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EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:—W. PETERSON, M.A., C.M.G., LL.D., Principal; F. P. WALTON, LL.D., Dean, Faculty of Law, McGill University; W. J. ALEXANDER, Ph.D., Professor of English; PELHAM EDGAR, Ph.D., Professor of English; J. MAVOR, Ph.D., Professor of Political Economy, University of Toronto; ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, Ph.D., Professor of English, Dalhousie College, Halifax.

Editor: ANDREW MACPHAIL, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

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NATIONALITY AND HOME RULE

IS there an Irish problem? If there be an Irish problem, what is its character and what is its origin? Can the Home Rule Bill now before Parliament do anything substantial towards its solution? These are the questions which every citizen of the United Kingdom, and, in a less degree, every citizen of the Empire, is bound to ask, for on the answers given must depend the immediate future of the country. The subject is so complex that it cannot be embraced within the limits of a brief article like the present. It is so controversial that an impartial treatment of it is almost beyond the reach of human endeavour. Yet there are one or two broad issues on which even now it may be worth while to say something, for in the heat of debate and the clash of disputes aroused by minor issues they are apt to be forgotten or ignored.

The first question of those which I began by asking must without doubt be answered in the affirmative. There *is* an Irish problem. Its gravity may be a matter of dispute, but its reality is beyond question. But what exactly is its character, and how has it arisen? Evidently we have not here to do with the ordinary case —familiar enough in history—of a down-trodden nationality. Ireland is neither robbed nor oppressed. It is not exploited in the interests of British financiers or of British taxpayers. If there is exploiting, it is the other way. Far from Ireland not having its fair share in the councils of the United Kingdom, it has far more than its fair share. It sends more than its proportionate share of representation to the British Parliament, as is admitted by everybody, including the authors of the Home Rule Bill. But, in addition to this, it has in every English and Scottish city an important section of the population who vote avowedly and openly as Irishmen, in favour of the candidate indicated by Nationalist Whips and supporting the policy of Nationalist

leaders. I do not complain—far from it; I merely insist that no Irishman, wherever he lives, who knows the circumstances of this country, who knows the conditions under which members are sent to Westminster to represent the people of the United Kingdom, will for one instant pretend that Ireland has not its share, and more than its share of parliamentary power. If, therefore, Ireland has a national grievance it is one of a somewhat unusual type. She is in the position, singular among "oppressed" nationalities, of enjoying more than her proportionate share of representation in the Imperial Parliament, and paying less than her proportionate share of taxation to Imperial objects.

If, then, we want to find the justification for Home Rule, we must look elsewhere. We shall never find it either in the existing parliamentary system or in the existing financial system. There, if there *be* grievances, they are British, not Irish. Where, then, lies the Irish difficulty? English supporters of Home Rule give us scant information on this point. They talk about the congestion of parliamentary business. They talk about the embarrassments which the Irish question has caused to successive governments. There *is* congestion; and there *are* embarrassments, but they do not constitute the Irish question. The difficulty does not lie there, and everybody who takes the trouble to enquire may easily convince himself that it does not lie there. Where does it lie? It lies in the fact that the Irish Nationalist party claim that Ireland, *on the ground of her separate nationality*, possesses inherent rights which cannot be satisfied by the fairest and fullest share in the parliamentary institutions of the United Kingdom. What satisfies Scotland cannot satisfy them, and ought not to satisfy them. It would be treason to Ireland.

The sentiment of nationality is one of a group of such sentiments for which there is unfortunately no common name. Loyalty, whether to a country or a party, fidelity to a cause, to a national sovereign, to a tribal chief, to a church, to a race, to a creed or school of thought, are characteristic specimens of the class. They may be mistaken, they often are mistaken.

Nevertheless they make human society possible ; they do more, they make it noble. It is such sentiments which induce a man to sacrifice ease, and profit, perhaps life itself, for something which wholly transcends his narrow personal interests. Therefore, whether mistaken or not, there is always in them an element of greatness; and even if I thought that an Irishman should forget in what part of the United Kingdom he was born—and I think exactly the reverse—I should still regard his feelings of patriotism as worthy of respect.

But patriotism, though it expresses a simple feeling, need have no exclusive application. It may embrace a great deal more than a man's country or a man's race. It may embrace a great deal less. And these various patriotisms need not be, and should not be, mutually exclusive. As civilization advances, it becomes more and more necessary for men to learn how they are to be combined without being weakened ; how a narrow provincialism is to be avoided on the one side, and a selfish indifference, masquerading under the name of enlightened cosmopolitanism, is to be shunned on the other.

As a matter of fact some combination of different patriotisms is almost universal among thinking persons. If I consider the case I know best, (namely my own), I find that, within a general regard for mankind, which I hope is not absent nor weak, I am moved by a feeling, especially patriotic in its character, for the group of nations who are the authors and the guardians of western civilisation, for the sub-group which speaks the English language, and whose laws and institutions are rooted in British history, for the communities which compose the British Empire, for the United Kingdom of which I am a citizen, and for Scotland, where I was born, where I live, and where my fathers lived before me. Where patriotisms such as these are not forced into conflict, they are not only consistent with each other, but they may mutually reinforce each other ; and statesmanship can have no greater object than to make conflict between them impossible.

It is easy to see, even from this very summary statement, how various are the centres round which patriotic sentiment

may crystallise. Its occasion may be found in a real or supposed community of race, of language, of religion, of institutions, of culture. It may be due to geographical conditions; or it may be the offspring of common memories, or of common hopes, or of common interests. Only of this you may be sure, that whatever its real origin or justification it will endeavour to draw nourishment from all sources, and will be especially apt to justify its existence by a version of history which at the best is one-sided, at the worst is purely mythical. Therefore beware!

Now what is there in the character of Irish patriotism which, in the case of the southern and western portions of the island, produces or keeps alive the desire to break up the Union? It is not the sense of present grievance either agrarian, financial, or administrative. The agrarian difficulty is in the way of solution under the Wyndham (and other) Acts; the financial position is more favourable to Ireland than to Great Britain; the administrative grievance is largely imaginary. What then is it?

Judging by Nationalist speeches you might suppose that it was the destruction by England of Irish institutions, built up by an Irish race, and giving political unity to an Irish nation. On this theory Ireland is a kind of Poland, deprived by stronger neighbours of its constitution and its independence: so that the proper remedy is now to undo this ancient wrong, and to give back to the Irish race in Ireland that of which they should never have been deprived.

I believe this view, held more or less explicitly by most Irishmen of Nationalist leanings throughout the world and by many who are not Irishmen, is at the root of all the sentiment which has lain behind the Home Rule propaganda from the days of O'Connell to the present moment. But in truth it is a complete delusion. The history on which it is based is imaginary history. Ireland has often in centuries gone by been hardly used by her more powerful neighbours. But she has never been deprived of her national organisation, for she never possessed one. Ask an Irish Nationalist what institu-

tion he desires to see restored to his native country. If he replies at all, the institution he names will almost certainly prove to be of English origin, and to have been abolished because it failed. This at all events is unquestionably true of the Irish Parliament that once sat in Dublin. Nor is the case different with literature, or law, or parliamentary eloquence. In all these great departments of human activity, men born in Ireland have done splendid work. But it has been in adding to the masterpieces of English literature, in moulding or administering English law, in adorning assemblies of English origin.

And mark well that this is no fault of the Irish, or, for that matter, of the English either. It is due to the historic accident that the first effective contact between England and Ireland took place at a period when the political system of the former, backward as we rightly deem it, was yet incomparably superior to the tribal organisation which still prevailed in Ireland. So at least I interpret the course of events ; but whether I be right or wrong, this, at least, is certain, that the English invader, whatever his crimes, found nothing and destroyed nothing in the Ireland of the twelfth (or later) centuries which could by any possiblity be restored to the Ireland of the twentieth.

But granting, it may be replied, that Nationalist hostility to the Union or to Britain cannot be justified on the ground that Britain has destroyed an Irish civilization, may it not find a surer base in the opinion that the Union yokes together men of different race in one artificial and unworkable system? And is not the system unworkable because the men that have to work it *are* of different race?

On this question of race there seems to me much exaggeration and error. We who live now in the United Kingdom, or whose fathers emigrated thence to the new countries of the West, are doubtless of mixed descent, and doubtless the mixture is variously compounded in different districts. But there is not, so far as I know, the slightest reason for supposing that the difference is greater between Ireland and Great

Britain than between parts of England and Wales, or between the Highlands of Scotland and the Lowlands. Indeed if any doctrinaire is giong to preach the reconstitution of the United Kingdom on the basis of anthropology, he will never be content with the simple plan of Home Rule all round. He would among other small changes have to transfer the southern frontier of Scotland from the Tweed at least as far north as the Forth,—I think much further : a proceeding to which I for one would most strongly object. If race and blood be the essential root of Nationalist theories as applied to the United Kingdom, the Scotland of history must perish, and Ulster must be divided from the rest of Ireland.

If then neither Irish institutions, nor Irish culture, nor Irish descent be a sufficient ground for the claim of Home Rule, can we find that ground in its geographical isolation? It is a perilous argument ; for geographical isolation is at the mercy of mechanical knowledge ; and it changes with the progress of invention under our very eyes. If anything is certain in hypothetical history it is that there never would have been a separate Parliament on College Green had Dublin always been within ten hours of London. I quite understand that a system of subordinate provinces may be convenient in a country of vast area and scattered populations. But to acknowledge separate nationality, or even to create a separate administration, in a district which is neither remote nor difficult of access, for no other reason than that it is surrounded by water, seems to be a highly irrational use of geographical information.

Perhaps at this point in my argument my reader will be disposed to say to me, "You began by admitting that there was an Irish difficulty ; you have since been occupied in proving (or attempting to prove) that the difficulty was not due to certain causes often alleged in explanation of it. But of what importance is this if the difficulty exists? You cannot cure a disease merely by exposing an incorrect diagnosis. So far you have not even suggested a diagnosis of your own."

The nature of the disease I have indicated. It is a sentiment of hostile and exclusive local patriotism, which deems itself outraged by the full inclusion of the locality on any terms, even the most generous, within a larger national unit. But if this be its nature, what is its explanation if we exclude as irrelevant or negligible differences of race, of institutions, of culture, or of geographical position?

The explanation is to be found in the tragic coincidences of Irish history. The circumstances attending the slow increase of British power were in themselves a great misfortune. If Ireland had remained isolated from her neighbours she might gradually have evolved central institutions and a civilised polity of her own. If her warring clans had been rapidly and effectually subdued, as the Highland clans were subdued after the '45, the native Irish population might have immediately shared the advantages of the more advanced social and economic polity with which she had become associated. But nothing could have been worse both for the English and the Irish than what actually occurred. Long continued guerilla warfare is the most demoralising of all forms of warfare ; and it never took a more demoralising form than it did in Ireland. To the English it was of slow and dubious advantage ; to the Irish it was sheer loss. Yet the melancholy story would long ago have been forgotten and forgiven but for sectarian differences and agrarian wrongs. Unhappily it was impossible anywhere, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to exclude religion from politics, and it was certainly impossible in Ireland. Do not, however, let us suppose that either the Protestants or the Roman Catholics concerned were of a type peculiarly bigoted or vindictive. As far as my knowledge goes this was not so. But unfortunately Ireland was dragged by British statesmen into the English and Scottish civil wars : in these religion and politics were inextricably mingled; and the final defeat of James the Second left the majority of Irishmen convinced that the cause of Ireland was the cause of Roman Catholicism, and the majority of Englishmen convinced that the cause of Protest-

antism was the cause of Liberty. Ireland was divided into two camps ; and divided into two camps she still remains.

What wars and massacres, confiscation and re-confiscation could not have done, has been effected by the combination of these with religious oppression. And though the days I am speaking of are long gone by, they have left behind them a tradition still sufficient to confer on Irish patriotism of the Nationalist type an anti-British flavour.

What, in these circumstances, should British statesmen do? In my personal opinion—I speak for no one but myself—there are only two policies open to them. They may maintain the Union and keep Ireland in full political communion with England and Scotland. Or they may give Ireland, (with or without Ulster), complete autonomy, requiring her to manage her own finances, pay her own bills, control her own rebels, settle her own constitution;—remaining, if she so desire it, a self-governing colony within the limits of the Empire.

This is evidently a counsel of despair. None of the great Dominions, not Canada, nor Australia, nor South Africa, would tolerate such a severance of their territories as is implied in such a scheme. The United States has fought the bloodiest war of modern times in order to avoid it. Must we submit where they would resist? In my opinion, never.

Yet the remedy, however desperate, is apparently suited to the disease. It gives Nationalist Ireland what it professes to desire: it should satisfy Irish patriotism in its narrowest and most hostile form. And those who really think that Ireland is a nation unrighteously held in bondage, or who deem that whether this be true or not, the majority of Irishmen will always think so, are bound to consider it. It is at least a solution of the Irish Nationalist problem; and this is more than can be said for Home Rule in any of its various shapes.

But if this complete surrender be regarded as impossible, can the alternative policy be persevered with? Can we remain as we are, refusing any concession to that hostile form of Irish patriotism whose origin I have endeavoured briefly to explain, and even in a measure to excuse?

I think we can; and I think so (in part) because neither reason nor experience suggests that this sentiment is destined to be eternal. Even now signs are not wanting that it is undergoing the same kind of change which has (for example) converted loyalty to the Stewart dynasty from a practical creed to a historic emotion. And the reasons are analogous. The wars and confiscations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the religious and economic injustices of the eighteenth, are long passed away; and there is no reason known to me why they should disturb the unity of the United Kingdom more permanently than the internecine horrors of the Thirty Years' War disturbed the unity of a United Germany. If indeed Nationalists were expected by Unionists to sell their birthright, if the larger patriotism of a citizen of the Three Kingdoms was, in its essential nature, incompatible with the affection separately owed to each one by its children, we might well despair. But as I have tried to show, this is not the case. And even now those who will take the trouble to enquire may easily convince themselves how much there is of genuine Irish Nationalism which has no real desire either for independence or for Home Rule.

"But," it will perhaps be here objected, "you have so far not argued the case of Home Rule at all. You have discussed autonomy and (potential) separation; you have discussed the maintainance of the Union. The middle policy of Home Rule you have not discussed at all."

This is true. And the reason is that if the Irish difficulty is due to Irish Nationalism, Home Rule does not deserve to be described as a policy at all. It provides no solution of any Irish problem, or British problem either. It is not a constitutional remedy; it is a parliamentary device.

A very few words will make this clear. If the subject be approached from the side of Irish nationality, which is the line of approach suggested by history and followed in this paper, the absurdities of Home Rule lie on the surface of the measure. The limitations imposed on the new Irish Parliament are such as were never desired by England in the case of

the American Colonies before the War of Independence; nor would they ever be tolerated by any one of the self-governing Dominions. How then can they be permanently accepted by those whose policy is professedly based on the indefeasible claims of Irish Nationality? And if it be replied that the Nationalist members profess themselves content, we are compelled to ask by what right they attempt thus to set limits to the aspirations, in their opinion the just aspirations, of their fellow countrymen, either now or hereafter?

If again the subject be approached from the side of constitutional equity or administrative convenience, the Bill is utterly without defence. No doubt there are many persons who think that a large delegation of parliamentary power to subordinate assemblies would be a great constitutional reform. I am not disposed to agree with them ; but the case is arguable. What is not arguable is the supposition that the Home Rule Bill is a serious contribution to this object. There is not in it from beginning to end the faintest indication that its authors ever supposed that its provisions could be applied to other parts of the United Kingdom; nor could they ever be so applied. In the meanwhile it leaves Ireland grossly over-represented in the Imperial Parliament so far as English and Scottish affairs are concerned, and grossly under-represented so far as Imperial affairs are concerned. It gives the Irish much more power than they ought to have in moulding legislation which applies only to Great Britain, and much less power than they ought to have in controlling national policy and national taxation. How can such a system last in Ireland? How can it be extended to England or Scotland? How can it be seriously regarded as the solution of any problem whatever,—national, constitutional, or administrative?

But if it solves no problem, it raises many, and of these the most urgent is Ulster. To the ordinary Radical voter in England or Scotland the evils of Home Rule may appear shadowy and remote. He regards the Irish question as a nuisance of long standing, and, if his leaders assure him that

their scheme is going to bring it to an end, he is prepared to submit and pay. Very different is the feeling in the north-east of Ireland. There the maintenance of the Union is not deemed a matter of convenience or of personal sentiment: it is a matter of life and death; and, as such, it will most certainly be treated.

And have the men of Ulster no justification for such a view? If the Irish of the south and west have an inherent moral right to claim administrative separation from the United Kingdom, has not Ulster an equal right to claim administrative separation from the rest of Ireland? If the Nationalist demand be founded upon race, is not Ulster in this respect as different from the rest of Ireland as the rest of Ireland is from England? If the Irish Nationalists profess to approve a plan which, like the Home Rule Bill, limits their rights as citizens of the United Kingdom, why should the wider patriotism of Ulster consent to the sacrifice? The Roman Catholics of the south and west certainly would not have considered themselves secure if, under whatever paper safeguards, they were placed in the power of the Ulster Protestants. Why should the Ulster Protestants be content to be placed in the power of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught? And if it be said that such a view ignores the modern spirit of religious toleration, I would remind the reader of what I have already insisted upon, namely, the historic part which religious differences have so unhappily played in the creation of the Irish problem. If England, through her misfortune or her fault, has been responsible for making Nationalist Ireland what it is, not less has she been responsible for making Unionist Ulster what it is; and the idea that Britain can save herself all further trouble by a partial and half-hearted withdrawal from Ireland, retaining the duty of protecting minorities, but abandoning all power of doing so effectually, seems to me to be, from the point of view of expediency, amazingly short-sighted, and, from the point of view of ethics, profoundly immoral.

My conclusion, then, from the arguments which I have indicated rather than expressed in any developed form, may be

summarised as follows: The Irish problem, now that all Irish grievances connected with land, religion, and finance have been removed, is essentially due to the exclusive and often hostile form which Irish patriotism outside Ulster has assumed.

This finds no justification either in differences of race or in the memories of institutions of native origin destroyed by foreign usurpation.

It has its origin in the unhappy circumstances of Irish history, and especially in the inevitable fusion, both in fact and in the memory of the Roman Catholic Irish, of wrongs due to religious divisions with others that followed on the heels of rebellion and civil war.

The memory of these unhappy events was kept alive long after the events were over by the social irritation due to one of the worst systems of land tenure which has ever existed; and though this and all the other causes which have produced the Irish problem are now removed, their effects, as is inevitable, survive them.

Those who think, as I do, that these effects are diminishing, and are destined to disappear, look forward to a time when Irish patriotism will as easily combine with British patriotism as Scottish patriotism combines now. In the meanwhile, they hold that no change should be made in the constitution of the United Kingdom for other than purely administrative reasons. Those who take a less sanguine view, and who think that Irish patriotism in its exclusive and more or less hostile form is destined to be eternal, should seriously face the question of giving Ireland outside Ulster complete automony even though this involves potential separation. Such a policy, however ruinous to Ireland, and however perilous to Great Britain, would at least satisfy the most extreme claims of Irish nationality.

These claims, if they are genuine, can never be satisfied by the Home Rule Bill; and if that Bill were really to put an end to the Nationalist agitation, it would be conclusive

proof that the agitation was factitious, and that the cause of Irish patriotism in its exclusive form was already lost.

But if Home Rule is not required to satisfy Nationalist aspirations, from every other point of view it stands condemned. Financially, administratively, and constitutionally, it is indefensible ; and considered from these points of view few Home Rulers are to be found who will sincerely attempt to defend it.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

CHANSON DE LA TOUR

ACADIE, 1645

Who goes down by the shining river,
  Charnisay?
Only the long green rushes quiver,
And the tide with a voice of thunder
Swirls to the surf on the sea-rocks under,
  Cold and gray.

What do the dark trees tell together,
  Charnisay?
My foe laughed in the pleasant weather;
He left the fort in his lady's keeping,
And sailed south while the storms were sleeping,
  Bold and gay.

Was there peace in the young, sweet season,
  Charnisay?
The sun was hate and the wind was treason,
When I and mine came up from the water
And ringed them round with a waste of slaughter,
  Night and day.

What of the high hope then that graced thee,
  Charnisay?
Fifty men and a woman faced me,
And "O," she cried, "if your swords are rusted,
Ye throw shame on a heart that trusted,
  Far away."

All the birds of the sky were singing,
  Charnisay.
O, the song of the gray swords ringing.
"Think," said she, "of the one that bore you,
And fight like ten if I stand before you,
  Fight and pray."

What of the walls her brave heart shielded,
  Charnisay?
Into my hands the gate was yielded.
Faith was fled and a lie was master,
And wolf Death followed them, faster, faster,
  From the fray.

What of the brave men who defended,
  Charnisay?
On a high tree the fight was ended,
And she, when her great soul would not falter,
I bound her neck in a hempen halter,
  Even as they.

Did God weep for the heart that broke there,
  Charnisay?
Only the lips of the dead men spoke there,
And she who dared them, she who led them,
Drank her death in the death I fed them,
  Cold on clay.

She in the flowers of God upstanding,
  Charnisay,
Sees the Hosts of the Heights disbanding,
Spear on spear of a lilied splendour,
Hears them hail her, hears the tender
  Words they say.

With the great watch-captains seven,
  Charnisay,
She shall guard the towers of heaven.
Gabriel, Michael, these shall hold her
Brighter than the wings that fold her
  Either way.

She shall see the lost souls drifting,
  Charnisay.
She shall see thy stained hands lifting
To the warded walls of the city,
And the face of God's own pity
  Turned away.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

THEORY AND PRACTICE

THE chief danger which lurks in wait for any form of government is that it shall lose its place in the hearts and affections of those to whom it has always appealed for support. A king can govern only so long as he commands the loyalty of a considerable number of his subjects ; and many a king whose opinion ran to the contrary was quick to find that he had a bone in his neck. An aristocracy comes to its end when a spirit of scepticism replaces enthusiasm. Passive acquiescence is not enough, as all the early Canadian compacts discovered. Democracy more quickly than any has run its course when the people lose faith in their institutions, and their leaders forfeit respect and affection.

The professional opponents of a government may well be trusted to see to it that the public mind shall not forever labour under the delusion that it is composed not of gods nor even of trees walking, but merely of men with like passions with themselves. But the people believe unwillingly. They are incurably superstitious, and are slow to understand the limitations of the ruler which they have created. In a court of law vituperation between opposing counsel is a recognized part of the procedure. It amuses the spectators and delights the young reporter who loves to describe this exchange of banalities as cross-firing. But the judge preserves his equanimity and will quickly check a spectator who should show any intention of taking part. In parliament, the knowing ones understand that the lion's skin and the roar are not to be taken too seriously; but in the country at large the people take sides and generate hatreds which they carry to their graves.

It is not the politicians but the doctrinaires and professional reformers who engender distrust in the institutions of the country. If left to themselves, the politicians would do nothing, and so would be kept from doing any harm, which is

after all the best that can be expected and rarely attained. They know that the thing which has grown is better than the thing which is made, that a stupid arrangement which men understand is better than a clever one which they have yet to learn, and that an anomaly which works well is better than a logical system which is contrived in advance of events. But the amateurs are incessantly urging them to the commission of fresh follies, and none but the most conservative of governments is able to go on its way unmoved by the factitious clamour.

Worse still, the theorists segregate themselves in home, and office, and library, leaving to the politicians the burden of public affairs. These exquisites consider their whole duty done when they emit a growl from their lair, or come out upon occasion with railing accusations against those who are doing the work. By attacking public men they destroy public faith in the institutions of the country, and so are the worst enemies of the people. Left to themselves all persons idealize their public men from king to boss, and are quite unwilling to see them as they are. It is the ideal and not the actual which counts. The king, if he is wise, will allow himself to be hedged about by divinity, as the German kaiser does. Even in a democracy a successful ministry must aspire to a place in the respect and affection of its supporters, and no democratic ministry needs self-constituted detractors to pull it down. It has within itself enough elements of vulgarity to destroy the respect which is accorded to it by human nature, and vulgarity even in a democracy is the last vice the people will forgive.

