoble still is the plea that we have paid down part of the price for commercial favours by our assistance in South Africa.

What now can Canada do? We can attend to our own proper business. "They also serve who only stand and"—work. We can build our railways, enlarge our canals, and make safe our harbours. We can grow more wheat, breed better cattle, take more fish from the sea, mine more metals from the earth, and pay the fine for buying our goods in England. In eight years we shall be exporting wheat for consumption in the United States. In the life-time of some of the present generation we shall have a greater population than England now enjoys. We can take her surplus population, good and bad. Last year in London alone there were 123,000 legal poor. In twenty years there need be none. We can make men of them, or demonstrate that there is no stuff in them of which men can be made. A man who cannot make a living in Canada for himself and his family is not worth keeping alive.

A nation which is only a trading and manufacturing nation —and England is nearly that—does not survive forever. Holland will serve as an example. The England which stood against the world was not a bargaining England, wrangling over tariffs and preferences. When she fought for her trade, she was fighting the larger battle of freedom. Traders do not fight, they compromise, as Holland compromised. They only fight well, who fight for their homes. England has lost touch with the land, and can rejuvenate herself only by contact with the land again. It is not too absurd to say that the future strength of England lies in the dominions beyond the sea, from which she will draw a new freshness.

What more can we Canadians do? We can be true to the ancient virtue of the race. We can by example urge England and the other portions of the Empire to be true to it also; and by being true to that we shall be true to one another. "This above all, to thine own self be true," is as applicable to a community as to a man. Canada will be loyal to England so long as England is loyal to herself.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

AT PERUGIA

THE SUNSET colours mingle in the sky,
  And over all the Umbrian valleys flow;
Trevi is touched with wonder, and the glow
Finds high Perugia crimson with renown;
  Spello is bright;
And, ah! St. Francis, thy deep-treasured town,
  Enshrined Assisi, fully fronts the light.

This valley knew thee many years ago;
Thy shrine was built by simpleness of heart;
And from the wound called life thou drew'st the smart:
Unquiet kings came to thee and the sad poor—
  Thou gavest them peace;
Far as the Sultan and the Iberian shore
  Thy faith and abnegation gave release.

Deeper our faith, but not so sweet as thine;
Wider our view, but not so sanely sure;
For we are troubled by the witching lure
Of Science, with her lightning on the mist;
  Science that clears,
Yet never quite discloses what she wist,
  And leaves us half with doubts and half with fears.

We act her dreams that shadow forth the truth,
That somehow here the very nerves of God
Thrill the old fires, the rocks, the primal sod;
We throw our speech upon the open air,
  And it is caught
Far down the world, to sing and murmur there;
  Our common words are with deep wonder fraught.

Shall not the subtle spirit of man contrive
To charm the tremulous ether of the soul,
Wherein it breathes ?—until, from pole to pole,
Those who are kin shall speak, as face to face,
  From star to star,
Even from earth to the most secret place,
  Where God and the supreme archangels are.

Shall we not prove, what thou hast faintly taught,
That all the powers of earth and air are one,
That one deep law persists from mole to sun?
Shall we not search the heart of God and find
  That law empearled,
Until all things that are in matter and mind
  Throb with the secret that began the world?

Yea, we have journeyed since thou trod'st the road.
Yet still we keep the foreappointed quest,
While the last sunset smoulders in the West.
Still the great faith with the undying hope
  Unsprings and flows,
While dim Assisi fades on the wide slope
  And the deep Umbrian valleys fill with rose.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

THE AMERICAN NOVEL

I ONCE knew an accomplished native of Herzegovina, who, when asked point blank where he came from, always answered timidly, "I am a European." It may be a similar shrinking modesty that has led citizens of the United States to appropriate to themselves exclusively the name of our continent. The rest of the world has accepted the United-Stateser, called by another and more euphonious name, not denying itself an appreciative wink. In Great Britain American means of, or pertaining to, the United States; the poor rest is Colonial. In foreign lands, American ambassadors, beauties, bars,—all testify to the power and glory of the United States. Such preamble is not meant for instruction, but only to justify the writer in excluding from comments on the American novel fiction written by natives of Canada, Newfoundland, or the British Arctic Isles.

Discussion of American novels among aliens revolves around two points, the scarcity of the thing and its insubstantiality, the poverty of its blood. "It's so hard to find an American novel," says the Englishman. "Could it possibly interest you when found?" asks the Frenchman. In the lengthy and agitated conversation that ensues, the one contends that there is really no American novel, and the other proceeds psychologically to isolate the American, as he appears in his *roman*, from the rest of mankind. The Englishman makes a perfunctory bow to Hawthorne, then straightens his back and wonders whether works so involved in things spiritual, so little concerned with the common affairs of men, are properly novels. Musing upon his Fielding, Thackeray, and Dickens, he concludes that they are not, thus preserving his original premise uncontaminated. The Frenchman's last words are, "But let us not forget that they have their Edgar

Poe," and the gratifying result of the enquiry is that the ignorance of neither is illumined while the prejudices of both are perfectly confirmed.

It is known to the wise that general impressions are generally wrong; none could be further from right than that there are no American novels. Every state has its loyal legion of novelists and every hamlet, village, and town, has its local favourite laurel-crowned. There is much affectation in the Englishman's position. International relations need not be strained, should a knowledge of the existence of American fiction in abundance be admitted, coupled with a plaint of utter inability to read it. The onus of the predicament might be thrown on subject, style, even language, without creating a diplomatic incident. The case of the Frenchman is different. The French are a literary people,—their heads are packed with ideas and with literary conventions, which are to them sacred things, just as the domestic hearth is to the Englishman, or the Star-Spangled Banner to the American. Books in which these conventions are ruthlessly violated are incomprehensible to them, futile and sacreligious. Any Frenchman, after reading only one American novel, accidentally chosen, can isolate a whole nation psychologically, with perfect lucidity and a clear conscience. Another accident of choice might make this operation more difficult; for, however outside the pale of his intellectual interests or the range of his sympathy the substance might be, he would recognise the presence of several of his cherished conventions, and an approximation externally to his own performance. A certain similarity of form has already been appreciated by French critics, but it is regarded rather as a closely imitative exceptional effort than as an expression of a national impulse towards perfection. At the bottom of the Englishman's grumble and the Frenchman's bewilderment lies their habit of associating the novel with imaginative literature. Though they arrive at their knowledge from different points of view and hold some irreconcilable opinions, being strongly sentient animals, they know literature of power as distinguished from

that of fact by its effects. They feel that it does more than instruct or edify, more than record observations of a scene, a situation, or a character. They understand that it makes, through innumerable diverse channels for a mysterious indefinable ideal of beauty; that it brings joy to the sorrowful, solaces the weary, and humanizes the wicked. What it does for the happy and good one does not so clearly see; whether it is as much appreciated by them as by the less blessed one may seriously doubt.

The defects of quality complained of by foreigners may perhaps be attributed to the fact that, until recently, American fiction has been most prolifically produced by the good, consciously addressing their peers. Hawthorne and Irving were pure of heart, and Poe's frailties might not have seemed so censurable in another *milieu*. Hawthorne treated sin superbly as Milton did, removing it from mundane evil, almost exalting it above good. His constant theme was the tormented spirit of man, the horror of sin concealed, and the anguish of sin confessed. The *Scarlet Letter* is as nearly perfect as a romance can be, and is America's supreme gift to the wealth of the world. Poe's domain was the fantastic, the weird, the marvellous; his reason flits about the borderland of unreason. His genius was exotic, unrelated to time or country. Irving was an 18th. Century essayist gone astray in the wilderness, a circumstance that gives a charm of piquant incongruity to his gentle tales. These famous writers of the Republic's infancy had one advantage over their successors, at least what seems to be an advantage for writing imaginative prose. The English language had not then lost beauty and distinction in a transatlantic atmosphere, or it may be better to say that there still existed a remnant that conceived these qualities to be rather essential to literature. Few of the moderns who consecrate their talent to representations of their own people living at home attach the slightest importance to beauty and distinction, though they often let themselves go in astonishing bursts of grandiloquence, and strange interludes of sound without sense. But, as I was

saying, before the rabble hordes of Europe with their complexities and their sophistications invaded the Western Continent, the people of the United States were uniquely good, With the possible exception of a few rakes who became Virginians, they were not exactly bad, when as Englishmen they had crossed the sea. Their dread ministers took care that the flock should not deteriorate, and the enforced righteousness of the famous New England Colonies became a habit which in time spread down the Atlantic coast, and filtering across prairies and mountains, was not quite lost even in the California mining camps of the middle of the 19th. Century.

During many of those fortunate years, fiction was manufactured and practically monopolised by a group of ladies no less tedious than estimable. They are convicted of impeccable virtue, by their ingenuous misrepresentations of the wicked, and a public that bought and read with gratification *Rutledge*, *Queechy*, *St. Elmo*, and scores of other works of similarly harmless character,and defective composition could hardly have emerged from a state of virginal innocence. The ladies affected delineation of villains who were generally of foreign birth, scions of the British aristocracy being preferred. An observant and patriotic man, Mr. E. P. Roe, fearing that concentration of interest on a dissolute nobility might undermine republican principles, set himself valorously to provide an antidote in large quantities. He celebrated simple, honest, ungrammatical compatriots and successfully drove the ladies into obscurity. No American with the dimmest feeling for the meaning and uses of literature ever thought to gratify it by shutting himself up with the *Chestnut Burr*, or *A Leap in the Dark*, or *The Missing Bride*. When he heard foreigners speaking as if he should and must, worse still, as if he actually did, he turned his face to the wall and wept for his country. At that time, such Americans were few in number and almost always lived in Boston.

The serpent took advantage of the Civil War to slide into Eden. He worked his evil will in many directions with customary swiftness and sureness. The generation that was coming

to maturity when the long, grim fight was over had gained much, but it had lost something rather valuable: the American's goodness, what he would describe as "all 'round goodness," was seriously impaired. He began to go abroad in flocks and herds, to compare himself with other men. His bumptiousness did not always mean unconsciousness of defects; it was often bravado concealing acute sensitiveness. When he came home he dressed and dined as his immediate progenitors had not dreamed of doing. Sometimes he tried to speak differently, but this effort was not very successful and has never been regarded with hearty approbation. His interest in foreign books, especially in English novels, was immensely stimulated. The publishers began to reprint (the harsh word "steal" has been used) the great novels, the good, the trashy; and even in the last, and far the largest class, he discerned a quality that his native product lacked. For the trashy English novel has almost always a note of human sympathy, a moment of sincere emotion, an ease and naturalness of expression, which at least suggest the pleasures of literature. When the travelled American counted his own readable novelists on the fingers of one hand, he felt sad, discredited, and anxious. Soon it was whispered in families and rumoured down the streets that the American novel was no good. Letters were written to the newspapers, mentioning that this state of things was a shame and a disgrace, indignantly inquiring how long it was to continue. While distracted editors were trying to explain why the situation was as it was, throwing much of the odium where at least it could not hurt, on the necessity imposed on good citizens of clearing the wilderness and laying firmly the foundations of the Empire of the West before relaxing themselves in the more frivolous occupation of novel-writing, the situation was relieved, if not solved, in a newspaper office in San Francisco.

The value of imaginative treatment of life lies in the force with which a writer renders a personal impression and transmits a personal emotion. Bret Harte revealed with startling vivacity to thousands of unadventurous people a trail that

led from the world beyond down the remote Sierras, along a river turbid with golden sands, and converted *Poker Flat*, *Cherokee Sal*, *Tennessee's Pardner*, into a permanent joy for his own and succeeding generations. The public that had been demanding readable fiction was not instantly satisfied with such a lively response. It wanted something readable but also proper to be read, something that did not too rudely shock a not yet disintegrated taste for respectability. But the entering wedge was driven in hard, and by a score of sketches of a community of thieves, gamblers, and prostitutes, the traditions imposed by dethroned lady-novelists were scattered to the winds; fiction was brought into relation with life. Bret Harte's brilliant achievement in the short story probably helped to decide the form in which the best fiction should be written for a quarter of a century. It is not possible to say anything about the American novel without saying more about the short story. Though Bret Harte's matter was romantic, indeed revolutionary, his form was classical. He aimed at an effect of the whole. His initiatory apprehension or view had a vital unity, to the elucidation of which each paragraph, almost every phrase, contributed. There is reason to believe that he arrived at his form instinctively, and that he did not consciously try to conform with known æsthetic law. The great number of excellent short stories written during the seventies and eighties, suggests a very general national apprehension of laws by which that form must be governed to be effective. As English literature was then barren of models of the art, and as many of the American writers of a period rather prior to instruction were unfamiliar with French methods, the theory of studied imitation may be discarded, and it may easily be supposed (by chance correctly) that there was an abundance of talent lying dormant in the stricken South, in prim Massachusetts towns, in mountain passes, and prairie shacks, that, hearing a signal gun, woke up suddenly and went to work

A blessedly ready wit, probably Abraham Lincoln, said to Mrs. Stowe promptly on being introduced to her, "Oh, you are

the little woman who made the big war." Prejudice raised to passion may achieve the wonderful. To-day when even the ashes of the fire are cold, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* keeps the flame in its heart. It is one of the few purpose-novels that survives its *raison-d'être*; the purpose was great enough, and the writer and her purpose were one. No single writer has recorded the annihilation of the old South with power comparable to Mrs. Stowe's indictment of its central institution. But a group of writers of short stories set about telling how their homes were made unto them desolate even while the shadow of that desolation lay heavy on the land. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's tales form in sequence a tragic historical epic. The hero is young, the pink of courtesy, courage incarnate, and honour's self. Born to lordship, his life-path apparently strewn with roses, almost before he comes to his own his kingdom totters; the roses are all thorns; he falls in battle, his cold fingers twined about his country's flag. In this romantic and ever charming figure, Mr. Page perpetuates the South that had so long lived at its ease, yet rose at the trumpet's call and died fighting. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris felt more deeply the less picturesque aspects of war, and while narrating the sorrows of humble Georgia folk, small planters, poor whites, permitted comedy to smile and wink in most tragic circumstances. Dialect is almost always an excresence and a tedious imposition on good faith, nevertheless, the Southerners excited laughter and wrung tears by their use of negro speech. The glory of the master was often told by the lips of the slave. A tradition of power was handed down by those upon whose labour it was founded, and for whose sake it was destroyed. The affect on American fiction of such a skilful use of dialect was pernicious. It became the fashion, the rage, and the more corrupt the jargon in which a tale was told the more hopeful was its chance of being hailed as a masterpiece. Most of the masterpieces have been long forgotten, but a bad habit was fixed and few American writers to-day escape the use of ungrammatical forms, and corrupt

phrases. Much of the national humour translated into correct English would not appear so very humorous.

Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) used the uncouth speech of Tennessee mountaineers naturally in dialogue, though she perhaps overrated the charm of the words "survigorus," "stiddier," and "catawampus." She invested the meagre life and primitive character of the mountaineers with a glory of romance, giving to sullen, revengeful ruffians moments of dramatic fire and not incongruous poetic dignity.

Miss Sarah Jewett's people cannot be considered apart from their quaint forcible talk. As the charming writer wandered along the New England coast and climbed to lonely upland farms, she listened to garrulous sea-faring men, and chatted with plain women of determined character. She loved the land and its people with a love that can transform barrenness into beauty and divine a soul beneath the most unpromising exterior. There is no harshness in her interpretation of a life in which harshness is a conspicuous note and no sneer in her laugh. Her sympathy, tact, and taste have taught her to avoid exaggerations of eccentricity, and are the foundation of her fine literary art.

Most of these clever writers of sketches, tales, and novelettes indulge experimentally in novels which have not added lustre to their reputation. Failure in the more sustained and elaborate form is partly accounted for by the limitations of their subjects, and the fact that their people were more interesting for character developed in isolated communities, for local peculiarities than for what they had in common with the rest of their kind. There are deeper reasons which help to explain a disappointing insufficiency not only in one group of American novels but in almost all. The proper place to indicate them is the end of the chapter, by which device one may hope to leave the impression of having made a philosophical discourse. There is really no reason why a good story-writer should not, if he has the patience, become a novelist. There is nothing in excellence in one form that should exclude proficiency in the other. Of course, Mr. Howells could have shone

as a mere tale-teller; but from the beginning, he took his calling seriously. Mr. Howell's Americanism is beyond doubt and above reproach. His view of life is profoundly in harmony with views expressed in the Declaration of Independence and reiterated in thousands of less renowned political documents issued annually in the United States, very useful to the people for recalling higher things, just as family prayers are, even if nobody listens. His thought about literature, and art, and the strange ways of foreign peoples are impregnated with his political convictions. His literary qualities strike one most by their energy and brilliancy, like his native air and sunshine. His language—a tender subject—is American, and his deliberate avoidance of sensuality, one may almost say, studied slight to the senses, links him closely to the good folk of the pastoral epoch before the War. He is as American, as Aeschylus is Greek, or Balzac French, or Shakespeare Elizabethan English, but I do not mean to say that he is also universal as they are, or as Hawthorne is.

Thirty years ago the French, who cannot really enjoy any form of art until specimens are compared, and classified, and bunched together in a school, agreed to call the fiction of the momemt "realistic." To persons of inferior intelligence, it had always seemed realistic enough. The preceding school, labelled "romantic" had not devoted much attention to any subject but the passion of love, which was pourtrayed with enough sensuous ardour to make its enjoyment appear the only object of life. The realists and after them the naturalists and impressionists used the same theme, adding to description and drama, minute psychological analysis. They left nothing unsaid. That detached impersonal manner which is the husk of their realism and that psychological analysis which is the intellectual decoration fascinated some persons concerned to establish an American school of fiction. Few of them seemed to perceive that a manner and a decoration which could complete the literary exposition of one subject might utterly fail to give value to others. American novelists proposed to themselves for obvious reasons to ignore the core,

the heart, the lost soul of French realism. Mr. Howells who fell under the spell of a method has never consented to touch the substance even in a tentative fashion. The novels written when he understood himself to be a determined realist, in which he represents with conscientious fidelity, numbers of his country-men pursuing a passionless existence, while he dissects their simple motives, and uninteresting minds, need all his great skill in such processes, to save them from unreadableness. His contemporary, Mr. Henry James, had a natural affinity for the French novel. When he went to live in France in his youth, he had some notion of his power and a conscious aim, which might be clarified and fortified in a French atmosphere. The conception of a novel as a work of art, a thing that must express, externally at least, an ideal of beauty, was entirely his. He believed that a dissection of motive for action was more valuable than description of the action. The substance of the French novel did not repel him. Though he took counsel with many, he chose Flaubert for a master, and adopted his attitude of detachment and almost uncivil indifference to his narrative and characters.

Mr. James neither solves situations nor renders verdicts; sometimes he but vaguely intimates the trend of his judgement. Years ago, he set out in pursuit of the *mot juste*, and of combinations, and arrangements of words which should adorn precision without lessening preciseness. The pursuit has been life-long, patient, and thorough. It is a mistake to assume that his solicitude is for words for their own sake; it is for words to say what he means. His meaning was never simple; from the first he eschewed the obvious and, as his mind has become more and more involved in a highly sophisticated society with intimate and mysterious personal relations, he has wandered into subtleties all but unutterable. If there are scoffers who protest that his words are empty and vain things, there are also the faithful who murmur, "He knows, He knows." A long residence in England has not transformed him into an English novelist. He continues to look at his chosen home with the appreciative eyes of a delighted stranger

and represents the inhabitants not quite as they are, not at all as they understand themselves. The British matron, for instance, considering herself after his mind has played upon her can hardly fail to feel that the representation, however flattering, is surprisingly unlike. His preoccupation with art, with the way a thing should be done, baffles the English; it is on the list of fads and eccentric tastes which they are obliged to dismiss with, "how odd."