The difficulty between the professor and the politician lies in this, that the one considers the system as a whole: the other has an eye alone for the anomalies which it contains. Neither the one nor the other, I suppose, will deny that government by parliament is the best system that has yet been devised, at least for those peoples amongst whom that system has grown up by one precedent on top of another. The politician does his best to work that system : the logician

does his best to pull it down. Striving to apply a hard, cold logic, he is merely endeavouring to bring the universe of facts within the compass of his definitely finite mind. The essence of parliamentary institutions is government by party. There may be a better way, but no better way has yet been discovered. When one party breaks up, another quickly takes its place, as the Republican party in the United States automatically succeeded to the Whigs. Indeed, the professors and politicians themselves represent different parties. Both are right, and both are wrong. The one checks the other. When professors attempt to get things done they inevitably become politicians. When politicians are tempted into the vice of abstract thinking they assume the rôle of the professor, and accomplish nothing. When a politician begins to think abstractly, he is lost, and a faculty of professors would govern the country worse than a parliament of political crooks, provided only that they were not all on the same side,—and they never are. Political success is not attained by logical exactitude. The British constitution is less logical than the constitution of Mexico, yet Great Britain, with the exception of Ulster, seems to be the better governed of the two.

Government by party is not only the best way of government, it is the only way by which the vast and multifarious affairs of a nation can be managed. A third party in parliament is the worst tyrant free men have ever been called upon to endure, and a fourth party reduces government to chaos. The Irish nationalists at Westminster have both destroyed public order and have barred the way to progress these thirty years. They have controlled the direction and set the pace. The system only becomes discreditable when it is rigidly applied in the petty business of a local council or a provincial assembly, where administration is the main concern and legislation subsidiary. But administration is not the main business of a government. Whatever "business" a government does it does badly: that is the final answer to the socialist doctrine. Government becomes easy as the details of business management are extruded from parliament. The crea-

tion of the various independent commissions is a sign that statesmen have taken alarm, and are voluntarily removing from themselves and their followers the temptation to make personal or political profit out of the public business. The removal from political control of appointments to the civil service in the United States has set free a hundred thousand public servants, and has freed the politicians as well from the base importunity of their followers. The wisest politician is he who has the least to do with patronage and details, since he absolves himself from the ingratitude of the man whom he appoints to a place, and the enmity of those whom he was obliged to disappoint, if not to deceive.

This barrier which divides men into two main parties is not a thing of human invention. It represents a division in the stream of human thought. The Ionic philosophers discovered it. Upon the one side are those who believe in destiny. They observe that there is a chain of cause in nature, that there is a compulsion in the way things grow, and that they proceed by the path that is ordained. These are the Conservatives. On the other hand are those who are worshippers of chance, who rebel against this Calvinistic interpretation of nature, and seek by every path to escape from the fate which is laid upon them. These are the Liberals. The one is content with order : the other is desirous of change. Of course the average voter does not analyze his mind in these stated terms. Perhaps even the member of parliament who drives in his waggon about his constituency does not carry with him, for consolation on his journey, a copy of Gilbert Murray's "Four Stages of Greek Religion," in which these deep matters are revealed, but both are sensible that the thing is so. All political confusion arises from this, that Conservatives are not content to remain conservative, and Liberals liberal.

It is not hard for persons with a rhetorical or literary gift to be merry at the expense of the politicians ; to liken them to those machines one may see in a butcher's shop, which will weigh your meat and calculate the price at the

same time ; to compare them with a postage stamp which will quite as adequately convey a message to Ottawa; to describe them as hired men, as henchmen who obey a master rather than as followers loyal to a leader. And so the cry is that parliament is not what it used to be. The answer to that is : it never was. This cry is heard oftenest in the mouths of those who would aspire to a seat and cannot attain to it. If only they knew how hard it is to gain entrance to parliament, they would have a higher opinion of the energy and courage of those who achieve a place.

It is easy to mistake the anomaly for the rule, but life and the law are full of anomalies, yet they manage to endure. Members of parliament trooping into the lobby after their leader to signify assent to a measure which they have not considered, do not understand, or are incapable of understanding, appear at first sight to be engaged in a strange proceeding. But a vote upon a measure is much more than that, and its collateral effect, as Mr. Balfour insists, must be considered. The dissenting member really has a choice between two evils, whether he shall sacrifice his private opinions, or take part in destroying a government with which he is in general accord. But the private member is in the situation of the goat eating a snake. He grins while he votes, and the leader knows that his follower must not be pressed too often or too hard towards the disagreeable fare. Members who have abdicated their place as representatives, and surrendered their right to private judgement in return for the promise of a place are quickly discovered by their constituents, and they soon learn that the way not to get a thing is to appear to want it. There is a strange decree in nature that a parasite is soon seized upon by another parasite which destroys its host. The place for the independent man is within the party. He helps the leader by standing out against the measures and appointments which the more unscrupulous of his followers are continually forcing upon him.

The most obvious anomaly is the method by which candidates are selected. Some one must select them, and the task is usually left to a boss. A few men, who are not the worst in the community but really the best for political business, sit around a table and construct a machine. But they know very well that the most they can do is to pick the winner, and that is ever a precarious business. A mistake is fatal to them, and they are fully aware that their machine exists on sufferance only, that it is so flimsy a fabric that one kick from within or from without will send it to pieces. Even money loses its power, since it soon becomes known that it rarely gets beyond the hands which are selected to distribute it ; and the quality of "election whiskey" deteriorates so rapidly that it works the other way, especially if the voter imbibes the decoction on the night before he goes to the poll.

Indeed, it is scarcely fair to speak of these apparent inconsistencies as anomalies, since they have grown with the organism and are inseparable from its purpose in life. Even the "rotten boroughs" had their uses, since through them some of the wisest statesmen of England gained entrance to public life, who could not if they would, and would not if they could, have entered parliament in the usual way. The delusion that the electorate is corrupt has also a measure of value. It induces rich people to part with their money, so that those who undertake the drudgery of a campaign may reimburse themselves instead of becoming a charge upon the public treasury. The people are not injured, since the workers take good care that the money does not pass out of their own hands. Universal suffrage is in itself a strange anomaly,—that a man who knows very little about anything should be supposed to know all about public affairs. The benefit is to himself. It convinces him that he is a man, and every few years it gives him a moment of ecstasy. It also convinces the politician, on those rare occasions when he comes to solicit a vote, that he too is human. Nor is the value of a debate to be despised, even if every member of parliament is resolved in advance how his vote shall be cast. The argu-

ment is addressed to the people, and not a word falls to the ground. Opinion is created, and that is the tribunal to which eventually all governments must appeal.

The politicians are not always wise, and they made the initial mistake of accepting payment for their services as members of parliament, thereby converting themselves from representatives into delegates, from men of free judgement into messengers. The community should be represented as a whole, and not as composed of various classes: and there is no more reason that the poor should be represented by a poor man than that all stone-masons should send a member of their own craft to parliament. Besides, a man who draws a sessional indemnity of twenty-five hundred dollars is no longer poor, and the virtue which was assumed to lie in his poverty disappears with the acceptance of the fee.

The politician has reason to be wary of the theorist. He does not read much; but from what he has read he has learned that political prophecy is the most gratuitous form of folly, and that the whole course of history is a long record of disillusionment. The mediæval papacy as conceived by Gregory VII and elaborated by Innocent III, the mediæval empire as dreamed by Dante, an ideal Christianity as formulated by St. Fracnis, all promptly failed in contact with the hard and inexorable facts of real life. The politician will protest that he has never heard of these far off, thirteenth century, Italian phenomena, but he has an instinct that the surest way to be wrong is to write down what he thinks is going to happen.

The history of the United States is ready at his hand. That unhappy country has been held up to the world as the completest example of the failure of popular government, and political moralists have found abundant material to illustrate their diatribes. Within twenty years of the formation of the union the boss succeeded to the electoral college, that pious institution for choosing the president, which was to be "composed of the most enlightened citizens," whose votes,

it was presumed, "would be directed to those men only who have become the most distinguished by their abilities and virtue." In time legislatures were bought as one would buy a drove of swine. The law courts were debased, and society debauched. The people were bound down by the hard and fast checks of an iron constitution. They turned away from the public service and benumbed their minds with the process of becoming rich. In business it was no better. An interested class of men created itself behind the shelter of a protective tariff, and the President in a message to Congress as recently as the year 1908, bore public testimony to their conduct. "Every measure for honesty in business," he wrote, "that has been passed during the last six years has been opposed by these men, on its passage and in its administration, with every resource that bitter and unscrupulous craft could suggest and the command of almost unlimited money secure. The methods by which those engaged in combinations have achieved great fortunes can only be justified by the advocacy of a system of morality which would also justify every form of criminality on the part of a labour union, and every form of violence, corruption, and fraud, from murder to bribery and ballot-box stuffing in politics. The wealth has been accumulated on a giant scale by all forms of iniquity, ranging from the oppression of wage-workers to unfair and unwholesome methods of crushing out competition and to defrauding the public by stock-jobbing and the manipulation of securities."

Within five years all these interests were forced to band themselves together in defence of their prerogatives. But the conscience of the people was not dead : it was only sleeping. It awoke, as it always does, and on September 9th of the present year, the new tariff passed the Senate. The impossible happened. No one in Canada need now be discouraged, excepting those who are following in the course which their congeners followed in the United States. Democracy is quite capable of looking after itself.

The theme under discussion is well illustrated by the history of Sherbrooke Street in Montreal. Thirty years ago

this thoroughfare was quite adequate for existing needs. Since that time it has been subjected to fresh treatment every year, with the net result that to-day it is quite impassable. But in the course of the century these labours will have borne fruit. The method is slow and exasperating. Short-sighted men cry out that the work should have been done at one stroke seventy years ago. In the case in question they are right; but they forget that under other circumstances the result might have been disastrous. A preconceived system of town planning, alluring as it looks, depends for its success upon an accurate forecast of the movement of population, and many a municipality has ended in difficulty just because it ventured on such a course of prophecy.

The most striking illustration of the failure of preconceived notions occurred in Canadian politics within the last two years. For a long time the best minds were engaged upon the study of a plan by which the various parts of the Empire might be brought into correlation and the whole consolidated. They interpreted history in a new light. They demonstrated the efforts England had made for Canada, and proved that in all negotiations with the United States, England, by superior diplomacy, had got the best of it. They extolled the patience of England, and a new sense of kinship was growing up. To bear the burden of imperial defence, and ultimately to share in imperial responsibilities, was beginning to be considered as a privilege to be seized as well as a duty to be performed. But many of these pious souls were drawn away by false lights designedly set. They mistook the contingent for the universal, the pocket for the heart, protection for patriotism. It was a noble victory, but at times victory is worse than defeat. In the present case it landed the imperial issue at an impasse. The events of last session are fresh in every mind, and the subject is too painful, especially at the present moment, when the evils of increased commerce with aliens should now be about to fall upon us.

But there is one thing no man has ever seen: a thing which turned out to be as good or as bad as it seemed, and it is not

unlikely that the imperial issue will thrive in the larger air. The outstanding fact now is that a community cannot escape its responsibilities, and that it must be prepared to accept the evil as well as the good which flows from them. On the other hand, to defend is also to attack, and a community which goes to war as it is bidden, and is denied, or refuses to exercise, its own judgement upon the rights or wrongs of the case, is no better than a hired assassin in the world. There are now signs, after a period of bitterness, of a return to the winsome ways of harmony by working together, which Lord Grey taught us ; and when he succeeds in inducing all the dominions to build for themselves a house in London where they can meet as brethren, the fabric will be but as an entrance to that Many-Mansioned House which a Canadian poet has so well portrayed from his dream of the future.

There is in political affairs a divine retribution. At one moment the king is in the ascendant; again, he is replaced by the lords; and these in turn by the people. The sign at the moment, even in Canadian politics, is that the king is coming into his own again. In England all eyes are turned towards him to save the people from the results of their own folly. We have ruled ourselves so long that we are growing tired of our Log, which is the House of Commons. Upon a recent occasion the all but forgotten Senate ventured to remind the world that it was yet in existence by making an appearance of movement. The House of Commons experienced that surprise which always comes to one when an object which was thought to be inanimate shows signs of life. The demand was made that the Senate should be destroyed, in utter forgetfulness that the only power which can destroy the Senate is the House of Commons at Westminster. Political stupidity could go no further than the assumption that the English House might dissolve a subsidiary body on the ground that it had failed to carry into effect a measure which was commomly regarded as being of peculiar value to England. In the calmness of the country the House of Commons had a fresh revelation of itself. The people were tired ; and if the

Duke of Connaught had sent a file of soldiers to close up the house neither the members nor the people would have cared very much.

The soldier, too, is coming into his own even in Canada. There is a variety of virtue. There is the virtue of the woman, which is purity ; the virtue of the patriot, which is loyalty ; the virtue of the priest, which is poverty and sanctity ; the virtue of the worker, which is industry ; the virtue of the trader, which is enterprise ; the virtue of the soldier, which is obedience and courage. One virtue untempered by its fellows turns in upon itself. The virtuous woman may become a prude, the patriot a jingo, the priest a hypocrite, the worker a slave, the trader a pirate, the soldier a martinet. Now that "education" has come to mean merely the capacity to read and write symbols, men who can afford an alternative no longer send their sons to the public schools. They demand for them the discipline of the soldier, which makes for obedience, self-reliance, and courage, qualities which are as essential in civil as in military life. The school-mistress with her book and spectacles has had her day in the training of boys; and sensible parents are longing for the drill-sergeant carrying in his hand a good cleaning-rod or a leather belt with a steel buckle at the end. That is the sovereign remedy for the hooliganism of the town and the loutishness of the country. At the last meeting of the British Association it was seriously proposed that General Baden-Powell should be made the head of the Education Department in England.

The value of a military training lies in its effect upon the individual. Forty years ago the theorists prophesied that Germany would be distanced in the industrial race by reason of the withdrawal of its population for two or three years from their accustomed pursuits, and that England would have the field to herself. It has not worked out quite in that way. A nation which is good in war is good in peace; and a nation which is no good in war is good for nothing. It is exactly a hundred years since Scharnhorst established that system of universal military training which in time led to

German unity and the regeneration of Prussia; but it required the calamity of Jena to instil the lesson that existence of any kind whatever lay in "the institution of a national militia and the universal arming of the land." To-day Germany is even more remarkable in the industrial than in the military world.

As an illustration of the contrary policy, Holland will serve. In the eighteenth century a large part of the national debt of England was in Dutch hands. After the death of William III the armies of Holland were disbanded. Her fleet was allowed to rot in the harbours. "Her generals and admirals were pensioned off, and sent home to tend their vegetable gardens. Peace at any price, even at the cost of dishonour, was to be the creed of the Republic."* In 1697 more than four thousand Dutch ships passed through the Sont. In 1781 there were only eleven.

It is possible that the stamina of a nation can be increased in some other way than by universal military training; but no such way has yet been discovered. The military idea penetrates into the primal stupidity, and inspires all organization. Obedience is beloved. A woman is "ordered" by her physician. A nurse goes on "duty." A boy adores a "uniform." A captain of militia is a wonder to himself. The language of war is employed by the most pacific journalist when he would be impressive, and peace is urged in terms of war. When the *Witness* passed away—and public life seems more sordid since—the principles of liberalism were enunciated anew by its successor amidst the clash of arms. "Constant battle—entrenched, hostile majority—guns had won the victory, though their gunners must sleep under the open sky and push on the fight against further bastions and earthworks—hoary walls—rallied with his last trumpet call the forces to the final assault—forced the portcullis, and captured the castle—wear our colours, fight our battles—plant our battery—fire with precision and effect—every good soldier to our

* "The Fall of the Dutch Republic." Hendrik Wilhelm van Loon. London, Constable & Co.

bivouac," and so on: these are the terms in which even liberalism announces itself. They prove that the military idea is very deep seated.

Those who are doing so much through the Canadian Defence League, the cadet corps, and boy scouts, to familiarize the people with the advantages of universal military service could do more if they refrained from protesting that "militarism" is not their aim, without telling us what militarism really means. Militarism is in the heart of every boy, and that is the spirit to which they should appeal and foster before it is destroyed by the perverted virtue of the trader and the misapplied industry of the world. Such excessive caution would keep a man from church lest he might become a hypocrite, or from marriage lest his son might become a thief.

But military service requires a soldier. A man cannot have the spirit of a civilian at one moment, and of the soldier at another. Soldiering is a profession, a passion, a religion. The State rests upon the soldier. He finds it easy to obey the State, but very hard to yield a personal and heart-felt obedience to any chance civilian who may happen, in the turn of politics, to be his titular chief. The tale of soldiers who felt themselves obliged to return from Canada to their commands is long : and the lot of the officers in the permanent force who remain behind must be an unhappy one. There can be no discipline in a force where the officers are liable to be lectured in public by a civilian upon their technical duties or upon the lesser matters of what they shall eat and what they shall drink. "Word comes from Ottawa," so runs the dispatch, "that Col. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, will give considerable attention to the Royal Military College this autumn. The Minister is an old school-master, and is not satisfied with the conduct of affairs." If it is in the spirit of an old school-master that military education is to be approached, then the efforts of the Canadian Defence League will not yield much fruit.

Ministers should not fail to remind themselves, in the present contingency, that the people are yet convinced that

they live under British institutions. They have not yet given formal assent to government by the House of Commons alone. The king has yet a place in their hearts and in their intentions. Their loyalty is to the crown. A minister does not confer a brevet upon himself. He is, in a sense which is a very real one, a creation of the king, and because he sits in the temple he must not infer that he is a god. The king can do no wrong, but a minister can, and does wrong, for which he is not so likely to be forgiven. A king rarely offends against good taste. Good manners are his metier ; that is his trade, and he has usually had early advantages which may have been denied to his servants. A man who has attained to the eminence of a minister is apt to become dizzy when he reflects upon his greatness, unless he has a very sound head. Canadian ministers are under a peculiar temptation to magnify themselves and to lose sight of the man in the splendour of the office. For one part of the year they live in their own constituencies surrounded by their faithful followers who are not too fastidious when their puddings are rolled to them in the dust. For another part of the year they are surrounded by followers of a somewhat different breed, but even they are overawed by the ease with which the great man can put one up and pull another down. They breathe the atmosphere of the civil servant quite oblivious of the large, freer air which their masters inhabit.

If parliament met in Montreal or Toronto, where men have other cares and occupations than politics and political favours, and members and ministers occasionally saw themselves passed by with surly indifference or open dislike, they would find an atmosphere less sensuous and intoxicating but much more wholesome. They are accustomed to see the officers of great railways with their hats in their hands. If they saw these same persons in their offices or their clubs, they would quickly learn that this humility was merely an affectation. Many an American statesman has gone blindly to his fall because he failed to remind himself that Springfield, Harrisburg, and Albany, are not Chicago, Philadelphia,

and New York. Especially are we nervous when our ministers are in London,—the English people are so hospitable, and the sinister figure of the financier is always skulking in the background.

The trouble with the political professor is that he generalizes from insufficient data, and is governed by *a priori* arguments. He infers that the system of government which worked admirably in a small Texan town, overwhelmed by flood, bankrupt, and threatened by pestilence, would serve equally well in a free Canadian city, and he goes quite mad over the commission form of government. No one can deny that martial law works well during a strike in Nanaimo or at Sydney ; it will not work well in normal times simply because the people will not have it. Those who would lure us away from our established institutions are really inviting democracy to stretch out its neck so that some tyrant may the more effectually place his foot upon it.

The theorists are always sending the people off on false scents which end up in blind alleys. They are continually discovering short cuts to political perfection. At one time the direct route was by the right to vote. They were somewhat concerned lest the people should vote wrong. It never occurred to them that they would not vote at all unless they were stampeded into a frenzy and driven to the polls. When they discovered that undue influence was exercised upon the elector they devised the secret ballot, and the secrecy of the ballot has become the securest way of political corruption. Many a man is willing to commit an act of treachery in private from which he would refrain if all the world were there to see. In the hands of a large corporation the secret ballot is a master weapon. If it were discovered that all the employees of a railway company, for example, voted for the same party, once would be enough. That company would ever afterwards be in danger of its life.

Most people do not care very much which party is in power. They know that each party is doing its best, harassed as it is by its opponents and undermined by the folly

of its supporters. They go unwillingly to the polls to turn a government out, knowing that it did as well as it could under the circumstances, and there is little real joy in the country over a defeat. When the king is dead it becomes all reasonable men to cry, "Long live the king." They should act as spectators, jury, or judge, and leave it to the opposing counsel to bring the case before them. To a government defeat is irritating, but the average man is insensible to the change. It is to this average man the abstract thinker should appeal, instructing him in the principles of government without dwelling too insistently upon the anomalies which it contains.

The business of politics is not so abstract as the theorist thinks it is. It is not always pure; is never mathematical. If he thinks the people are not properly represented, it would appear to be his duty to strive to represent them, and not solace himself with railing at those who have been selected. The way is easy. It is open to any man who is in possession of two hundred dollars and can find twenty-five supporters to become a candidate in any constituency in Canada, no matter where he has his habitat. He need not declare what party he belongs to or that he belongs to any party at all. If politics in Canada are not what they should be, the fault lies not with the leaders of either party, nor with the politicians, nor with the local boss and his indiscriminate following of heelers, telegraphers, switchers, bribers, and impersonators; the fault lies with those who are content to stand afar off proclaiming their own holiness, disdaining the labour and sweat of those who carry on the government of the country as well as they can by the light which they have.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

LABELS AND LIBERTY

DEGENERATION. By Max Nordau. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1895.

PARENTHOOD AND RACE CULTURE. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D. London, Toronto and Melbourne, Cassell & Co., 1909.

BIOLOGICAL FACT AND THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY. By W. Bateson, F.R.S. Oxford, the Clarendon Press, 1912.

PROBLEMS IN EUGENICS, being papers communicated to the first International Eugenics Congress. The Eugenics Education Society, London, 1912.

THE TASK OF SOCIAL HYGIENE. By Havelock Ellis. London, Cassell & Company, Limited, 1912.

WE are on the threshold of an age of labels, an age that threatens to become very dangerous to real, live, fluent, human beings. Our wise men no longer preach the courageous doctrine of liberty, enforcing its own slow but steady discipline. They are not even content with the censorship and the prohibition of our circumstances, but wish still further to simplify the human problem by eliminating a large portion of the human element itself. A nursery for most of us, an asylum for the rest, is the new religion. We are to be classified, ticketed, and indexed by an inquisition that has given up every belief save that in mechanical destiny, and for which not characters but characteristics are the sole arbiters of our fate. What was once mere pessimism and bad temper has now become a dogmatic parade of science, arrogating to its crude and shallow formulas the supreme control of the human mind. The process from the one to the other is as interesting as it is ominous.

More than fifteen years have gone by since Dr. Max Nordau published his amazing book, "Degeneration." The work still remains unrivalled as a masterpiece of vituperative spleen. It is fittingly dedicated to Professor Cæsar Lombroso,

who can tell us all by statistics and measurements and to whom appeal is always made when any particularly venomous point is to be driven home. Here we have served up to us, as madmen and degenerates, most of the living names of the last half century. They are graphomaniacs, impulsivists, imbeciles, and idiots, futile babblers, poor devils, calabashes—suffering from megalomania, mysticism, graphomania, fugitive ideation, logorrhoea, and stubborn perseverance. This poet has pointed, faun-like ears, thus taking his place among criminals and lunatics. That artist has on his head enigmatic bumps and in his heart a strange religious fervour, and is therefore one of the deranged so well known in the clinics of psychiatry. Tolstoi is a mental aberration, insane with his doubt, his brooding thought, his boundless spirit of fraternity. Wagner is a bestial sensualist, Ibsen an ego-maniac.

This lavish display of bad taste might be merely amusing if it were not so dastardly as it proceeds to its culminating triumph of finding, in Nietzsche—one who actually went mad as most men understand it—fair and easy game for a master-labeller. But we need not follow the author through that baiting wherein the scientist, such as he is, completely disappears in the hunter,—we shall not say the sportsman. Nor, as we pass, need we do more than ponder the altogether mystic and altogether stubborn sense of Matthew V. 22. "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger," let us hope, of the Police Court; and whosoever shall say to his brother, "Thou unclean sensualist," can be dealt with by the law of libel: but whosoever shall delight in saying, "Thou degenerate," shall be in danger of a moral tribunal beside whose sentences our mortal heaviest will be light indeed. To such a judgement we can leave Dr. Nordau, while we stoutly maintain his liberty to hold and to express any opinions he pleases, as long as he chooses to take the consequences.

It is when this spirit goes beyond the regions of opinion and endeavours to usurp the law itself, that freedom is injured at its very heart and must protest with all its power. To those

of us who believe in liberty as the most important, the most sacred thing in the world, certain latter day proposals must stand a challenge on this score. Those proposals are made by some members of a new faith that is called Eugenics, and that is, in fact, the innermost creed of labels. If we examine this faith in its various forms, we shall find excellent intentions, but surely an utter misconception of the true good and purpose of mankind; and all for the simple reason that liberty has been forgotten. However we may take our sides, the issue is very clear. It is the old one of the law against the prophets.

It is difficult to state definitely what are the proposals of Eugenics. There is no unanimity among its adherents. If we hold up one of them to criticism, the rest will immediately deny his authority to be their spokesman and will ask to be judged through another expression. Caution, therefore, will confine us to the statement that the aim of Eugenics, as its name implies, is to plan a world of well-born men. Under that head are embraced attitudes the most varying in degree, but if we glance through some of them I think that we shall find a fundamental spirit common to them all.

There is first the zealot who appears to scheme some infallible committee which shall determine who shall marry and who shall not, whose offspring will be most desirable, whose will inevitably be degenerate. The committee's terms of office will doubtless be arranged so that each will have his fair opportunity to eliminate all those personalities which he especially dislikes. When the process of elimination has been completed, the struggle will begin between those who are all for certain mental qualities and those who are all for physique; that is to say, if the matter has not already been settled by the fact that the party first in power may, meanwhile, have insured itself a favourable constituency for all time. Doctors Nordau and Lombroso will control the future of music, poetry, and the drama. Mr. Maxse will decide who shall breed our politicians. The editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* will present us with our wives. The future and the genius of mankind, the limits of its ambitions, the scope of its imagination,

the heart of its mystery, will be settled for all ages not by prayers, but by the simple method of a resolution. We shall leave nothing to posterity but the registration in their lives of the taste of our momentary demagogues.

Such hopes, says freedom, parody themselves. They are a phase of that passion for red tape, regulation, and uniformity which it is the business of evolution to leave behind. Better the most maimed and tortured universe than such a smug and bourgeois paradise of excellence. Sane minds in sane bodies are not worth so great a price. Were our knowledge of heredity as complete as it is at present the reverse, such proposals would only pass from impertinence to impudence.

A eugenist himself has almost joined with liberty on this point. "I am entirely opposed," declares Mr. Bateson, "to the views of those who would subsidize the families of parents passed as unexceptionable. Galton, I know, contemplated some such possibility, but if we picture to ourselves the kind of persons who would invariably be chosen as examples of 'civic worth'—the term lately used to denote their virtues—the prospect is not very attractive. We need not in the present fear any scarcity of that class, and I think we may be content to postpone schemes for their multiplication."

The same writer, however, is decidedly in favour of the segregation of the unfit, and their prevention from ever propagating their kind. I confess that, so far as such a policy goes beyond the results of our present arrangements, I can see little difference between it and the other. The same bigotry will be given scope. The same limited ideals will tyrannize. The possible parents of future Newtons and Kants will fail to pass the test. The same questions will have to be just as universally considered, for there are those who say that every household shows in some one or other of its members one of humanity's three chief ills. Where then shall we draw the line of hopelessness? And who shall draw it? Is it Nordau once more? Or the President of the Baseball League? Or one of those expert alienists who in such matters teaches us how certain is scientific opinion to contradict itself?

It needs no great acumen to discover that, under the heading of the unfit, you may in one way or another embrace all mankind. But let us simply take one so-called class which comes under the condemnation of our labellers. Listen, for instance, to this from one of the speakers at the First International Eugenic Congress: "The inborn, morbid, neurotic temperament may be manifested in a variety of ways by the behaviour and conduct observed in various members of the stock. The signs of degeneracy which may be accepted are self-centred narrow-mindedness in religious beliefs, fanaticism, spiritism and immobilism, contempt for traditional custom, social usages, and morality, and a vain spirit of spurious art and culture, a false self-loving vanity in the pursuit of a sentimental altruism, or by eccentricities of all kinds; such signs of degeneracy are often combined with talent and even genius, especially of the constructive imaginative order; but the brilliant intellectual qualities of the degenerate are invariably associated with either a lack of moral sense or of sound judgement and highest control."

What a terrific indictment! Who of any originality shall escape from one or other of these barbs? When we think of all the human plants that would be weeded out by such a gardener, shall we not wonder what would be left but cabbages and turnips? Not, assuredly, such an Eden as a divine visitor would choose to walk in, in the cool of the day.

It is only just to say that the very same speaker admits that now and then, from apparently unknown or even bad stock, a great man arises. "Are we to say," he continues, "that because the parent is insane, therefore the children must thus necessarily be insane or useless to the race? God forbid! The parents of some of the most eminent men became insane, and genius with insanity frequently occurs in the same stock, indicative of a variation from the normal average." And discussing the proposal that certain persons should be allowed all social privileges except one, he points out the risk, let us say the certainty, of there arising one law for the rich and another for the poor, and he deprecates, as fraught with

many hidden social dangers, the legalizing of a certain power whose exercise would be irretrievable. Even he, then, for all his labels, recognizes that in the world of action, as well as in the world of his thought, liberty has some claims. Would that all his brothers were as wise! Would, too, they could acknowledge that fundamental British principle applying to all, scientists or laymen, who seek to dispose of the rights of their fellowmen: "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."

The proceedings of the Eugenic Congress are issued in book form. As one turns over the pages of the volume, one is inclined to define Eugenics as: "Pessimism doing its best; or, How to improve everybody when you think that nobody can be improved." We are to accept the fact that families go down. We are to shut our eyes to the fact that families also come up. We are confronted with doleful tales, such as that of the Jukes clan. We are led to suppose that environment counts for nothing, that there is no good around us, and no soul and possibility of good within us to which effectual appeal may be made. All is pre-ordained by things physical. Our ancestors presented us with a blind machine and we can do nothing with that machine but pass it on or break it altogether. Strange insistence this on the might of the dead and the futility of the living! If statistics condemn you, you can do no good to the world. You have your label; you cannot live beyond it; your crimes are set for you, and you have only to commit them.

We may wonder if the opinion of a great detective is not worth more than such a doctrine. "There is no criminal class," says Mr. Pinkerton, from the laboratory of a continent in which he has watched not guinea pigs, but human beings. "Criminals are just like other people. Humanity, I believe, after having had fifty years experience in dealing with crime,

is not divided into criminals and non-criminals. There are only two classes—those who have committed crimes and those who have not yet committed crimes. I have seen this so often proved that when I hear of men and women in high social circles suddenly doing something that brings them within the scope of the law, I am not surprised. Hundreds of criminals would reform if they had the chance; hundreds of others would become criminals if their price were offered. Prisons are not peopled with habitual criminals. There are men and women there who simply committed their crime because the opportunity occurred. I would hesitate to say that any one is proof against temptation. No man sets out, except under very exceptional circumstances, to commit murder; it is done in a moment, hurriedly. I know hundreds of cases where criminals have reformed and become useful citizens."

Mr. Pinkerton is in good company. He may swear to that testimony upon the Bible itself. It is gospel truth. Not heredity but character is the real sorter of men. It is for each of us to choose which of them shall control. If we are to believe in anything but original sin, then universal suicide is the only remedy. As one of the members of the conference has said: "If France was to be rid of crime on the theory that it was a family inheritance, it could only be done by incarcerating the whole population." There are no lesser breeds without the law. "It is time," he said, "to have done away with regarding man as simply the highest of the mammals whose breed can be improved by the methods of the stock farm—the solution of the problem of Eugenics must at last be psychical and ethical." Either we are all in glass houses, or we have that within us which will refuse to be bounded by an outlook as narrow in its despair as in its hope.

Throughout the same volume, closely connected with this scientific pessimism, appears the characteristic conception of humanity as composed of little circles or squares, some black, some white, some piebald. I am not wishing to be facetious. The matter seems to be of the essence, not of the accident. If the method of these diagrams be necessary to the science of

Eugenics, so much the worse for that science. It is another indication of its distance from human nature. For it, all of us are hard and fast, cribbed, cabined, and confined. We cannot go across our own borders and touch a world beyond them. Within our petty circumferences we cannot be born again.

Strange doctrines in which to plant the perfecting of the race, but perfectly consistent with the rest; and as unalterably opposed to all that freedom must believe. For her they are as untrue as they are uninspiring. For her—and surely she is nearer the facts, though we be accused of mysticism in saying so—men are flowing and uncircumscribed; their elements are forever being transmuted; they live beyond themselves, and their capacity to do so makes them men. There is more in any man than all science can ever sum up in a world of volumes. It is an odd temerity that would venture the task on half a sheet of paper. But it is not so odd that these artists should despair of their caricatures. That is the inevitable end of labelling.

Even when we turn to the broader school of the eugenic faith, we find a similar belittling of the true meaning of man and of his presence upon earth. Doctor Saleeby, for instance, in his book on "Parenthood and Race Culture," is anything but an extremist. He pours a very proper scorn on the conception of man as a mere animal. He puts the physical in its place and exalts the moral and the spiritual as he conceives them. He wishes his science to become a religion, with all that this implies of fundamental soundness, before any sensational and drastic legislation shall be brought forward. He rightly and powerfully criticises many of the habits of our civilization that interfere with the liberty of marriage, quite as much as do some of the eugenist proposals. And we find no little circles or squares, and almost no mention of the word degenerate, throughout all his three hundred pages. All this, however, does not affect his faith in the discretion of experts, his hope in their ultimate control; for he believes that the highest task of moral effort is to serve the future generations. "Would you rather," he asks, "make one man or child happy now, or two or a thousand a century hence?"

Well, if happiness be all that is to be considered, we shall find no determining magic in numbers or in the distance of futurity. We are not morally called upon to sacrifice our freedom to the multiplication table. Nor, by reason of being one hundred years away, does posterity gain a quality or value that is not ours. Between the claims of the lateral and of the perpendicular, who shall decide? If the matter is to be settled solely on human grounds, we might prefer the brother whom we have seen to the great-grand-children whom in this world we shall never see. The race, as a mere endless succession of generations, is not worth the wrinkling of a single forehead. Possibly, we are assured, it would pay the British nation to put aside a million a year for research in Eugenics; but good business makes bad inspiration, and you cannot found a religion upon that shaley rock.

Are not all these points of view really part of the general assumption that man exists in order to carry out the purposes of man? If that assumption were true, there would be very little sense in any protest for liberty. Human freedom is of no value in itself. It is only valuable in so far as it makes men fitter for ends beyond their widest imagination. This is the consideration, and no other, that gives worth to the splendid defence of freedom made by Mr. Havelock Ellis in his book "The Task of Social Hygiene." He shows there, with a relentless resource of illustration, the folly and futility of substituting prohibition for abstinence, censorship for conscience, laws for character. By such means we get no further forward. Evil becomes no weaker and humanity no stronger. In his view, "a generation trained to self-respect and to respect for others has no use for the web of official regulations to protect its feeble and cloistered virtues from possible visions of evil, and an army of police to conduct it home at 9 p.m." Not regarding legislation as a channel for social reform, Mr. Ellis is out of sympathy with the lavish proposals of some of our labellers. We must welcome his support because it will help, not for their own sakes, but for something far beyond them, our healthy hatred of external interference, of meddling

and coddling regulations, of Star Chamber Committees, and of all usurpations of the rôle of Providence. For our question will be—when the world has been reduced to a universe of prigs—not, will the prigs enjoy themselves, but who will carry out the purposes of God?

Let us go farther. We cannot produce even prigs in this fashion. We can only produce moral weaklings. When our scientific philanthropists actually believe that able-bodied women can be spirited away in broad daylight to become, as the cant is, white slaves; and that with shop-girls' wages at eight dollars a week, and no alternative but domestic service, pure women must become foul;—when this is the result of the combination of statistics and credulity that passes for science, we may well ask whether liberty is not a far sturdier and severer judge, more steadfast for the race.

And going to the sources of our own convictions, it is as believers in something bigger than mankind, and in our openness to that bigger thing, that we contend for the liberty of mankind, it is as recognizing a personality in the world above and beyond the human beings in it—a residue, a fountain, a court of appeal, a hidden kingdom, of which if our policies take no account, they are writ in water. For no selfish or petty reason do we condemn the present passion of so many for managing their neighbours' affairs. That passion, in one form or another, lay at the back of all the tyrannies from which humanity has won itself. Now, in the rhythm of things it has returned to a new attack, and this the most vital, the most intimate, the most personal attack of all. It is mingled with a fine impulse for the bettering of the race; and all that is good in that impulse we shall keep. But the spirit of liberty will forever protest against the spirit of labelling—that sets apart a chosen people, that divides into Pharisees and Publicans, that with its prejudices and its narrow abstractions, to call them no worse a name, presumes to lay down the law and to set the crabbed horoscope for all present and future time.

There, then, is the issue, the most ancient, the most recurrent of all issues in philosophy and in politics—Which

of these two spirits is to reign over us? We may freely admit that there must be many compromises between them in practical affairs. When we are fit for the whole practice of freedom, and not till then, we shall have it. But the only proper basis of compromise is a knowledge of the side on which we stand. Only when we know clearly what it is that we can never afford to sacrifice, can we make the sacrifice that is reasonable. We can give up what is our own: we must never give up the property and the purpose of the universe. If we care for them, and if we listen to something beyond our immediate aims and our shallow generalizations, every instinct and inspiration of humanity will insist that liberty is the only master worth serving; for it alone is in the secrets of fate.

WARWICK CHIPMAN

THE KAISER-JUBILEE

THE year 1913 had been anticipated in Germany with gloomy fears of impending catastrophes; the weird suggestiveness of the unlucky number thirteen, not so readily banished as enlightened persons would have us believe; memories of 1813, most critical in the nation's history; the more tangible facts of ever-increasing tension between the two greatest naval powers on earth, and of rekindled chauvinism in France; unexpected developments of Pan-Slavonic ambition—all these things and much else produced a situation of nervousness alarming in the extreme.

And indeed, during the first months of the year it appeared as if men's worst forebodings were on the point of being realized. The conflicts on the Balkan peninsula, so dreaded by diplomacy, electrified, as it were, the atmosphere of the whole of Europe, negatively or positively, according to the peculiar political situation of the various nationalities. For a time this force of pent-up animosities seemed ready to sweep everything before it; the larger towns on the Franco-German frontier had gone so far as to provision themselves against emergencies; many cautious persons had decided on their itineraries and were prepared for flight at a moment's notice; there, where the magnifying influence of fear attracted objects into somewhat closer vision, the clash of arms was held to be no remote possibility but an immediate certainty, a matter of a few hours.

At the present moment, however, half the year is over, and instead of the horror and black darkness of war hanging over the land, the sun of peace sheds its radiance everywhere, bitter rivalries have dissolved into amenities, and the provisions accumulated against a siege can help to furnish the boards at the many festive gatherings held in testimony of the nation's rejoicing that the greatest lover of peace among

them this year celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the imperial throne. This event receives added emphasis from the commemoration of distant warrior-glories; for this is the centenary of 1813, of the battle of Leipzig; of the beginning of the war of liberation; of that era of splendid devotion to the noble ideal of liberty which ushered in the century of aggrandizement and unification whose fruits the Germany of to-day enjoys.

This coincidence, let it be repeated, cannot fail to bring into prominence the jubilee celebrations, although the personality of the Kaiser is such that nothing so accidental and internal as a synchronizing with other celebrations is needed to make the occasion a striking one. He stands out sufficiently distinguished from the every-day type of man, and in particular from his colleagues on the several thrones of Europe, that he compels that general attention which the human mind always bestows on what is uncommon. Our notion of a sovereign, in these days of omnipotent constitutionalism, is too apt to be that of some insignificant, colourless, ever-correct individual, whose functions are confined to representation at social gatherings, and to imparting some degree of splendour and brilliancy in those rare intervals which interrupt the dull, lack-lustre affairs of daily routine. But such a being must surely be an anomaly; can we contemplate such insignificance without an admixture of contempt being aroused in our feelings? Writers of the stamp of Tolstoi may attempt to persuade us that the cumulative force of circumstances is the inner reality of history, or that the share of Napoleon in Jena and Auerstadt is equal to that of the common soldier; closer scrutiny will show us now perhaps more than formerly that it is eminent personality that wins the palm. Such a personality the Kaiser doubtless is; according to our peculiar conceptions of the ideal king we may entertain feelings of aversion or otherwise towards him, but it is unthinkable that he should ever "dwindle into a nullity." With unmistakeable precision, not merely in vague generalities of the Speech from the Throne kind, has he intervened in all kinds of momentous questions;

he has not contented himself with the faltering expression of a gentle, pious wish that his counsel be followed, but he has frankly identified himself with one or other party, and, as the conjunction of circumstances demanded, he has used suasion or defiance. At one moment he formulates the desire of the whole nation, inarticulate as yet, but wrestling after utterance and instantly recognized when the correct formula has been found; at another moment he infuriates millions by a direct thwarting of their wishes or by some indiscretion prompted by impulsiveness. For twenty-five years he has now stood in "that fierce light that beats upon a throne," a target for the envenomed shafts of belittlers, the subject of the fawning adulations of courtier parasites, but, in spite of critics and flatterers, a character with which the world must reckon.

A strange variety of contrasting qualities, often in seeming contradiction with one another, are blended together in this one person; herein is a true representative of our own times, precisely herein. If we attempt to reduce this to a simple scheme, perhaps the best expression for it is the contrast of liberal and conservative, although this contrast is far from being exhaustive. As conservative, the Kaiser regards his office with a feeling of responsibility almost sacerdotal; prompted by his interpretation of the religious nature and origin of authority, he represents the deity on earth; he is sincerely and devotedly attached to ancient institutions; they possess in his eyes a peculiar sanction imparted to them solely by a long history; his preference is for the imperative of duty in the form in which it is embodied in Prussian militarism. On the other hand, as liberal, he is an entirely modern man, receptive to every impression modern developments produce; most zealous to understand all the agencies of modern life, wherever these agencies are at work, in industry and commerce, in science and in art; an energetic promoter of whatever he regards as true social reform. This dual trend of character is intelligible from a consideration of the present time, with its lack of unifying principle, when every one feels himself impelled at different moments in opposite directions; yet it

becomes clearer when we contemplate the events that were influential in fashioning the Kaiser's youth at the most fictile period. Born in 1859, he witnessed as a boy the blood and iron policy by means of which Bismarck welded into a unity the straggling and recalcitrant fragments of the German-speaking fraternity; the wars between Prussia and Denmark, and Prussia and Austria in the middle sixties; the recent formation of the North-German confederacy; the Franco-German war of 1870 and 1871, with its sequel, the formation of the German empire. Within parliament the struggle against rising democracy, and against even the moderate liberalism of the preceding generation, was pursued in the same spirit. "The Prussian monarchy has not yet fulfilled its mission; it is not yet ripe to be a mere ornament in your constitution-edifice; not yet ripe to be adapted as a lifeless part of a machine within the mechanism of parliamentary regime."(Bismarck in 1863.) The conception of the State, with which contemporary events inspired the Kaiser's mind was that of a despotism leaning for support on the sword, benevolent towards loyal-minded subjects, of unflinching severity towards disloyalty and disobedience. Characteristic, too, in this connexion is Bismarck's judgement on the present Kaiser of 1880: "He will one day take the reins of government into his own hands; he is energetic and resolute, nowise disposed to suffer parliamentary fellow-rulers. Perhaps he will develop into that *rocher de bronze* which we require." On the other hand, we must remember that the Kaiser's father was imbued with the liberalism of the 1848 period, a liberalism which foreshadowed the attainment along the paths of peace of much that was ultimately won on the battlefields, together with a far greater measure of constitutionalism and social reform than has been achieved; and this influence cannot have been slight on such a receptive temperament as that of Wilhelm II.

In our matter of fact days, a rare phenomenon is the Kaiser's notion of the religious character of his office, a phenomenon unexplainable by any no-longer-existent *mysticisme allemand*, of which the French sometimes speak; here we

have, indeed, a human being, governed to all appearance by the same physical laws which govern the rest of us, yet claiming to stand in some unique relation to the deity, privileged beyond the lot of common mortals. It is true that on the face of coins and in certain royal proclamations other monarchs, too, reign *Dei gratia;* but coins interest us as drafts on the bank of human labour, and proclamations by what they command us to do or leave undone: the grace of God element there is unostentatious and altogether insufficient to satisfy Wilhelm II's notion of his divine prerogative, which for him is very "stuff of the conscience," and to question which provokes his frown. Whilst other men hold themselves responsible to their fellows for their omissions and commissions, to God alone is he bound to render an account of his stewardship, and when Wilhelm II speaks of God, he is not thinking of any philosophic conception of a principle of absolute justice of which history is the visible, even if imperfect, realization; it is the God of a bygone age who ordered the estates of the "rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate." When contemplating the relation in which they stand to society generally, ordinary mortals have to content themselves with the position of member within an organism; the Kaiser is more than that; by some vague process of reasoning he has convinced himself that he stands outside and above that scheme which comprehends the rest of us. Occasionally his words would make us believe that he was some kind of quintessence of the nation; the true bearer of the national history; others of his utterances point to himself as the medium through which the deity reveals itself and leads humanity onwards by means of this revelation to higher and nobler ends. Very characteristic are the sentences from the famous Königsberg speech of August 26th, 1910: "And so shall I tread the path these mighty dead [his ancestors] have trodden, just as my grandfather has done, considering myself the instrument of Heaven, heedless of the views and opinions of the day. I shall go my way, mindful only of the welfare and peaceful development of our country." It may perhaps be the case that the Kaiser shares his hazy

mysticism with other sovereigns; whether this be so or not, the naïve frankness with which he asserts his divine sanction places a wide gulf between him and them in the general mind. Whether such romantic dreaminess was ever typically German is more than doubtful; to-day, at any rate, it is a fearful anachronism. When it assumes more reasonable and practical forms, it enables the Kaiser to become the patron of a truly Christian and religious foundation of society; and throughout his reign this has been no small merit of his, in view of the ceaseless attacks against true idealism proceeding from crude devotees of hedonism, as social-democracy and a large section of industrial Germany at the present time are.

It would be a great mistake to characterize the Kaiser as a *poseur*, as, nevertheless, many have done. His somewhat erratic utterances, which have more than once necessitated an elaborate system of apologetics from German diplomacy, have their origin not merely in the vulgar desire to be the cynosure of the whole world—in the Kaiser's mind, this distinction is sufficiently guaranteed by the divine nature of the imperial office—their source is rather the exceptional vivacity of the Kaiser's temperament. His unusual impulsiveness, his restless energy, in spite of, or, to be more accurate, by reason of, the superficiality of his strictly intellectual endowments, crave for extensive scope in order to be anywise adequately satisfied; court life and court formalities are far too limited, secluded labour in planning social betterment is too confining, hence his frequent appearance on the public stage of politics in whatever character the particular occasion may require. This mobility is further aided by great readiness of apprehension, often a quality of superficial minds, which enables him in brief time to familiarize himself with the most salient features of a subject, without, however, revealing to him its deeper import. Then the Kaiser is one of those men who find it impossible to hide their light under a bushel; whatever knowledge he possesses, whatever precept for life's conduct, he feels himself constrained to impart to others, and it is to this didactic turn of his nature that we must attribute a large share of responsi-

bility for his speeches and acts, for example, the devising of a plan of operation for the Boer war. It has been asserted of him that, had he not been Kaiser, he would have made a good professor; of his competence for such position we may perhaps be excused for doubting; that somewhat easy virtue of communication is not in itself a sufficient qualification.