Mr. Marion Crawford, who is not ostentatiously theoretic or artistic, who tells a good story with a plot and describes all kinds of people one knows, very much in the way one speaks, comes nearer to the English tradition, is more easily understood of them, and therefore dearer. Fortunately for him, he was living in Italy, when a blight fell on the prosperous young growth of American fiction. It was a more serious calamity than is the appearance of the cotton-worm, or of the weevil in the wheat fields, but nobody knew—the stock market remained firm. Mr. Howells, Mr. Brander Matthews, and others assumed the mantle of apostles, and exhorted all actual and potential novelists to embrace realism as if it were a religion, vital for the soul's salvation. They discovered that the novel was the most serious and important form of literature (which it demonstrably is not) and they seemed to the wavering to clinch the argument by calling novel-writing, "the craft." Mr. Howells spoke scornfully of romance. He thought Sir Walter Scott's method ridiculous and false, and his influence pernicious, which opinion so wrought upon Mark Twain, that he, in a feeble moment, solemnly denounced *The Vicar of Wakefield.* Later, when Mr. Howells had grown greater than his theory, he came to think more leniently of Sir Walter who, though still under suspicion of immorality, was acquitted of any wilful design to corrupt. He went so far by way of apology to romance as to differentiate it from "romanticistic," a word that could denote only a horrid thing.

Many literary men (and some women) differ from the rest of the species in at least one pleasant way. As the years fly by,

they lose youthful acerbities; they cease from scolding; they mellow. Mr. Matthews also may have relented about romance and even forgiven the English for not describing their literature as a "British branch," of the tree in contradistinction to an "American branch," Mr. Matthews, after writing a number of light and very graceful stories (some in collaboration with Mr. H. C. Bunner) which conformed externally to the principles of the French realistic school, preached his gospel fervently. The novel, according to him, had ceased to be a rattle or a bauble. Having developed from narration of the impossible through the possible and probable, it was now envisaging the inevitable to the expression of which (since there could he nothing beyond) it must hitherto rigidly confine itself. The object of this presumably perfect school seemed to be to discourage the pursuit of transient pleasure and the profligate killing of time. Mr. Matthews' earnestness had a deadly effect. Societies for the study of the novel were formed; it was mentioned in the curricula of universities. Its history and evolution were minutely investigated and described, and very soon it was ravished from literature by science. Imagination, it was insisted, must be subordinate to observation and the novelist was warned that, if he wished to live, he must obey "the dictum of this scientific age, which seems to be that the novel must become scientific." One advocate of "modern novel science" protested thus ; "The path of life to-day is strewn thickly with the wreck of youthful souls because of the neglect of the study of modern novels of realism, analysis, and purpose, the only existing key to the riddle of human nature and purpose."

All this well-meant advice and instruction were sadly misdirected. Americans had shown sensibility to form and it was not their observation that needed cultivation. Much more did they require for guidance, eulogies of sympathy, sentiment, passion—all those romantic exuberances which make actual life endurable and without which novels are arid, profitless, and insufferably dull. That the public was not won over and that a Chadbandish demand of the instructors

for the "t-rewth" found no response in a multitude prone to sin was suggested by a revolt from realism in the shape of the historical romance, in its most "romanticistic" form, a few years ago. Blundering, conscienceless spinners of most improbable yarns made fortunes, while rigid realists and omniscient inevitables nibbled their pens in Grub street. None of these historical romances were great, only a few were good, but their enormous circulation, and the eagerness with which they were read and discussed by persons of the "highest culture" as well as by persons of none at all, seem to show that a practical democracy, though it might not know that it was feasting on poor bread, condemned the realistic and inevitable novel as a stone. Besides providing entertainment for the people and money for their authors, these romances performed another and a blessed office; they discredited arbitrary authority and made all novelists feel that they had again a free hand. An interesting question is how the free hand will work. Undoubtedly the novel will continue to represent life, perhaps will penetrate the heart of the matter. Life, in the great cities, at all events, is now complex enough to give the interpreter thereof more than he has ever had to work on, to provide more colour and variety, which shall stimulate curiosity, stir the senses, and set the imagination on fire. There is close at hand, substance of universal interest—a great world moved by conflicting motives and ambitions, and not without a suggestion of relations between men and women which are neither simple nor superficial.

The society novel has long existed as a feeble imitation of the feeble English thing, with rather more stress laid on flunkies, clothes, and "floral decorations." From these productions, one can only infer that the society represented is the dullest and most vulgar on the face of the earth, or that the novelists are mere speculators on the unknown. Mrs. Wharton, whose *House of Mirth* attracted so much attention last year both at home and abroad, is said to be intimately acquainted with her subject. Her representation does not remove the imputation of dulness and vulgarity, while it adds the more

serious one of integral corruption. In a comprehensive review of the book, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* Th. Bentzon compares its pictures of manners and morals with those of the French *roman*, and after dissecting the tale, concludes very justly: "Honest people may well be more indignant at such situations than at the hackneyed perfidies of the old adultery, which have so long shocked Anglo-Saxon prudery, and which have at least the excuse of passion." *The House of Mirth* may not fairly be regarded as a profound or complete study of any significant group, even that which lives only for pleasure, but the cold, detailed account of ill-mannered, rich men and women experimenting in many vices, without the excuse of passion, is not false. They might however, set up the plausible defence that they are not of a passionate race, and that they give to vice just what others give to the attainment of practical ends or even of high abstract ideals—energy, excitability, and the force of a determined, rather merciless egotism. There is nothing to show that they share the national intelligence.

The national intelligence is such a great thing, so effective, so aspiring, that it may have crowded out passion, warm sentiment, intimate personal sympathy. And if the gods should have thus unkindly deprived the American of a fair share of what we call human nature, is it his fault that, however wonderful, he is not deeply interesting? Shall we cavil at him if his novels, however clever, have rarely that combination of excellence that produces charm and converts mere writing into literature?

A. M. Logan

THE UNIVERSITY AND PHYSICAL EFFICIENCY

ONE OF the most serious problems that confronts the British empire is the physical deterioration of the people in towns and cities, as shown by their decreased stature. This is attributed to the evil influences on health, caused by the great increase in the number of factories and other industries incidental to the demands of increased trade. These conditions are beginning to show even in Canada.

While it is true that, with a population of five and one half millions, only about two millions live in cities, it must be remembered that, with an increase of 550,000 from 1891, to 1901, the country absorbed only 50,000, the other 500,000 flocking to the cities which are thus growing ten times as fast in population as the country. In the United States 110 years ago, only four per cent. of the population were in cities; now the percentage is nearly sixty.

With the crowding of people together in cities and the specialization of labour, race deterioration is inevitable. The youth who spends his whole day bending over a book, or in the factory, cannot expect to have the straight back and clear sight of the country boy who swims, rides, and tramps through the woods to his heart's content, and his bodily salvation. On every side the city boy's activities are curtailed and his movements hampered. Nor is this the worst, for the very occupations to which many students have been driven in the intense struggle for the means to gain a college education leave their indelible imprint on their physique, and in some cases have killed out the very desire for the larger physical life, that should be every young man's birthright.

That America and Great Britain are seriously alarmed over this condition is seen in the agitation for parks and play grounds, open air baths, and gymnasia, now so active in all the larger cities of America, and the appointment of Royal Commissions of enquiry in England. It is our duty as educators to impress upon city and town councils in Canada the necessity of laying aside such breathing space and play grounds as will provide for the crowded city of the future. Whatever is done, the individual must always suffer from the artificial conditions of city life. Professor Tyler says: "Your cities take our young men, and in two, or at most three, generations, you burn them up. What do you give us back? Nothing."

The country boy has a better start, but even with him the work of the farm is uneven and often deforming. When he rises to the dignity of sitting all day on the self-binder in harvest time, his bent back and idle arms are not getting the exercise they did, when he drew the band, and bound the sheaf with his own hands. In the finer physical accomplishments of alertness and activity he is seldom the peer of his city competitor.

The object of a college education is the training and developing of citizens who are well equipped mentally; self-reliant morally; and efficient physically to take the leadership in a nation's progress, not alone on account of their knowledge, but also by reason of being able to put their knowledge to its best use, through the instrumentality of a good brain well nourished by pure blood, a sound heart, a good digestion, an active and obedient muscular system. The man who lacks these essentials lives on a lower plane. He is less capable, and to the extent of his incapacity a failure, whatever may be the quality of his mind.

It is the object of Physical Education to enrich the soil upon which the seeds of knowledge will be sown. Let us examine the condition of the soil, when it first comes under cultivation, and let us find the influences that have been at work in modifying it. The college course should

begin with a careful examination—a sort of stock taking —to find the exact nature of the material given us, upon which to base advice and instruction. The student is measured, and his strength tested, to find out how he compares with his fellows in proportion and power. His posture and development are noted; his heart and lungs examined, that he may be put on guard against any latent weakness or disease, if present. The acuteness of his sight and hearing are calculated, that he may be informed if there be any serious impairment of the two most important avenues by which knowledge comes to him. Finally he is tested as to his ability to accomplish certain muscular feats that cover the main activities of the body—agility, speed, and strength. A heterogeneous procession they form, as they pass before the examiner.

This year at Pennsylvania, over 1,000 Freshmen were examined. Of these, 30 per cent. had lived a sedentary life, while more than sixty per cent. of the total number showed some marked physical defect. Here, it was the broken down arch of the foot in the clerk whose long hours of standing had done their crippling work. There, it was the flat chest and prominent abdomen of the anaemic school boy whose round shoulders and protruding chin are so characteristic of his flabby muscles, relaxed ligaments, and listless mental state. Again, it was the drooping shoulders, and crooked spine, or the dulled hearing, and faulty sight, that had been the unsuspected cause of such persistent headaches. All these conditions must be provided for. Advice must be given, and, where necessary, suitable exercise prescribed.

Then there is the intangible, elusive, average man coming as he does from the farm, the office, the factory, the shop, or the school, poor in pocket, earning his way through college, or living on the meagre allowance that is with difficulty spared by his parents. Usually he is in grim earnest about his studies; he has no athletic ambitions, but wants to make every moment of his course count. He must be provided

with enough exercise to keep him in the best physical condition to make use of his lectures and laboratory work, without involving too great inroads upon his precious time.

Then there are the athletes, clear-skinned, and clean-limbed, in number less than 10 per cent. of the entire enrolment of students. These are bigger, and stronger physically, than the rest. At Pennsylvania, the average weight of a foot ball player is 174 pounds, which is 35 pounds more than the general average. The oarsmen average 164 pounds, or 25 pounds above the average. Their height of 5ft. 11½ inches, exceeded the average height by over three inches. Manifestly, the exercise of the average man is not for them. Yet, while facilities should be given them for practising their chosen sport, the necessity of advice and direction, and in some cases restraint, has been tragically shown in Canada in the last few months.

The University is given four years of the best and most plastic part of a young man's life in which to mould him into that form which we recognize as the ideal citizen, and this cannot be done without considering the physical needs of these three classes of men.

For specific defects, special exercise is required to correct them. Last year a young man came to me saying that he had been rejected at West Point Military Academy, because of flat foot and lateral curvature. A six months' course of special exercise enabled him to pass easily the examination, and he is now attending the Academy. This year a Freshman, entering on the study of Architecture, complained that he could not study on account of frequent headaches, especially after long reading or drafting. The examination of his eyes showed less than half the normal acuity, which was wholly unsuspected, and of course uncorrected by glasses. Think of the unwarranted nervous strain that four years of continuous, close eye-work would have meant to him, had he not had timely advice. These are only examples taken at random out of the hundreds that come under the medical examiner's eye from year to year, to show the marked limitations due

to physical defects, and the needless waste of energy that does go on if systematic care be not taken. I do not touch upon the constant advice on personal hygiene for which one is consulted, that goes so far toward the comfort and efficiency of the student.

For the average man who is not defective, but is not an athlete, who has neither the desire nor the ability to represent his University upon the track or field, a course of exercise of progressively increasing difficulty should be carefully designed and graded. A definite amount of work should be required weekly of every student as part of his college course, and for this he should receive credit on the basis of laboratory work. This requirement is necessary, because the ideas of most young men on the subject are either exceedingly vague, or totally wrong. In many cases, the play instinct of the student has become atrophied from disuse, or his attitude may be antagonistic to active exercise of any kind under the false impression that it is time taken from those studies that will be of more direct utility to him in his life's work.

Such a course must be designed with two objects in view: first, the correction of those bad physical habits that go with the sedentary life of the student; and, second, a systematic education of those bodily powers that will be most useful to him during his college life and after graduation. The sudden change from an active, outdoor life, to that of the confinement of college work, is not unattended with dangers to the health, as is shown by the tendencies to colds, disturbances of the digestive organs, headaches and many other of the common ills for which the college medical examiner is continually consulted.

The long hours spent in the lecture rooms—not always too well ventilated—or bending over the laboratory table, must be corrected by exercise that will strengthen the tired back and stimulate the sluggish heart and inactive digestion, that will draw the blood from the congested brain and abdominal viscera out into the swelling muscles and expanded lungs—those great laboratories, where the vital processes of

waste and repair are carried on. In doing this, the means used must be such as to give a real education to the physical powers. Too long has physical education been confounded with the aimless waving of the arms in a calisthenic drill, or with the unregulated athletic contests of the foot-ball field.

To be successful and logical, we must aim to educate those racially old co-ordinations that have given civilized man his supremacy over the brute creation and his superiority over the savage. It is not true, except in rare instances, that any aborigines surpass the dominant race physically, At the St. Louis International Exhibition, there was a congress of nations, in which picked representatives were gathered together from all parts of the world, and an International athletic meet, lasting two days, was held in the stadium. These were called "anthropology days," and were held to test the speed, stamina, and strength of every tribe represented. There were Moros and Igorottis from the Philippines; Kaffirs, Zulus, Pigmies, and Bacubas from Africa; Ainus from Japan; Turks, and Syrians from Asia; giant Patagonians from South America; Cocopas from Mexico; and from North America there were Cherokees, Sioux, Chippewas, Crows, Pueblos, and Pawnees.

The events in which the Savage had hitherto been considered particularly strong showed that his boasted superiority is but a traveller's tale. The 100 yards was run in 14 3-5 seconds, which means that any good runner could give the best of them a thirty-yard start and easily win. The broad jump was won by a Sioux Indian, partly civilized, with a record of seventeen feet, more than seven feet behind the best accomplishment of a white man. The Indians threw the base ball from 234 to 266 feet, as compared with our record of 381 feet. The best throw of the Patagonians, who took great interest in this event, was 214 ft. The mile run was also won by an American Indian in the very slow time of 5 m., 38s. The famous Kaffir couriers were completely outclassed in this, as they were in the Marathon Race. In archery and spear-throwing, events in which great things were expected of them, the disparity was even more marked.

It is by the cultivation of the great fundamental actions that have to do with locomotion—running, jumping, climbing, and swimming, and that have to do with fighting—throwing and catching, dodging, striking and wrestling—that civilized man has obtained, and must maintain his superiority. And these activities must form the basis of a course of physical education, if it is to be interesting to the student, and sound from the stand-point of the pedagogue.

"But," you may say, "we have got past this necessity for physical strength, and it is mentality alone that counts." Is that so? How many broken arms and sprained wrists would be prevented by a knowledge of how to keep ones feet on a slippery pavement, or how to fall properly, for that matter? How many costly lives are lost by the inability to swim, or jump, or climb, or dodge? It is not entirely a jest to say that the advent of the automobile has divided people into two great classes—the quick and the dead. This question is more far-reaching yet. Ignorance of these actions—it is often a knowledge of how to do them, rather than great personal strength or activity that is required—prevents many a man from attempting what would otherwise be an easy task, and thus, "enterprises of great pith and moment with that respect their currents turn awry and lose the name of action," all from lack of the physical knowledge and confidence necessary to carry them to a successful issue. Clumsiness and physical carelessness should get the blame that is so often put on a long-suffering Providence for those special dispensations which we call accidents.

These fundamental actions of locomotion and fighting form the basis of all games that have survived to the present time; but the average game is ill-adapted for use in the regular college work, because it is so casual and takes too much space and time for the educational result that it gives. Just as our habits of life are made artificial by the necessities of community-life, so must our play be made artificial and, as it were, intensified and condensed, like the active principle of a drug into tabloid form, to fit the conditions of a college life.

It takes a field, 110 yards by 60, to accommodate thirty men in foot ball; 24 in lacrosse, or 18 in base ball; but last spring 400 men were exercised at the University of Pennsylvania on the same space in similar movements by modifying them for class work.

By such modification also, the course can be made progressive and logical, from the teaching standpoint. To be specific: in developing the action of climbing, the student is first examined, and marked as to his ability to climb a rope by his arms. If he cannot do so at all, which is found in about 40 per cent. he begins by being taught to pull his weight up by both arms and to dismount; then to jump and catch the rope, and pull his weight up several times; then to catch the rope with the arms and legs, and climb by the use of both, until he is able to climb with ease, by using the arms and legs or the arms alone, to carry the rope up after him; to tie a loop in which he can rest; to descend with one arm disabled, or carrying a burden. He is then examined and passed in that method of locomotion. The same system would apply to swimming —a most important exercise that includes, besides the various strokes and combinations, instruction in life saving and the resuscitation of the apparently drowned. Boxing and wrestling are analyzed for class purposes; the positions of defense, the leads, left and right; the guards, first simple, then in combination, all increasing in complexity, with and without foot-work; until a good knowledge is obtained of those methods of defense, all given in the form of gymnastic drills.

I now come to the place in University life occupied by athletic sports, and the necessity and nature of their supervision. The actual conduct of intercollegiate, or collegiate, athletic contests may be left to a great extent in the hands of the students, as part of their social training. But the University should require two things, first a careful examination of the physical condition of competitors before beginning to train, and second, a rigid standard of scholarship before allowing a student to represent the college in an intercollegiate contest. The number of men who have been prevented from

exposing themselves to certain danger to health or life by a preliminary medical examination, makes this precaution necessary, wherever the more violent forms of athletics are practised.

Men continually present themselves as candidates who have marked organic disease of the heart, usually the result of an old attack of rheumatism or some other acute infection of childhood. They have no business in the exhausting struggle of a game of foot-ball, rowing, or foot racing, but a regulated, judicious exercise would be of greatest value in building up those powers that are not strong enough to stand the extremity of fatigue.

One athlete this year, apparently in good condition, complained that after five minutes of play he was, as he termed it, "dead." A re-examination showed his pulse irregular and weak, and his heart action flabby. He was at once taken out of the heavy foot-ball practice and given light, easy exercise, under whch he gradually improved in tone and strength. This was undoubtedly a case in which the man was directly saved from great danger, for many a young man would rather "kill" himself than be thought a "quitter."

The medical examiner should, of course, have absolute power to decide as to the best course to pursue in each case, but I believe he will gradually find with experience that there are many conditions that allow a man to engage in vigorous work that would be prohibited if one went entirely by the text-books.

In all of the great American Colleges and Universities the rules are much stricter than in Canada. At Pennsylvania, for example, a man must make a statement as to his amateur standing; he cannot represent his College and a city athletic club at the same time; he must be in good standing in his class work, and he cannot represent or play on a University team until he has been at college for a full year and passed his examinations, and he cannot represent his college for more than three years. If he has represented another college for a year, that year is deducted.