Conscientiousness, as we have already emphasized, is undoubtedly one of the Kaiser's greatest possessions; many of those things he has done which have astounded the world proceed from a highly developed, though misjudged, sense of duty. He is convinced that he is the highest in the land; nay, this title is scarcely sufficient, for some mysterious virtue of kingship raises him above comparison with his fellows, and to be even highest implies such a comparison. Little short of omniscience would be able to cope with those tasks which the Kaiser conscientiously regards as imposed upon him as God's lieutenant on earth; like his ancestor, the great Frederick, he finds no detail too trivial to interest him, and, as pointed out, he can readily grasp the obvious bearings of any question. Yet in an age of such intensive specialization as ours is, this indiscriminate versatility cannot fail to result in universal dilettantism. It is said by those who are privileged to come into personal contact with him, that only in one line, namely, shipbuilding, does the Kaiser possess anything like expert knowledge; in all else he is a dabbler. To his credit be it said that he takes pains to become a specialist in other lines; he has entirely broken with the tradition of confining his social intercourse to members of the nobility; his associates include men of every station in society, the only condition he makes is that they shall observe due forms of deference to his position, and have, moreover, something to offer which makes their companionship worth while. It is by thus associating with eminent authorities on various subjects that the Kaiser has acquired such knowledge as he possesses, and not by diligent study of books, of which he reads but few. This method of obtaining information is further aided by that inestimable natural endowment of being a charming *causeur*: all are agreed

in ascribing to him this gift, of which he is himself fully conscious. This power of captivating a narrower circle of intimate friends has induced in him exaggerated notions of his ability to persuade, and lead, great political parties; the warmth of his feelings often blinds him to the cold logic of circumstances; he greatly regrets that his constitutional position forbids his personal advocacy within his Reichstag of those measures which lie next his heart, yet he quite lacks insight into the wide sway of mere expediency in politics, where benevolent intentions alone count for so little.

If, now, we put the question: What is the real meaning of this jubilee celebration? To what widely felt national emotion does it give expression? What underlies this impulse to clothe the streets of city and village in bunting and assemble in crowds to hear panegyrics of Emperor and Fatherland? we shall find a variety of answers. The social democrat organs announce with vehement pathos that they stand aloof from this demonstration of sycophantism, and their adherents ostentatiously refuse to become parties to it; but the passionateness of their tirades shows how far they themselves are from cold indifference; their attitude is consistent with their antagonism to existing social institutions generally, and in particular to any form of hereditary monarchy. Moderate radicals make it an occasion to express the desire that Kaiser and nation may continue to work together for the welfare of the Fatherland; they emphasize the pacific intentions of the Kaiser, the occasions on which he has expressed himself in favour of constitutional reform in the direction of their own ideals, and above all, they insist on the blessings of peace. Liberalism finds the cause of the celebration in the sentiment so intimately bound up with the destinies of the Hohenzollerns in the national life, both in its political and in its purely human aspects; Germans of this political persuasion see in this jubilee the expression in a modern form of that ancient relation of fidelity which, in the centuries of feudalism, bound together the soldier and his lord. When we appeal to the conservative classes we hear more and more distinctly the

tone of personal reverence for the lieutenant of the deity on earth. Probably we should not be very far from the truth in asserting that this Kaiser-jubilee represents the general recognition that the present occupant of the imperial throne, taking him all in all, is a sufficiently marked personality to do credit to the German nation; at the same time it represents acquiescence in the general line of policy with which the emperor has identified himself. This statement gives due expression to the two sides of the festival, personal and political, the presence of which every observer must have felt.

The outstanding features of the Kaiser's policy were clearly defined in his proclamation to his people: "To foster piety and the fear of God, to protect peace, to advance the welfare of the country, to be a helper to the poor and oppressed, and a faithful guardian to the right." These are truly no mean ideals, and without rendering one's self liable to suspicion of undue flattery one can affirm that they represent the constant and unchanging element running through the many permutations and combinations of the Kaiser's momentary caprices. His zeal for religion cannot be questioned; we may or may not agree with his interpretation of religion, but, such as it is, it has been the object of his sincere devotion, vague and antiquated as it may appear to us. As concerns the second point, the maintenance of peace, there has been much disagreement. On his accession to the throne it was generally accepted that he would be, above all things, a military ruler, his early training and his personal sympathies seemed to point that way. This prejudice influenced men's judgements for a long time; but of late there has been unanimity on this matter. The Kaiser is for peace, and all men now admit that herein he has pursued no zig-zag course, but has consistently remained faithful to his first profession, and that the reiterated assertions of his desire for peace have been literally true. In the Speech from the Throne, May 25th, 1888, the year of his accession, he said: "My love for the German army and my relation to it will never tempt me to deprive our land of the blessings of peace, unless war is thrust upon us by the necessities of the

empire, or its allies. Our army shall make peace secure; and when, in spite of our efforts, peace is broken, it shall be in such a position that it can restore it." Again, in November of the same year, he said: "Our relations towards all foreign states are peaceful, and my endeavours are incessantly directed towards securing this peace." Again, in 1905, when unveiling the memorial to Kaiser Freedrick in Bremen, he said: "When, after the mighty epoch of my grandfather, I was called to rule, I took the oath that, as far as in me lay, bayonets and cannons should lie unused, but that bayonets and cannons should be maintained in a state of efficiency, that no envy or jealousy abroad should disturb us in the cultivation of our garden and our beautiful dwelling at home." And not in word only, but also in act, has the Kaiser manifested his pacific intentions. At the beginning of his reign the political outlook was gloomy in the extreme; the attitude of both France and Russia was menacing; it was his first business to quell the rising storm. The forbearance he has repeatedly shown in face of Chauvinist provocations from France has more than once been bitterly criticized at home; not by reactionary militarists alone, but by a united nation, excluding, of course, those who absurdly boast of their superiority over any such limitations as nationality involves. During the Morocco crisis two years ago, no one now disputes the fact that the personal influence of the Kaiser in restraining his more warlike advisers did as much as anything else to prevent the cannons beginning to roar. And the enormous, extraordinary army expenditure of this year which has just been voted in the Reichstag after being specially advocated by the Kaiser, was certainly not contemplated for aggressiveness; a general feeling of insecurity caused by the altered situation in the Balkans, the rapid development of Russia during the past few years, the onward march of Slavonic nationalities along the eastern borders of Germany, the spread of Pan-Slavonic ambitions, the recrudescence of the revenge-idea in France,—all these circumstances seemed to demand additional vigilance. The outside world was astounded at the notion of two hundred and

fifty million dollars being granted over and above the regular outlay on military affairs: the nation, in an overwhelming majority, is convinced that its very existence is imperilled, and no voice is raised against the proposal except that of salaried professional agitators and their dupes. On this occasion the Kaiser has asserted the great personal influence he possesses, and that influence has removed many an obstacle that might otherwise have beset the path of his ministers.

In the other arm of national defence, the navy, the Kaiser has been even more influential than in the army; it is scarcely an exaggeration to call the navy the Kaiser's own creation. On his accession the empire possessed a fleet entirely despicable; at the present moment it is second only to that of England. His word pronounced many years ago, "Our future lies on the seas," represents his departure from the continental exclusiveness of the first chancellor, together with his advocacy of colonial expansion and increased attention to transmarine commerce. Any nation which cherishes such ideals must provide itself with the means of realizing them, and after they have been realized of defending them, if need be, in armed conflict; unless a nation is willing to make the material sacrifices to do this it must adopt the only other alternative, namely, to exist on sufferance, as some of the smaller and unambitious nations are compelled to do, although it would be very gall to a people not utterly destitute of self-esteem. The rank of Germany as second to England in external trade, marine transportation, number and registered tonnage of ships, all of them acquisitions by the present generation, corresponds with, and justifies, its growth and position as a naval fighting force. Whether the factors called into being by the mere existence of two such powerful fighting instruments as the English and German navies, confronting each other almost visibly in the North Sea, will ever get beyond the control of restraining influences, cannot now be ascertained: such a collision is more than a mere possibility; but, so long as nothing is to be feared from England to break the existing peace—and all the world knows that she already has her place in the sun,—

one can certainly affirm that the Kaiser will throw the whole weight of his influence, and it is considerable, on the side of peace.

As far as actual acquisition in foreign policy during the last twenty-five years is concerned, much dissatisfaction is expressed that Germany's "place in the sun" is still so small; the extent of its colonial possessions is much the same as it was a quarter of a century ago, whereas the other great powers of the world have made large additions to theirs. The achievements of real positive value that can be registered are the strengthening of Germany's economic situation abroad, the awakening of a keen interest in foreign and colonial affairs at home, which was sadly lacking before the present century, together with the acquisition of Kiauchou, and the very important naval base of Heligoland. Doubtless this is, to no small extent, the Kaiser's own work. Taken in conjunction with the recreation of a powerful navy, this altered temper of the nation renders possible a far greater measure of self-assertion than could have existed when Wilhelm II ascended the throne.

In social and domestic policy it is less easy to discern what should be referred to the personal initiative of the Kaiser and what is exclusively the work of his ministers. The rupture with Bismarck denotes a moderation of the excessive patriarchalism which was the first chancellor's conception of the State; the working classes and all indigent persons disabled by any cause from earning a livelihood were no longer to be considered mere recipients of alms which a benevolent superior bestowed on them as long as they behaved like good children; they were henceforth to be regarded as human beings, and, as such, endowed with rights and privileges, with a claim to share in the amassed possessions of society. In this domain of social policy, where generous impulses unaided by a consistent political philosophy are of little avail, the Kaiser's activity produces the impression of patchwork, completely lacking uniformity of design. His moderation, as compared with antiquated *Junkertum*, has been revealed in the support given to various measures of liberal tendency, where the injustice

of the Junker course was obvious; so, for example, his opposition to the financial reform of 1909, which imposed severer taxation on articles of daily consumption, thus unduly burdening the poorer classes, and which was no small contributor to the increase of social democracy at the elections of last year; his abrogations of the legislation against socialism, which constituted Bismarck's chief grievance against him; his advocacy of Prussian electoral reform, which aims at abolishing an out-of-date iniquitous system, according to which the electorate is divided into three classes, individuals possessing voting power proportionate with their assessment for taxation; his support of Caprivi's commercial treaties, which were bitterly opposed by agrarian interests because of their advancing industrial and commercial claims against overselfish agrarianism, such as is rampant in East Prussia; his support of inner colonization in Prussia, by which a class of small, landed proprietors was called into being; his advocacy of the constitution for Alsace-Lorraine, granted four or five years ago, by which liberal measure it was hoped the anti-German clerical intrigues in these provinces, wrested from the German empire by Louis XIV, and restored in 1870, would in some measure be appeased. To this same vein of liberalism we must attribute the peculiar attitude of the Kaiser in educational reform; he vigorously advocated the claims of natural science and modern languages against the exclusive classical training of the old gymnasium. Whilst he cannot satisfy the insatiate greed of the extreme Right, he is even further removed from the ideal of the extreme Left; his position is that of moderate conservatism. With a slight bias towards agriculture, he is yet fully conscious of the importance of industry and commerce in a modern state. His social programme is: "Protection of the national labour of all productive classes; strengthening of a healthy middle class; determined suppression of any revolution, and severest punishment on him who ventures to prevent from working a fellow-citizen who is willing to work."

In conclusion we may say that the German nation has good cause to congratulate itself on having such a ruler. The

past twenty-five years have witnessed such increase in material prosperity, such progress in administrative and social reform as stand almost without their peer in history; and everywhere we see the untiring energy of the Kaiser, not always well advised but always well intentioned, exercising itself as one of the most potent factors in these achievements. Not in a spirit of servile self-abasement before mere rank, but with a feeling of sincere respect for personality, could the best of the nation pay homage to Wilhelm II on this his silver jubilee.

E. W. Patchett

THE PIONEERS OF PICTOU

Our sires—brave hearts that crossed estranging seas,
And broke the hush of the primeval wood,
Who lit their candles in the solitude,
And met the saffron morn upon their knees—
What though their homes were void of luxuries,
Learning ne'er begged, nor altars smokeless stood,
Nor cheer, nor friendship lacked the joys their rude,
Kind, log-heaped hearths could give.—It is to these
I bare my head! They wrought without the aid
Invention brings, ere smoke of Industry
Hung o'er these hills and vales; with care they made
This place a garden of the mind; and we,
Cradled in comfort, now bid mem'ry hold
The fragrance of their lives in jars of gold.

Alexander Louis Fraser

RACE OR ALLEGIANCE

NATIONAL prejudices form an element that cannot be entirely disregarded by statesmen in shaping the policy of the countries which they are called to direct. In the case of democracies, where the effective power is in the hands of men who have gained their right to a share in the government by stimulating and encouraging such prejudices, these form a still more important influence than where the rule is wholly or partly hereditary, or independent of current phases of public opinion. In our own country these prejudices have played an important part, whether based upon racial, linguistic, or religious differences. How far such influences are legitimate and how far mischievous, will be one object of the study we are now to enter upon.

The Protestant Reformation may be taken as a starting point, since that, in itself, forms the groundwork of the strongest religious political sentiments of our people, and since the diversities of race among the countries of the British Empire have mostly had their origin in the period that has elapsed between that epoch and the present time.

There are two incidents in the reign of James I which may be regarded as the foundation of the political principles that have grown up in modern times, one bearing upon the constitutional principles of internal government, and the other on the principles of international law governing relations with foreign countries.

The first of these is the suit at law known as the Calvin case, or the case of the Post Nati,[1] in which the underlying principles of the constitution, independently of legislative enactments, were subjected to review of the most powerful legal minds of one of the greatest periods in our national history; among those taking part in the arguments and

[1] James I, 1608. State Trials, 559.

decision of this case being Sir Edward Coke, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, and twelve other judges.

This case is not so frequently referred to in the law courts now as formerly, because, for practical purposes, much has been done by positive legislation to take things out of the realm of pure speculative principle, which nevertheless is of the first importance in determining matters upon which no positive law exists. But as questions sometimes arise in which we have to fall back on these principles, it would be highly useful for students of law and of politics to ascend to such a source, even for the determination of modern problems.

For present purposes I may confine myself to one doctrine that was emphasized by the great jurists engaged in that case, modified, as we shall see, by a subsequent dictum of the greatest jurist our nation has produced, the founder in an important degree of the equitable jurisprudence of the courts, Lord Mansfield.

The principle I now refer to is that of the right to equal protection before the law, of all the subjects of the King, whether they belong to one or to another of the domains of the Crown. This may be briefly stated as enunciating that the King owes his protection to every one of his subjects, to whatever kingdom or dominion the individual subject may belong, and the correlative of this, that every subject owes allegiance to the King.

This is a question quite apart from that of the title by which the King holds his sovereignty, whether by divine right, by Act of Parliament, or as the channel through which the majesty of the people of the realm flows. And if the last, is it the people of one kingdom or of all the realms? This is the point yet to be worked out in the growth of our constitution. I do not need to dissent from the doctrine of John Milton on the main point, when he holds that the mandate of the nation conferred upon a King may be revoked, and that the King is subject to trial and removal for violation of the fundamental laws of the kingdom. What-

ever be the source of his authority, the authority itself is of the utmost importance for the proper administration of the law, and should be maintained unimpaired. On this point the school of thought of which Charles Dumoulin, the great French law writer of the sixteenth century, is an eminent theoretical, and Count Cavour in Italy is an illustrious practical, exponent, has taken ground which tends greatly to the stability of institutions.

Leaving this, however, and referring to the duties and obligations of the King and of the people respectively, the modification by Lord Mansfield of the terms in which this doctrine was expressed is to be found in the constitutional case of Campbell & Hall,[1] one of the fundamental decisions for the interpretation of the constitution of Canada itself. This modification consists in the criticism and repudiation by Lord Mansfield of the limitation which some of the judges in the earlier case would have placed, hypothetically, upon the absolute equality of all the King's subjects, to the effect that a distinction might be made between Christian and Pagan nations. This distinction Lord Mansfield reprobated, rejected, and declared absurd and indefensible, and in the light of his decision the doctrine of common law, apart from legal enactments to be found in Acts of Parliament or of colonial legislatures, has become well established: that all the King's subjects, no matter in what dominion they reside, to what race they belong, or what religion they profess, are equally entitled to his full protection and equally owe allegiance to him as head of the State. This modern doctrine is extended to international law, and is thus admirably expressed in Phillimore,[2] "But if the precepts of Natural Law are obligatory upon Heathen States in their intercourse with each other, much more are they upon Christian Governments in their intercourse with Heathen States .... The great point to be estab-

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1 Houston's "Constitutional Documents," p. 82. More fully in Cowper's Reports, K. B., and 20 Howell's State Trials.

2 "International Law," Vol. 1, p. 22, No. 29.

lished is that the principles of international justice do govern, or *ought* to govern, the dealings of the Christian with the Infidel Community...........The violation of these principles is indeed sometimes urged in support of an opposite opinion, but to no purpose; for it is clear that the occasional cannot affect the reality of the permanent duty." Lord Watson in the Privy Council acted in the spirit of this in the British Columbia case of Bryden vs. The Attorney-General of British Columbia.[1] I am afraid I cannot say the same for the former Lord Chancellor Halsbury in Cunningham vs. Attorney-General, B.C. vs. Tomey-Homma vs. Attorney-General of Canada.[2]

The other instrument to which I have referred as having an international application is the treaty that was made with Spain in August, 1604, the year after James's accession to the English throne. The period of this accession was the most brilliant in all the history of England. The time of Shakespeare is commonly referred to as Elizabethan, but most of Shakespeare's plays were produced during the reign of James, which covered also the first sixteen years of the life of John Milton. James's reign also included the time of Lord Bacon and of Sir Edward Coke, one of the greatest names in common law. In Spain, also, the highest pitch of intellectual development was reached during the reign of James's contemporary, Philip III; I need mention only the names of Cervantes in literature and Murillo in art, though they are only two in a brilliant galaxy of names.

Philip II, obnoxious as the protector of the Inquisition, had died in 1598, five years before James's accession, and his successor, Philip III, was a very devout man, who left the administration of the government to the Duke of Lerma, and this minister, whatever blame may be attached to him for the removal of the Moriscos or Moors, at least recognized that war was ruinous to his country also, and was desirous of peace. One of the earliest measures of the

1 1899, A. C. 580.
2 1903, A. C. 151.

new reign, therefore, was the passing of a treaty of peace and friendship, which might very well be taken by British students as the starting-point for the study of modern international law, instead of the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648. This Spanish treaty was, in large measure, due to James himself, and to his minister Cecil, Lord Burleigh, and so long as James was able to control the policy of the land, he lived up to the spirit as well as the letter of the treaty, and made a sincere and persistent effort to maintain peace and good-will between the two nations, even in Spanish America, which was not covered by the precise terms of the treaty.

In so far as the principles and the spirit of this agreement have been departed from, complications, disputes, and quarrels have been the result, from which the only escape has been through war. It may be that the provisions of the treaty were in advance of the spirit of the age, though not of the sentiment of the best minds of that time, some of whom have already been named. It was, however, in advance of the opinions of the House of Commons, which clamoured for war with Spain as a great Catholic power until, in the last years of James's reign, the King's lifelong struggle for peace and good-will was overridden by the House of Commons, and war was declared with Spain, and funds voted to prosecute it, which the King placed under the control of the House of Commons itself, this being one of the most important steps towards the system which gave the House of Commons the control of money bills. That House very soon found, however, how sound had been the policy of the King in refraining from embroiling himself in the "vortex of European militarism." The moneys were wasted, the troops largely perished, little or nothing was accomplished, and finally the enterprise was abandoned: in all of which there was but a repetition of what had taken place throughout the whole of Europe after the wars of the Crusades. And a similar result attended an enterprise under the second Earl of Chatham, the son of the great

earl, William Pitt the elder, this, known as the Walcheren expedition, having taken place 1809, during the period that we shall mention in a moment. This was ridiculed in one of those jingling rhymes so popular in Canning's time:

> Lord Chatham, with the sword undrawn,
> Was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
> Sir Richard, eager to be at 'em,
> Was waiting too. For whom? Lord Chatham.

So long as King James's peaceful policy prevailed, great progress was made. James's belief was that all that could have been desired might have been gained by the prosecution of peaceful negotiation, and this object was almost on the eve of realization in the celebration of a marriage between Charles and the Spanish Infanta, who had taken the title of Princess of Wales by anticipation, a marriage which in all probability would have resulted in peace and concord between the Catholic and Protestant nations of Europe, on a basis that would have secured, and would have given guarantees for, the preservation of all the essential political objects aimed at by the leading minds in the Protestant Reformation, with the elimination of the spirit of persecution of Protestant by Catholic, and of Catholic by Protestant. This was the object of James and of Digby, Earl of Bristol, his minister at the court of Spain. The hope was shattered, however, by the perfidy of Charles and the intrigues of the Duke of Buckingham, a minister forced upon the attention of James by the machinations of his English courtiers, leading members of the English nobility, many of them, afterwards if not then, in the pay of the Spanish King, acting in concert with James's light-headed Queen Anne of Denmark. The Duke was the incarnation of the spirit of Anglo-Saxon superiority. It is commonly made a matter of reproach to James that, out of his desire to maintain friendly relations with Spain, he sacrificed Sir Walter Raleigh, another apostle of Anglo-Saxon superiority, but it is easily forgotten that Sir Walter Raleigh

was convicted of a conspiracy to assassinate his sovereign. No one need justify Sir Edward Coke for the brutal way in which he conducted the prosecution. The real point is that Raleigh was found guilty, and indeed practically confessed his guilt; so that little sympathy need be wasted upon him. But when Raleigh was released upon assurances that he knew of gold mines in or near Venezuela, and was allowed to equip an expedition to visit them, it turned out that he had been simply lying, that his intention was to plunder Spanish settlements and to murder the settlers, then to capture their gold, in violation of the principle underlying the treaty between his monarch and the Spanish King, and in violation of the pledged word of the British King, which Raleigh had sworn before departing to observe faithfully.

Raleigh was executed on the conviction that had been procured against him at an earlier date. This, however, is no reproach to James, who proposed to put him on his trial for the later offence, but was given the advice by the law-officers that he could not be tried a second time for the latter offence while under conviction for treason in the first instance, and also not without setting up and maintaining in the British courts the validity of the title of the King of Spain to all the Spanish possessions in Central and South America; whereupon the King determined, and justly determined, to have him executed for the crime of which he had already been convicted, and for which no pardon had been granted, but not till after a close enquiry into the expedition to Guiana, in which there were disclosed any number of his subterfuges, treasons, stratagems, and wiles, which removed all possible claim to a pardon. Here we have in Raleigh, the representative in his own age of those who thought that Spaniards had no rights that Englishmen were bound to respect, while in James we have the cautious preserver of the right to contest the validity of the Spanish title to extensive domains, at the same time determined to mete out equal-handed justice to those engaged

in the venture against the innocent Spanish inhabitants who had been wantonly and ruthlessly destroyed, in violation of his oath, by this illustrious subject of the King.

The treaty of peace with Spain, the recognition of his international duties by the peace-loving monarch, the vindication of the right to equal treatment of all his subjects, whether Catholic or Protestant, and, in general, the public policy of James, is in line with the best statesmenship of the present time, and is even in advance of the practice of modern democratic communities in international affairs. Edward VII has received great credit as a peacemaker, though he simply swam with the current of the most enlightened public opinion of his time. James was not able to carry public opinion with him, but maintained a persistent and heroic struggle to make the policy of peace and toleration prevail, in an age of much less political advancement.

And yet he never weakly surrendered the international rights of the nation, as many modern diplomatists have got into the habit of doing. We learn from Vattel [1] that during the wars between Spain and the Netherlands James drew along the coast limits within which he would not suffer any of the belligerents, in pursuit of their enemies, or even their armed vessels, to enter and spy upon ships entering or leaving the ports. This was one of the early instances of the three-mile limit of modern international law.

It was the same with his colonial administration. We all know the difficulties of managing the American colonies, the persistent efforts of the governors to induce the colonists, in any form whatever, to realize their responsibilities,—they were always ready enough to assert their rights, including the right of smuggling, and of massacring the Indians who stood in their way,—but, with patience and perseverance, he was unravelling that tangle also; and a commission was at work, laying out plans of sound administration, combining local liberty with imperial strength, at the time

1 "Droit de Gens," Bk. 1, Chap. 23, No. 288.

of James's death in 1625, when the task was abandoned or postponed, on account of the troubles that arose under his successor who had all the exaggerated ideas of his kingly prerogative, but none of the practical wisdom and sagacity, truthfulness and candour, of his father.[1]

For an appreciation of James's character, we may refer to Isaac Disraeli's study on the literary and political character of that monarch, who sums up the political aspect in an introductory quotation in which he is termed the true father of his people. We may close these references to James by a couple of extracts, bearing on the subject we are now considering, from King James's work written for the instruction of his then eldest son, Prince Henry, who died at the age of seventeen years, much beloved and regretted in the nation; the work bearing the title "Basilikon Doron or The King's Gift."

"Before ye take on warre, play the wise King's part descrived by Christ: foreseeing how ye may bear it out with all necessary provision: especially remember that money is *Nervus belli*...." And again, "And as I have counselled you to be slow in taking on a warre, so I advise you to be slow in peacemaking. Before ye agree, look that the ground of your warres be satisfied in your peace: and that ye see a good suretie for you and your people: otherwise an honourable and just warre is more tolerable than a dishonourable and disadvantageous peace."

Coming down to a later period, the relations with Spain again became acute in the early part of the nineteenth century, after the close of the Napoleonic wars. These had been brought to an end by the battle of Waterloo, and for many years prior to that victory the wars had been prolonged by Pitt and his ministers, of whom Canning was one towards the close; and the object of these wars was declared to be "the deliverance of Europe" from the despotism of one single power. The horrors of the French Revolution had given a setback to the natural growth of constitutional

1 See Beer "Origins of the British Colonial System," 1578-1660, p. 308 sq.

aims in government. There was a general disposition, both in Great Britain, under the influence of ideas championed by Burke, and on the continent under the leadership of the monarchs of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and in France itself, after the restoration of the Bourbons in Louis XVIII (1814-24) and Charles X (1824-30), to stiffen the safeguards against the revolutionary spirit. At first the King of Prussia, Frederick William III (1814-15), was disposed to grant constitutional liberties to his people, but, partly owing to the influence of Russia, and partly at the instigation of Count Metternich, the chief adviser of the Court of Austria, and alarmed by certain violent acts of revolutionary organizations, the Prussian monarch also (1818-21) rallied to the cause of absolutism; and the Holy Alliance, originally formed with the avowed object of securing government in Europe under Christian principles, was diverted from this end and was used as a means of repressing democratic and constitutional ideas in all European countries. Naples and Piedmont (which latter is the territory between France and Italy, including Savoy and eastward) were both invaded by Austria, and forced to abandon their constitutions, Spain also was threatened with invasion, and ultimately France undertook to suppress the constitutional government of that country, and to reëstablish the unlimited authority of the Bourbon sovereign, Ferdinand VII. Great Britain refused to be drawn into sanctioning these proceedings, and at first, under Castlereagh and Wellington, and ultimately, in a more pronounced degree under George Canning, Britain withdrew from the European concert, and refused to be a party to any interference with the establishment of liberal institutions in any of these countries or, later on, in the newly emancipated kingdom of Greece.

If England was justified in waging war against Napoleon for what Canning called the "deliverance of Europe," she was not justified, as pointed out in the citation from the King's Book, in making peace until the object of the war was attained and an honourable peace concluded. This

was not done when the larger powers of Europe were allowed, in the Congress of Vienna, 1815, and by supplementary treaties, to absorb the possessions of the smaller powers against the will of the people. And after the peace was concluded, and the treaty signed, it was equally incumbent upon the nation to see that the terms of the peace were carried out. For a nation that will not adhere to treaties into which they have solemnly entered is very much in the position of a *hostis humani generis*, in regard to which I may quote the following passage from Phillimore, Vol. 2, p. 69:

"Upon a scrupulous fidelity in the observation of Treaties, not merely in their letter but in their spirit, obviously depends, under God, the peace of the world. *Pacta sunt servanda* is the pervading maxim of International, as it was of Roman, jurisprudence. The treaty-breaking state is the great enemy of Nations, the disturber of their peace, the destroyer of their happiness, the obstacle to their progress, the cause—to sum up all charges—of the terrible but necessary evil of War.

"'Fundamentum justitiae est fides, i.e. dictorum conventorumque constantia et veritas.' To this remark of Cicero may be added the maxim which Ulpian puts in the form of a question: 'Quid tam congruum fidei humanae quam quae inter eos placuerunt servare?'

"A Christian State, even in A.D. 1881, might be edified by the preamble to the Treaty between Nadir Shah, the Emperor of Persia, and the Sultan Mahmoud, Emperor of the Turks, in 1747. 'Glory to God' [it begins] 'who among other things has rooted out all hatred and enmity from the bosoms of these nations, and has commanded them to keep their Treaties inviolable, as the ever glorious book saith, "O ye who believe, keep your covenants."'"

A self-respecting nation, however much as it may love peace, is bound to go to war, if necessary, to enforce the observance of the stipulations of a treaty to which she is a party. She may, of course, choose her own time for going

to war, but while the offence lasts should have as little intercourse as possible with the offending nation. And yet again, where the interests of the nation itself are not necessarily involved, it is a matter of discretion and policy how far she is bound to go to war to support the rights of other and weaker powers, but here also I venture to think that a powerful nation should take a large and generous view of her responsibility, and not readily allow a weak power to be crushed by a strong, when she has the power to prevent it.

Up to a certain point, then, the policy of Canning was sound and statesmanlike, and was quite in line with the best traditions of British diplomacy. But when it was found that Britain's protests against interference with Spain were disregarded and set at naught by the Holy Alliance and by the government of France, instead of making this a *casus belli* as a further blow at the destruction of the work which had been accomplished by the deliverance of Europe from Napoleon, and instead of resuming the contest, as she afterwards did successfully in the case of Portugal, she contented herself with withdrawing from the European concert, while permitting the French invasion of Spain, and the overthrow of the constitutional government of that country, to take place, which led to a long train of unfortunate consequences, culminating in the decay, instead of the regeneration, of the Spanish monarchy. And here the policy of Canning in his attitude towards the Spanish colonies forms a striking contrast to the policy of James in the earlier period we have described.

Instead of supporting the constitutional government of Spain, and liberalizing, or helping to liberalize, her institutions throughout the world, Canning gave encouragement to trade with the Spanish American colonies, and even appointed British consuls to Mexico, Colombia, Peru, and Buenos Ayres, (now the Argentine Republic), long before the independence of these colonies had been recognized. One of the effects of this partial recognition was to encourage

these Spanish colonies to throw off their allegiance to the home government, against which one of the chief grievances was that she tried to protect the Indian inhabitants from their rapacity and fiendish cruelties, which even yet have not ceased in Peru and the interior. Instead then of forming with the monarchy in Spain a powerful Spanish Empire in South and Central America, the counterpart of the British Empire in the north, under an enlightened liberal government, the principles, and even the machinery, of which were recognized in the constitution of Cadiz, established in 1812, with representation of the American colonies, these Spanish colonies succeeded in obtaining their independence, and from that time have been governed under a system of perpetual revolution and anarchy at home, and liable to be plundered of their choicest possessions whenever it suits the convenience of their Anglo-Saxon neighbours, in Texas, Lower California, Mexico, Colombia, Cuba, or Nicaragua, whereas they might have remained politically united to one another and to the constitutional government in Spain, for the great advantage of civilization throughout the world.

Even in Brazil, which was the great Portuguese colony, a rupture took place with the mother country, the heir to the throne of Portugal, Dom Pedro, becoming Emperor of Brazil, and while still on that throne acceding to the throne of Portugal at his father's death, and signalizing his accession to that authority by granting an enlightened and liberal constitution to Portugal, after which he resigned his authority, and in 1822 all political connexion between Portugal and Brazil was finally broken off. Thereupon, in Portugal, also, the constitutional cause was overthrown, the absolute monarchy was restored, and Portugal prevented from entering upon a career of constitutional development. While in Brazil, the only well governed country in South America so long as the empire of Dom Pedro and of his successor Dom Pedro II lasted, the latter also was expelled by the recrudescence of the revolutionary spirit,

in 1889, since which a military dictatorship, calling itself a republic, has carried on the government of the country.

The mischief of the policy that was thus adopted by England under Canning's system was that it gave an excuse for the adoption of a set of principles in international affairs which, if carried out to their logical conclusions, would be destructive of the rights of the British Empire in the Dominions Beyond the Seas. No one can deny the brilliancy and fertility of resource displayed in the foreign policy of George Canning, but it seems fairly open to the objection that it had no consistent legal or international foundation. It was not based on the liberal principles contended for by the school of Charles James Fox, and advocated in Canning's time by Lord Grey, the Prime Minister under whom the Reform Bill was adopted, and the father-in-law of Lord Durham who, with Wakefield, laid the foundations of the enlightened system of colonial government which has made it possible to preserve the connexion between a great colony like Canada and the other Dominions Beyond the Seas in political union with the great mother country. Nor did Canning act upon the principles professed by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, which tended to repress the growth of democratic institutions at home as well as abroad, but observed strict fidelity to the integrity of every other power. As a natural result, Canning, who was hostile to reform and to other liberal principles at home (except that he did support Catholic emancipation) was not able when called to be Prime Minister to command the confidence of either of the political parties, and his attempt to advance the interests of England by attempting to balance one set of principles against another, in accordance with what he conceived to be the immediate interests of the British government, appears to demonstrate the danger of attempting to govern a country without fully accepting as a basis of policy some definite set of principles of political right and wrong.

Canning gave the sanction of his example to the introduction of artificial distinctions, unknown to international law, between one nation and another. His principles, of course, were incompatible with the existence of the concert of Europe as then understood, but not only so, they would make any concert between European powers almost impossible. In order to gain a temporary diplomatic triumph, he seems to have set up standards that could never be recognized by other nations, and with all his diplomatic agility and with all his lofty pretensions to superior candour, honesty, and straightforward dealing, in the conduct of public affairs, he attempted to act upon principles altogether too delicately balanced to appeal to the great sympathies of public opinion in the world, and his maxims seem to have been subversive of all previous traditions of public policy, and to have contained the germ of the dissolution of the British Empire itself, if the acute and fine distinctions he drew were disregarded, as they were sure to be disregarded, by the coarser minds of his successors, and especially by interested foreign interpreters of his principles.

To be a great, permanent force for good, a statesman ought to accept one or the other set of principles for the governing of nations. Wellington and Peel would have maintained authority and royal government. Grey and Durham and Lord John Russell (I would also like to include Lord Brougham, with certain qualifications) would have frankly accepted the spirit of liberal constitutional principles. Either of these courses would be intelligible, and could be followed up by an enlightened public opinion, but the attempt to balance between the two, and to refuse to be bound by any special set of principles, is a dangerous and disastrous experiment. And Canning may, therefore, be credited with being, in a measure, however little he intended it, the forerunner of that school of politicians which aims at the dissolution of the Empire, whose adherents, unlike him in this, care little or nothing for the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, and who believe that the different countries composing

the Empire should be allowed to drift apart, instead of being held together for the maintenance and spread of the highest British civilization.

When, therefore, Canning talks eloquently about calling in the New World to redress the balance of the Old, he disregards a principle of international law which recognizes the equal rights and equal responsibilities of all the independent nations of the world, respects the right of a legitimate sovereign power to enforce its authority, and refrains from encouraging dissatisfied rebels to revolt, but which, on the other hand, limits the right of interference of any nation with the concerns of another to cases in which the interests of the nation itself are directly or necessarily involved or the behests of humanity are violated. Any doctrine that sets up a different standard for the solution of the same problems in different hemispheres is false, vicious, and subversive of the fundamental principles both of Christianity and of international law, and cuts off any nation professing such a doctrine from the right to recognition in the sisterhood of nations of the world.

Fortunately, what Canning may have done in the short time when he was in possession of the seals of office, is not more binding upon the nation at large than the course taken by any of his predecessors or successors in office. His wisdom, or unwisdom, must be judged upon its merits, and is in no way determinate of public policy when influenced by the voice of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, which were not represented in the imperial Cabinet or imperial Parliament at the time when he held office.

Phillimore gives a minor degree of authority to the despatches and opinions, outside of treaties, expressed by ministers of State, especially towards nations who themselves are not equally bound. He reasons that "there must be a reciprocity in the conduct of the nation demanding from another nation the privilege of a modification (of positive treaties) introduced by usage into the ancient Law, and a nation may be estopped by its usage from claiming

the benefit of a principle of the Law of Nations which would operate in its favour."[1]

Contrasting Canning with King James, the fundamental difference in spirit would seem to be that James did not admit any doctrine of Anglo-Saxon superiority, which is really an intolerable affront to the rest of the world. James recognized the right of Spain, or of any other Catholic nation, to its legitimate development, while jealously preserving the rights of his own subjects, wherever these subjects might dwell. Canning, on the other hand, seems rather to have been imbued with the spirit of Raleigh, Buckingham, and many of our modern political leaders of thought, that there is some species of right on the part of the Anglo-Saxon race to dominate the other races of the world. If it is a proper thing for Britain and her colonies to form a united empire, it is no proper course for British statesmen to countenance the revolt of the colonies of any other European nation from the sovereignty they ought to respect. And just as the disruption of the Spanish empire led to revolution, anarchy, discord, and weakness, among the Spanish American colonies themselves, cut them off from the sympathy that should have been preserved with the mother country, and from their share in a system of intercourse throughout a number of countries scattered over the world, but left them as free to apply Congo atrocities to the Indians in the rubber territory as Anglo-Saxons in the Southern States are to burn negroes on suspicion of crime; so Canada, cut off from the British Empire, would lose her joint share in the possession of the world-wide Empire that can well co-exist with the most perfect local autonomy, except that we are also bound, so long as we are British, to observe some degree, at least, of the laws of humanity to other races, though here we also show tendencies to lapse from the high ideals of British tradition. If civilization is ever to be attained, it must be through the frank recognition of the doctrine of international law, which recognizes the right of every

1 See also LVI. "Marine Ordinances or regulations of a State," 1st Volume, p. 54.

nation to develop itself and its institutions in its own way. The spirit of domination of one race over other races is incompatible with the spirit both of international law and of Christian religion. And the practice of tying a nation up with special treaties towards another nation, except in the way of granting favourable treatment, which we are at any moment ready to extend to all other nations without conditions, is dangerous for the preservation of national allegiance:

> Love all, trust a few,
> Do wrong to none, be able for thine enemy
> Rather in power than use.

Race is one of the most deceptive bonds uniting nations together. Professor Slack can tell us how the Bulgarians are not of the same race as the Greeks, or the Montenegrins, but are of the same race as the Tartars and Turks, that the Albanians are not of the same race as the Turks, their fellow-followers in the Moslem faith, but are of the Indo-European race, to which the Greeks, and we ourselves, also belong. Men, however enlightened, however much they may desire, cannot change their race, but may with honest desire to promote the welfare of their fellows, assume and profess true allegiance to a sovereign or a State.

Here we are dealing with this from an international point of view, but the same problem presents itself in internal government, where it must be recognized that no great empire can ever be built up on sound principles if the doctrine of race domination is to be substituted for the doctrine of allegiance to the sovereign authority, whether that sovereign authority be vested in a King by divine right, in a constitutional monarchy, or in a Parliament recognizing both hereditary, aristocratic, and democratic influences. A pure democracy is not fitted for the sound government of the many nations that compose such an empire as ours, but the doctrine of allegiance to the sovereign due by every subject, and of the duty of the sovereign power to extend his protection to every subject, to whatever race he may

belong, forms as strong a basis for extended government as can be imagined by the speculations of statesmen or philosophers. In allegiance to the King lies the only title we possess to a share in the control and upbuilding of the other great countries under his sceptre; and to make the system perfect demands only the divorce of local from imperial interests, and the furnishing of the common sovereign with constitutional advisers drawn from every one of his vast domains, instead of from the central kingdom, in which, nevertheless, the heart of the empire still is, and may it ever be, firmly established.

ARCHIBALD McGOUN

ILLITERACY IN THE WEST

NO greater problem faces Canada to-day than the problem of education. And this emphatic statement is made at a time when, at Ottawa, politicians are talking or sleeping against time to the navy question, and when the electoral mind, where it exists, is distraught in speculation on imperial problems. For whatever policy may be adopted as best for the present, twenty years from now the brain and brawn nurtured in the schools of to-day will be succeeding, or failing, in the task of defending the name of Canada. The nation reaps as it has sown in the schools.

Serious as the problem of education has become in the East, mainly as a result of expanding industry, in the West the situation is critical. There, in addition to utter commercialism, the departments of education must face an immigration policy which has aimed at quantity rather than quality. In the last decade we went out into the highways and hedges of Europe and compelled the people to come in, that our house might be filled. The keeping of it in order was left to the provinces. Immigration was a matter for the Dominion, or for corporations wanting cheap labour and steamship companies wanting profitable ballast. The more the better, it was thought. There was no need to worry about indigestion. Why borrow trouble? The provinces would see that the immigrants became worthy citizens of Canada.

Yet in Manitoba to-day there are probably ten thousand children without the opportunity of attending any school, and twenty thousand more, on any given day, dull-eyed slaves in field, or factory, or shack. In Saskatchewan and Alberta conditions are better, but many of the schools are open only for a few months, and an adequate supply of experienced teachers is a dream of the future. British Columbia, with a steadier growth and a larger proportion of English-speaking

immigrants, has handled the matter of education comparatively well. Still, one of its inspectors makes bold to state in his report for the year 1911-12, "yet possibly 25 per cent. of the 120 teachers employed seemed to care little about the advancement of their pupils. Of the 75 per cent. desirous of doing good work, probably not more than one-fourth were doing really efficient work." So that if we regard educational efficiency in the West as reaching its lowest point in Manitoba, where no schools are provided for a large proportion of the children of school age, and its highest point in British Columbia, where practically every child of school age is enrolled, and where the percentage of daily attendance reached, in 1911-12, the very high average for the province of 74.88, we still find much to be desired in the performance of the State's most important duty.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the finer problems of education,—to ask how the work in a legally equipped school can be made more effective, or how the best teachers can be obtained. We in Canada are still a long journey from the ideal system of education where in rural districts men of sound qualities of head and heart, humble yet proud, give their lives to the service of the community, and where in towns and cities grading is arranged so that the peculiar needs of the dull, and medium, and brilliant, indeed of each single child, are recognized. For the present the purpose is to dwell on the more elementary defects, and to examine conditions of illiteracy which are at once a menace and a disgrace to our civilization. The illustrations shall be taken mainly from Manitoba; over that province the powers of darkness seem to brood.

On the Whitemouth River in the eastern part of Manitoba and on the Grand Trunk Pacific, one may visit the Elma school. I went there for that purpose, but was not fortunate enough to find it open. The teacher, himself a "foreigner," had gone to Winnipeg for the last week of the term. South of that the Whitemouth River extends in two branches for twenty or more miles. On both sides of the river "foreigners"

have settled. They have petitioned for schools and sent deputations to Winnipeg to interview the authorities. Many families have been resident in the district for over ten years. They still have no schools. I talked to a lad born of Polish parents, strangely enough, on the banks of the Clyde. His Scotch-Polish accent was delightful, but his tale was pitiful. He had gone to school for two years while his people lived in Winnipeg. He would go now if he could, but there was no school nearer than the Elma school, and it was distant from his home eighteen miles. His father was inclined to think roads were even more needed than schools. They had journeyed from eight in the evening till eight in the morning to reach a place where produce could be bartered. I waved them farewell as the oxen swung off for the long return trip. It was three in the afternoon, and the thermometer stood at 100° in the shade. A dreary outlook, surely, for the lad. But he is much better situated than his little neighbours,—I was going to say playmates, but the "foreign" children hardly know how to play. He can read a little, while they are growing up in ignorance even of English speech. It is estimated that there are five hundred families in this area. That means at least one thousand children of school age deprived of the opportunity of acquiring even the rudiments of education. This is in Canada, and within eighty miles of Winnipeg!

The situation among the "foreigners" in the matter of education was investigated last fall by a staff correspondent of the Manitoba *Free Press*. He has described what he saw and thought in a series of articles whose lucidity and moderation do credit to Canadian journalism. In summing up one phase of his subject he says: "With this article concludes my examination of the actual conditions in the Polish and Ruthenian bilingual districts. The outstanding condition revealed by my visits to the settlements was the appalling number who were not attending school at all. The three settlements visited showed the following condition: Teulon and Gimli area,—children of school age, between 1,200 and 1,500; schools 14, of which 10 open; total attendance 220. North of Beausejour,

—children of school age 800; number of schools 7 (not all open); total attendance 90. Whitemouth River,—children of school age 1,400; schools 5, of which 4 open, total attendance 90. Summing up, the following result is obtained: At least 3,400 children of school age, total attendance of 400, or 11.76 per cent."

A western rancher may know the number of his cattle to a head. The best we can do with these "Galician" children whose parents we have induced to join us by enticing offers of freedom on British soil, is to have a press agent roughly calculate their numbers. And in these three settlements alone, it is safe to say that there are over two thousand children of school age whom the State, through failure to provide schools or roads, has condemned to illiteracy, unless by some chance their parents may be able to gather courage and money enough to shake the mud of their homesteads from their feet. Courage and money, I say, for these people are, for the most part, frightfully poor and discouraged.

But even where schools exist, it does not follow that such pupils as attend fairly regularly are receiving an education adequate to fit them for citizenship. To say nothing of French and German districts, each presenting a distinct problem, there are in Manitoba something over one hundred Ruthenian, Polish, or Russian school districts, with as many teachers, mostly "bilingual." These teachers receive their training in government schools at Brandon and Winnipeg. After three years in these institutions and a special examination, they spend some eight weeks at the Provincial Normal School, and become full-fledged Canadian teachers. The government holds them responsible for the expenses of their education, so that they usually begin teaching under an indebtedness to the government of about $600, which debt they are supposed to pay back from their salaries. This condition of virtual serfdom is capable of serious abuse if party politics are allowed free play. But I cannot dwell on this peculiar financial obligation of teachers. It is really very difficult in discussing the educational situation in Manitoba to keep to

the point, there are so many remarkable phenomena "to haunt, to startle, and waylay." To return then, one does not expect to find many young "foreigners" so trained in a position to do really sound teaching, however earnest and honest they may be. At the end of their three years few of them speak English with fluency or correctness. The examiners cannot afford to be too particular; the supply of teachers is quite below the demand. But even more serious than this, perhaps, is the fact that these young men have been prepared in separate schools. They have not mingled with Canadian students except during the short Normal course. Little wonder that "foreign" children questioned by the wayside usually stare helplessly at the stranger. Little wonder that a puzzled father should thus express himself in reference to his boy of thirteen: "He read four book, but he not speak. I not understand."

The practice in Alberta stands in striking contrast to that in Manitoba. The teachers for the "foreign" schools are all regularly qualified, and where possible the best teachers are directed to these schools. The new settlers were inclined to be suspicious at first in the matter of accepting strange teachers and were slow to organize schools. Religious prejudice and fear of taxation were the grounds of their hesitancy. This difficult problem was handed over, at the time of the erection of Alberta into a province, to Mr. Robert J. Fletcher. His work has been done with wisdom and energy, and practically all the Ruthenian settlement, with a population estimated at 25,000, has been organized for educational purposes. If Mr. Fletcher has proved the statesman for the task, it must be admitted that the government has backed him up in his efforts. The following incident may serve to make clear the necessity for sympathetic firmness in dealing with these people. In October, 1906, a certain school was built in a Ruthenian settlement, and a qualified English-speaking teacher was engaged for the two remaining months of the year. The ratepayers, however, ousted the teacher and hired an unqualified Ruthenian in his place. Mr. Fletcher at once

returned to the school and reinstated the original teacher. As the young Ruthenian left the school he said something in his own language, and the children followed him. For the balance of the year the Ruthenian teacher had a good attendance in a neighbouring house, while the regular teacher addressed empty desks. The ratepayers sent a delegation to the government urging Mr. Fletcher's dismissal, but the delegation accomplished nothing. The English teacher finally withdrew, vanquished by neglect, but the trustees were informed that they had lost sixty dollars in government grant, while the teacher's salary had also been paid. They then agreed to have, and were glad to retain, as their teacher a young lady whose sister had won the loyal support of a neighbouring section. It need hardly be said that this incident, simple in itself, had no small effect in improving the attitude of the whole colony towards education.