In some Universities, as Chicago for example, a standard

of 60 per cent. in class work is required in all classes even during the time of competition. Of what Canadian University can this be said? These stringent rules are necessary because of an enthusiastic body of young graduates whose interests in the success of their *alma mater* extends, if, indeed it does not begin, on the field or the cinder path. They will try at times to get a fleet-footed or strong-armed protégé into the college as a student more on account of his athletic prowess than his intellectual culture.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. There is no good reason why a young man's athletic ability should not tell in his favour as much or more than a knowledge of the binomial theorem, but if his athletic ability or his knowledge of the higher mathematics is unaccompanied by the desire or ability to comply with the regular college requirement, he is to that extent entering under false pretences, just as he would if he were to perjure himself as to his amateur standing.

The intense rivalry between colleges, and the exploitations of athletic contests by the sensational newspapers, give an exaggerated and false impression of their abuses to the casual reader, but these same problems that have caused such drastic legislation in the United States have already come to the front in Canada, and now is the time to prepare for them, so that evils, merely waiting the proper conditions for growth, may be weeded out before they become too luxuriant.

The social and moral side of athletics is inextricably connected with the physical. The athlete will always be the popular hero of the undergraduates. He it is, who sets the standard of courage, and pluck, of the ability to do and, if necessary, to suffer, so that it is of the utmost importance that at the same time he be sound, honest, and reasonably proficient in his college work. Last Fall one of our best foot-ball players was injured in a practice game. Two bones of his hand were broken, and the prospects for a successful season were so poor that this was looked upon as a calamity. But he was not to be put down by this. His hand was splinted and bandaged. He played in every game, and at the end of the season was unanimously and enthusiastically elected next

year's captain. There was not a man in the college who did not thrill with pride at such an exhibition of pluck, courage, and determination. Acts like that serve to set ideals of manliness before those who may never hope to uphold the honour of the University on the athletic field.

In rough games like foot-ball and hockey, there will always be accidents to deplore. The chance of a twisted knee or ankle, or even a broken collar-bone or arm or leg, is one of the things that makes the game attractive to the kind of men we want in Canada. Put against this the escapes that every man of 40 can recall from injury that a clumsy slow move would have precipitated, and I think the balance will be on the other side.

After we have taken every precaution to see that he is physically sound and in good condition, and after we have given our last word of warning and advice, we willingly send him out to encounter such dangers, and if he forces a joint or breaks a bone, even that price is not too high if at the same time he learns—

To set the cause above renown,
  To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour while you strike him down,
  The foe that comes with fearless eyes,
To count the life of battle good,
  And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the Brotherhood,
  That binds the brave of all the earth.

Canada with her almost untouched resources is awaiting men with clear brains, flushed with blood driven by a sound heart, and purified in capacious lungs; with a digestion that has not been impaired by the combination of boarding-house fare and the sedentary life; with erect carriage and elastic step; whose body is the keen tempered instrument of the well-stored and well-trained mind. These are the men from whom we would get audacity in the approach, courage in the attack, and tenacity in overcoming those obstacles which stand in the way of success and progress.

R. Tait McKenzie

THE ETHICS OF ADVOCACY

THE SCIENCE of Ethics is founded on the faith that every serious occupation of mankind must have some necessary share in human progress, the nature of which it would be well to examine. Seen in the proper light, the plainest function shows a spirit of worth and vigour, which far transcends its form—an essence needing only the clothing of a name to give it universal importance. The attempt, then, of this paper is to point out that there is such a principle behind the various aspects of advocacy, and that this principle is the development and security of social harmony and personal freedom.

And without going into a philosophical disquisition on Harmony and Freedom, let us agree at the outset that by Freedom we mean the power of each person to think, act, and live to the greatest possible amount of self-expression, with the least possible amount of restraint: while we mean by Harmony the practical realization of this Liberty in an infinitely various world. The first is only another way of saying with Immanuel Kant, "Act so that the maxim of thy conduct may be capable of being an universal Law." And the second reminds us that this universal Law is unattainable, just so long as Liberty would remain individual, selfish, and chaotic. In other words, Freedom, Harmony, and Order are either the same thing, or they are nothing at all.

The subject naturally divides itself into two parts, the Criminal, and the Civil Law. Under each head there have arisen certain popular misgivings—to call them by no stronger name—which will have to be discussed.

Take first the case of Criminal Law. We need hardly explain by way of preface that, in a proceeding at Criminal Law, there are, besides the prisoner, four parties concerned:

the Judge, the Jury, the Counsel for the Crown, and the Counsel for the Defence. But what we do need to point out is that each of these persons or groups has its essential contribution to make in the interests of justice. The advocate with the rest is an officer of the Court; and his acts are the deliberate acts of our judicial system. We are, however, at once met by the stock question: "But would you have a lawyer defend a man whom he knows to be guilty?" Well, to begin with, this person is largely a figment of the imagination. Experienced practitioners in the Criminal Courts will agree in saying that their clients, even those of whose guilt they had the strongest suspicions, have seldom in the most private consultation abandoned a position of denial of guilt. Not only so, but it may roughly be said that in the great majority of cases the prisoner's counsel has no better means of knowing the truth about the prisoner than has the jury; and that in three *causes célèbres* during the last twelve months, where the accused were convicted upon evidence that left their counsel as well as the general public no reasonable doubts, the convicts were loud in their complaints of the want of faith which they could see on their counsel's face. "You may never believe me", said one, whose hand was seen by three persons to be groping in another man's pocket, "You may never believe me, but I am perfectly innocent."

But let us suppose the case of an accused invoking the services of a lawyer who knows him to be guilty. Let us suppose that he comes to my office confessing his guilt, but asking me to defend him in spite of it. Or, since such a case is clean against psychology, let us suppose that I make up my mind after speaking to him that he is an arrant scoundrel. Even leaving out of account the oath which binds lawyers, to refuse their services to none, the question, I take it, is not—have I the right to accept his cause, but have I the right to refuse it. Let us further suppose that, my conscience being in a scrupulous and foggy state, I do refuse it. So, let us say, does every one else. On the day of his

trial it will be the business of the Judge himself to appoint some advocate to defend him; and he, whoever he is that is requested by the Court so to act, will be unable to decline. Sometimes indeed Courts have made such appointments even against the will of prisoners; and, where they have not done so, have been under the duty of themselves raising those points of defence which a good advocate ought to use. It is, therefore, a fully recognized principle, the reason for which we will discuss in a moment, that the functions of an advocate will have to be performed for the accused. But if they are to be performed at all, then the more deliberate and thorough their performance may be, the better. I confess that I am unable to see how the argument can be avoided, that if the thing is done by the social system to which I belong in a democratic country, it is done by myself, however indirectly; and that if it be right that the act should be done at all—and we assume that it is right by making our judges the ultimate doers of it, where all others fail—then it is not only right but obligatory that the act should be done by the advocate as individual, however unpleasant the task may be. I should say that if one is able, it is one's duty to undertake the defence of any such person applying to one; and if one is not able, that it is one's duty to direct the man to another who is; this direction itself being an assumption of his defence.

Our next question concerns the defence itself. "Do you think it honest," says the plain man, continuing his arraignment of advocates—"Do you consider it honest to prove a guilty man innocent?" Certainly, I do not; but this is a task which no lawyer was ever called upon to perform. If any instance be cited where work so apparently impossible was ever carried through, it could only have been in virtue, not of legal, but of some more generally human qualities—unedifying indeed, but not the monopoly of one profession.

By a wise convention, the accused is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. A convention this,

alas! of law rather than of fact; for the sight of a prisoner in a barred box, with a constable on either side of him, hardly conduces to the ideal of fair play. There is all the more reason then for the strict performance of his duty by the advocate, in an absolutely impersonal manner. He has nothing to do with the truth or untruth of the charge. Indeed it would be most unprofessional if he were to allude in the remotest fashion to his personal belief. He will simply examine the testimony brought against the accused in the light of the rules of evidence, which are the rules of common sense; and will see to it that nothing goes before the jury which is a breach of that practical logic. As far as the jury is concerned, it is hard to see that he can go much farther than that, and one must admit that the practice of alluding in moving terms to the prisoner's aged father, or to his wife and ten children is, in the light of pure reason, most objectionable. It is a contention, however, which has had strong support, in consideration of the fact already mentioned of the prejudice of the jurors against the accused, that the interests of justice are well served by thus offsetting the one appeal by the other, the false prejudice by the false sympathy. But one cannot help feeling that the truer remedy in the circumstances would be to find some means of preventing the first error, rather than to attempt to confute it by an error quite as serious.

Most objectionable, too, is such an excess of zeal as leads a barrister to forget that the witnesses whom he cross-examines are after all fellow-beings; and that it is not necessary that he should cease to be a gentleman when he addresses them. In this connexion the following citation from a speech by Lord Brougham seems to call for criticism. He was defending himself from certain extravagances charged against him in a celebrated trial, and said: "There are many whom it may be needful to remind that an advocate—by the sacred duty of his relation to his client—knows in the discharge of that office but one person in the world—that client, and none other. To serve that client by all expedient means, to protect that client at all

hazards and costs to all others—even the party already injured—and amongst others, to himself, is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties. And he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any of them; nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion for his client."

Obviously this statement, with all allowance for its occasion, verges on absurdity. If it were to be generally acted upon, advocacy would become impossible at once for lack of witnesses to put up with so brutal a treatment; and the fact that such behaviour can be charged against some barristers of renown implies that to great men has been conceded now and then a license which their greater qualities eclipsed. The greatest barristers have never used such measures save as a last resort against recalcitrancy or obvious deceit; and when their humbler brethren have copied the tactics without discriminating the occasion, they have served neither their clients nor themselves.

But what, then, is the true Reason that justifies, and that can be trusted to regulate Advocacy? What is intrinsic in the lines of action which we are accustomed to consider proper, and naturally separates them from those which are temporary and disapproved? When we find ourselves defending possible blackguards as a matter of course, it will not do to content ourselves with a dissertation on forensic propriety and good manners. Nor does the argument from democratic consent, to which we alluded above, go much deeper. That the facts are as they are, as part of our highest present ideals of Justice is much; but it is no Reason. We need to find not reasons, but Reason at the back of all this; something that will stand out as accomplished at the very moment when such acts shall have ceased to be necessary. If one may be allowed the paradox, the necessity for the main acts of Advocacy consists simply in their power finally to render themselves unnecessary. Their justification, to come to the

point, is the cause of Freedom. It is not too much to declare that, when Freedom has ceased to be served by the defence, we are not saying the vindication, but the defence, of those accused by society, lawyers have been conspicuous by their silence. The law has not lacked its martyrs. The greatest lawyer of all time chose death rather than justify the crimes of a tyrant. It cost Papinian his head to say to Caracalla, fresh from the murder of Geta, and demanding a vindication before the Senate, "Parricide, it is more appropriate for you to commit than for me to defend."

But the rights of a subject, of a citizen in democratic times, demand another treatment; and for much stronger reasons than those given by Cicero when he says: "It is allowable to defend criminals. The people desire it: custom allows it: humanity enjoins it." For when an advocate takes up arms for an accused, he fights for much more than a single man. In accordance with the law of Precedent, to which we shall presently come, each case at law is affected by its cognate predecessors, and will affect similar cases in the future. If any man, however appropriately, is allowed to-day to make an unexamined confession of guilt, the law may lose the right to investigate a confession that may be made to-morrow by one mentally deranged, or in error as to the facts, or under coercion, or perhaps in sheer despair of making any headway against strong but misleading circumstantial evidence, and hoping for leniency through an assumption of repentance. Such cases are far from infrequent. As an example of the last of them, three men were recently hanged for a murder of which they had no knowledge. The evidence was so terrifying that they confessed in the hope of receiving a lighter sentence than otherwise seemed inevitable. But they miscalculated. The death sentence was passed, and their contradiction of their confession came too late. The real criminal was not found until his unfortunate substitutes had already been hanged And in the actual course of trial, if evidence is permitted to be made that is not logically or psychologically true, even where justified by the event, the

barriers against chance and error will have been levelled not only so far as the individual prisoner is concerned, but also for all men who may afterwards stand in a similar case, however unjust the injury may be to them. It is not the individual, it is the class that is being defended in a criminal court. Whatever the advocate may think of himself, he is Liberty's instrument for no momentary use. She demands a sterner service than a good-humoured or even a conscientious scorn of distinctions, of technicalities, or of precedent. But we shall in a moment examine the question of precedent and technicality more fully in connexion with the Civil Law.

In Civil Law the first point generally selected for censure is the fact that a lawyer seems ready to defend one side of a case to-day, and exactly the opposite to-morrow. The public appears to suppose that in such an event the principles that were once invoked are subsequently contradicted. A little consideration of the matter will shew that this is not the case. An advocate is concerned not with persons but with their rights. Now the number of rights which a man may have in even the simplest controversy may be many. Nor does the possession of rights on his part necessarily prevent the possession of rights on the part of his adversary. A litigation is in most cases a matter of balance. All life has its "ifs" and its "buts;" and, in the courts, an absolutely clear and indisputable right upon one side only is practically unknown. Such cases need never go to court, and are kept out of it by a simple knowledge, and not by any application, of the law.

But the cases that are fought are obviously those wherein there is some tangle to be straightened out, something to be said for both sides. Either there is an element of uncertainty owing to the fact that the particular state of affairs in dispute has not been sufficiently pre-examined in the light of fundamental rules; or else the right of each party can be opposed by a counter right on the part of the other, due to some carelessness on one or both sides, carelessness of a man's own rights or disregard. These, then, are questions of more or less. It will be the

duty of the adverse barristers, while making the admissions which honesty may demand, to apprise the court of the best that can be said of their respective sides. There will be no need of any contradiction between them, in spite of the common belief that learned counsel exist for the purpose of pulling each other to pieces. The difference of their positions will be none of their own making, but inherent. Granted A, B, and C, says the first—and I think that I can establish them as facts—the legal rights X and Y necessarily follow. Yes, says the other, but the tribunal must also consider such facts as E, F, and G, and on those facts in all similar cases right Z arises. This is a fair outline of the majority of civil cases.

Each side will, of course, take the greatest care that the asserted facts on which his opponent's rights will rest are not insufficiently established. Were he suddenly to change places with his adversary, the testimony which he would have so to scrutinise would be that which he had before been able to take for granted. But his connexion with the truth of those facts would be in no way altered by the exchange in positions. He may, indeed, by more careful questioning bring to light what the other would have failed to elicit; and by such an addition to, or subtraction from, the final field of fact may show a corresponding variation in the opposing claims. But the most unscrupulously skilful lawyer cannot make facts which prove one right, suddenly, without any variation in themselves or in their relations, prove a contradictory right. The whole subject may be likened to a Socratic dialogue with the object of discovering what maxim best harmonises and regulates the facts. For the better eliciting of those facts and maxims, the persons take opposing points of view. These points of view must be considered by the judge. Were there no advocates he would have to constitute himself mentally to take their place, with far less possibility of making that exhaustive examination which is so essential, and the results of which are as valuable as they are sometimes unexpected.

We now come to what is rightly considered to be the heart of the whole matter, the question of Technicality and Precedent. I believe that if any one will dispassionately examine it, he will be convinced, however paradoxical it may seem, that these two, properly developed, are the greatest mainstays of freedom, just as they are the only means to certainty and peace. It has so long been assumed that a technicality is essentially a harmful and disgraceful thing, that it may be worth while to point out that it is in virtue of milleniums of technicalities that modern men are able so harmoniously to meet together as fellow citizens, trained to the habits of outward and civilized peace. It should also be pointed out that time and space, bread and butter, waking and sleeping, industry, language, and all human intercourse, are technicalities; and that in virtue of them we are kept alive. It would be amusing and not uninstructive to consider how much of the most ordinary conversation is hampered and tempered by motives of prudence; how seldom we dare to say what we think to one another; simply because some inward monitor assures us that by this instance and by that instance it has been painfully burnt in upon the mind of the race that the time for such freedom is not yet. The field of Technicality is as wide as human nature; and until absolute liberty has been accomplished, the Technical will maintain its rule. It may be an unpleasant necessity, but we shall have to put up with it as we put up with our unpleasant selves; and there is this consolation, that through it alone itself can be finally removed. Even then, the Law of Liberty will come not to destroy the Law of Restraint but to fulfil it.

If, then, certain technicalities are evil in their effects, the true remedy is to replace them by those that are good. An example is given to us by our neighbours in the United States. In some parts of the Union awards of juries have been upset and new trials ordered so many times as to amount to a most serious injustice and scandal. The grounds which supported the successful efforts in these cases have been that certain minor technicalities were not observed. These facts

established, recourse was had to the legal presumption that prejudice to the losing party would be at once assumed, without proof being necessary. Here manifestly is a technicality most evil in its capacity to influence for evil other technicalities which otherwise may have been most useful and right. Each one of us must be able to call to mind half-a-dozen examples that will come under this description; and must often have felt indignant that such things should be. It has, however, been pointed out by an eminent judge that the simple remedy is to supersede this technicality by the counter one, namely, the maxim that where some formality has been omitted or set aside, prejudice will not be presumed, but will have to be proved before justice will reverse her decree. But let us make no mistake. Until our technicalities are so superseded, let us prize them and use them as invaluable muscles of the law to be exercised continually against some unexpected day wherein they may win for freedom a victory which all the clamours of enlightened men might fail to secure.

And the question of Precedent is of similar importance. Courts tend naturally and rightly to bind themselves by Precedent. That does not mean that their justice ceases to develop. A lawyer's duty consists as much in distinguishing against, as in invoking, Precedent. It simply means that until a change is made in the law by the Legislature, what is laid down as the rule to-day in certain circumstances will be the rule to-morrow in similar circumstances. This so obviously fulfils the definition and ideal of law—as that which is to be expected—that it is hard to see why any one cavils at it. Logical reasoning is not really hampered thereby. If the earlier judgement was wrong, a free people has the easy remedy of legislating anew upon the subject; and until it do so, that people has at least the comfort of certainty.

But the thing is not only reasonable: it is natural and inevitable. Courts of Equity will of themselves by an imperceptible process become Courts of Precedent. In England, the Court of Chancery is supposed to be a Court of Equity;

and yet it is now in its own way as much bound by Precedent as the ordinary Courts. It was not always so, and the consequences were thus criticised by Selden in his Table Talk:

> Equity in law is the same that the spirit is in religion, what every one pleases to make it. Sometimes they go according to conscience, sometimes according to law, sometimes according to the rule of Court. . . . Equity is a roguish thing; for in law we have a measure and know what to trust to. Equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor; and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure the Chancellor's foot. What an uncertain measure would this be! One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot; a third an indifferent foot. It is the same thing with the Chancellor's conscience.

In his "History of the Court of Chancery", Mr. Marsh quotes a similar criticism contained in a dialogue written in the reign of Henry VIII., in which the speakers are a Student and a Sergeant-at-Law. Says the Sergeant:

> The law of God is not contrary to itself, that is to say, one in one place, and contrary in another place, if it be well perceyved and understood, as ye can tell, Mr. Doctour; but this lawe is one in one Courte and contrarie in another Court; and so me seemeth, that it is not onlie againste the lawe of the realme, and againste the lawe of reason, but also againste the lawe of God. . . . .For the common well of every realme is to have a good lawe, so that the subjects of the realme may be justified by the same, and the more plaine and open that the lawe is, and the more knowledge and understanding that the subject hath of the lawe, the better it is for the common well of the realme; and the more uncertaine that the law is in any realme, the lesse and the worse it is for the common well of the realme. But if the subjects of any realme shall be compelled to leave the lawe of the realme, and to be ordered by the discretion of one man, what thing may be more unknowen or more uncertaine?"