But why are schools not established for these future citizens in Manitoba? Why are they allowed to grow up in ignorance? About fifty miles north of Winnipeg on a branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway is a village called Molanton. The school population of the village and adjacent country is about one hundred. For three years at least, the people had been trying to secure a school, but without result. Finally an English-speaking teacher in the nearest section interested himself on their behalf. A petition was circulated. Twenty-one heads of families subscribed to it. None of them had an English education, and only twelve of them could sign their names. Three copies were prepared, one being sent to the Department of Education, one to the municipality of Rockwood, and the third to the municipality of Gimli, for the village is on the borders of the two municipalities. No reply was received from the Department, and no reply from Rockwood. From Gimli came a letter, signed by the secretary-treasurer of the municipality, to this effect: "I beg to report that your petition *re* the formation of a new school-district did not meet with the approval of the council and was rejected, for the reason that you ask for too much from other school-

districts of this municipality, that are small enough as they are at present." This letter needs interpretation. The word "small" clearly means financially weak. Any school districts which there are in Gimli municipality are large and populous enough in all conscience. For instance, the Plum Ridge school has eighty-seven children on its books, and helpless illiteracy on its borders. But the situation, according to the school law, is this: The government gives the school about one hundred and twenty dollars a year. The municipality gives about two hundred and forty dollars a year. The rest must be raised by the school district. In this case the district was willing to raise the two hundred dollars or three hundred dollars necessary to secure a teacher, pay running expenses, and provide for the interest on the debentures for the erection of the school-building. But the other parties were unwilling to move. One can understand the Gimli authorities, themselves mostly Icelanders and keen on education for their own children, refusing to go down into their pockets for the benefit of Ruthenians and Poles. But the attitude of the central authorities in requiring prodding and then refusing to respond to it, and in allowing any municipality to refuse to acknowledge or refuse to grant such a petition, is something that even those familiar with the situation arising from the Manitoba School Settlement will find it hard to understand.

If Molanton had been in British Columbia, a school would have been established there as soon as it was reported that there were ten children of school age in the district, and the government would have seen that a qualified English teacher took charge of the school at a salary not less than seven hundred and twenty dollars. They do not wait till the school building is erected. For the time being a shack will serve. The children must be at school, and that at once. If the people are poor the government will pay the full salary of the teacher. As soon as the district is organized into a municipality the grant is reduced, but even in the largest city schools it is never less than four hundred and thirty-two dollars per teacher. It should be noted in passing that in British

Columbia the danger has appeared of paternalism weakening local interest. "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." But Manitoba has certainly not erred in the matter of too generous support by the central authorities.

In 1911, Manitoba, with a population of 392,480, spent on elementary education $272,145, of which sum $183,547 was received from Ottawa from the sale of school lands. In the same year, British Columbia, with a population of 374,663, spent on education proper $876,415, and on grants for school buildings an additional $275,299, making a total of $1,151,714. At least 75 per cent. of this may be regarded as having been expended on elementary education. To some extent, then, this illiteracy in Manitoba is the result of unwillingness to pay the price. It is not inability. During the same year the province spent $240,000 on the administration of justice, $280,000 on the maintenance of asylums, and a million dollars on telephones. It spent only $88,598 from its own coffers on elementary education. Yet the need is painfully apparent, if often inarticulate, and the officers of the Department are not blind, or deaf, or heartless. Why then, this neglect? The answer must not be attempted in this article. It would carry us into political controversy and into what might perhaps be termed personalities. Elsewhere I have ventured to analyze the causes. Within the compass of the article, however, it may be regarded as sufficient if I set forth some of the resulting conditions.

Even if school buildings and qualified teachers should be provided for all the children of Manitoba, there would still remain a defect in the school law, and one which some educationalists are inclined to regard as the gravest of all. Teachers in convention assembled, inspectors in their annual reports, and deputations of prominent citizens were for years earnest and insistent in demanding its removal. Lately their efforts have subsided, because each year the legislature witnesses the rejection on a straight party vote of a measure calculated to remedy it. I refer to the absence of a law compelling parents to send their children to school or convince the

State that they are being properly educated elsewhere. Manitoba shares with Quebec the doubtful honour of refusing to recognize the duty of the State to demand an elementary education for every child. The arguments urged by the non-Catholic members of the legislature in support of this position, apart from political expediency, have been two. It is urged that it is better to persuade than to compel, and that Ontario with its compulsory attendance law is not better off than Manitoba. As a matter of fact, Ontario has been sadly maligned by these champions of State indifference. The figures, if fairly analyzed, show a decided improvement after the passing of the Truancy Act some twenty-five years ago. It is true that there is a lamentable irregularity in attendance in certain districts in Ontario, due partly to inadequate machinery for the enforcement of the law and partly to the difficulty of providing efficient teachers. But a weird distorting of statistics has been necessary to bolster up an argument based on comparison with Ontario. One might wonder why British Columbia, which has a compulsory law and about the same population as Manitoba, was not chosen to prove the point, if one did not know how seriously the comparison would reflect on Manitoba. It is sometimes necessary to adopt strong measures in order to save the child from neglectful or selfish parents, and an argument for persuasion comes with bad grace from those who have failed to provide either schools or teachers for many thousands of children.

The conditions are thus described by the staff correspondent already quoted. "I drove from Beausejour to Brokenhead, and visited four of the seven schools in the district. One of them, that at Ladywood, was temporarily closed owing to the sickness of the teacher, a Pole. At the Brokenhead school there were 19 children present, although the enrolment was between 60 and 70. At the Ivan Arden school, out of an enrolment of 16, five children were in attendance, and at the Bachmann school six children out of an enrolment of 40. Nor is this showing the most unfavourable that might have been obtained. At the Brokenhead

school, for example, where I found 19 children present, the teacher told me that recently the attendance had often been three or four, and that on one day a solitary child presented itself. Where then were the children? The answer is simple. The children were at work in the fields or about the farmhouses."

But while there is some excuse for poor and ignorant parents, if they are not always far-sighted enough to be strong in a society which is weak-kneed in the matter of education, it is hard to find an excuse for the following incident for which Winnipeg capitalists were ultimately responsible. In the town of Beausejour, until recently, a glass factory was in operation. A couple of years ago the employment of children in the factory became so flagrant that protests were lodged by the school authorities. Until last fall no notice was taken by the government of these protests. But finally a factory inspector was sent down to investigate. Hardly had he alighted from the train when word of his presence reached the factory. The children were ordered to take to the surrounding bush, and he was able to report everything quite right. For some time the way the company had fooled the inspector was retailed about town as a good joke. The children returned to work.

And this high disregard of the rights of future citizens is not confined to the more backward parts of the province. A Winnipeg principal who is thoroughly familiar with the situation has expressed himself as follows: "In connexion with my school-work I have noted, during the past five years, that many children leave school to go to work long before they are physically fit or have any adequate preparation for their life-work. Very few children in our district complete the eighth grade in school. They go to work in stores, box factories, breweries, and as messengers and office-boys. Many boys and girls are kept at home to attend to younger children while the parents are out working. These form, probably, the largest class of child-workers." And this is the condition almost within earshot of the forensic oratory of the legislature.

We appear to be in danger of repeating in our own land the sacrifice which England paid for industrial supremacy. Its story is branded deep on the faces and forms of the city folk, which haunt the memory of the visitor to the land he would fain think of as merry England. We could have avoided that mistake.

But already I have said enough to show that grave errors have been made in the West. For better or for worse, we have opened wide our gates. We have allowed our new Canadians to congregate in colonies. We have given them the ballot, and then debauched them with money and bad liquor. We have given them half-trained teachers of their own nationality in the hope of retaining their political support. The future of the West lies in their children. Thousands of these, at a time when their bright, young minds might be moulded, are drudges for helpless or short-sighted parents, or for greedy employers. Unless a miracle happens, these neglected children will have developed within a few years into citizens with the aspirations of slaves.

Nowhere has education become what it will one day become when democracy has placed first things first, and entrusted the chief science of the State to a tried band of civil servants. In British Columbia, what I venture to describe as the best educational system of the Dominion, has been evolved, but even there the gleam is followed afar off. Alberta has specialized on the "foreign" problem, and proved that bilingual schools, among European peoples at least, are a delusion, and that separate schools for Roman Catholics can exist without rending a system in twain.

Saskatchewan is striving valiantly against frightful difficulties, establishing schools at the rate of one a day, and for the most part keeping the faith. Manitoba has specialized on technical high schools and consolidated public schools, the ornate superstructure of an educational system, but has forgotten the fundamental right of every young Canadian not only to learn to use the English language, but also to be trained to think and to do. It has failed, and failed miserably. Let us

not be deceived. The Manitoba School Question is not settled. It has simply shifted its ground. It is not now concerned with the matter of separate schools, though that is involved, but with the lack of schools of any sort, and the nightmare of illiteracy. There is still a battle to fight. The best we can hope is that the next struggle will be characterized by more thought for the welfare of the child and less blind zeal and bitterness than were those of 1890 and 1896.

C. B. Sissons

THE DIARY OF MRS. SIMCOE

A PACKAGE of letters yellow with age, lying since 1791 in an old Devon Manor, has recently been brought to light and published by Mr. John Ross Robertson. The public must always be indebted to Mr. Robertson for publishing these letters of Mrs. Simcoe, for otherwise no one would know what a charming and clever wife the first governor of Upper Canada had. The value of the diary is further enhanced by the beautiful drawings made by Mrs. Simcoe while she was in Canada.

In his preface, Mr. Robertson says: "The originals of these drawings are nearly all at Wolford, but thirty-two in sepia are in a portfolio in the Royal Library in the British Museum. . . . After his return to England, Governor Simcoe presented these drawings to His Majesty King George III. Some of them are copies of sketches made by Lieutenant Robert Pilkington [afterwards Major-General], one of the Staff, while on various excursions with the governor. The inscription on the title page of the portfolio which contains these pictures reads: 'Thirty-two views in Upper Canada by Mrs. Simcoe, presented to His Majesty by Governor Simcoe, with a sketch of Upper Canada drawn on bark.' These sketches have been carefully reproduced. Other water-colours of the collection, which have so faded that they could not be satisfactorily reproduced, have been redrawn, but the original pen-and-ink sketches and pencil drawings are in facsimile. These drawings give to present readers of Canadian history faithful pictures of places and scenes in Upper and Lower Canada from 1791-6, which we should have lost, had it not been for the gifted hand of the wife of the first governor."

Mr. Robertson has, with infinite care and patience, added copious notes to the work; and this has evidently

entailed much research work. A short biography of Mrs. Simcoe has been included in the book, and this is, I think, the first time that anything has been published about her with the exception of brief notices in some of the Canadian histories and in early works on Toronto. There is, of course the Duke de la Rochefoucauld's work on his travels in North America in which he describes his visit to Navy Hall. But, forgetting all the kindness and consideration shown him by the Simcoes, he acted in the manner of a mischief-maker, as Mr. Robertson writes, "Calumny and garbling and distorting incidents and conversation, as if his purpose was to sow the seeds of discord and ill-feeling." There is still another brief mention of Mrs. Simcoe in those charming letters by an unknown writer recently published by the Numismatic Society. The writer met Mrs. Simcoe while on a visit to Niagara. "Mrs. Simcoe," he writes, "is a lady of manners, highly interesting, equally distant from hauteur or levity. Accustomed to fashionable life, she submits with cheerfulness to the inevitable inconvenience of an infant colony. Her conduct is perfectly exemplary, and admirably conformed to that correct model which ought to be placed before a people whom a high pattern of dissipation would mislead, of extravagance would ruin."

The diary was commenced September 17th, 1791, and ended October 16th, 1796. The diary, in the form of letters, was sent every week to Mrs. Hunt, a friend of the Simcoes who had undertaken the care of their four daughters whom they were obliged to leave behind at Wolford on their departure for Canada, bringing with them their two youngest children, Sophia and Francis.

Sprung from a long line of illustrious ancestors, a descendant of the kings of North and South Wales, and bearing the historic name of Gwillim (Elizabeth Posthuma Gwillim), Mrs. Simcoe proved worthy of her noble lineage. There is a portrait of her done in her Welsh dress. From beneath the frilled cap and high bonnet looks forth a piquant, sweet, little face. And yet for all the brightness of her lovely

eyes, there lurks a shadow of sadness, prophetic of her long years of widowhood. With all her loveliness there was combined a clever, original mind which made her a fascinating personality. And although she was only sixteen at the time of her marriage, her natural vivacity was tempered by a certain gentle dignity.

After the marriage of Miss Gwillim to Colonel Simcoe some happy years were spent on their estate at Wolford. Both were passionately fond of outdoor life, and some of their pleasantest hours were passed in planning and making improvements on their estate. Here a tree was planted, there a whole plantation started. Vistas were opened up and roads were made through different places on the property. Wolford became the centre of a most gracious hospitality, until Colonel Simcoe was appointed first Lieutenant-Governor of the new Province of Upper Canada.

On the long voyage from England, which lasted forty-six days, Mrs. Simcoe recorded in her diary everything of importance. The discomforts were many, and yet nothing intimidated her. She writes: "My cot striking against the side of the cabin, which was just large enough to hold it, Colonel Simcoe thought of the method used by the Ancients to lessen the force of battering-rams by hanging up feather beds to receive them. This device made the cot slide up and down very easily." As the ship entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and passed the different islands and places, Mrs. Simcoe not only made drawings but wrote descriptions of them in her diary.

The winter and spring months after their arrival in Canada were passed by the governor and his family at Quebec. During their stay they were entertained with lavish hospitality, and many lasting friendships were formed. Mrs. Simcoe became a great favourite, and was in request for the many concerts, dances, and drives, which formed such an essential feature of the winter season. Society at this time was enjoying the stay of the Duke of Kent and

his famous 7th Regiment or Royal Fusiliers. The unknown writer of "Canadian Letters" says: "The 7th, or British Fusiliers, commanded by Prince Edward, together with a body of artillery, performed garrison duty while I was at Quebec. The appearance of the 7th is highly military in point of figure. The mutiny, which some time after took place among them, has been attributed to various causes; the most probable is to be traced to the manner in which the majority of the corps was originally composed. His Royal Highness, with the natural ardour of a youthful soldier, was desirous that his regiment should be distinguished for its figure, and in consequence applied, when at Gibraltar, to some general officers, to accommodate him with men who would answer that purpose. They, it is said, took occasion at the same time to get quit of a number of troublesome fellows. Such persons being brought together in one body, and at the same time distant from home, formed the desperate resolution of deserting and going to the States of America. Their plan was, however, defeated in the very moment previous to its execution. His Highness' subsequent conduct to the ringleaders of the delinquents was such as to impress the minds of the people of Canada with the most favourable opinion of the clemency of his temper."

Mrs. Simcoe also mentions the Royal Fusiliers several times in her diary: "The Fusiliers are the best dancers, well dressed, and the best looking figures in a ball-room that I ever saw. They are all musical, and like dancing, and bestow as much money as other regiments usually spend on wine in giving balls and concerts." It was during the Simcoes' stay in Quebec that the Duke of Kent formed a close friendship with them, afterwards visiting them at Navy Hall, where amidst primitive surroundings the Simcoes welcomed their royal guest.

During the winter months a favourite mode of entertaining was to make up a sleighing party and drive into the country, where a dance and supper followed. From the "Canadian Letters" we learn that "English and Canadian

dancing are two distinct things. In England, we dance for amusement, but in Canada 'tis a very serious business." And the writer further says: "The markets of Quebec are cheap and abundantly furnished. I never was in any place where there seemed to be so great a quantity of good things at moderate rates. A turkey might be purchased for 15d. sterling, and other articles of provision in proportion. The mutton is very small, I have seen a maid-servant returning from market carrying a whole one in a basket on her arm."

Mrs. Simcoe has something to say about many of the well-known persons living at that time in Quebec. We hear of Dr. Mabane: "St. Andrew's Day, Colonel Simcoe dined with Dr. Mabane at Woodfield near Quebec.... I went in an open carriole (which is a sort of phaeton body on a sledge or runners shod with iron instead of wheels) to Woodfield to call on Dr. Mabane's sister;" and again, "Dined and supped at Madame Baby's".... "There was an anniversary dinner to-day attended by those gentlemen who particularly distinguished themselves in the defence of the town when attacked by Montgomery, December 31st, 1777. Colonel Caldwell was among the most active persons on this occasion."

There are so many interesting events recorded in the diary that one would fain linger, but passing on to the close of the governor's stay at Quebec, which came to an end June 8th, 1792, we have the following entry in Mrs. Simcoe's diary: "At six this morning we left Quebec, walked through Fort Louis Gate and descended the hill to the river, where we embarked in a large bateau with an awning, accompanied by Lieutenants Grey and Talbot. Another bateau carried the children, and a third, the servants and baggage." All the way from Quebec to Montreal they journeyed in this way, landing at night to sleep in some inn or farmhouse, although the gentlemen of the party frequently slept on the bateau owing to lack of accommodation. "It was ten o'clock when we arrived at Cap Santé, on the north shore (where the French encamped after the capitulation of Quebec).

The man who kept the Maison de Poste was so ill that we could not be admitted there, so we walked towards a cottage where the inhabitants were going to bed, but with all possible French *politesse* the woman removed her furniture and children, and presently accommodated us with two empty rooms, with a thousand compliments and regrets that '*des gens comme nous!*'.... The apartment was indifferent enough, but as we travel with a *boydet*, which is a folding camp chair as large as a mattress, the *Triton's* cot, blankets, and a mosquito net tent to hang over the bed, we soon furnished a room comfortable enough for people to whom a long day's voyage had given sufficient inclination to sleep. The gentlemen slept in a bateau. It was too late to get our provisions from the boat, and we supped on the bread, eggs, and milk, the cottage afforded." From this entry in Mrs. Simcoe's diary we get a good idea of how she travelled all those hundreds of miles. The water-way formed the best means of communication in those days. In winter many travellers posted when sleighing was good. One recalls the memorable drive of Bigot with his long procession of sleighs from Quebec to Montreal.

The governor's party reached Montreal on Wednesday the 13th at eight o'clock; they landed at Pointe aux Trembles: " Here we went ashore intending to go by land the remaining three leagues to Montreal. We found Captain Stevenson just arrived in Mr. Frobisher's phaeton, sent for me, as a hired *calèche* is a wretched conveyance on the excessive rough roads around Montreal. Notwithstanding the merits of the phaeton and the river, I every moment expected to have been thrown out by the violent jerks in passing over the ruts in this bad road. At eleven o'clock we arrived at Montreal, and after a little delay occasioned by the lateness of the hour we got into Government House [Château de Ramezay], and were delighted with the size and loftiness of the rooms, which are so much better than any I have been in at Quebec. On the road we passed a group of Indians sitting around a fire near the river which on this dark night

afforded a good subject for a picture." One of the few links left in Montreal which connect the past with the present is the Château de Ramezay, and it is pleasant to know that one of the fair women who at one time stayed at the Château was Mrs. Simcoe.

On Monday Captain Stevenson takes the governor and his wife for a drive on the mountain and Mrs. Simcoe tells us: "The view from it is remarkably fine, commanding a vast extent of river diversified by islands. The towns of Longueuil, on the right bank of the river, and l'Assomption ......are opposite, and the distance terminated by the Blue Hills of Chambly. The town of Montreal is large and the spires of the churches covered with tin give a brilliancy to the scene and look like mosques. The country around is much cultivated, and orchards cover nearly all the top of the mountain. Captain Stevenson carried us two miles beyond the fine prospect towards La Chine, which is three leagues above Montreal, I think merely to show how bad the road was, and we returned about nine o'clock to Mr. Frobisher's villa on the side of the mountain and drank tea there. In going from hence to Montreal we saw the air filled with fire flies which, as the night was dark, appeared beautiful, like falling stars. I dined at Mr. Frobisher's house in the town where the chairs were the same as I have seen in London for four guineas each."

Tuesday Mrs. Simcoe dines with La Baronne de Longueuil at her house on St. Helen's Island. She finds the passage across rather alarming, owing to the strong current. On Friday the 22nd they left Montreal for Kingston. They drove as far as La Chine in Mr. Frobisher's carriage, sleeping that night at La Chine. "I disliked the dirty appearance of the bed and slept on a blanket upon the table," says Mrs. Simcoe. Leaving Lachine at six next morning they embarked again in their bateau. Glengarry, St. Regis, and other places were visited. Mrs. Simcoe has this to say about the wheat she saw growing: "I observed on my way hither that the wheat appeared finer than any I have seen

in England and totally free from weeds. Mr. Fraser mentioned an instance of the fertility of the soil,—one of his fields had produced a great quantity of wheat, and what fell out in reaping had the next year produced a very fine crop, without the field having been ploughed or sown."

On Sunday, July 1st, the governor and his party reached Kingston, where the governor took the oath of office July 8th, 1792. Mrs. Simcoe says in her diary: "Kingston is six leagues from Gananoque, and is a small town of about fifty wooden houses and merchants' storehouses. Only one house is built of stone; it belongs to a merchant. There is a small garrison here and a harbour of ships;" and later: "We went across the bay this morning to see the shipyard. There are two gunboats lately built of a very bad construction, and Colonel Simcoe calls them 'The Bear,' and the 'Buffalo,' as they are so unscientifically built, and intends they shall aid in carrying provisions to Niagara. The present establishment of vessels on this lake consists of the *Onondaga* and *Messessaga*, named after the Indian tribes, top-sailed schooners of about 80 tons, and the *Caldwell*, named after Colonel Caldwell, which is a sloop. They transport all the troops and provisions from hence for the garrison at Niagara, Forts Erie and Detroit. They land them at Niagara, from whence those for the higher ports are forwarded nine miles across a portage by land to Fort Chippawa, three miles above the Falls of Niagara, from whence they are embarked in boats and carried 18 miles to Fort Erie, from whence vessels take them to Detroit, at the extremity of Lake Erie."

On Monday, the 23rd, the governor left for Niagara in the *Onondaga*, much to the regret of the Kingstonians who would have liked, as Mrs. Simcoe remarks, "to have this place considered as the seat of government. Therefore, they all tried to dissuade the governor from going to Niagara and represented the want of provisions and houses at that place, as well as the certainty of having the ague."

The *Onondaga* reached Niagara July 20th, and Mrs. Simcoe saw Navy Hall, built by Governor Haldimand,

which stood on the bank of the river, with four frame buildings near it, and here they made their home while at Niagara. As Navy Hall was undergoing repairs, "three marquees," says Mrs. Simcoe, "were pitched for us on the hill above the house, which is very dry ground and rises beautifully, in parts covered with oak bushes..... Our marquees command a beautiful view of the river and the garrison on the opposite side, which from its being situated on the point has a fine effect.... The Queen's rangers are encamped within half a mile behind us." As the author of "Canadian Letters" tells us: "This settlement may be divided into Niagara, properly so-called, and the village of Newark. The former comprehends the Fort and a few houses erected at the bottom of the eminence on which the Fort is situated. On the other side of the river Niagara is Newark where the Governor and principal persons in office reside. This is a poor, wretched, straggling village with a few scattered cottages erected here and there as chance, convenience, or caprice dictated. The Governor's house is distinguished by the name of Navy Hall.... Its situation, lying in a low bottom bordering on the river with swampy patches in its neighbourhood, must be highly injurious to health, as the Governor and part of his family, I was informed, experienced soon after their arrival."

Life passed pleasantly at Niagara, visiting the Falls and taking long drives to other places of interest. The governor and his wife being caught in a violent storm while out driving one day, returned just in time to save their tents from being blown into the river. "We were so cold and wet we were glad to drink tea. It was quite dark and too windy to allow of our burning candles, and when the forked flashes of lightning enlightened the air I was able to drink tea. I wrapped myself up in two or three greatcoats, and intended if the tent was blown away to take shelter under the great dinner table. The rain and wind did not cease for two hours, and we had no means of drying our clothes and were obliged to sleep in

a wet tent. However, we have not caught cold. I received a very pretty set of Nanken China from England to-day, and in an hour after it was unpacked the temporary kitchen (an arbour of oak boughs) took fire and in the hurry of moving the china it was almost all broken. Luckily the weather was calm, or the tents might have taken fire. We are in daily expectation of the Prince. The canvas houses are not arrived or Navy Hall finished, and the dilemma has been whether to give him the marquees for his residence or the damp house. We have decided to take the latter ourselves, so here we came in a cold, blowing, dismal night. I sat by myself in a miserable, unfinished, damp room, looking on the lake where it blew quite a gale.... Prince Edward came here the 21st of August.

"November 5th: The ships sail for Kingston this week and remain there closed up by the ice in that harbour until April. The governor now will have less to write and, I hope, fewer headaches. The winter express indeed will afford an opportunity of sending some despatches. It arrives here from Quebec late in January, and after going to Detroit returns here; it was established for the use of the merchants and travels on snowshoes, coming by way of Port Oswego.... Mr. Bouchette has surveyed York harbour. It is 35 miles from here across the lake."

Visitors coming and going kept Mrs. Simcoe busily employed, and seldom was an evening passed without some form of entertainment at Navy Hall. Captain Brandt and his nieces Mary (who had married Colonel Guy Johnson) and Ann (who married Colonel Claus) were among those who went to these entertainments. These two daughters of Sir William Johnson were greatly admired. Their half brother, Sir John Johnson, was then absent in England and the author of "Canadian Letters" mentions that he heard some people say: "It was thought by many persons in this country that Sir John Johnson would have been created Governor of the Upper Province at the time the present one was appointed. His own and his father's services, his

hereditary ascendency over the Indians, and his connections in the country were reasons which it was supposed would have caused him to have been selected. Possibly the latter reason, namely his connections in the country, was the single impediment. It has been the general policy of English ministers not to appoint a man to the government of that country where his connections are settled. Of this gentleman, who was then absent in England, I know nothing more than general report spoke, and that was favourable."

Mrs. Simcoe writes of Captain Brandt: "Captain Brandt...... chief of the Six Nations Indians dined here. He has a countenance expressive of art or cunning. He wore an English coat with a handsome, crimson, silk blanket lined with black and trimmed with gold fringe. He wore a fur cap and round his neck he had a string of plaited sweet hay. It is a kind of grass which never loses its pleasant scent, the Indians are very fond of it; its smell is like the Tonquin or Asiatic Bean."

Here is a description of a ball at Niagara: "Mrs. Macaulay [wife of the Garrison Surgeon, Dr. Macaulay] gave me an account of a subscription ball she was at, which is to be held in the town at Niagara every fortnight during the winter. There were fourteen couples, a great display of gauze, feathers, and velvet; the room was lighted by wax candles and there was a supper as well as tea." During the winter months Governor Simcoe made several exploration journeys, walking long distances. His trip to Detroit occupied nearly five weeks. He was very favourably impressed with the situation of what is now the city of London; and thought it would make a good site for the capital. "Colonel Simcoe is gone to Detroit on foot the greatest part of the way, a journey of about 400 miles, but as I am convinced the exercise and air will do his spirits and health great good I rejoice in his absence, though it will be a month or six weeks; he has five officers as companions, and twenty Indians as guides."

The governor's first visit to York took place May 3rd. "Colonel Simcoe returned from York, and speaks in praise of the harbour and a fine spot near it covered with large oaks, which he intends to fix upon as a site for a town. I am going to send you some beautiful butterflies."

Life, Mrs. Simcoe tells us, in the early days at York was spent in many pleasant explorations and in choosing a site for a summer home, (which was afterwards named Castle Frank, after their son Francis). "The governor," writes Mrs. Simcoe, "having determined to take a lot of 200 acres upon the River Don for Francis, and the law obliges persons having lots of lands to build a house upon them within a year. We went to-day to fix upon the spot for building the house. We went six miles by water from the Fort and east along the bay shore to the Don, and up that river, landed, climbed up an exceedingly steep hill, or rather a series of sugar-loafed hills, and approved of the highest spot, from whence we looked down on the tops of large trees, and seeing eagles near, I suppose they build there. There are large pine plains around it, which, being without underwood I can ride and walk on, and we hope the height of the situation will secure us from mosquitoes. We dined by a large fire on wild ducks and chowder, on the side of a hill opposite to that spot. Our long walk made it late before we had dined, so that, although we set out immediately afterwards and walked fast, it was nearly dark before we reached the surveyor's hut. From there we went home."

Mrs. Simcoe left Niagara in the autumn of 1794 with her children to return to Quebec, owing to the many rumours of war between Canada and the United States. The return trip is full of interest. At Montreal, Mr. Frobisher again entertains her, Quebec welcomes her with enthusiasm, and old acquaintances are warmly renewed. But Mrs. Simcoe did not remain longer than the beginning of February at Quebec, and determining to join her husband who was then at New Johnston's (Cornwall), she posted by land along the

north side of the St. Lawrence. She travelled in a carriole built after the fashion of one lent her by Lord Dorchester. "Lord Dorchester sent his *dormeuse*, a travelling carriage adapted for sleeping, that I might see whether I should like that sort of a carriage to travel in to Upper Canada. It is like an open carriole with a head made of sealskin and lined with baize, a large bear or buffalo skin fixes in front which perfectly secures you from wind and weather, and may be unhooked if the weather is fine or mild. It also has a low seat and feather bed to keep one's feet warm. I drove a mile or two in it, and liked it much, and bespoke one to be made the same."

Leaving Quebec in her comfortable *dormeuse*, and with relays of horses ready waiting for her at every post-house, Mrs. Simcoe was met half way by the governor at Pointe au Bodet and they proceeded to Johnstown and from there to Kingston. Before leaving Johnstown it had snowed so heavily that it was found necessary to beat the roads before the governor and his party could proceed. This custom is still followed in some parts of Canada. It was May 15th before the governor was able to leave Kingston, owing to a serious illness he had there.

Navy Hall was again thronged with visitors, among these being Mr. Mackenzie, on his way back from his famous trip to the Pacific Ocean, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld and his party, who had been on a visit to the United States, and the Rev. Jacob Mountain. Several trips were made to Castle Frank both in the fall and winter. Many winter picnics were held there: "Mrs. McGill, Miss Crookshank, and a large party drove with me in carrioles to dine on toasted venison by a large fire on the beach below the settlements. We sat under the shelter of the root of an immense pine which had been blown up by the wind and found it very pleasant, and returned six miles in thirty-two minutes. Had a card party in the evening.

"The ladies did not catch cold, and were delighted with the novelty of dining in the air in winter, and to-day

we went to Castle Frank. Mrs. Macaulay joined the party. The ice was not quite so good, and the snow melted. It was so mild we could not wear great coats. Francis has a small sleigh, which the servants have taught a goat to draw; he is the handsomest goat I ever saw, and looks very well in harness. It is a very pretty sight to see Francis drawn in this car. They used the animal to draw the sleigh by making him draw it pulling wood. At first he was very untractable.

"On Monday the 8th, we set out on the ice with three carrioles brought from Quebec, but driving too near a large crack in the ice near the shore the horses in the first carriole broke in, but being quickly whipped, recovered their footing on the ice and drew the carriole over the crack......" In one of his notes Mr. Robertson mentions that "Mrs. Simcoe had brought with her to Canada a spinning wheel which was made by order of Queen Charlotte for the Marchioness of Buckingham, and given by her to Mrs. Simcoe, who, on leaving Canada, gave the wheel to Mr. McGill, of Toronto."

Of the political reasons which determined Governor Simcoe to ask for leave of absence, and the attitude of Lord Dorchester towards him, it is not necessary here to speak. But in July 1796 his request for leave of absence was granted, and Canada knew him no more. But like an old air filled with memories which stir the pulses with past remembrances come these letters from the Old World to remind us of one who lived and made her home amidst the lonely wastes of a great land.

LYNN HETHERINGTON

ESTHER PHELPS

THE Six Nation Indians, including the Mohawks, were, as a rule, faithful allies of King George III during the American Revolution and before. Most of them were accordingly forced to leave their lands in New York and come to Canada after the declaration of peace in 1783.

By direction of the home government, Sir Frederick Haldimand, "Captain General and Commander in Chief of the Province of Quebec and Territories depending thereon, etc., etc.," in October, 1784, did "authorize and permit the Mohawk Nation and such others of the Six Nation Indians as may wish to settle in that quarter, to take possession of and settle upon the banks of the river commonly known as the Ouse or Grand River running into Lake Erie, allotting to them for that purpose six miles deep from each side of the river........which them and their posterity are to enjoy for ever." The king of course is above grammar—*supra grammaticam*. This is often called a treaty: but it is not a treaty in any accurate sense of the term.

The Mohawks and others went into possession of some of this splendid territory; and there their descendants are still to be found. A Mohawk maiden rejoicing in the name of Esther captured the fancy of a white man, a schoolmaster called Epaphrus Lord Phelps; and he married her. Three children were born to them, who were an object of concern to the tribe, as was their mother. Accordingly, in 1804, the celebrated Captain Joseph Brant, principal chief and agent for the Six Nations, made a lease for 999 years of one thousand acres of land on the Grand River, part of the Indian lands, to Phelps for providing for his wife Esther and her three children. Whence the schoolmaster derived his name, Epaphrus, I cannot tell. It may be but the name of the dear fellow-servant of whom Paul speaks so lovingly

in his letter to the Colossians. He was called Epaphras, but orthography has not always been carefully observed even in proper names. It may, however, be that the perfectly good, if late, Greek adjective, "epaphros," was adopted as a name. Marriage of a white with an Indian woman was not in those days very uncommon; although the more usual union was that of "Indian marriage," such as Sir William Johnston's with Molly Brant, sister of the great war-chief.

Troublous times were in store for the pair. The United States declared war in 1812. We are accustomed to think and talk as if the inhabitants of Canada then were, to a man, enthusiastically loyal: this is far from the truth. No one can read the history of those times, the dispatches, the legislation, without becoming aware that no inconsiderable element of the population was in some instances openly, in more secretly, in favour of the invader. Many were denounced to the authorities and were obliged to flee for their lives; some were imprisoned. The Term Books of the King's Bench are full of cases of suspects being brought before the court on *habeas corpus;* some to be released because there was no real ground of suspicion, some to be remanded that the attorney-general might lay a bill of indictment against them for high treason. In Trinity Term 54, George III, July, 1813, there were twelve persons discharged from custody in one day, Lieut.-Col. Battersby commanding His Majesty's forces at the port of York "having no charge against them."

According to the law, when a man was convicted of high treason, his land went to the king; but a shorter and more certain method was desired with those who had made their escape. In 1814, the legislature of Upper Canada passed an Act (54 George III, cap. 9), which declared that all persons who had become seized of land within the province, and who had withdrawn or should withdraw to the United States without a licence from the governor, should be taken to be aliens born, and incapable of holding lands within the province. The Act further provided that the governor

might appoint commissioners to inquire by the oath of twelve men and make a return to the Court of King's Bench of all such persons as should so withdraw to the United States without a licence, and of their lands; and when the inquisition should be justified, the king should forthwith become the owner of the lands so found. It is to be borne in mind that, at that time, no alien could own land in Upper Canada.

Epaphrus "withdrew" to the United States about June, 1812,—no doubt for very good reasons, as we find an indictment for high treason returned against him at a court held at Ancaster not long after. Ancaster was then, and for some time before, the most important village between York (Toronto) and Newark (Niagara): and, next after these two places and Kingston, was the most important village in Upper Canada. There the courts sat: it had many fine private residences and considerable trade. Its distance from the head of navigation proved its ruin; Hamilton took its place and Ancaster was deserted. Phelps did not stand alone; no less than forty-three others were, at the same time, in the same predicament. The indictment was brought up into the Court of King's Bench by order made in November, 1814, Michaelmas Term 55, George III: next term, January 14, 1815, the names of the indicted were called, and proclamation was made; this was repeated in July, and a writ of *exigent* was issued against each. This had the effect of outlawing any one who did not appear. Phelps did not appear, having, no doubt, a regard for his neck, perfectly justified in his fear; Canadian justice has never been lenient in cases of treason, as the fate of McLane, Von Shoultz and his companions, Lount and Matthews, and the Detroit raiders could certify.

Then came the question of the land of those who were thus disposed of; what land they had must be determined. Abraham Nelles was appointed a commissioner for that purpose, a man of good United Empire Loyalist stock, and of importance in the community, for he had been returning

officer for his county at the election of 1801. He called a jury to meet at the township of Grimsby in January, 1818, to enquire into the case of Phelps. The jury, whose foreman was William Nelles, on January 28th, 1818, found that when Phelps had committed high treason and left the country, June 1st, 1813, and when he became outlawed, he was seized of the unexpired term of the lease for 999 years in the thousand acres we have spoken of. Thereupon the commissioner took possession of the land for the king.

Later on in the same year the legislature, by statute, 59 George III, cap. 12, gave all persons claiming an interest in land forfeited to the Crown the right to make a claim before the commissioners within a limited time: the commissioners were to pass upon the validity of the claim, with an appeal to the Court of King's Bench from their decision.

Besides this, the Act of 1814 had given any one interested in any land declared to be forfeited, one year from the establishment of peace with the United States to traverse the inquisition. Peace was established December, 1814, by the Treaty of Ghent.

Esther had not taken advantage of the right under either statute to dispute the forfeiture of the land; and the time went past for making claim. But she had powerful friends; and in 1821 by statute, 2 George IV, cap. 31, passed April 14th, 1821, she was given six months from the passing of the Act to make her claim. Samuel Hull of Aldborough, was also favoured in the same way by the Act.

Esther made her claim in the Court of King's Bench; and the whole story was there told of her marriage and her babies, the Mohawk Nation, and their land on the Grand River, Brant's deed to her husband, and its purpose, Phelps' treason, and the inquisition by a jury under Commissioner Abraham Nelles. She had the best counsel available, William Warren Baldwin, who, having practised as a medical man in Ireland, came to Upper Canada, and after trying medicine and teaching was called to the bar under special licence from the governor,—a man of acute mind and great legal

learning, who stood at the very head of the bar, having no superiors and very few equals. He was the father of Robert Baldwin, even more celebrated than his father. The Crown was represented by Solicitor-General Boulton, son of the Hon. D'Arcy Boulton, one of the judges of the King's Bench. He was afterwards Chief-Justice of Newfoundland, but returned to Upper Canada and died in that province. He also was subtle and adroit, with a good fund of legal knowledge which he well knew how to utilize to the utmost.

The court was composed of Justices Campbell and Boulton—the Chief-Justice, William Dummer Powell, being absent. Campbell was a Scotsman who became a private soldier in a Highland regiment; taken prisoner at Yorktown, he left the army in 1783, went to Nova Scotia, and studied law. He was called to the bar and became attorney-general of Cape Breton, and was nominated a judge of the King's Bench of Upper Canada in 1811. Becoming chief-justice in 1825, he died in Toronto nine years thereafter. D'Arcy Boulton was an Englishman, and a member of the English bar. He came out in 1797; and after remaining for about ten years in Augusta township he came to York. He also received a special licence and became an active practitioner. He was created solicitor-general in 1805, and being on his way to England was, in 1810, captured by a French privateer. Remaining in a French prison till the short peace of 1814, he in that year came home and was appointed attorney-general. Made a judge in 1818, he resigned in 1825, dying a few years thereafter in Toronto.

Dr. Baldwin argued that the Indians were a distinct though a feudatory people, quoting learnedly from Vattel and other writers, that the treaty made with the Indians was binding, and therefore the woman could not properly be an alien; and as the land had been granted to Phelps in reality in trust for his wife, she should be allowed to hold it. The solicitor-general took the ground, which has ever since been held good law, that the Indians are bound by the common law and have no rights higher than those of other

people. He then pointed out that the Indian woman was on her own showing "a foreigner, and consequently no more entitled to hold lands than a frenchman or any other foreigner." The husband's allegiance fixes that of the wife.

The court held with the solicitor-general, and Esther did not get the land. In the United States there has been from time to time question as to the legal status of Indians and Indian land; in Ontario there never has been any doubt that all the land, Indian or otherwise, is the king's, and that Indians are subjects in the same way as others. There are no troublesome subtleties in Canadian law.

Now that "a frenchman or any other foreigner" is capable of holding land in Ontario, it is possible the decision would be different, but that the Court of King's Bench was right in 1823 in deciding as it did, there can be no doubt.

William Renwick Riddell

ANATOLE FRANCE

THE WORKS OF ANATOLE FRANCE, edited by Mr. Frederick Chapman. John Lane: the Bodley Head, London and New York.

ANATOLE FRANCE, who is perhaps the greatest living master of French prose, has for a generation been a unique figure in French letters. He stands absolutely alone. He belongs to no school; nor is his importance in the world of literature specifically due to any single literary form which he has essayed. His novels, for the most part, are not, in the strict sense of the term, fiction; they are polemical indictments of modern life; his essays are personal confessions; his criticism is almost autobiography; while his great historical study of Joan of Arc stays not within the prescribed limits of the historian's art but encroaches upon the domain of lyric poetry. His writings, great and small, serious and fantastic alike, have a quality which is distinctly Anatolian, and makes them, in many respects, a unique contribution to French literature.

Nor is the aloofness of Anatole France alone a matter of form. He is a great ironist; and it is of the very nature of an ironist that he is elusive. In the utterances of M. France there is, therefore, an obvious consciousness of reserve. He is suggestive rather than dialectical. Whatever the subject he treats of, one feels that there is always an unspoken residuum behind the thought expressed, and that in that residuum lies the essence of his convictions. Moreover, his literary career divides itself into two or three periods, differing so much one from the other, that even here elusiveness exists and betrays the casual reader into the belief that the author of "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," of "Thaïs," and of "l'Isle des Pingouins," is unstable in opinion and contradictory in his ethical idealism. In truth, the task of tabulating the genius of this consummate but evasive artist would seem like picking up that sealed bottle of Arabian fame, remarking to a bystander, "There is a genie

inside here," and then dismissing the subject, the height, length, or breadth of the genie being impossible of description because of the enveloping glass.

But if one cannot measure the full dimensions of the genie in question, one may at least draw certain conclusions as to his special characteristics. Impressionistic literature is the fetish of Anatole France. He cherishes the belief that there is no such thing as objective authorship, and declares that "all those who flatter themselves that they put anything but themselves into their works, are dupes of the most fallacious illusion." Accordingly, he talks about himself in all his books. The human note vibrates through every page of his writings. Not that M. France is never the creative writer. He is above all the artist capable of losing himself in the spirit of his work. His characters are never mere abstractions; they are instinct in individuality; and he reincarnates remote periods with remarkable ingenuity; throws himself with perfect sympathy into a frame of mind, or the spirit of an age, alien to his own. Nevertheless, behind the creative form of his work, there stands always the protagonist of his own psychical attitude. And the importance of every volume that issues from his pen, the secret of its power as well as of its charm, is mainly due to the fact that it bears unmistakably the imprint of an alluring personality.

Not a dominating personality that sweeps all before it by its straightforward, clearly defined purposes; but one that loves the half-lights of thought, and shelters itself behind the veil of irony. We may, however, if we will, through much that is evanescent in the work of Anatole France, catch the abiding temper and tone of the writer. Certain special points about his temperament, as expressed in the terms of his art, help us to an understanding of his general outlook upon life. Being of the opinion that "it is of the nature of the truly wise man to anger the rest of mankind," M. France has experienced no difficulty in arriving at that distinction. He has for a long while enjoyed

a reputation for scandalizing his contemporaries. Still, even if one approaches him in the same spirit in which Carlyle approached the disquisitions of John Stuart Mill, because he "found them stating everything that he most detested in the best possible way," yet one must relish his literary charm, and feel that the message of a writer of such widespread recognition, however provocative or deleterious, is not to be lightly dismissed.

The term philosopher is hardly applicable to the author of "l'Etui de Nacre," who shrinks from definite statement. One can imagine the great ironist grimly smiling at such an appellation. France is less a thinker than an artist in thoughts. Yet, one feels unmistakably the light touch of his purpose. Underneath his hesitating and casuistical style, there flows the steady current of certain vital ideas. Moreover, as it seems to us, the general drift of this undercurrent knows no sharp breaks, but continuously flows in one given direction. There is a period in Anatole France's literary career when he appears as the indulgent sceptic, floating between a thousand opinions and making choice of none. Then follows a second period, in which the serene sceptic suddenly faces round and becomes the fighting publicist, the mordant satirist, and socialist. And there is yet a third period, when he appears to have laid aside the sword of the fighting publicist and to have relapsed into the rôle of the discouraged historian, giving voice to a profound despair as to human reason and human endeavour. But looked at closely, a certain affinity will be seen to exist between the indulgent sceptic, the fighting publicist, and the despairing historiographer. Men change less than manners; sentiments vary less than the forms in which they are expressed. And notwithstanding the apparent diversity in his points of view, no student of his writings can resist the feeling that a definite trend of thought uniformly dominates each portion of them.

Reading France's temperament through the revelation in his books, we are struck by certain personal character-

istics which help to explain not only the nature of the man but the essential features of his life vision. A triple characteristic challenges immediate attention: his paganism, his scepticism, and his irony, the instrument whereby he manifests the two former qualities in striking form. Nor is the paganism of Anatole France of a superficial order; on the contrary, it is self-conscious and profound. His scepticism, also, is anarchical, and so intense that it becomes almost a belief—the belief in uncertainty, while his irony, which appears to be indulgent, frequently tears to pieces the object it seems to caress.

Let us examine the first quality of Anatole France's mentality, his paganism. "When the route is flowery," says M. France, "demand not whither it leads.....All and is hidden from man. I have inquired my way from all those who, priests, savants, sorcerers, or philosophers, pretend to be acquainted with the geography of the unknown. Not one of them has been able to indicate to me exactly the right path. And that is why the route that I prefer is one o'er which the branches stretch the thickest foliage beneath the most laughing sky. The sentiment of the beautiful conducts me. Who can be sure of having found a better guide?" For M. France, the sole absolute that remains amid the ruin of all others, is beauty. His religion is the religion of beauty. He knows no other. Like Renan, whose disciple he is, he believes that "beauty is as good as virtue," or, to be more precise, that it is even better. "For my part," he writes in "La Vie Littéraire," "if I had to choose between beauty and truth, I would not hesitate: it is beauty I would keep, very certain that it has within itself a truth nobler and more profound than truth itself. I will venture to say that there is nothing true in the world, but beauty. It is the highest manifestation of the divine that man is permitted to perceive."

The environment of Anatole France's early years may in some measure be responsible for this wholly pagan manner of interpreting the world and life. One must never forget

the atmosphere in which he was reared. He began life as Jacques Anatole François Thibaud in his father's little book-shop of the quai Voltaire, almost under the shadow of the towers of Notre-Dame. He was familiar almost from the cradle with the musty smell of faded parchment. In youth, he browsed at will among the dusty tomes of the little book-shop's crowded shelves; he wandered into libraries and the abodes of the antiquaries; or lounged along the Seine quays prying into the boxes of the *bouquinistes*, and seizing with avidity upon the treasures of their contents. Amid the crumbling dust of yellowed volumes, the future author "pillaged the ages," to use Browning's expressive phrase. He read, dreamed, and mused; and was one of those capricious scholars who prepare every task but the one for the morrow, and who surreptitiously follow another course than that marked out by the university. Not so much at the Collège Stanislaus as in the little book-shop of Thibaud père, or on the quays where "the old books formed part of the landscape," did Anatole France acquire that instinctive fineness of judgement and rare æsthetic taste that are the special attributes of his genius; or still more, that amazing fund of general knowledge that scintillates with marvellous effectiveness throughout his pages. On entering upon his literary career, France's mind was stored with the literature of old Greece and Rome, and with the Latin and Italian works of the Middle Ages. His erudition was large and exact. But the atmosphere in which he grew up could claim the credit of forming more than the erudite author. M. France himself, in an exquisite page of the "Livre de Mon Ami," confesses to being inoculated in his youth with other and more pernicious germs than culture:

> " O sordid old Jews of Cherche-Midi street, naïve *bouquinistes*, my masters, what gratitude I owe you! As much, and even more than the professors of the University, you have been my intellectual instructors. You spread before my delighted eyes the mysterious forms of past life, and all sorts of precious monuments of human thought. It was while rummaging in your boxes, filled

with relics of our fathers and their beautiful thoughts, that I became embued with the most sane philosophy. Yes, my friends, while fraternizing with the old worm-eaten books which you sold for a living, with the rusty iron and decayed wood of your show-cases, I acquired a profound sense of the passing away and the emptiness of all things. I conceived that human beings were but moving pictures in the universal illusion; and since then I have been prone to sadness, gentleness, and pity."

Thus, in youth was Anatole France's imaginative outlook filled with the great monuments of ancient thought. His soul thrilled, not at modern altars, but at the oracles of Delphi. The gods of antiquity were his household gods.

In his earliest works Anatole France declared himself a pagan. He commenced as author in 1873, with a small volume of verse entitled "Les Poèmes Dorées," which was followed three years later by another book called "Les Noces Corinthiennes." In both these publications, under the tissue of harmonious words and polished rhyme, one striking trait is manifest—an antipathy to Christianity. The author, it is true, is not a pagan of the classical period, who rejoices in a serenity of soul that no great spiritual movement has perturbed. Rather does he belong to the tumultuous times of Julian the Apostate. He is a pagan haunted by the spirit of the Christian era. One who is preoccupied with the divinity of a new dispensation, who is torn between conflicting emotions, and in turn rejects and accepts the new conditions. The taking of the veil by a young girl, for example, inspires these profound and powerfully expressed lines:

" . . . .Ainsi, pleurant sur moi, je reconnus, pensif,
Que tu m'avais repris cette femme, ô beau juif,
Roi dont l'épine a ceint la chevelure rousse;

Ton âme était profonde et ta voix était douce;
Les femmes t'écoutaient parler au bord des puits,
Les femmes parfumaient tes cheveux; et depuis,
Elles ont allumé sur ton front l'auréole,
Dieu de la vierge sage et de la vierge folle;

. . . .