As late, says Mr. Marsh, as the year 1818, Lord Eldon deemed it necessary to repudiate the application of this taunt to his Court:

> "The doctrines of this Court ought to be as well settled, and made as uniform almost as those of the Common Law, laying down fixed principles, but taking care that they are to be applied according to the circumstances of each case."

And from Lord Camden, quoted by Lord Campbell in his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors", we hear the conclusion of the whole matter in these vigorous words:

> "The discretion of a Judge is the law of tyrants; it is always unknown; it is different in different men; it is casual and depends upon constitution, temper and passion. In the best it is oftentimes caprice; in the worst it is every vice, folly and passion to which human nature is liable."

It is from such chances that the regard for Precedent daily delivers us. Our own Courts, outside the codified Law, which is of course the very embodiment of Precedent, are all in theory supposed to be free from it, and to be guided by continually fresh applications of logic only. But we quote authorities more and more every day, and our logic is all the better for it. Our Circuit Court indeed, wherein the smaller actions are tried, now and then affects to disdain such restrictions; but the results are sometimes far from satisfactory. Much uncertainty is bred by it; and in turn begets too great a fear on behalf of the cautious, too much impudence on behalf of the bold, in avoiding or in undertaking the risk of litigation. If one of the greatest virtues of a court is to give those silent and frugal judgements which can be pre-ascertained by disciplined knowledge, then the system of utter discretion cannot be commended. Perfect justice can only come about when it can be predicted with certainty what Courts will decide; and that certainty, where not secured by our written law, can only rest upon a developing system of logical Precedent. This is the true foundation for what we must devoutly desire as the Law of the future—Preventive rather than Curative Law; in a time when people will not wait until their mistakes have entangled them in trouble and expense, but will consult the law, in all affairs, beforehand.

But this development depends on present litigation, and has no security except in Precedent and its bulwark Technicality. The question therefore arises whether in some cases a Precedent or a Technicality will not protect an inequity

in its zeal to be broad enough to cover true right. As to the first, it would be difficult to conceive a case where a maxim of law could be invoked unless there was a right on the part of the person invoking it. But, as to the Technicality, the law of Procedure, the question is altered. In Civil Law the Technicalities might be divided into two classes—positive and negative—those which may be urged against an action of the opposite party, and those which may be urged in favour of an action on one's own part.

The first may be dismissed at once. They cannot be contended for save where prejudice would otherwise be caused. They must stand upon equitable right. The second might be exemplified by the case of one who has the legal right to plead, but has no equitable defence, who, let us say, owes, yet cannot at the present moment pay. Is it right that a formal plea should be made for the purpose of gaining time, until the pleader is able to cancel his debt? The question is a difficult one. Sometimes it would seem that the law here presents itself with a peculiar benevolence to the poor, in granting them that which private grace refuses. At other times a sterner mood enquires for what good reason the forms of action should be emptied of all truth and meaning. In this dilemma, one is moved to the tentative opinion that until the law forbids such formal pleas, they should be considered as proper wherever beneficial; our reason being the general principle that such rights may now and then prove of inestimable public convenience, and ought never to be allowed to fall into such disuse as to cease to be legally unenforceable.

And the same reason, but in much more certain style, can be offered for the use of technical defences in criminal law, however unjust may seem the particular application. Let us, from continual experience, continually raise the quality and appropriateness of those technicalities; let us above all maintain the maxim to which we have already referred—that no technical defence shall be of any avail unless prejudice can be shewn to be involved (though here

again we must beware that we do not open too wide a road to judicial discretion): but let us be very sure that, while the law remains unaltered, any unfortunate result of its enforcement, wherever it may apply, will be vastly outweighed by the confidence that we are keeping in certainty and readiness a weapon to which civilization may at any moment owe all that it holds most dear.

Let us say then, in summing up, that it is of the very essence of the development of freedom that there should be an exhaustive knowledge of rights and duties. Among human beings it would seem that this knowledge cannot be usefully won or practiced without some form of advocacy. People are now and then accustomed to call the lawyer a parasite. But are we not all parasites upon the mass of the rest of our race? The Cleric and the Doctor are parasites whose occupations will stop with the sin and ignorance of mankind, and not before. And the lawyer in some form will ever extend his usefulness until the balance between duty and freedom has become perfect. The Artist, the Teacher, the Preacher, will not monopolize the spiritual training of mankind. Our own continual warfare among ourselves, in the enforcement of our petty selfishnesses as well as in the vindication of our noblest rights, will be its own best medicine; and the lawyer will play no mean part in bringing to actual fact the harmony between our individual and our social energy, the hope of which alone makes this world habitable. He perhaps chiefly—if we would consider a nearer contingency than perfection—from his sure foundation in psychology and common sense, will be able to guard us in the era of Socialism that seems to be coming. Private liberty may yet have many grave, perhaps terrible, ordeals to pass through; and the question whether that passage will be accomplished by evolution or by revolution will be answered by the care with which we foster, develop, and protect the spirit and the rights of advocacy.

WARWICK FIELDING CHIPMAN

BROWNING'S WOMEN

A CRITIC with keen vision praised Hogarth as a pourtrayer of beautiful women, and straightway there arose a protest. To these protesting ones Hogarth meant chiefly "The Rake's Progress," "Gin Lane," "The Lessons in Cruelty"; and they forgot the pretty face of the country clergyman's daughter in the other Progress, the charm of her mischievous smile, and her sister, the actress Diana, anything but a prudish goddess, in the barn turned green-room, ringed by the unappreciative on-lookers. Browning is not exactly Hogarth in verse, but he is like the artist in one respect, that the popular verdict puts certain qualities of both in the fore-front, to the dimming of others, perhaps of equal importance. Browning, when not set down as flatly incomprehensible, is a metaphysician, or a philosopher, or an artist in the grotesque.

He is known as the author of *Sordello,* as the tracker of men's secret souls through the endless mazes of personality, as the interpreter of the ugliness of nature, as in *Childe Roland*, of the ugliness of the stunted savage mind, as in *Caliban*, of the ugliness of moral deformity as in *Sludge*, *Guido*, and *Blougram;* but could he image beauty? Could he deal with the poet's chief theme, the crowning splendour of this world of flowers, the loveliness of women? Could he, from the scattered, vexing hints which the real supplies, create ideal forms that will haunt the imagination of the world with their supernal charm? Let me answer my own questions. I believe that no poet has ever pourtrayed the eternal woman in the intensity and variety of her great gift, beauty, as well as Robert Browning.

No one doubts that Browning could depict the essential woman—the soul of her. Sometimes in this task he seems

to despise all external aids. The unnamed Brinvilliers of *The Laboratory* is a little woman, a "minion," in contrast with the great, regal creature she hates to the death; that glorious peasant girl who rescued the revolutionist from the dry, old aqueduct is barefoot; Count Gismond's wife is "beauteous," as befits the queen of the tourney; but description could not well be vaguer. With hardly a word as to their outward favour, the poet sets these women before us, palpitating with life in every fibre of their being. In six lines of *De Gustibus*, he will give you a complete character, the barefoot Neapolitan girl with her armful of fruit, her hatred of the Bourbon despot, and patriotic love for the would-be assassin. The fierce young thing is there in those six lines, soul and body. You seem to see her black eyes flash, when "she hopes they have not caught the felons." With more elaborated, full-length portraits of character, Pippa, Balaustion, and that "miracle of women," Pompilia, we are so lost in admiration of their innocent girlishness, or patriotic fervour, or divine purity of soul, that we hardly think of embodying such quintessence of spirit in any human form. But Browning did not despise form, any more than Fra Lippo Lippi, whose sentiment is the poet's own:

> "If you get simple beauty and naught else,
> You get about the best thing God invents."

Tennyson is famous for his dream of fair women, "the far-renowned brides of ancient song." His case is typical. Every poet, to be a poet, must have the same vision. Browning too has his dream, but it is grander, far more comprehensive than that of his brother Olympian. Before his eyes come not only the queens of the race, Helen, Cleopatra, Joan the Maid, but all beautiful women, past, present and to be. In numbers past all counting, like the doves to their windows, like the multitudes of souls driven by the fierce wind in the great outer circle of Hell, Browning sees the loveliest of all

time circling the mystic rose-tree, the rose that has ever been the symbol of festival, of joy, of love.

> "I dream of a red-rose tree. . .
> Round and round, like a dance of snow
> In a dazzling drift, as its guardians, go
> Floating the women faded for ages,
> Sculptured in stone, on the poet's pages.
> Then follow women fresh and gay,
> Living and loving and loved to-day.
> Last, in the rear flee the multitude of maidens
> Beauties yet unborn. And all, to one cadence,
> They circle their rose on my rose-tree."

Spenser saw his lady in a wood of Spring, crowned and throned, and all about her,

> "An hundred naked maidens lily white,
> All ranged in a ring and dauncing with delight."

But the dance Browning saw has not even the airy footing to be found in Fairy Land; it is out of Space and out of Time. Someone gave his wife, when they were first married, a handful of roses, in Florence. The petals are dead and dry long since, but the ordered words they inspired remain fragrant and full of colour. Nothing could be more fitting than the transmutation of flowers into verse. From the endless procession they conjured up, the poet by his art has called out this beauty and that, and made it possible for us to see her too.

If he was not merely repeating a commonplace, the Apostle was for the moment a poet and a man of the world when he wrote that a woman's glory is her hair. It is undoubtedly the frame of all the other glories, their indispensable back-ground; and this crowning mercy to mankind seems to have enchained Browning's gaze most closely. In one case, at least, it is the woman's only beauty; it was all the dower which Mother Nature gave to the frail, white-faced girl of Pornic, with her strange, sordid, miser passion. In its rich abundance, silky texture, and play of golden light,

there was promise of soul, and face, and body in keeping; but the promise was broken in the tenuous frame and the crippled spirit.

> "But she had her great gold hair.
> Hair, such a wonder of flix and floss,
> Freshness and fragrance,—floods of it too!
> Gold, did I say? Nay, gold's mere dross;
> Here Life smiled, 'Think what I meant to do'
> And love sighed, 'Fancy my loss!'"

In death, her hair is almost sufficient shroud—

> "For indeed her hair was to wonder at,
> As it spread—not flowing free.
>
> But curled around her brow, like a crown,
> And coiled beside her cheeks like a cap,
> And calmed about her neck—ay, down
> To her breast, pressed flat, without a gap
> I' the gold, till it reached her gown."

Mildred Tresham is another golden-haired beauty, but as full of warm young life, as the Pornic miser was devoid of it. Of the age of Juliet, and Miranda, and Perdita, she deserves admittance to the fellowship of these three Graces, by virtue of her physical beauty. To her, as to nearly all Browning's women, might be affixed the old ballad tag, "ladye bright." "Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright," bursts forth Romeo, at the first glimpse of the peerless Juliet, that "beauty for earth too rich, for use too dear." With this radiant loveliness, Mildred Tresham is endowed; for there is sometimes seen a kind face that no more permits a steady gaze upon it than does the sun. Hers is a wealth of charms. "How little God forgot in making her!" as the admiring German verse has it. She is a child in years, the budding rose, and not the rose full blown, and not yet dimmed by the dust of the world. Faithful heart and wonderful blue eyes, which the proverb couples not unwisely, and hair to net

the coldest lover's fancy,—these the poet celebrates in the famous serenade.

> "And her eyes are dark and humid, like
> the depth on depth of lustre
> Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier
> than the wild-grape cluster,
> Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her
> neck's rose-misted marble."

The Lady of the Gondola, another of "Cupid's saints," has also golden hair. When her lover saw her first, leaning out over the balcony of her palace, to catch her truant bird,

> "the round smooth cord of gold,
> This coiled hair on your head, unrolled.
> Fell down you like a gorgeous snake
> The Roman girls were wont of old.
> When Rome there was, for coolness sake
> To let lie curling o'er their bosoms."

The incident has meaning that does not lie on the surface; for the solution of the hair from its decorum is always a subtle symbol of self-surrender. This is the same hair from which the lady flung away the jewel, and bound it with a water weed, since her lover praised it; the same "beauteous" hair he praised again in his death agony and feared his blood would hurt.

In this lovely company is also Porphyria, the high-born dame who was so long doubtful of her own heart, and at last gave all for love, and put herself too trustingly within her lover's power. She came to him through the night and the rain, and her reward was death. The madman strangled her in his ecstasy of possession; but her beauty was not marred; even then the laughing blue eye was free from all blemish, and the long yellow hair made a gorgeous coil three times around the bare little neck.

As intense and clear-shining, in her dark way as these glowing, sun-coloured women in theirs, is the Riccardi's bride, the new-made wife who loved the duke, but wanted

will to sin the whole sin out. The contrast between her black hair and pale face etches her upon the memory. Black-haired and pale-faced—that is saying nothing. Browning deepens his shadows and heightens his lights, until it would indeed be a dull mind that took no impress from the image presented. The black hair has a vitality of its own, rolling heavily in the fulness of its strength, like a charger's mane. The massive waves of it are like carven coal against the spiritual purity of her white brow. But black as her locks are, they cannot vie with the black fire of her unfathomable eyes.

> "Hair in heaps lay heavily
> Over a pale brow spirit pure
> Carved like the heart of a coal-black tree.
>
> Crisped like a war steed's encolure—
> And vainly sought to dissemble her eyes
> Of the blackest black our eyes endure."

Browning seems to share the general preference for fair hair. The lover who is travelling to meet his lady and will see her again, *In Three Days* revels in thought with her wonderful curls. He seems to leave the colour undecided, but still the line, "As early Art embrowns the gold" could hardly apply to dark hair. Pompilia we remember best by the phrase, "A lady young, tall, beautiful, and sad;" but her champion who speaks for half Rome, lets us know how Cavalier Carlo Moratta, the painter raved about her face, "shaped like a peacock's egg," and

> "that pair of eyes, that pendant hair,
> Black this and black the other."

Failing Signor Carlo's sketch, I should like to give Pompilia the lovely features of that other humble Italian girl, saint and martyr, Ida, as immortalized by Francesca's pen and pencil. After all, there is not so much to be said about black hair. Black is black, but there are many shades of gold. For instance, that soulless "Pretty Woman," "all the

face composed of flowers," has hair unique in its beauty. Here is the inventory of her charms.

"That fawn-skin-dappled hair of hers,
And that blue eye.
So dear and dewy,
And that infantine fresh air of hers!"

The dangerous, grown-up baby!

It must not be forgotten that Browning was an artist, with an artist's sensitiveness to all manifestations of beauty. He understands the maxim, "peu de moyens, beaucoup d'effet." The girl waiting for her shepherd at twilight in the ruined tower, where once the great mother-city stood, has "eager eyes and yellow hair." Colombe is a princess regnant, less by birth than by her soul; she is besides, "a young maid with the bluest eyes." Before she enters the audience-chamber on her fateful birthday, she is "wreathing her hair, a song between her lips," in happy innocence of the sorrow and joy awaiting her beyond the portal. The mistress of the Bishop is to the dying sinner "your tall, pale mother with her talking eyes." Gandolf and he had contended for her, as well as for the choicest tombs in St. Praxed's church. "And still he envied me, so fair was she." The poet seems to convey that she was no wanton like Ottima; she was the mother of sons, and her "talking eyes" told tales of sorrow. In all three cases how few are the words that body forth these fair women! Besides all these free, dashing sketches, he has his finished portraits at full length.

The Venetian lady of the *Toccata* is one of Titian's own. She and her cavalier have stepped apart from the dancers; they have even left off their lover's talk to listen to Ser Baldassare Galuppi's music, as he plays his "touch-pieces" at the clavichord. The gallant is trifling with his sword-hilt; the lady is in a reverie; she has taken off her black-velvet mask, and set her teeth lightly in the edge of it. The master's music has, for a wonder, made her think. We see the pair to-

gether, the fixed eyes of both are full of new thoughts. Such a lady!

> "cheeks so round, and lips so red!
> On the neck the small face buoyant, like the
> bell-flower on its bed,
> O'er the breast's superb abundance, where a
> man might base his head."

The young Duchess of Ferrara is also a full-length portrait. The sketch in oils Fra Pandolf painted swiftly in a day is one of the ducal connoisseur's chief rarities. It must have been the painter's master-piece, for the lady looks as if she were alive, and a well-remembered spot of joy is in the fresh young cheek. The duke with his cold cruelty murdered the living woman, but he treasured the painted image of her. There is the rounded arm that the painter complimented, and the faint flush of colour along her throat that was his despair. He triumphed over a greater difficulty, however; he transferred to canvas "the depth and passion of that earnest glance." The question "dark or fair?" is not answered, but the details which are given define an individual not to be confused with any other of Browning's creations. More distinctly marked still are the features of the one in *Time's Revenges*. At least they seem so, until we find only one peculiarity spoken of. Nothing is told of her eyes or her hair—only how the shadows shift and change about her lips. For the poet-lover this is an obsession. Why is this individual trait put in the fore-front of the description? For the best of reasons. The sweetest kisses, sings the longing girl to Princess Ida, are feigned by hopeless fancy on lips that are for others. This is the sorrow of our poet in his freezing garret. The Face haunts him, grows out upon him from the bare walls wherever he looks.

> "So is my spirit as flesh with sin,
> Filled full, eaten out and in
> With the face of her, the eyes of her,
> The lips, the little chin, the stir
> Of shadow round the mouth—"

One fancies her a Titania, like the Duchess who fled with the gipsy.

"I have seen the white crane bigger." She cannot choose but be little. The little women are the empresses of the world and trample on the hearts of men. She was no doubt a "minion" like the court lady in *The Laboratory*, fond of dancing like her also, and dancing well. No doubt she went to the famous ball, and danced like a feather in the wind, while her lover ate out his heart in his lonely attic. Lucrezia, the "serpentining beauty," rounds on rounds the wife of Andrea del Sarto is fully described, but Browning has many portraits to study. The face of Edith, the lost love in *Too Late*, is so unusual that it seems to be drawn direct from the living model.

> "I liked the way you had with your curls
> Wound to a ball in a knot behind:
> Your cheek was chaste as a Quaker girl's,
> And your mouth--there was never to my mind
> Such a funny mouth, for it would not shut;
> And the dented chin too—what a chin!
> There were certain ways when you spoke, some words
> That you know you never could pronounce:
> You were thin however; like a bird's
> Your hand seemed—some would say, the pounce
> Of a scaly-footed hawk—all but!
> The world was right when it called you thin."

This is a characteristic piece of Browningesque audacity. The women of most poets are of a regular beauty hard to define. How shadowy is Maud, for instance, in spite of the "little head running over with curls," the feet "like sunny gems," the "exquisite voice" beside this bundle of unclassical, fascinating irregularities! The formation that keeps the lips apart, showing a white tooth or two, makes a mouth that is very ready to smile and to speak impulsively. Browning's apprenticeship to painting and sculpture taught what details to seize on and what to reject.

Evelyn Hope is as lovely as her musical name. Although we only see her dead in her maiden chamber, as we watch for an hour with her lover, she seems to be the immortal spirit of youth. Over her loveliness death has no power. She is asleep, but she will awake, and remember, and understand. The gods loved her and made her of "spirit, fire, and dew;" her "hair was amber;" her mouth was geranium red; the "sweet white brow" remains, and the "sweet cold hand." No aura from the tomb breathes through this darkened room; death is swallowed up, not in victory, for there is no struggle, but in the glorious certainty of reunion and desire fulfilled. The lover is not the typical "man of fifty"; he is the poet, the eternal youth, with the heart to adventure worlds beyond the grave; the Beloved is almost a child. How the poet insists upon her youth! The artful, threefold repetition of one epithet hammers the idea in.

> "There was place and to spare for the frank *young* smile,
> And the red *young* mouth, and the hair's *young* gold."

Someone, we feel, must have sat for this portrait.

In one case we are not left to conjecture, for one poem was written simply to record the beauty of a woman's face. Emily Patmore is a name little known, and yet she was the inspiration of two poets. As was fitting, her husband-lover celebrated her soul, and Browning the friend devoted himself to the portrayal of the outward semblance. *The Angel in the House* should have *A Face* for its frontispiece. Now that we have Patmore's *Memoirs*, with a reproduction of Woolner's medallion, we can judge for ourselves how well deserved is the praise bestowed upon her, and how strangely words, mere words, when rightly chosen, can give the effect of picture. The poet's wish was realized.

> "If one could have that little head of hers
> Painted upon a background of pale gold,
> Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
> No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
> Of those two lips, which should be opening soft

> In the pure profile; not as when she laughs,
> For that spoils all;
> Then the lithe neck, three fingers might surround,
> How it should waver on the pale gold ground
> Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it lifts!"

Browning does not confine himself to the face. Like Tennyson, he paints occasionally from the undraped figure, but, unlike him, he explains and justifies his course. In his "parleying" with Frances Furini, he sets forward once and for all, his argument, which is the artist's argument. Tennyson does not argue, he only paints. *Oenone* is, one might say, mis-named: it is another *Judgement of Paris*, the theme of uncounted artists. Tennyson is subtle. He draws attention to the spear of Pallas, "against her pearly shoulder leaning cold," to the foot of Aphrodite, rosy white among the violets, to the supernatural flowers and fruits that over-garlanded and embowered the scene, until the figures themselves seem empty spaces of white canvas waiting to be painted in. The three goddesses, the nymph in *Lucretius* and the witch-women in *Maeldune* are almost the only exceptions to the Tennysonian rule of drapery. Browning's treatment of the difficult theme is direct, frank, manly, a perfect contrast to the mawkishness of Swinburne and his like. Browning surpasses them all in sheer intensity and power of vision, and in vividness of realization; but it would be a sickly spirit indeed that his pictures could offend or injure. His motive, the right motive, is given in *The Lady and the Painter*. As might be expected, Browning, the original, the innovator, the rebel against conventions shakes off such trammels as early Victorian prudishness would impose. In *Fifine* he discusses at length the relation of the sexes, and illustrates his page with the arch enchantresses of all time, Helen and Cleopatra. All down the ages, poets have joined the two. Dante saw them both in "*La bufera infernal*" of the second circle.

> "Poi è Cleopatras lussuriosa.
> Elena vidi, per cui tanto reo
> Tempo si volse:"

Shakespeare couples them in Mercutio's jesting review of the beauties of all time; and in his *Dream*, Tennyson again sets these most famous of fair women side by side. So does Browning in that marvellous twentieth stanza of *Fifine*.

> "See Helen! pushed in front o' the world's worst night and storm
> By Lady Venus' hand on shoulder; the sweet form
> Shrinkingly prominent, though mighty, like a moon
> Outbreaking from a cloud."

This idea of beauty shining forth like the moon out of a cloud is elaborated with great charm in *Pan and Luna*. The rest of the conception is purely Homeric. Seeing Helen pass through the street, after years of siege, the old men of Troy did not begrudge the blood and strength of their city poured out in her quarrel. In Browning's phrase, they were magically brought to acquiesce in their own ravage. Helen is the great lady, not a great wanton, like Cleopatra, type of the courtezan. Helen shrinks; but not so her companion. She knows her power and glories in it. Nude though she be, except for her barbaric jewels, there is intellect in the poise of the head, and infinite allure in the "oblong eye" glancing back to note her conquests.

> "See, Cleopatra! bared, the entire and sinuous wealth
> O' the shining shape; each orb of indolent ripe health
> Captured, just where it finds a fellow orb as fine
> I' the body; traced about by jewels which outline,
> Fire-frame, and keep distinct, perfections—lest they melt
> To soft smooth unity ere half their hold be felt:
> Yet, o'er that white and wonder, a soul's predominance
> I' the head so high and haught—except one thievish glance
> From back of oblong eye, intent to count the slain."

Sordello's vision of Palma, the nautch in *Natural Magic*, the bathing nymph in *Francis Furini*, and especially *Pan and Luna* are also triumphant examples of artistry, with a right spirit.

Poetry may be briefly defined as *Frauenlob*, the praise of women. We celebrate them in epic, drama, ode, sonnet,

lyric, but, with such exceptions as Sappho and Mrs. Browning, they do not make a return in kind. Ruskin is right when he assures us that Shakespeare has no heroes, only heroines, and that Dante builds up his vision of the Three Worlds from the smile of a Florentine maiden. As with the masters of song-craft, so with all the guild-brothers, "Beauty draws us with a single hair." Browning too has come under that spell and knows how to lay it up on others.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

THE CASE OF KING LEAR

"WHOSO loveth his God," says Nietzsche, with an audacious inversion of a familiar proverb, "chasteneth Him," a maxim sounder, perhaps, than you might suppose. With us English-speaking lovers of poetry and of high and noble things in general, Shakespeare has passed so long for a divinity that it may well be for the health of our souls to give an occasional hour to serious reflection on the allegations of the infidel and the devil's advocate. I would urge this with the more importunity, since my own faith is of the strongest. It has always been a principle with me in things literary as well as in things ecclesiastical *intelligere quae credis*. That is but a half-hearted belief which is afraid to expose itself to the infection of heretical writings; reverence is of little worth, unless it is accompanied by the right to reverence, a right which will scarcely be ours until we have honestly faced the worst that the iconoclast can do.

In the case of Shakespeare, the cause of the unbeliever does not suffer for any lack of able and eloquent pleaders. Within our own time, to say nothing of earlier mutterers, Mr. Bernard Shaw has repeatedly told his readers that Shakespeare has little taste and no philosophy, that his political conceptions are deplorably crude, and his plays, as plays, distinctly inferior to those of Mr. Shaw himself. There is a witty gentleman, too, of my acquaintance, whose compositions have not yet been seen on the boards, but who is shrewdly suspected, from remarks which he occasionally lets fall, of a similar opinion. And now comes Count Tolstoy who may perhaps be allowed, as the author of more than one work of unquestionable genius, to speak with more weight than my unnamed friend or the ingenious Mr. Shaw; and he will persuade us that Shakespeare's tragedies in general, and *King*

Lear in particular, are not only not admirable but are actually bad. The sequence of events in them is unnatural and absurd, the conception of character puerile, the language in the comic parts irrelevantly and pointlessly coarse; where it is meant to be serious, alternately stilted and trivial. Shakespeare, in short, could not devise a tolerable play for himself, and where, as in the case of *King Lear*, he found one ready to his hand, he completely spoiled it by clumsy and tasteless attempts at improvement.

Yet I turn to my beloved and revered master, Shelley, perhaps as competent a judge of tragedy as Mr. Shaw or even Count Tolstoy, and I find him saying of *King Lear* that its comic element is "universal, ideal, and sublime," and that as a whole it is probably "the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world." In so flagrant a disagreement between doctors we may profitably find matter for an afternoon's meditation. It is possible that, in the case of *King Lear* at any rate, the devil's advocate is after all passing judgement not on Shakespeare but on his own want of understanding? May the work not mean something as a whole, which he, in his haste to find particular points for censure, has failed to perceive, and may not this central idea provide the justification of many things which, taken by themselves, might seem strange and blameworthy?

What, then, does *King Lear* mean when we comprehend it aright? On the face of it, it is simply a dramatisation for the amusement of an audience of a striking and pathetic tale which the dramatist very likely accepted as an authentic narrative of fact. This is apparently what the depreciators of Shakespeare take it for when they complain that the details of life and manners presented by the poet are not those of any recognizable period of English History, and that the central incident is itself singular and unlikely. But to judge of a work of tragic art thus is to judge purely from the outside and to miss the whole spiritual significance of the artist's conception. The play has its abiding worth for us, precisely because it is not a mere re-telling of a real or supposed historical fact,

nor yet a mere picture of the manners of this or that era in the development of the British nation. Shakespeare's purpose, if we may infer it from his achievement, was not to instruct his audience in history, nor yet to rival by anticipation such works as Becker's *Gallus* and *Charicles*.

The value of *King Lear* lies, when all is said, primarily in its philosophical significance. It is the presentation, on a colossal scale and in language adequate to the height of the theme, of passions, emotions, and their consequences in act which are an abiding element in our common human nature. Lear and his daughters, Gloucester and his sons, are something more than persons who lived, or were believed to have lived some eight hundred years before Christ, in the time of Joash, King of Judah; they are purified types, or Platonic "ideas," to which the genius of the poet has known how to give life and individuality, of fundamental passions which are in man in all places and at all times. There are the germs of Lear, of Edmund, of Cordelia, in each of us, and it is just because we are dimly aware of their presence that the play lays hold of us as it does. This is why complaints, like those of Tolstoy, that the manners and customs depicted in the play are not those of any actual era, are so childishly wide of the mark. A *Lear* which should aim at archæological truth would stand convicted by its very success of moral and philosophical falsity. The spiritual conflicts which belong to every age ought not to be pourtrayed with meticulous fidelity to the special colours of any. This was a truth familiar enough to our great-grandfathers, who could permit Garrick—as why should they not?—to enact Macbeth in knee-breeches and wig; it is too much hidden from ourselves by the pretentious bad taste of the modern manager. Our Macbeths tread the stage in graceful kilts of a handsome tartan pattern, which, I fear, is not even truthful antiquarianism.

The special moral of *King Lear* has been sought in various quarters, and yet it has been surely made sufficiently patent by the dramatist. *Lear* is essentially the father's tragedy, just as *Coriolanus* is, as Mr. Swinburne has said, the son's

tragedy. "I have brought up children and they have rebelled against me" is the burden of every act and scene of the play. Perhaps the poet's desire to make this moral absolutely clear may explain, and even justify, a peculiarity of the work which looks at the first blush like a fault of construction. The motive of the underplot in a drama, it is said, should be sharply contrasted with that of the principal story, the whole function of the secondary plot being to relieve the tragic tension of the spectator's emotions. But in *Lear*, the underplot of Gloucester, Edmund, and Edgar is a mere variant on the central theme, and gives rise not to relief but to monotony.

But what if this absence of contrast is the result of deliberate design? Without the underplot we might have been tempted to suspect in the play some traces of the tedious old masculine satire on the opposite sex. "Among women," such we might have taken to be Shakespeare's meaning, "you will find two such as Goneril or Regan to one Cordelia." It is the episode of Gloucester, with its pair of contrasted sons, which excludes all possibility of such a private interpretation of the prophecy, and makes it clear that the passions exhibited for our edification are neither those of woman nor those of male humanity, but belong to human nature universal. It is the ungrateful child, not the undutiful and untender daughter, to whom our attention is to be directed.

We must further note the admirable justice and knowledge of the human heart with which Shakespeare has worked out his conception. Historically considered, the action may be full of inaccuracies and improbabilities; judged by the higher standard of the psychologist and the moralist, it is an everlasting truth. Observe, for instance, the care with which the conduct of Lear's daughters and Gloucester's son, all monstrous as it is, is reconciled with psychological and artistic probability. It would have been tempting to a lesser man to draw a picture of flawless and wise paternal affection repaid by absolutely wanton and unintelligible filial undutifulness. But this is not Shakespeare's way, nor the way of the true tragic artist. Edmund and Goneril and Regan are base human beings, but they are

human beings still, and not devils. It is with men and women, not with devils, that tragedy has her business, and human badness at its worst is not wholly inexcusable, or even if inexcusable not wholly inexplicable. When there can be absolutely no feeling of divided right, where all is heavenly on one side and all fiendish on the other, there is no room for the play of the deeper tragic emotions. Such a spectacle is harrowing, if you please, but not elevating and illuminating, as tragedy always seeks to be. The drama of Calvary, for instance, as seen with the eyes of the believing Christian, is no true tragedy, just because the victim in it is absolutely guiltless, and his fate no consequence of any tragic error of his own. And so Shakespeare's outraged fathers are indeed men "more sinned against than sinning," but still sinners, whose sufferings, excessive as they are, are still natural consequences of their own errors. Both Gloucester and Lear are kind fathers, and one of them a doting father, but their kindness is tainted with unwisdom and secret egotism.

In the case of Gloucester this is manifest enough, and I should have abstained from all comment on the point but for some recent strictures which seem to arise from overlooking it. It has gravely been made a reproach to Shakespeare that he has chosen to open his play with an indelicate and irrelevant jest by Gloucester on his son's bastardy. Now indelicacy, we must remember, is largely a matter to be judged by the conventional standards of reticence accepted in a given age, and nothing is more certain than that much which appears to us gratuitous coarseness of expression was to the Elizabethan spectator merely natural and wholesome frankness. It is clear also that the circumstances of Edmund's introduction to Kent would, in any case, demand a certain lightness of tone in Gloucester's reference to his *péché de jeunesse*. But indelicate or not, the jest as a revelation of the speaker's moral condition is the very reverse of irrelevant. It is characteristic of Gloucester that, though a warm-hearted, he is a careless and thoughtless father. In the true spirit of the *grand seigneur*, he treats the begetting of sons who can have no recognition as members of

the household, and no proper share in its life, as one of the diversions naturally incidental to his rank and station. It has never occurred to him, as it rarely occurs to any man of his type, that his bastard son's position, as excluded alike from every social level, higher or lower, is in itself a life-long wrong, and likely to be felt as such by its subject, nor that his bringing up has not been of the kind to develop a sense of social duty in general, and filial duty in particular. Edmund's career becomes natural and intelligible to us from the first when we are shown by a few light touches how he is regarded by his father, and what is his footing in his father's family. His faults are the typical faults of the .able and ambitious adventurer who finds himself hopelessly *déclassé* by the very facts of his birth, conscious of parts and education which can find no field in the sphere to which he belongs on the humbler side, and yet shut out as a "half-blooded fellow" from full admission to the circles in which they would naturally fit him to play his part.

The wrong which a great man's bastard may suffer from the very fact of his ambiguous birth and breeding is the secret root of bitterness from which the fruit of "unnatural" ingratitude and unscrupulosity only too naturally springs. And there is deep tragic irony in the great man's unconsciousness of the very existence of the wrong, and his foolish expectation of filial gratitude where no cause for gratitude has been given. Gloucester, for instance, looks upon the incident as "good sport." He had yet to learn that the worst day's work he ever did for himself was done when he begat Edmund. "The dark and vicious place where thee he got Cost him his eyes," says one of the two men of strong and masculine understanding in the play, and the other confirms his judgement: "Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true."

The faults of Lear are of a subtler and more spiritual kind, and for that reason more insidious than any mere errors of idleness and hot youthful blood. He is a man of a type not rare in any age or class, and yet too rarely studied by our dramatic artists, the warm-hearted parental egotist. With

many fine and even kingly qualities, tenderness, quickness to feel, emotional sincerity, dignity of mind and speech and bearing, he has this great vice, unsuspected by himself, that he is himself the secret centre of all his concern. It is after all himself whom he loves in the persons of those on whom he dotes. His feeling for his daughters, intense as it is, is after all too largely a devouring hunger to be loved,—we might almost say to be caressed—in turn. It is a parental form of the emotion of which one of our deepest poetical thinkers has told us that it

> "Seeketh only self to please,
> To bind another to its delight."

He has yet to learn by suffering that the only love which can beget love in return is love given without any thought of the recompense of the reward. Even Cordelia is dear to her father, when the play begins, not so much because she is Cordelia as because he looks to her to be the tender companion and support of his declining age.

Now, as I have just said, this kind of unconscious egoism is not by any means an uncommon thing in the relation of a father to his children; indeed, there are moralists who would have us believe that it is always latent there, and that its presence is just what makes the real but subtle difference between a father's love and a mother's. However this may be, Shakespeare has placed his characters in just the kind of situation in which such a secret flaw of character has the fullest chance to exhibit itself in outward act, and to recoil on the actor with the fullest measure of tragic calamity. In the ordinary life of every-day *bourgeois* society the elemental passions rarely get a free field to display themselves; we have to learn from few and obscure hints what kind of action they produce, where they are at liberty to work their will and what the consequences may be to the agent. In tragedy we read at large and writ plain what common life hints at in this pregnant obscure fashion. Lear, for example, is a king and, apparently, an absolute one. He is also a king who has grown old in the exercise of absolute sovereignty, a man who has been accus-

tomed for a lifetime to see his wishes and even his whimsies taken for law and reason by every one about him, to meet with no opposition and no criticism except that of the secret whisperer. Here are all the conditions needed to unsettle a man's judgement and flatter his most secret egoisms until they break out to the light in some colossal piece of passionate unwisdom which, as everyone but himself can see, is the prelude to actual madness. And here also is a whole kingdom as a field for folly to exercise itself in, A Lear cannot—this is the pitiable side of personal royalty—play the passionate dotard, but all England must pay the price in blood and tears. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

Incidentally, one might observe, and something of the kind has been remarked already by Professor Bradley, we may see here the true justification of the common practice of tragedians in selecting their themes from the fortunes of great and royal houses. It is not because the tragedian is necessarily a legitimist or a snob that he instinctively prefers the sorrows of "Thebes or Pelops' line" to the latest *crime passionel* as material for his art. The real reason is that the passions of the great tend to be less hampered in their expression in act by scruples and conventions and the force of circumstances than those of humbler men, but mainly that the consequences of their errors extend further, affect a nation or a people, and so give us a sense that the catastrophe of the tragedy is adequate to the emotions which the poet is trying to stir within us. For this reason it may be doubted whether such works as, *The Ring and the Book*, or *The Inn Album*, though akin to tragedy in the nature of the emotions they arouse, are quite entitled to rank as examples of the genuine tragic. Their catastrophe is, after all, too restricted.

It has lately been objected against Shakespeare's handling of the story of Lear that the whole incident of the division of the kingdom between the daughters is extravagant. No king, it is argued, would propose, or be allowed to carry out, so irrational a scheme as that which Lear is supposed to adopt for easing his last years. It might, of course, be replied that

the extravagance is, at any rate, not Shakespeare's invention, since the division of the kingdom is a principal incident in the authorities whom Shakespeare followed. This would, however, be a poor defence, since the detractor could at once retort that a great tragedian has no business to choose an extravagant and unnatural story as the basis for a play. If the theme was an unsuitable one and could not be rendered suitable by any modifications consistent with the retention of the principal incidents of the legend, Shakespeare should have seen this and should accordingly have avoided the Lear story as material for tragedy. As he has not chosen to do so, he must in common fairness stand chargeable with any defects which are ingrained in the structure of the legend itself.

Again, it might be said in defence of Shakespeare, granted that the action of Lear is extraordinary, extraordinary incidents and acts were exactly what an Elizabethan public looked to the dramatist to serve up for their entertainment. They went to the theatre not, as some of us appear to do, to enjoy the sight of characters behaving exactly as each of the spectators was in the habit of behaving in his daily life, but for the express purpose of being astonished, and, in the strict sense of the word, diverted, by seeing persons playing at doing something which the average man would not take it into his head to do. Shakespeare, who knew his audience, very sensibly gave them what they came for; to-day no doubt, he would give us what we should come to him for. Now this, though palpably true, and perfectly relevant, so far as it goes, would also be quite inadequate as a defence of *Lear* from the standpoint of tragic art. Taken by itself it would amount to the confession that *King Lear* at any rate, was not "for all time," but merely for the age of Elizabeth. The true defence for Shakespeare is to be found in the full admission of the fact alleged. Lear's act is, of course, what it is called, an extraordinary act—in fact, a crazy act, as the Fool almost too often reminds him. And the simple explanation of it is that Lear is himself already over the verge of senile imbecility when he performs the action. And no wonder either,

when we remember that he had always been of a passionate and obstinate temper—the best of his time had been but rash—and that passionateness and obstinacy are the very faults most likely to be intensified by a long life spent "in the purple". If it is not until the night on which Regan and Goneril drive him from Gloucester's castle into the storm that the old king's wits actually crumble, it is plain enough to any one who will see that they have at least been unsettled by the combined effects of age and despotic authority before he could adopt so fantastic a device for the settlement of the kingdom and follow it up by the still more extravagant measures of the disinheriting of Cordelia and the banishment of Kent for a few words of honest remonstrance. That such a person as Shakespeare supposes Lear to be, affectionate and egoistic, passionate and peremptory, should, when a judgement never of the soundest had been shaken by the infirmities of age and the lifelong complaisance of a court, precipitate his own ruin and his country's misery by such a final freak of senile folly, seems to me, I confess, in perfect accord with all we know of human nature.

But, at any rate, complains Count Tolstoy, it is surely not in nature that a man should bring up daughters to marriageable age without knowing something of the character of his own children. A real Lear would have had opportunity more than enough to have learned the true character of his daughters, and not to have been completely fooled by the lip-service of a Goneril or a Regan, or to mistake the want of eloquent phrases in a Cordelia for want of heart. And a real Cordelia would never have been so stupid as to speak, at the very crisis of her fortunes, in the cold and tactless fashion of Shakespeare's Cordelia. Even if we allow the fantastic conception of the division of the kingdom to pass unchallenged as a part of the poet's legendary material, the way he has seen fit to handle it is out of all reasonable human probability.

But is this so certain after all? Does not life present examples in abundance of the fact that a man may fail to read the minds of his nearest and dearest? There are elements in

most of us, I should say in all except those colourless beings who have no personality at all in particular, which remain a lifelong mystery to those who associate most intimately with them, nay, even to themselves. A man shall, for instance, lie down by the side of his wife night by night for many years, shall beget children by her, shall bury some of them and bring up others to man's estate, shall perhaps follow her full of years to an honoured grave, and yet the two shall be, in their intimate souls, as much strangers to one another at last as at first. Or, it may be, something shall come between them that shall strip their two souls bare to one another for a moment, and each will ask with astonishment, Is this the man, and Is this the woman, I married? I protest it is with mingled sorrow and surprise that I find myself saying to the creator of Anna Karenina, "Art thou a Master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" If it were as unusual as Tolstoy would have us believe for a man to misconceive the characters of his closest acquaintance there would be little room left for life's most piquant comedy and most soul-stirring tragedy. Life would, indeed, be infinitely safer, but also how much tamer, flatter, more insignificant!

Again we have to remember that, over and above such general possibilities, there are in the case imagined by Shakespeare special circumstances which help to render the tragic misapprehension of character on which the action turns intrinsically more probable. There is, to begin with, the difference of sex and age. Lear is a man, his children are women; he is in the extreme of old age, they are clearly to be thought of as young. This last point results from the consideration that Cordelia is still being wooed, while her sisters, though married, are represented as, though still childless, likely to have children. And what does a man really know of the inmost mind of a woman, or the old of that of the young? Further, it is at least probable that if Goneril and Regan had not formerly been found wanting in tenderness and duty, it was because the trial had not yet been made. Nothing had occurred to put the worth of their affection to the test, and it is not likely that

either of them would reveal her "wolfish nature" to a father upon whose caprice she was absolutely dependent for everything except life itself. I am much mistaken in my reading of Shakespeare's conception if we are not to suppose that before their father's abdication Goneril and Regan had borne themselves, as such creatures have the prudence to do, as dutifully and modestly as Cordelia herself. A woman, indeed, would probably have seen below the fair surface to the inner corruption, or, at least, would have divined its presence by that curious intuition which women seem to have of one another's baser qualities. Cordelia, as we know, did, but Cordelia was not merely a woman, but had been, so to say, brought up with her sisters from the nursery. On her, moreover, they were dependent for nothing, and so had no motive to make themselves better in her eyes than they really were. When we bear all this in mind we shall not, I think, find it unnatural that a passionate, not over wise, fond old man should have made an error in judgement. Even if we think that the fondest father's eyes might have been opened by the extravagant hyperbole of the language in which the daughters profess their absolute devotion, we may be fairly asked to remember that the father in this case was a king, an old king, and a peremptory king, and to consider what kind of language he had probably been in the habit of hearing from courtiers from whom he had far less reason to look for affection and devotion. What appears to us the height of insincere extravagance might well pass current with a Lear for the warmth of genuine, natural feeling.

And now what is to be said of Cordelia's ungracious and apparently almost untender response to the test? Cordelia, we are told, might rationally have exhibited more tact. It must have been possible to represent modestly the unseemliness of extravagant professions, to express a genuine affection without flying, as Cordelia does, to the opposite extreme. It must, no doubt, and if the thing had been done, there would have been no tragedy to follow. But I cannot be quite content to leave the matter thus. I am very jealous for Cordelia, as Elijah was

of old for a less lovable divinity, and I cannot willingly consent to see her slighted for the want of that virtue of the mediocre and characterless, tact. Tact is a useful thing in this world, no doubt, especially to persons whose highest ideal is to make or keep a comfortable place in it for themselves. But there are nobler things than tact and one of them is the capacity for righteous indignation which cannot wait to give itself way until it has made careful computation of consequences. I should take Cordelia less closely to my heart, or rather I fear I should not take her to my heart at all, if she could have remained cool, and calculating, and "tactful" after the hearing of speeches so high-sounding and so hollow as she at least knew those of her sisters to be. Without the divine indiscretion of her pointed rebuke to this empty eloquence and to the folly which could take it at its face value, Cordelia would no more be to me the dearest of all Shakespeare's heroines, than Othello would still be the noblest of his heroes without his absurd but splendid trustfulness in the loyalty of Iago. I may remark, moreover, that Cordelia's conduct is further psychologically explained by the very fact that she is a daughter of Lear. What her critics seem to regard as her "cussedness" is natural enough in the light of heredity. It is not to the family of Lear that we should go for calm and dispassionate "tact."

The incidental mention of *Othello* suggests a reflection which may throw some light on a further point in the psychology of our present play. Edgar's remarkably ready belief in the story by means of which Edmund contrives to exhibit him to his father in the character of an assassin inevitably strikes us at first sight, as no less singular than Gloucester's quickness to listen to insinuations against him from the one man of all others who obviously had the best of motives for calumny. When we compare, however, the similar confidence of Othello in Iago, to which I have just referred, we shall see that Shakespeare's thought is that the noblest natures, just because they are freest from malicious cunning in themselves, are the least ready to suspect it in others. He regards a tendency to excess of trustfulness, where there has been no antecedent proof of

treachery, as a natural concomitant of personal elevation of character, just as Plato credits his chosen philosopher-statesmen with a certain noble εὐήθεια or openness which renders them, until chastened by experience, an easier prey than worse men might be to the meanly designing. I do not know that I have ever enjoyed the companionship of a philosopher-statesman, and I am aware that excessive simplicity is not precisely the prominent characteristic of certain persons who have a name in the world for combining the two parts, but I imagine that two such students of human nature as Plato and Shakespeare are likely to be substantially in the right as to a point of moral psychology on which they are in independent agreement. For the benefit of those who think that a philosopher becomes antiquated after fifty years, I may add that Nietzsche seems to have been of the same opinion.

It is, however, not of Edgar and Edmund, but of Lear and his daughters that I would speak in the few paragraphs that remain to me. I would not have the reader overlook the skill with which the poet has contrived to indicate a strong family likeness between the old king and his undutiful daughters. Whatever their carriage before their elevation may have been, Goneril and Regan, once firmly established in the seat of supreme authority, reveal their "sire-descended temper," as Aeschylus calls it, by an autocratic and peremptory imperiousness which may fairly match that of Lear himself. Only they display the family failing with a characteristic difference. What in Lear appears as obstinate insistence on whims fantastical but yet partly noble, and in Cordelia as righteous but injudicious anger, shows itself in the elder daughters as unshakeable persistence in a heartless course based on settled and calculating self-will. It is part of the hatefulness of the creatures, and yet it is also a mark of Shakespeare's impartial justice to his dramatic progeny, that there is so much cruel reasonableness in their plea for themselves. How characteristic, for instance, that their first words together after the disinheriting of their sister contain not a syllable of self-con-

gratulation over their enrichment at her expense, though they have unexpectedly gained by it the richest third of the whole kingdom. What they do say is rational, calculating, perfectly just; it is true that their father's act was no better than a crazy outburst of passionate disappointment; equally true that the presence of so ill-judged, choleric an old man, followed by a large personal train, and still claiming all the outward attributes of royalty, must be a source of constant uncertainty and disorder in the state.

No one can doubt, I take it, that Lear's settlement of the nation, honestly adhered to, would have led to all the evils attendant on divided authority, or that, on the first attempt to offer a kindly resistance to some of his wilder freaks, the first sign that the kingly authority had passed into other hands, the poor old man would have set himself to recall the past and revoke his gift. It is part of Lear's folly that it never seems to have occurred to him that, in the best of circumstances, something of this kind, which must be equally intolerable to all concerned, was morally bound to happen, and that with children inheriting his intolerance of opposition and brought up by a father like himself, the thing would certainly take a cruel form. So in what the daughters represent to him of the needlessness of his unwieldy train and the disorders among his knights there is, no doubt, very substantial truth, and truth which it might have been wholesome for the old man at an earlier time to have heard from other lips. The shocking thing is that this cold-blooded, common-sense view of things should be enforced by children against an aged and physically infirm father who has put himself helplessly at their mercy. Lear's frenzied curses, the curses of conscious impotence, are horrible, but they are at least easier to bear than this unrelenting reasonableness, just because the violence of his new-born hatred bears witness to the warmth of the disappointed affection from which it is born. It is part, again, of Shakespeare's splendid justice that he never allows us to sympathise whole-heartedly with the enterprise of Cordelia for the rescue of her father. The

motives of it are noble enough, but there is the solid fact, which we are never allowed to forget, that Cordelia has returned at the head of an army of foreign invaders; the cause of the sisters is, after all, in a sense the cause of England against the alien, and as such has a claim to be sustained. Hence we all, I imagine, feel with Mr. Swinburne that even Goneril has her splendid hour; she carries us with her, at least for the moment, in her passionate scorn of the "wordy and windy goodness" of her husband who can stand idly weighing the question of abstract rights and wrongs, while the "plumed slayer" is trampling the kingdom underfoot. Without this ground for divided sympathy, the fate of Cordelia would hardly be truly tragic; it would come on us as a piece of pure, wanton cruelty; and tragedy, if often pitilessly just, must never be wantonly cruel.

And now a word as to the chief sufferers themselves. Is not the fate of Lear or of Gloucester, at any rate, needlessly cruel? I think reflection will justify us in holding that it is not. The process through which Lear passes is, seen from one side indeed, a gradual reduction to imbecility through subjection to heartless ingratitude. But, from another point of view, it is also a process of real spiritual purification and new birth. In the storm and the half-crazed wanderings towards Dover, Lear has learned two things which could hardly have been brought home to him by any discipline less sharp. He has learned to know Cordelia and he has learned to know himself. The king whose whole past experience of life had taught him to think of himself as a superior being whose unreasoned fancies must be the law for lesser men, has come to see himself for what he is, as a Platonic or Stoic philosopher might say, in the sight of the universe, a mere helpless, "foolish, fond, old man," not altogether in "his perfect wits"; he has learned that against the elemental forces of external nature, as against the more relentless cruelty of human ingratitude, the majesty of England is of no more account than the naked wretches of Bedlam. He has found for himself the truth which courts cannot teach, that a

king is but a man and commonly not an exceptionally wise or great man at that. So in coming to a knowledge of himself he has also won a new sympathy with common humanity in its sufferings and its helplessness, a matter on which, as he truly says, he had thought too little. If this is to be mad one may at least feel that it is a wiser madness than the empty vanity and childish pomp of robed and anointed royalty. Lear, wandering aimlessly in the dark and storm with a new-born sense of pity for the most abject of his kind is a saner man than the Lear who flung away his kingdom for an old man's freak. And so too with a lesser victim. It is no light thing that Gloucester, the careless and hot-blooded *grand seigneur* of the opening scenes of the play, whose first thought when he finds himself suddenly blinded, destitute, and defenceless has been of suicide, should be brought in the end to the chastened and philosophic temper which feels itself strong enough to

> "bear affliction till it do cry out itself
> 'Enough, enough,' and die."

It might be worth a man's while to lose rank, and wealth, and eyesight itself, to learn this mood.

One word as to the moral lesson—the view of the world and of man's life as a whole, which is borne in on us by the whole upshot of the tragedy. It is the more necessary to say something on this point, since even Mr. Swinburne in his otherwise admirable observations on the play of *Lear* seems to have gone unaccountably astray about the matter. In his usual eloquent way he tells us that men talk sometimes of the light of revelation, but here we have something which may be called the darkness of revelation, a view of the world in which everything is black and hopeless as night itself, and he finds the underlying conception of the whole in Gloucester's despairing cry that

> "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
> They kill us for their sport."

But surely the eloquent poet has allowed himself to forget that the first utterances of a man such as Gloucester, suddenly plunged from a life of careless magnificence into an apparently hopeless abyss of misery which he feels to be undeserved, are not likely to have been chosen by Shakespeare as the most natural occasion to give expression to his deliberate philosophic judgement on the government of the world. More than this, Shakespeare has actually gone out of his way to make it clear to us that this fatalistic despairing view of man's life is not his own. A saner note is struck early in the play through the mouth of Edmund who, though a villain, is no fool, but a man of sense who honestly declines to accept the easy excuses which a shallow philosophy might make for his own turpitudes. Dull or weak men might prate of the astrological influences, as they prate to-day of the half-understood forces of heredity and environment, as making our characters for us without any personal initiative of our own. But you will find no such blindness to the facts of human freedom and responsibility on the lips of the man of sense. To make the matter certain we have the true moral drawn for us at the end in words which seem actually intended to recall and correct the complaint of Gloucester:

> *Edgar:* "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to plague us."
>
> *Edmund:* "Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
> The wheel has come full circle; I am here."

This is the very key-note of all Shakespeare's work, at least in that spiritual mood from which the great tragic series among his plays springs. There is little mercy or comfort for the sufferer in the general scheme of things; but it is, in great matters at any rate, inexorably just. Vice, error, unwisdom, on the grand scale at least, are things which have to be paid for to the uttermost farthing, and tragedy has for its subject precisely the tracing out of the process by which the payment is effected in the case of the vices or the errors of the fundament-

ally nobly minded. The passage I have just quoted refers, of course, more particularly to Gloucester's youthful faults of license, but with the substitution in thought of vice of judgement for vice of hot blood, it is no less true of Lear himself, or even of Cordelia whose conduct has twice at least been marked by faults which, more than half adorable as they are, are still, in the eye of inexorable justice, faults. And it is precisely because the faults of the tragic character are thus the ultimate source of his calamities, that it is possible for the calamities themselves to have the purifying effect which we see that Shakespeare attributes to them. It is characteristic of him that he even shows this ennobling effect of self-caused calamity where we should hardly have thought of looking for it, in the case of Edmund. Three times over in the final scene, once in his recognition of the stern justice of the gods in his own doom, again in his exclamation on the sight of the bodies of the sisters, "Yet Edmund was beloved," a third time in his tardy effort to recall the order for the execution of Lear and Cordelia, Edmund betrays traces of a worthier nature than that of the calculating adventurer, sparks of nobility which, one thinks, could hardly have been struck out of that flint by anything less hard than the steel of tragic disaster.

I would not be mistaken as to my meaning on this point. Shakespeare's tragic attitude towards the world is as far removed from anything like the Christian view of Providence as the East is from the West. There is here no Christian belief in a loving ruler of the world, a fundamental kinship of nature between the divine and the human, no trace of the doctrine of the forgiveness of the repentant nor of the heavenly morrow beyond the darkest of earthly nights. Tragedy, indeed, is hardly spiritually compatible with these beliefs; to the Christian, life can at the most be no more than a comedy with tragic-seeming episodes which still contain in themselves the promise of a happy "fifth act" in the future. What I would say is that, even in *Lear*, rightly understood, there is no sense of unrelieved cosmical injustice, no cry of impotent despair in

the face of a radically immoral order of things. We might say of its philosophy what one of Robert Louis Stevenson's characters says of the Calvinism he mistakes for Christianity, that "it is a savage thing like the universe it illuminates—savage, cold and bare, but infinitely strong." If we are to find anywhere in Shakespeare traces of a philosophy which recognises something kindlier and more human than this cold and inexorable justice at the heart of things, it is not to the great tragedies but to the tragi-comedies of his peaceful later years, to the *Tempest*, the *Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, that we we shall have to go for our satisfaction.

I have tried, in the foregoing paper, inadequately and unworthily, to say something in vindication of the general conviction of Shakespeare's readers, that *King Lear* is indeed a true tragic work of the highest art, exhibiting fundamental human passions with profound truth to nature, and resting on a grave and earnest apprehension as to the moral order of the universe. There is one thing on which I have not trusted myself to speak, and do not trust myself to speak now, the death scene of Lear. There are one or two things in literature of which an ordinary man feels that even to read them aloud in the presence of a chosen friend is almost a profanation of the most sacred intimacies of the human soul. Their flavour must be tasted and their meaning learned alone. Foremost among such passages, I should place two death scenes, the death of Socrates in Plato's *Phædo*, and the death of Lear. Of both I will say only one thing, lest unworthy speech should seem to insult a majesty that is best contemplated in silence. You will find in both the consummate achievement of literary art, the marriage of supreme sublimity and tenderness with absolute simplicity of utterance. If you would know how it is possible by some dozen simple words to stir feelings too deep even for tears, go and study these two passages by yourself alone, and you will learn all that can be taught of the mystery.

A. E. Taylor

THE GOODNESS OF GOD

IN ORDER to view clearly the difficulties raised by modern thought for the older theology, let us sketch what may be called the orthodox conception of the universe, which, though it may be repudiated in part by the modern clergy, has dominated the religious thought of our fathers, has created the religious atmosphere in which we were born, and has moulded the religious language which is still employed. On this view, then, there exists an infinite, all-powerful Being, differentiated into Three Persons, one of whom walked the earth incarnate. To the activity of this Being the whole universe is due; its creation in the first instance, and its continued operation. Man, as an immortal soul, owes his origin to the special activity of this Being: all mankind are sprung from a single pair who rebelled against their Maker and were in consequence sentenced to everlasting torment, and this sentence was applied not only to them but to all their children yet unborn. In order however to save, at any rate, some of the race from such a fate, an expedient was devised by which one of the divine Persons took human form, and suffered a cruel death. This suffering was supposed to be a satisfaction to the divine law which required the everlasting punishment of the whole race. All who rested their hopes on this expiation and died in that trust were regarded as having their obligations to the divine law cancelled, and were assured of everlasting felicity. But for those who rejected this expiation nothing remained but everlasting fire.

Now it would be unjust to charge the clergy of the present day with holding these views in their crude form; but

it may be observed that the system of theology contained in them is a coherent one, from which it is difficult to imagine any of the main elements being removed without the whole fabric tumbling down, any more than one could remove the key-stone from an arch. It may, however, be pleaded that it is not necessary to believe that any one is actually condemned on account of the sin of our first parents, but rather on account of his own sinning, which every one is sure to do because all inherit from Adam a perverted moral nature prone to sin.

This view which has dominated theology since the time of Paul is in flagrant contradiction to modern biological teaching. It is true that, if we reject materialism and admit that in man there is an immortal spiritual principle, we must allow that, even supposing man's bodily frame to have been slowly evolved from that of the beast, there must have been a definite point in time at which that body became the dwelling place of an immortal spirit. But all modern biology is against the assumption that the wrong act of a parent, until then of a pure spiritual nature, could cause him to beget a perverted child. That would be the inheritance of acquired modifications with a vengeance, a doctrine more and more losing favour in biology, and it would involve the assumption that the basis of our spiritual nature is handed on from one generation to another in a material way, and that a wrong decision of the will of a parent infected his germ cells, and so caused a perverted offspring to be born. Even waiving this insuperable difficulty, it is impossible to see on what principle a just God could be regarded as being incensed with a child for inheriting an evil nature. If God be really and truly the power behind all the events of our lives, then the circumstances of the birth of each person are His act for which He alone is responsible. He might as well be regarded as wroth with the rattle-snake for being born with a poison fang, as wroth with a child for being born with human nature.

Although the doctrine of original sin is repellant to reason, it may be asked whether it does not strike an answering

chord in the human emotions. Do we not feel that in our deepest natures we are sinners? It may be conceded that all theological dogmas are endeavours to interpret to the intellect the longings of the heart. The doctrine of inherited guilt is a myth, for myths are primitive attempts at explaining the same questions which occupy the modern scientist and philosopher. Modern anthropology can however give much more satisfactory answers to some of these questions. The two inner voices, of which every serious man is conscious, are indeed representative of two natures, one, the lower, the old animal nature which man inherited from his ape-like ancestors; the other, the higher, the new social nature which is in process of evolution; for man's evolution is the evolution of a more and more perfect society, in which each member will be for the whole and none for himself, the far-off consummation of which was prefigured by the divine founder of our religion under the name of "the Kingdom of God."

But the difficulty concerning original sin is a small one compared with more fundamental difficulties; for the reason that not only the Divine Teacher, but even the great prophets, such as Ezekiel, are entirely free from this assumption, and its inclusion in theology is due to Paul; and therefore it is possible to extract from the old, as well as from the new, testament an entirely different and much simpler theology, as many liberal theologians are endeavouring to do.

The more fundamental difficulties range round the question of God. We are called on to worship and adore Him, because He is all-powerful; but worship on those grounds is merely submission to tyranny. It is enjoined, both in the Roman Church and also in the older Protestant ones, on the ground that He will punish us if we refuse to do so. But John Stuart Mill, in words which a recent philosophic writer has called one of the great turning-points in the religious development of the world, has said that, sooner than worship a God whom he could not respect he would willingly be punished. If we are asked to worship God, because he is all-

loving, the answer is: "Prove that to us and we shall do it spontaneously without any forcing." Is not this the essence of that grand passage in the fourth Gospel where the Divine Master is represented as saying: "This is life eternal, that they know Thee, the only true God."

But when the disappointments, and failures, and blighted hopes which we experience in life cause us to doubt His goodness—for if we are serious in our conception of God we must attribute to Him every event in our lives—and if then we turn to science for aid we find our difficulties not only unsolved, but greatly magnified. It is customary for liberal theologians to talk of the doctrine of evolution as having been completely reconciled with Christianity; but we cannot share this optimism. It is no doubt possible to represent the gradual development of moral character as God's purpose, and evolution as His instrument. But this, to use a phrase of that brilliant writer, W. H. Mallock, is a theological three-card trick. The word *man* is constantly used in theological controversy in two senses, and one of these senses is often adroitly substituted for the other. In one sense the word means *me*, an individual living in the present, and in the other it means mankind as a whole. What is important for *me* is the assurance that God will be good to me here and now, not that He will be good on the whole to the human race 10,000 years hence, and it is no consolation to me to reflect that, if I suffer and perish miserably, I am helping on conditions which will make for more happiness among my descendants hundreds of years after I am dead.

But let us question biology as to the method in which God created man. Man's ancestors, we are told, were ape-like creatures living in company with other allied species in Central Europe during the warm Miocene epoch, when a luxuriant vegetation flourished as far north as Spitzbergen. When, during the Pliocene epoch, the awful cold of the approaching Glacial period slowly settled down, the struggle for life became increasingly severe. Myriads perished of cold and hunger. Man's congeners, Dryopithecus and Pliopi-

thecus were completely wiped out, and of his immediate ancestors only the boldest and hardiest individuals survived, but they had their wits sharpened by the ever-increasing difficulty of finding food, and so man's reason was evolved. How can we call any being good who achieves an end however desirable, at the cost of so much misery? No wonder that Browning writes:

> "In pain the whole creation groans.
> Contrive your music from its moans."

No wonder that the naturalist who retains the sentiment of pity eagerly grasps at the idea of the unconsciousness of as large a portion of the animal kingdom as possible, in order to minimise the suffering involved in the struggle for existence. Shall the conclusion then be that the whole doctrine of evolution is wicked and pernicious, and that as Christians we must turn from it? But such a conclusion would mean flying in the face of facts. The doctrine of evolution convinces every man who examines the evidence, and it will assuredly continue to convince the brighter young men in the pews even if it be denied from the pulpit; and moreover if we were to return to the doctrine of special creation, we should not be helped. For the difficulty is not, that some should survive and be evolved, but that so many should miserably perish; and that the great majority in every species do fail to live out their lives is a melancholy fact beyond all question. Of the nine million fry produced by a single cod-fish two perhaps will survive to maturity; of the twenty million larvæ produced by a sea-urchin a like number.

The problem is put in a clearer setting, if we cast a brief glance backward over the history of the development of our idea of God. It is a remarkable fact that the two non-Christian religions which have most nearly approached Christianity in the purity of their ethical teaching, have both of them denied the existence of the one Eternal God. Parseeism is founded on the supposition that the universe is due to the action of two spirits, a Good and an Evil, to the former

of whom alone worship is due. The latter is deserving only of hatred, and it is the object of the Good Spirit to destroy his works, which include all the evils and pain in the universe. Buddhism, on the other hand, is frankly atheistic; according to it the inner essence of all things is Illusion—Maja. When the wise man perceives this he is delivered from the tyranny of desire; and when this is complete he ceases to exist. It is interesting to observe that, where the idea of the One God has been reached intellectually as in Ancient Greece, it failed to exercise any influence over the mind. No one worshipped Him. It was thought that His very universality deprived Him of the power of specially favouring a given individual.

Now the God of the 20th. century Christianity can be traced back, as all will admit, to the God of Moses. But who was Jehovah, the God of Moses? According to the account in Exodus, He was not previously known to the Children of Israel, and hence the ingenious suggestion of Wellhausen that He was the clan-God of Moses, who came to the rescue of the tribes, and made a bargain with them, promising continued help on condition of continued obedience. But what was a clan-God? He was nothing but the apotheosis of a powerful chief who had helped the clan in the past, and whose spirit, it was believed, still hovered over and protected his children. All the dreadful forces of Nature, which threatened to crush man, were regarded by primitive man as gods whom it was necessary to appease; as for instance the wild beast of prey which devoured him at night, the lightning which struck him dead, and the whirlpool which submerged his frail craft. By a curious and still unexplained transition certain chiefs were supposed to be favourites of these powers and after death to be incarnate in them. Thus it is believed that Jehovah in Moses' time was regarded as the God of thunder and lightning, who was also, however, a God who loved justice and hated unrighteousness. But as the Jewish race developed, the idea of Jehovah underwent development also, till in the time of the great prophets He was regarded as the Maker and Preserver of all things, and therefore neces-

sarily the God of other nations besides the Israelites. This glorious conception, however, was not popular; the idea that Jehovah however powerful was the special property of the Israelites still retained the upper hand, and we know what bigotry and intolerance were caused by the belief. As Bossuet of Gottingen says the idea that Jehovah was the special Protector of Israel whom He favoured above all other nations was excusable so long as He was regarded as being on the same level as Asshur and other national gods, but was intolerable when He was regarded as the maker of all things. When in the fulness of time Christ came, the conception that had vaguely flitted before the minds of the prophets was reasserted and the character of the All-Supreme was painted by Christ in the attractive colours drawn from the most tender human relationships: whilst the problem of sin and evil was referred for its solution to the life to come.

But if we could have spoken to our ancestors of the palæolithic age and had said to them that the Great Spirit who had made Heaven, and earth, and sea, and all that in them is, was a loving spirit and was full of benevolence toward men, they would have laughed us to scorn. "What!" they would have said, "do you call that Spirit good? Does He not send the lion and the bear to devour us and to tear us limb from limb? Does He not send snow and hail to freeze us to death and the hidden pestilence which wastes our strength. No! such a being may be great and powerful, and we shall bow in awe before him; but he does not love Man." In a word, the idea of a good and just God was in the beginning that of a special helper of the tribe against the rival tribes, and those very forces of Nature which to the modern religious thinker are the expression of the All-Supreme. As the tribes amalgamated and morality developed the sphere of the special Protector was enlarged, and as Nature herself became subjugated, as the evil beasts were exterminated, and the wilderness expelled by the cultivated field, then alone did it become possible to ascribe to this protector the mastery over all things. What the opinion of the natural savage about the

all-supreme would have been, if he had grasped such an idea, is expressed by Browning in that inimitable poem, "*Caliban upon Setebos.*" Caliban is represented as saying:

> "Put case, unable to be what I wish,
> I yet could make a live bird out of clay: . .
> . . . if his leg snapped, brittle clay,
> And he lay stupid-like,—why, I should laugh;
> And if he, spying me, should fall to weep, . .
> Well, as the chance were, this might take or else
> Not take my fancy: I might hear his cry,
> And give the mankin three sound legs for one,
> Or pluck the other off, leave him like an egg,
> And lessoned, he was mine and merely clay."

The dread which our children express of imaginary bears which inhabit dark corners in the stairway, the nameless horror of the dark which they experience, their fear of being left alone are faint far-off echoes of the real terrors which surrounded our savage forefathers. Through struggle and suffering we have risen to what we are.

How then, it may be asked, has the conception of a good God arisen at all? The answer to this question is not difficult to find. The evolution of Man, as we have seen, has been an evolution of society, and in the struggle of societies with one another, the most powerful weapon has been morality, no doubt confined at first to relations between members of the same tribe. Morality is the cement which unites the tribe together. It was inevitable, therefore, that the duties of the individual towards the whole should be assumed to be the special concern of the unseen protector and ruler of the tribe. As the tribes coalesced to form nations, their gods were amalgamated to form a Pantheon, and in the Pantheon there was a gradual elimination of the less important deities and a concentration of worship on the more important to whom all the qualities of the growing morality were attributed. In a word, as the late Professor Sidgwick has expressed it, God has been worshipped in the past not as the maker of the universe, but as the Righteous Will manifested in the hearts

of men. The same view has found expression in a recent book by Professor Herrmann of Marburg, in which he says that the God of Jesus and the prophets is the Almighty Righteous Will. But advances in moral ideas, whilst preserved by natural selection in the tribes which have imbibed them, have originated in the minds of great men who have been in a very real sense revealers of God to them. In no case has the real purport of their ideas been grasped by their contemporaries: at most, somewhat refracted images of them have been handed on to posterity, from which the precious kernel had to be extracted at a much later date. It is a most remarkable fact that much of modern scepticism is due to the continued development of the central ideas of Christianity. Now, it is regarded as an insoluble mystery which, according to Romanes, kept back Darwin from Christianity, that the heathen should have been left so long without the Gospel; but in the time of Paul the mystery was—why the Gentiles should have been admitted at all to share a salvation which was the supposed prerogative of the Jew. Now, the doctrine of the vindictive torture of sinners after death, the ascent of the smoke of their torment for ever and ever, which inspired the pen of Dante in the *Divine Commedia*, is regarded with horror by all tender-minded people; but in the early days of Christianity it was regarded as a comfort. The doctrine of election which now is never mentioned in the pulpit was a great rock of reliance to Calvin.

The tribes, then, in whom morality has been most highly developed, have been always those who believed that the Almighty power was on the side of morals; and these tribes have conquered in the struggle for existence and are still continuing to conquer. To this we ascribe the widely accepted postulate of an almighty benevolent Being, a postulate which seems to fly straight in the face of every-day experience. For the belief in Almighty Justice and Mercy gives to those who accept it an indomitable courage and, above all, a cohesion which are perfectly irresistible. Against such happy people, what can avail the resistance of Buddhists,

for example, unnerved by their total disbelief in anything stable in the universe, and how can people like the Hindoos, who regard it as allowable to lie and betray one another, stand against a race who have learned to know and trust one another?

But it may be asked whether the conclusion of the whole argument is merely this, that morality and religion are accidental products of the struggle for existence, and if this be so what ground have we for regarding them as containing truth? This question brings us to the root of the whole matter. From one point of view this question must be answered in the affirmative: they are as much products of natural selection as is the false resemblance of the leaf-insect to the dead leaf, which enables it to escape discovery by its enemies. But exactly the same argument applies to human reason itself; it too, regarded from the outside, has been developed as a weapon in the struggle for existence and all we could conclude from its origin is that it was a rough adaptation to enable man to co-operate with his fellows and survive; we should have no justification for regarding it as fitted to unlock to us the secrets of the universe. Yet we are obliged to trust reason, and following its light, our trust continually increases, for it leads us ever into clearer and more coherent views of things.

Now the same privilege may be claimed for the belief in Almighty goodness. Every thinking man recognizes that he is in the grip of the mighty forces of the universe, that he is a part of the great world-process which he sees going on around him. In his inmost heart does he, or does he not, believe that these forces are on the side of morality? If the latter alternative is accepted, by whatever name he chooses to call himself he is in reality an atheist and non-moral. Of such are the most of the great financial leaders on this continent, although nominally they may be devout Baptists, or Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Anglicans. As a man of business once bluntly put it *apropos* of business morals: "nine out of every ten men in New York do not believe that

there is any Almighty God." On the other hand, if a man in his heart of hearts believes that morality ought to be followed, such a man is a theist, although he call himself an agnostic. Such were Huxley, Darwin, and Professor Sidgwick. The conviction that the appearance of cruelty in Nature is an appearance only, and not the real heart of the matter, is one which is gained slowly by consistent and determined fulfilment of daily duty. As Herrmann has said, this conviction cannot be proved, but it is experienced every time duty is faithfully and bravely done. In a word, in doing our duty we have the immediate knowledge that we are acting according to our highest nature, and therefore according to the real nature of the universe of which we are a part.

But we have the same sort of conviction if we come to know and trust men and women of high character, whose lives are the exemplification of morality. In them we see the central reality of the universe shining through; they are revealers of God to us. It is at this point that we meet with Christianity. The life and words of the Founder produce the impression on all who come in contact with them of being the final revelation of God, if God is the embodiment of supreme love. Those then are Christians who in Jesus Christ see the face of God—to quote the beautiful words inscribed on the tomb of Adams, the astronomer, by Archbishop Benson. The Founder himself taught this view: "If any man will do His will (*i. e.* is willing to do his duty) he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." Christianity, then, from the 20th. century point of view becomes an inductive science. Just as Newton, when sitting under the apple-tree, and seeing the apple fall, by a flash of inspiration conceived the idea of a universal force which drew all things in the universe together, but did not promulgate his theory until it had successfully solved every case to which he could apply it; so, if meeting with the Founder in the picture given of Him in the Gospels, the question rises up in our minds, "What if after all He should be the reve-

lation of God?" and, if then making the venture of faith, we take him at His word and find happiness, peace, and comfort flow into our souls as we follow Him, the conviction grows stronger and stronger that He is indeed the revelation of God. Christianity taken from this point of view is impregnable against all assaults of the reason—but this kind of faith is convincing only to him who possesses it. Whether the destruction of purely traditional faith, which is everywhere occurring among educated men is any real loss may be doubted. Such faith in the past has been held along with all the vices that have ever disgraced humanity. As Browning scornfully rejoins in the person of his Bishop Bloughram to those who sigh for the undisturbed serenity of the mediæval church, "Believe! and yet rob, lie, kill, fornicate."

To many this kind reasoning will seem to be purely Unitarian; and it may be admitted that the Athanasian doctrine of the Trinity is not only unintelligible but of extremely suspicious origin. The Founder himself has given the touchstone by which to test the value of every kind of Christianity: "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and from this point of view it behooves the other churches to be extremely careful how they cast stones at Unitarianism. But Unitarian teaching seems in some ways unsatisfying; for, in Unitarian churches one often detects the assertion of a knowledge of God independently of Jesus Christ, and a slight disposition to take the position that He did very well for His time, but that we know better. In their hymns the goodness of God is often deduced from the lovely hues of sunset, and the soft fall of the dew. Now to a man of science who has once looked at Nature through the eyes of biology, this appears doubtful. In Nature he sees an awful power, orderly, non-moral, relentless, and implacable; but, unless beneath this garment of iron law, as Bossuet terms it, he believes that there is an Infinite pity and benevolence, because he sees them shining out in Christ, his knowledge of God avails him little. When therefore all that we know of God that has any practical value for us has been learned

from the Founder of Christianity, it seems to me that we are bound to adore God manifest in Him.

The question of the immortality of the soul stands or falls with that of the goodness of God. If God be really good, the only possible hope of our ever having the present evil explained away lies in a future existence. No clap-trap such as even Huxley lent himself to, about Nature being essentially just, about the good being happy on the whole and in the long run, can blind us to the accidents and tragedies of existence where the innocent suffer cruelly for the faults of the guilty; they are totally irreconcilable with goodness unless there is more of existence than we can see here.

To sum up: the goodness of God cannot be proved by external arguments, nor by the study of Nature. The conviction that God is good arises from the presence and imperious power of the Moral Ideal in our own hearts and its revelation in the lives of others, but above all in the life of the founder of Christianity. The proof that the moral ideal had a history and grew is no more an argument against the validity of its claims than it is against the claims of reason. Both stand or fall together, and we gain trust in both by following their light.

Only then if we see in Christ the revelation of the true character of the awful Power manifest in Nature do we deserve the name of Christian. If we do so, no one has right to deny to us the name, because we confess that there is much in Christian tradition which appears temporary and false.

> "Sticks may break and stones may crumble,
> The eternal altars tilt and tumble,
> We stand unshook to age from youth
> Upon this one pin-point of truth."

E. W. MacBride

"PROGRESS IN ART"

MUCH is written and more said about "Progress in Art." Does this phrase mean anything? If it does, it must mean that the results of artistic effort to-day, or at least of recent times are superior to what the past has been able to exhibit. But where are the proofs of this improvement? The progress, if there be progress, of the last three or four thousand years ought to show some fruits, and to-day we should be able to point out modern monuments to this artistic activity which are superior to anything done in the past. In looking for specimens of this progress what do we find? Mr. Austin and Mr. Bernard Shaw have replaced Homer and Shakespeare; the Paris Opera House, the Roman Colosseum; Sargeant, Velasquez. Modern churches have taken the place of the cathedrals of France and England of the fourteenth century. The Eiffel Tower stands in its pride of height and steel ribs, putting to shame the poor stone Campanile designed by Giotto for Florence. No, Art cannot progress beyond the point at which the thing to be expressed and the means of expression are equally balanced. Before that point it is imperfect: after it comes decadence. Confusing the fundamental principle of art with craftsmanship is the cause of the trouble.

There always seems to be confusion of ideas in discussing any subject relating to art. This comes in great measure from a misapprehension as to what art really is. For most people the deceptive quality in a picture or piece of sculpture, for instance, is the only quality worth considering. They are delighted to find that what they took to be real drops of

water on a flower in one of old Ian van Huysum's still-lifes are only painted drops of dew, or when, having tried to remove the fly from the arm of Jairus' daughter, they find it to be a painted fly. But this quality of deceptiveness cannot be the only or even the great quality, else Michelangelo's work would not stand comparison with the wax figures in Madam Tussaud's well known collection of celebrities which are often taken for real people by visitors to the museum. The painted background representing boards against which is hung a pair of ducks that deceives the unwary onlooker into the belief that he is looking at real boards would be a great work of art. This wish to be deceived is not confined to those with no pretension to knowledge on the subject; as witness the art critic of Zeuxis' day, who commended his work, because some grapes he had painted were so deceptively real that the birds pecked at them.

It will be well, before going further, to try and find out what art is and why it exists at all. Walter Pater says: "Experience is ringed round for each of us by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to us, or from us to that which we can only conjecture to be without. Every one of our impressions is the impression of the individual in his isolation, each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world."

Thus, each individual consciousness is alone in the world, and unless one of these isolated individuals can show to the others what impressions the sights and sounds of nature have on him, companionship is impossible. But if one of them can do this, the others are enabled to compare their sensations with those of the one who has found means of expression. A description of what the thing producing the sensation actually is, is not sufficient. The sensation produced on the individual by the object, or objects, or sounds is what must be expressed. Now all men are moved in some way before nature, or at least see it in some way peculiar to themselves, but comparatively few have the power to express their emotions in a way to be understood by others. Those who have that power are the

great artists, poets, and singers; and the function of art is to bind together the isolated human atoms into a common humanity, giving them interests in common. Thus art neither teaches nor dogmatizes. It is neither religious nor irreligious, moral or immoral. It simply makes visible the sensations of one soul to another soul. What an intolerable night it would be for each of us, did art not exist! Do away with music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and we would only know our own individual sensations experienced before objects in Nature. Solitary confinement in a dungeon-cell would be mild compared to it. As art in some form has existed since the world began, it is hard to realise what our condition would be, were there no such thing. From the foregoing it will be seen that this coincides with Zola's description of art, "a part of nature seen through a temperament". An artist must, before he begins his picture or piece of sculpture, have experienced some emotion, some feeling suggested to him by Nature. And this emotion he must make us experience when looking at his work. The artist conveys to us the feeling or emotion which he has experienced, by making everything in nature, which he uses to express it, seem very real and true to us, but at the same time it gives us a different impression from that which we had ever before obtained from looking at the same object or combination of objects. He has made us see everything from his standpoint. He has not distorted nature, but he has left out—has not seen—that part of it which does not help to convey his idea, and has emphasized whatever does help it. He has become, not impartial like a just judge weighing evidence for and against, but an impassioned advocate. The artist wishes to convey to us an emotion which he has experienced, and everything in nature tending to give form to that idea he uses. Everything not helpful to his end he leaves out. In conveying a great truth he, by exaggeration and the leaving out of inconsequent facts, makes us better see the essence of what he wishes to convey.

Looking at the greatest work of Michelangelo, the four figures of Dawn, Twilight, Night and Day, so-called, which

he carved for the tombs of the Medici in the sacristy of San Lorenzo at Florence, who could wish to have them otherwise than as they are? If casts had been made directly from living models placed in exactly the same positions, they would have been no doubt more accurate, but could they have stirred in us the vague feelings of unrest and yearning, that these figures do, with all their inaccuracies, distorted proportions, heads too small, torsos too long, and limbs twisted into almost impossible positions? I am sure not. And it was not from want of knowledge of the figure that he did this, but deliberately, in order the better to express himself. The gloom of despair suggested by these sculptures was felt intensely by the man who did them. We can divine the state of Michelangelo's mind at the time from these figures; but to make it clear that we do not only imagine this, and that no such emotion ever possessed him, we have the four lines he wrote, putting them into the mouth of the sleeping figure of Night, in answer to a hopeful quatrain by Strozzi;

> "Grato mi è il sonno e più esser di sasso;
> Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,
> Non veder, non sentir, m'è gran ventura;
> Però non mi destar; deh! parla basso!"

The "Primavera" of Botticelli is not a representation of a place or of certain people, but an expression of joy in the coming of Spring, and the gladness of all Nature at that season of the year; and this is felt by us in spite of the unnatural fruits he has painted on the trees and the numbered flowers with which the grass is decked. Just as an individual, in order to express himself intelligibly in regard to his emotions has gradually to acquire facility, so a period of intellectual activity has to advance from its first more or less incoherent utterances to the full power of expression. But that point once reached, there is no further progress possible, nor is it necessary. Michelangelo, when he carved the four figures above referred to, had attained the height of his power, and the summit of the art of the Renaissance movement in Italy

had been reached. He did not arrive at this point unaided. He had the experience, experiment, and progress in craftsmanship of all the generations from Cimabue to himself to draw from.

In the thirteenth century Cimabue had rediscovered Nature and "painted a small picture of St. Francis in panel on a gold ground, drawing it—a new thing in those times—from Nature." Then followed Giotto, whose figures are often, if not always, hard and dry, but their movements have been observed in nature. "He succeeded in giving flesh and blood reality to Christian thought" He changed, by this return to and observation of nature, the mere symbol by which the Neo-Greek artists of his day represented the "Madonna and Child" into a picture of maternal love A hundred years later Masaccio advanced knowledge by surrounding his figures with air and setting them in appropriate landscape. Then specialists of all kinds occupied themselves with different problems in craftsmanship. Paolo Uccello devoted himself to problems of perspective to the exclusion of almost everything else; for,as Vasari tells us "towards the end of his life he would remain the night long in the scriptorium, in order to find out the terms of perspective and when his wife called him to come to rest he replied, 'Oh, what a sweet thing this perspective is.'" Signorelli worked with the same enthusiasm in the cause of the human figure and anatomy. Mantegna throughout his whole life studied the remains of antique sculpture. In his early work, to be seen at Padua, the figures in the frescoes seem to be copied from stone, so enamoured was he of the classic remains then being discovered. In his later work—as the "Triumph of Caesar," now at Hampton Court—although the procession is in the form of an antique bas-relief it has colour, life, and movement. What remains of his life-long study of classic sculpture is the understanding of the rhythm of line, dignity and repose of attitude, and simplicity of composition. Perrugino brought to the general experience sound painting and a knowledge of pigments. All these men were so hampered by their devotion to one or other method of

expression that the utterance of their emotions and those of their times was imperfect.

But when Michelangelo was born everything had been prepared for his advent. He had, it is true, to make all this knowledge his own. This he did, and his great genius profiting by the accumulated experience of all who had preceded him in means of expression, he was able to put into perfect form the feelings and emotions of the age in which he lived. Had he been born in Giotto's time it seems very probable that his work would not have been superior to that painter's. For the progress made was one of craftsmanship and not of emotion. His contemporaries, Raphael, Leonardo, Correggio, and the great Venetians were also fortunate in being born at the psychological moment. The time had arrived when the means of utterance and the thing uttered were worthy of each other and equally great. The result was great art. This had happened once before at the time when Phideas carved the frieze of the Parthenon in the age of Pericles, and again when the great cathedrals of the thirteenth and fourteenth century were built in France and England. The one is a perfect expression of Greek feeling and emotion in its worship of beauty: the other was the outcome of the religious fervour and enthusiasm of the middle ages. The art of each of these periods is a perfectly distinct expression of the emotions of each of them. The one is not a development of the other. There is no progress from one to the other, nor from them to the climax of the Renaissance. One cannot be said to be better than the other. There is a change of point of view and each is complete in itself. I even believe that the Egyptian Sphinx is as perfect an artistic expression as the "Theseus" of Phideas, or Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" or Michelangelo's "Moses." Art, as it were, floats serenely above all these changes and reflects each period in its turn. So I think it true that progress in art is only possible from the beginning to the climax of a given period, and that only in craftsmanship; not, from the inherent nature of art, from the climax of one epoch to that of another.

Music and architecture may be exceptions to this rule. In both cases science comes to aid expression. In the case of music an increased number of musical instruments may make it possible for the musical composer to express more and more complicated ideas. In architecture, construction may become more and more perfect so that, in the future, things may be accomplished that were never dreamed of in the past. Indefinite progress is conceivable in both theses arts, although so far, except in instrumental music, perhaps, it has not manifested itself.

Progress in some things is neither necessary nor possible. For instance, a sheet of water one day reflects a tree on its bank. Ten years later a castle has been built and the tree has been replaced by it. The sheet of water reflects the castle. The reflection of the castle is not a progress from the reflection of the tree. With Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael in Florence, Rome, and Milan; Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto in Venice; and Correggio at Parma, the Renaissance in Italy culminated, and the last third of the sixteenth century saw the decadence suddenly set in. Imitators of the great men of the high Renaissance sprang up. Each dead master left a following of admirers who tried how closely they could copy him, and worked in the way they considered to be his manner. Their work was not a natural outcome of their individual minds, but was an attempt to begin where their chosen master had left off. The result was, as follows in such cases, a conventional, mannered kind of work, and its exponents have received the name of "Mannerists" Then the three Carracci tried to revive art by combining the excellences of all the different schools of Italy, the colour of the Venetians. The drawing and line of the Florentines as seen in Michelangelo, the grace of Raphael, and the light and shade of Correggio were to be so fused together as to produce an art superior to anything previously done. They forgot Nature, mistook craftsmanship for art, and left out the essential quality of art, the expression of personal emotion. Goethe says, "Nothing do I call my own which, having inherited, I have not

reconquered for myself." Men like Guido Reni and Carlo Dolci were born to a great inheritance but did not know how to reconquer it for themselves. This was not their fault but their misfortune. The force of the great movement whose first manifestations had been felt in Giotto and Dante and which culminated in Michelangelo had been spent, and they were born when the tide was receding and they were helpless. For what John Addington Symonds says is true, "More than the painter is required for the creation of great painting, and more than the poet for the exhibition of immortal verse. Painters are but the hands, and the poets but the voices whereby peoples express their accumulated thoughts and permanent emotions. Behind them crowd the myth-makers, and around them floats the vital atmosphere of enthusiasms on which their own souls and the souls of their brethren have been nourished."

William Brymner

RECENT BOOKS ON CANADA

"Le Canada: Les deux Races"—André Siegfried, Colin, Paris, 1906, pp. 415. 4 fr.

"Canada, To-day"—J. A. Hobson, T. Fisher Unwin, London, 1906, pp. 143.

"Canada: The New Nation"—H. R. Whates, J. M. Dent, London and New York, 1906, pp. 284.

"Canada As It Is"—John Foster Fraser, Cassells, London and New York, 1905, pp. 298.

EUROPE is now doing its best to wipe away the reproach of knowing nothing about Canada. The output of English books on Canada is bewildering. The time is evidently approaching when the school children of Kent or of Caithness will know the geography of Canada much better than the Canadian child knows that of England. This will not be a national disgrace to us. For the young Canadian to know that Edinburgh is on the east side of Britain, or that Leeds has a population of 450,000 is, to use the modern jargon, part of his "cultural" education. Its money value is incalculable. But for the little Londoner to learn that Winnipeg is reaching the 100,000 mark, and that the wheat area of Canada is extending before our eyes ever nearer to the North Pole is strictly "vocational" instruction. He may be growing "No. 1. hard wheat" in Alberta before he is ten years older.

The group of works which I have selected all treat of Canada as it is, its problems, its hopes, and its difficulties, and in all of them there is some attention given to tariff proposals and other schemes for strengthening the union with the

Imperial Government. The following pages are an attempt to indicate the points of view presented in these works. Mr. J. A. Hobson, the well-known lecturer and writer on economic questions, reproduces in book-form his impressions originally communicated in letters to the Daily Chronicle in 1905–6. His travel-notes on the West are bright and interesting, but they appeal, of course, mainly to the English public. To the Canadian the most important part of his book is the study of the fiscal question in which he analyses a number of the trade returns. In his view it is impossible for Canada to offer to the English manufacturers any preference which would compensate them for the losses incurred elsewhere by the abandonment of free-trade. According to his estimates the Canadian trade which could be diverted from the United States to England by increased preference could not exceed thirty million dollars, and even this gain is based on the assumption that Canada will abstain from further development of her own manufactures, and will continue to import the kind of goods that British manufacturers are able to supply. In the following striking passage Mr. Hobson sums up his view of our present trade policy: "The pressure of well-organized vested interests, co-operating with the growing financial needs of a government which dare not risk unpopularity by proposals of direct taxation, seems likely to prevail here as in other new countries; the democracy of Canada may prove as unable to safeguard the true interests of the body of consumers as in the United States. At any rate it is evident that Canada is going through a long era of Protection, moulded in the usual fashion by industrial greed and political cowardice. Whether the tillers of the soil and the workers in mills, mines, stores, and on railroads, who form the immense majority of the population will have the intelligence and the power to rescue themselves from the toils of this Protective serpent is a great question for the future. It arouses little interest at present. When the workers of Canada wake up they will find that protection is only one among the several economic fangs fastened in their *corpus vile* by the

little group of railroad men, bankers, lumbermen, and manufacturing monopolists who own their country."

The work of Mr. Whates is especially addressed to intending settlers in the West. To obtain first-hand knowledge of the conditions of emigration the author came over as a steerage passenger, worked in a lumber-camp in New Brunswick, and afterwards took up a homestead in the Saskatchewan Valley. The excellent account he has given of his experiences should be very serviceable. Like Mr. Hobson he is a free-trader and sees no way out of the dilemma how Canada could frame a tariff which would protect her manufacturing industries against British competition and yet, at the same time, enable British manufacturers, in return for a preference given to Canadian foodstuffs in the English market, to compete with those Canadian industries in the markets of the Dominion.

Mr. Fraser's book is a very readable description of Canada by an accomplished globe-trotter who has been round the world on a bicycle, has written a book on Siberia, and is able to compare the Rockies with the Urals, the Caucasus, and the Himalayas. The Englishman who wants to get a good general view of the country will not do amiss to begin with this work.

But of all the recent books on Canada, if we exclude the works on Canadian history with which this paper is not concerned, the French work of M. André Siegfried is incomparably the most interesting to the Canadian. The rapid impressions of travellers have a certain interest but it is mainly to other birds of passage that they appeal. M. Siefried, however, has much to say to Canadians themselves. To those who would like to know how the general political condition of Canada strikes a remarkably clear-sighted and intelligent Frenchman this book can be commended in the warmest way. It is a fine example of the admirable lucidity of the French mind. It is noteworthy that a Frenchman whose residence in Canada was only of some months' duration has produced a fuller and better picture of Canadian politics

than can be found in any English work. The large class of readers who resort to books merely to confirm their prejudices will find that this work must be used with much discretion, and that they must confine their attention to the statements which suit them and disregard the other side of the medal. M. Siegfried has a cold-blooded way of putting things as they are, and of looking below the surface, which is disconcerting to the partisan. In his statement of facts and in his general view of tendencies he is, in my judgement, singularly accurate. He does not of course let us forget that he is a Frenchman, and a certain want of sympathy with British sentiment may be detected. But in all that he says there is a scrupulous fairness, and there is not a word at which even a United Empire Loyalist can reasonably take offence.

The following rough analysis will indicate the profound interest of the questions of which M. Siegfried treats. The problem of problems in Canada is the rivalry of the two races. The French-Canadians who form about two-fifths of the whole population of the Dominion and eighty per cent. of that of the Province of Quebec are determined to preserve their separation, and to remain a nation within a nation. In the West they run the risk of being submerged by the tide of English-speaking immigration and by the rapid spread of American manners and ideas. The policy of their church, by which they continue to be guided, is to isolate them. Only by keeping them in a corner by themselves will it be possible to preserve their innocence. Their ancient beliefs have been, so to speak, preserved in ice in Canada, and in few countries can a people be found so completely subject to clerical control. Contact with English-Canadians or even with American Roman Catholics is discouraged. Libraries are subject to jealous supervision, and modern French books are as far as possible banned. The history of the *Institut Canadien*, of Mr. Carnegie's offer of a library to Montreal, and of the extermination of *Les Débats* displays the policy and the force of the Church. As for modern France it is held up as a monster of iniquity. Even French priests are by no means welcome, and at Rome it has

been thought safer to have a separate seminary for Canadians. In elections the clergy have exerted a strong pressure in the past and will do so again. The Church is, as always, a firm friend of the Imperial connexion, being persuaded that under the United States she would lose her semi-establishment In the schools she is determined to retain full control over Roman Catholic children. In the Province of Quebec nearly half the teachers belong to religious orders (1499 men and 2832 women), and these are not required to have any diploma. Among the Protestants the religious instruction given in the schools is generally non-sectarian. M. Siegfried gives a good account of the school question in Manitoba and in the new provinces, and a rapid view of the institutions of higher learning.

The following dialogue between M. Siegfried and a Jesuit professor of philosophy at Winnipeg is interesting:

Q. Do you teach philosophy in Latin? A. Certainly it is the custom.

Q. What philosophy do you teach? A. Aristotle and St. Thomas.

Q. Do you not also give a place to more modern philosophers such as Descartes and Spinoza? A. Yes, we speak of them to refute them: they are contrary to the doctrines of the Church.

The author speaks with appreciation of McGill and of Toronto University, especially as schools of practical science. "If French education does not revise its methods," he says, "we shall see McGill become for Laval and for our whole race a more dangerous adversary than an army equipped with the most modern rifles."

As regards Great Britain, the French-Canadians are entirely contented with the *status quo*. They are loyal but without affection. Their attachment to France has no political significance. The French Revolution divides them from modern France almost as much as does the Atlantic. The idea of annexation with the United States has no charm for the French-Canadian. His separate nationality would go by the

board, and probably the use of the French language would follow.

In several admirable chapters the author explains the party-system, as it is seen in Canada, the manner of conducting an election, and the history and present programme of the two parties. In no other work can one find so clear and impartial an account of our recent political history. He is struck, as well he may be, with the cynicism with which charges of corruption are bandied about, and with the influence exerted over Parliament by strong financial interests, and he describes, not without some subdued humour, the development of a *rouge* into a modern Liberal who has stolen the protectionist clothes of the Conservatives. One of the facts which most impresses M. Siegfried is the want of a Labour Party and the weakness of the Socialist movement in Canada.

In the second half of the book the main topics dealt with are the future of the French-Canadians, the relations of Canada to Great Britain, and especially her attitude towards Imperialism. He dismisses as vain the dream of a French-Canadian majority in the whole Dominion, and even in Quebec he says, the English have acquired so great a lead commercially that Montreal is a satellite of London or New York, an Anglo-Saxon centre, where the presence of more than 100,000 Frenchmen is of quite secondary importance. The estimate of the French-Canadian population in Montreal is one of the very few errors which I have detected.

M. Siegfried gives an admirable history of the sending of the contingents to the war in South Africa, of the rôle of M. Henri Bourassa, of the two colonial conferences, and of the attitude of Canadian politicians and manufacturers towards Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. He reproaches the French at home with neglecting their opportunities of trade with Canada, where, from race-sympathy, they ought to have an advantage.

As to the future, he is on the whole inclined to believe that Canada is likely to remain, for at least a long period, a part of the British Empire, though in the West she will become more

and more impregnated with American ideas. This rapid summary gives but a faint idea of the interest of this fascinating and illuminating study.

The only serious criticism of the writer's point of view is that he appears to approve of the separatism of the French-Canadians. He might well have pointed out how greatly this policy stands in the way of the formation of a strong and united Canadian people, and how it complicates the management of affairs, both national and municipal. On the other hand it is fair to admit that the dual language and the difference of ideas between the two races adds greatly to the interest of life in Canada. Mr. Henry James says somewhere that, when he travels in the United States, he finds one city so much like the other that he can hardly remember which is which. A flat and dull monotony characterises the whole life of the country. The clash of our two races certainly does much to preserve us from this sad fate.

F. P. Walton

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