> Jusqu'à la fin des temps toutes nos Madeleines
> Verseront à tes pieds leurs urnes encor pleines.
> Christ! elle a délaissé mon âme pour ton ciel,
> Et c'est pour te prier que sa bouche a du miel!"

And again, in "Les Noces Corinthiennes," one hears the same note, only with increased volume, in the imprecations which the poet puts into the mouth of his young hero, Hippias:

> "Dieu des Galiléens, je ne te cherchais pas..........
> Spectre qui vient troubler les fêtes de la vie,
> Qui fait trainer les chants des pleurs sur ton chemin."

In both these passages it is, of course, a vindictive pagan, jealous of the pleasures of existence, who speaks. The virulence of the words belongs wholly to the nature of the character depicted. Yet, it cannot be doubted that the poet also uncovers his own soul; and what we discover in that revelation is a regret for the joys of life which the God of the Jews has banished. What the author of "Les Poèmes Dorées" and "Les Noces Corinthiennes" cannot reconcile himself to, is the loss of that tranquillity of mind which the new order of things has abolished; to the absence of the means of living near to nature and free from all embarrassing and disquieting creeds. He is divided between a bitter anger and a tender admiration for that religion which has put greater love in the human heart at the same time as it has put greater sorrow. This complex sentiment which pervades his first poems is a dominant note from one end to the other of M. France's work. Such as we see him at the threshold of his career, such is he also in his maturity. Many years after the appearance of "Les Noces Corinthiennes," when his facile pen draws the character of Dr. Trublet in the "Histoire Comique"—a personage dear to the heart of his creator—his first concern is to present him as "a little sad to see his contemporaries so lacking in perception as to own themselves dupes of that deplorable misunderstanding which, nineteen centuries ago, set humanity at variance with Nature." The thought is precisely the

same as that of the poems. The truth is, that M. France's paganism has never progressed because the pith of it was embodied in his very first works. The *insouciance* of paganism is what M. France frankly covets. He appears to admit that Christianity has enriched man's soul with new faculties; but he seems also to deplore that epoch when man was free to live according to his own normal laws, untormented by what he considers vain aspirations towards the infinite. And he deplores that epoch because of its emancipation from all that conflicts with the sense of the beautiful. Melancholy, doubt before action, scruples of conscience, these products of a modern soil, he claims, choke the flowers of life's amenities. The sole torment which, in his eyes, should bewitch man's soul, is "le tourment délicieux que la beauté donne aux âmes avides de la comprendre." This sense of the beautiful, which is the most precious gift of his nature, embellishes the world in his eyes, that is, the world of appearances, which to him appears all-sufficient.

And in what, in the eyes of M. France, does beauty consist? Certainly not in the art of forswearing human nature's prerogatives. M. France has had much to say about asceticism, and not always in the most flattering terms. He finds those sentiments which are capable of conducting man through life without any disagreeable contortions of nature more worthy of esteem than those that beguile him into unnatural and impracticable demeanour. In the volume entitled "l'Etui de Nacre," he relates the story of a husband and wife, Hyéronimos and Scolastica, who lived a celibate life the better to honour their Creator. The one died shortly after the other, and a "miraculous rose-tree growing up out of the tomb of the virginal wife" entwined itself about and united the two graves. The priests of the locality commended these graves to the veneration of the faithful, saying the miracle was of heaven. A pagan philosopher, one Silvanus, also saw in the miracle a celestial sign; but he interpreted the symbol in his own way. He had no doubt that the rose-tree flourished by the will

of Eros; and he said to himself: "Poor Scolastica, now that she is but a shade, regrets the lost opportunities for love and joy. These roses which spring from her grave and which speak for her, say to us, 'Love, you who still live.' This miracle teaches us to taste the joys of life while there is yet time."

Briefly, strikingly, and with consummate art, M. France here expresses what in his eyes is odiously narrow and ridiculous in the ideal of asceticism. The author of "l'Etui de Nacre" seeks for beauty in normal life, and finds it in other forms than that of renunciation or penitence. Courage, loyalty, these to him are the best words of life; the strength to remain passive and composed in the face of pain and death he signalizes as the crux of human achievement. To get an idea of his conception of manliness, we have only to turn to the character of M. Féval in the "Mémoires d'un Volontaire." This personage is represented as "hating cowardice more than anything else in the world;" as having "a horror of mummeries," and as not being able for one moment to "tolerate those who sought to interest God in bagatelles." He looked upon weakness as the unique type of all evils; and was wont to say that "Lucifer and the rebel angels fell because of pride. That is why they remain even in hell princes and kings exercising a terrible sovereignty over the damned. If they had fallen through cowardice, they would be, in the midst of the flames, the laughing-stock and plaything of the souls of sinners, and even the hegemony of evil would have escaped the clutch of their debased fingers." And again, in those short stories of the revolutionary epoch at the close of "l'Etui de Nacre," we get a glimpse of those men and women dear to the heart of M. France; visions of those who cling to one another in "the sombre jail-yard where death stimulates love," and who lay down their lives with a smile. France delights in this period of warfare and suffering, because danger was then a daily menace and fear unknown. Thus, while for Christian moralists and legislators lust and intemperance

are the worst of vices, for the author of "l'Etui de Nacre" the greatest of all evils is cowardice. Could anything be more in harmony with the ideas of antiquity than this exaltation of stoicism?

Nothing more lucidly shows the uniformity of Anatole France's thought than a comparison of his early and later books. Between the works of France's youth and those of his maturity, a long road stretches; yet both unmistakably emanate from the same mind, the same pen. The inoffensive humorist of the first period becomes, in later life, the satirist who spares nothing either great or small; the gentle sceptic who contemplates life with a smile, the nihilist whose audacity knows no bounds. Compare, for instance, the early tale of Scolastica with "Thaïs," his novel of 1890. The theme of the two stories is identical: they are both a plea against asceticism. But in Scolastica there is indulgent raillery and disdain; while in "Thaïs" we detect a sort of fury and audacious invectiveness. But if the manner is different, the thought behind the manner varies not. No one will be surprised at the storm of rebellious thought in "Thaïs," in the "Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard," in "l'Orme du Mail," and other works of his maturity, who has noted the premonitory rumblings in the inflamed verses of the early poems; or detected under the suavity of his first manner a bitterness veiled by the beauty of harmonious words and nobility of phrase. In the period when M. France's publications won for him only an enviable notoriety, and his repute as an author extended little beyond literary circles, he was cherished as a neo-Greek, as a spirit of delicate discernment and rare beauty of expression; and his dilettantism masked the depth of his convictions. But once having declared himself an intellectual force, once having secured for himself an impregnable position in the world of letters, the mantle of dilettantism fell from him, he entered the arena of battle, took definite part therein, and his ideas gathered force, volume, and precision.

Turn, for example, from the gentle irony of Scolastica to the mordant satire of "Thaïs." Both, as has been said, are protestations against the annihilation of the sense of practical existence, hence, in the eyes of the author, of the beauty of life. The pagan philosopher, Silvanus, is M. France when, as the nonchalant sceptic, he indulgently smiles at erring humanity. The monk Paphnuce of "Thaïs" is the sceptic turned iconoclast, and reveals in striking terms the full measure of the antipathy lightly indicated in the early tale. But the point is that the idea in both volumes is identical. Anatole France is one of those writers who habitually restrain their sentiments the better to voice them in occasional splendid outbursts. "Thaïs" is one of these impassioned moments. The monk Paphnuce is a creation not to be overlooked in any consideration of M. France's paganism. He is the incarnation of all that his creator most abhors as incompatible with human progress and the embellishment of life.

The fierce and redoubtable hero of "Thaïs" is represented as "cultivating virtue as a vice." He lowers his hood that his gaze may not rest upon beautiful objects. His eyes are offended by the spectacle of common life; his mind, forever fixed upon the vision of eternity, is completely closed to the harmonies of human reason. Denying his human attributes one by one, he sinks at last from the condition of a man to that of an offensive and hideous brute. Such is the lamentable Paphnuce, the ferocity of whose zeal renders him odious, and whose dream of holiness leads him into follies and excesses. There is no doubt that the author exploits his hero to make manifest his repugnance to all that he represents. There is no doubt, also, that he execrates him because he incarnates that part of humanity that follows the dictates of a creed imposing upon its disciples renunciation of life's joys and the practice of personal effacement. The first book of "Thaïs" is a marvellous description of penitential efficiency. Here we see the hero-anchorite revelling in complicated tortures, scourging himself body

and soul with infinite dexterity. And we catch the mocking tone underlying the exquisite recital. But the mocking tone suddenly changes to one of fierceness, and in the second book swells and blazes forth with evident unreserve. The moment of the metamorphosis is not without significance; it is when Paphnuce forsakes his solitary desert and goes forth to evangelize the world, and by furious protestations to impose upon it the codes of his belief. M. France may indulgently deride penitence, but against proselytism he wields a sharper weapon. Nothing could be more dramatic than that expedition of the hero-hermit, leaving his saintly Thébaïde, a prey to a kind of spiritual intoxication, to anathematize the world and to seek to bring it within the confines of a definite doctrine; and nothing could be more significant of M. France's adjudication upon those possessed of a frenzy for converting others to their opinion. Follow the terrible monk in his fanatical crusade, and France's hostility to the mania for proselytizing will be no matter of conjecture. Proselytism, France appears to believe, is inseparable from every living creed; and a creed is an absolute, imposing certain rules and regulations upon man, therefore his negative intelligence will have none of it. Fascinated by the dream of a serene and beautiful existence, he despises the modern manner of regarding moral life as an incessant warfare, and cannot tolerate those who deem it obligatory to force others to participate in the battle in which they are engaged.

The culminating point of the drama, as all readers well know, is the scene in which Paphnuce forces Thaïs, the courtesan of Alexandria whom he deems himself inspired to save, to throw into the fire all her riches—her jewels, her fine bronzes, her costly tapestries, her treasures of ivory and ebony—and to follow him into the desert. Tragically beautiful are the pages in which this orgie of destruction is described, pages full of a profound significance. It can hardly be doubted that the monk's act has a symbolic value; that it typifies the work of modern ethics, if not in its actual

deeds, at least in its innermost aspirations. The character of Paphnuce is rich in psychological traits which are thrown into relief during the course of the novel; but his salient characteristic, and the one which his creator most sternly emphasizes, is his insatiable hatred of art, of beauty, of love, of all those good things of life which he himself has forsworn and which, it seems, his fury would like to see forever annihilated. Enamoured of beauty, what M. France despises in Christian ethics is that it is, in his eyes, the enemy of all life truly beautiful, that is, free and intense. The tragic abbé of "Thaïs" incarnates this idea of M. France's. The author of "Thaïs" appears to regret the age of antiquity when men, ignorant of the sense of sin, were occupied with no care but that of fashioning their acts according to an inherent instinct of nobleness and beauty. If any further vindication of France's pagan attitude towards life were necessary, the following vision of the monk Paphnuce would suffice:

> " And Paphnuce, leaning over the edge of an abyss, saw a river of fire flowing in the interior of the earth, between a double escarpment of black rocks. There, in a livid light, demons were tormenting the spirits. These spirits still retained the appearance of the bodies which formerly they inhabited; and even pieces of their raiments still clung to them. The spirits seemed at peace in the midst of their torments. One of them, tall, fair, with closed eyes and a wreath upon its forehead, was singing; and its voice filled the sterile banks with harmony. It sang of gods and heroes. Small green devils were piercing its lips and throat with red-hot irons. Yet the shade of Homer continued to sing. Not far off, old Anaxagorus, bald and hoary, was tracing figures in the dust with a compass. A demon was pouring boiling oil in his ear, but succeeded not in interrupting the meditations of the sage. And the monk saw a crowd of people who, on the sombre bank, along the fiery river, were tranquilly reading or conversing as they walked, as masters and disciples walk and converse under the shade of the palm-trees of the Academy."

Could anything be more decisive than the symbol embodied in this vision of the other world? How forcibly it suggests the conclusion: modern morality has conquered;

the wise men of antiquity are relegated to the nether regions of the new world; so be it! But these ancient heroes still conserve their nobility. No torment can disturb their serenity or stay the flight of their ideas.

A *Benèdictin narquois,* is the term which one of his fellow-countrymen has found for M. France; and perhaps it serves better than many others to define that quality of temperament which is his habitually, and which a discerning American critic has described as "the outcome of Agnosticism grafted upon a nature strongly Catholic by inheritance and early training."

Consider for a moment the well-spring of France's antipathy to Christianity. It resides in a profound faith in humanity, which is so directly opposed to that spirit of religion which regards man born of woman as imperfect and a subject for perpetual discipline in well-being and well-doing; as well as in a mild relativeness which is inspired by that very belief in mankind. Negative in his reasoning faculties, and accepting the word of command alone from nature and the sense of the beautiful, it naturally follows that M. France is hostile to all absolutes. And morality and religion being the two supreme absolutes of modern life, imposing their codes and decrees upon humankind, it is against these two institutional dominations that his rationalism the most strenuously revolts. By linking the idea of sin with the idea of fruition and gratification, France appears to think that Christianity has thus communicated to man an unrest and uneasiness that impedes both his happiness and his progress. In primitive times no one thought of making man better in order to make him happier, but rather of making him happier so that he might become better. It was not then a question of spending one's life in battling against one's self; but, on the contrary, of succeeding in doing good with a sort of joyous spontaneity. Then, the idea of happiness, far from being discarded from morality's codes, was attached thereto by indissoluble bonds. Men were then ingenuous and healthy; uncon-

cerned about their emancipation because they were already free; they lived cheerfully, ignorant of the existence of sin, and their acts were the result of their natural instincts of nobility and beauty. Such is the ideal of ancient existence —an ideal, one might allege, not quite as reasonable as it seems—which, under capricious paradoxes and kaleidoscopic variations, one finds again and again throughout the France books. Nothing is more modern than this return to the ideas of antiquity; and M. France, who in more respects than one is an Attic, assists in the general movement of his day.

I know of few passages which, in its aggressive placidity, its charming malice so coquettishly hidden under the mantle of suavity, better exhibit M. France's genius for mockery and criticism, as well perhaps as his fundamental view of life, than that masterpiece of hippic dialogue at the close of "l'Affaire Crainquebille," entitled "Les Juges Intégres." It is too long for quotation, so we must fall back upon another extract which leaves no doubt of its author's indulgent relativity and faith in mankind. "We shall all be happy?" asks the daughter of M. Bergeret of Paris, and from the harmonious mouth of that placid philosopher we gather Anatole France's views of human progress:

> "No, holy pity, which is the beauty of souls, would perish if suffering were eliminated. That will not be. Moral and physical evil, unceasingly warred against, will unceasingly share with happiness the empire of the earth, as night succeeds day. Evil is necessary. It has, just the same as goodness, its source in nature, and one could not be drained dry without the other. We are happy only because we are unhappy. Suffering is the sister of Joy, and these twin breaths, passing over the cords of our being, make them vibrate harmoniously. The breath of happiness alone would provoke a monotonous, dull sound, similar to silence. But to inevitable evils, to those woes at once common and august, which are the result of mortal life, there will no longer be added those artificial evils which are the result of our social condition. Men will no longer be deformed by iniquitous labour which kills rather than vivifies. Slaves will be freed from their dungeons, and the workshop will no longer devour bodies by the million."

For Anatole France, relativity, which was a conspicuous element in ancient morality, is the essential virtue of the mind. Towards everything he shows indulgence save towards those who seek to fix absolute values for the incommeasurable. Everything is relative, he preaches, nothing is absolute; and even the truths of science "do not differ from those of everyday."

> " Men believed, three centuries ago, that the earth was the centre of the world. Nowadays, we know it to be a coagulated drop of the sun. We know that the universe, in which we are a wandering speck of dust, is forever in labour, bringing to birth and devouring its offspring. But wherein has our moral nature been altered by this prodigious discovery?......Be the earth great or small, what does it matter to mankind? It is always great enough, provided it gives us a stage for suffering or for love. To suffer and to love, these are the twin sources of its inexhaustible beauty. Suffering, pain—how divine it is, how misunderstood! To it we owe all that is good in us, all that makes life worth living; to it we owe pity and courage, and all the virtues. The earth is but a grain of sand in a barren infinity of worlds. Yet if it is only on earth that creatures suffer, it is greater than all the rest of the world put together."

And once again in the same volume, "Le Jardin d'Epicure," he reiterates the impossibility of the finite mind ever grasping absolute truths:

> " Ignorance is the necessary condition, I do not say of happiness, but of life itself. If we knew everything, we could not endure existence a single hour. The sentiments that make life sweet to us, or at any rate tolerable, spring from falsehood, and are fed upon illusions. If, like God, man possessed the truth, the sole and perfect truth, and once let it escape out of his hands, the world would be annihilated then and there, and the universe would melt away instantly like a shadow. Divine truth, like a last judgement, would reduce it to powder."

And here is another embodiment of the same thought:

> " Evil is necessary. If it did not exist, neither would good. What would become of courage if there was no danger, or of pity, if there was no pain? It is thanks to evil and sorrow that the earth is habitable and life worth living. We should not, therefore, be

too hard on the devil. He is a great artist and a great savant; he has created at least one half of the world. And his half is so cunningly embedded in the other, that it is impossible to interfere with the first without at the same time doing a like injury to the second. Each vice you destroy had a corresponding virtue, which perished along with it."

The sense of relativity is a sentiment of ancient date. And its source lies in that custom of contemplating everything from an artistic point of view. The artist takes delight in organization, and his eye detects a synthesis in all about him. In his sight there is little room for ugliness in the world, because it is the complement of beauty and entwined therewith in indiscernible conditions. Thus, the consciousness of relativity is stronger in those in whom the artistic perception is highly developed. It flourishes most abundantly in those eras in which the notion of art predominates.

Now, the artist is the base of France's temperament. The moralist and the artist in him are inseparable. He gathers with perfect ease the flower of every idea, and his subtle intellect penetrates the finest shades of meaning. With his curiosity, the magnificent diversity of his fancy, his cult of nature, and the grace of his thought, which, like that of the Greeks, his masters, is inseparable from his style, he seems like an ancient Greek, or perhaps, to be more precise, a man of the Renaissance, wandering with dubious mien amid the conditions of modernity. M. France, in his capacity of artist-philosopher, hesitates to pronounce exclusive decrees upon ugliness and vice for fear of enveloping in his condemnation "some atom of beauty." It is, perhaps, unwise to regard his thought as wholly negative. Negation, when it is profound, is seldom other than the base of a positive superstructure. In the case of M. France, the doctrine of liberalism, so dear to the heart of the Greek philosopher, rises from the ashes of his destructive criticism, and is the interpretative function of the sole creed to which he apparently vows allegiance—the creed of beauty. Hence that paganism which, having profound roots in his sensi-

bility, forms an integral part of his philosophy, and from which his hostility to absolutism, either ethical or religious, is derived.

What we have designated as the second characteristic of Anatole France's thought, his scepticism, may also be said to arise from his highly developed perceptive temperament, which is the temperament of the artist, pure and simple. Art, it has been said, has no need of dogma, since its feeling towards the infinite is one that loses much of its beauty when reduced to concrete expression. The aim of art is "to read off the expressiveness of things;" the artist loves to watch the lights and shades of thought, and to help to fix for the time being the fleeting spirit of things. The scepticism of Anatole France proceeds from a sort of practical epicureanism, as well as from a desire to live in tranquil independence, a state which he regards as the greatest of all blessings. An intellectual vagabond, he delights in giving rein to his imagination, in scenting out hidden motives, in turning upon all things, great or small, the fervid flare of his criticism. His intelligence, acute, universal, eager and ready to embrace everything, resents the limitations of cold logic and bloodless facts. Above all, he incontestably lacks that theological spirit which "treats the unknown with minute exactitude." The scepticism of Anatole France, like that of Montaigne, turns chiefly upon metaphysical objects. Its special aim is to uproot those metaphysical affirmations that are the bed-rock of modern social life, and the *raison d'être* of spiritual conflict. He appears to believe with Hume, that "the errors of religion are dangerous, while those of philosophy are merely ridiculous." Hence, he conceives it necessary to criticise the formulas of belief in order to consume fanaticism; to destroy old idols; and to institute a beneficent tolerance. The shaft of his irony is directed with singular force against dictatorial distinctions of reality. He does not hesitate to declare it "a hideous waste of time to seek for the truth;" and that "nothing is eternal except the eternal crumbling of things."

One thing is certain, that M. France's criticism is not repulsed by any scruples of iconoclasm. He has a genius for irreverence; an utter disregard for tradition. He cannot comprehend why an idea should be accepted as inviolable because it has for a long while received the sanction of the majority. On the contrary, he regards that very approval as one reason the more for doubting its validity. Not going so far as to assert with Ibsen, that "the minority is always right," he yet ascribes no virtue to the dictates of numbers, nor yet of custom. Apparently M. France holds the pragmatic view of reality, that the true "is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as the right is only the expedient in the way of our behaving;" for he declares truth to be "a matter of attitude," and profiting by a change. "My son," says Abbé Coignard, in those wonderful "Opinions" in which suavity and mordant satire are so artfully combined,

> "I have observed that the ills of mankind proceed from their prejudices, as spiders and scorpions issue from dark caves and small dank gardens. It is well at times to gropingly stir the cudgel and the broom in all these obscure corners. It is even well to strike the walls of the cave and the garden here and there with a pickaxe. That frightens the vermin and paves the way for the necessary demolition."

By the mouth of the amiable Abbé Coignard, M. France here exalts criticism in its capacity of emancipator. We have seen how the author of "Opinions" regards moral courage as the *summum bonum* of human greatness. In like manner, he now proclaims the supremacy of fearless, critical analysis. He assures us that with the mobility of clouds in the heavens, prejudices are dispersed and reformed. Men are impregnated with the superstitions of their age, and that man is rare and especially marked out for adulation who dauntlessly faces that which the mass of humankind dares not inquisitively look upon. "The faculty of doubting is rare among men; a very small number of minds possess the germ of doubt, which is not

developed without culture;" thus M. France, in whom the cult of an inquisitorial intelligence has habitually predominated. From the first he eschewed the dogmatists, and allied himself with the critics. Convinced of the efficacy of intellectual inquisition, and endowed with a fine irrespect for the criteria of the ages, his animadversion has never sheathed its sword before the most inflexible magisterial assertions. Deeming it advisable to revise now and again our table of moral currency, he has not scrupled to engage in the readjustment of our concepts of good and evil, of justice and injustice, of courage and cowardice, and all the standard values of human integrity.

Much emphasis has been laid upon M. France's scepticism, and with good reason, for it tinges all his writings. But his rationalism is a concurrent trait, hardly less conspicuous, and almost as provocative of interest. Human reason being the unique instrument of criticism, the link uniting scepticism and intellectualism is easily forged. In the work of Anatole France the two tendencies are coexistent and coöperative. It is a well-worn fact that to the sceptic reason is the sovereign, if not the unique deity. It can, therefore, be no matter of surprise that M. France is an apologist for human reason. In his "Jardin d'Epicure," which comes the nearest of all his books to being a confession of his faith, he frankly declares, "What is admirable is not that the field of stars is so vast; it is that man has measured it." And again, he says somewhere, "Let us not speak evil of science. Above all, let us not distrust the intellect............ The mind is the whole man.... Let us never accuse genuine thought of impiety. Let us never say it is immoral, for it hovers over all morals. Do not, above all, condemn it because it is the bearer of unfamiliar things. Man would not be man, if he did not think with freedom."

The mind of Anatole France, which by many is regarded as wholly negative, becomes strangely positive when it is a question of mental supremacy or mental latitude. He

is both the resolute defender and pertinacious advocate of intellectual liberty, the imprescriptible rights of reason. An intellectual latitudinarian, he will brook no limit whatsoever to the potency of beauty, proportionate reason, and genuine individual thought. His reaction against all that threatens this august trinity is such that it becomes a veritable creed, a rival system of belief. To someone who asks how iniquity is to be vanquished, M. Bergeret, the mouthpiece of M. France, replies:

> "By word of man. Nothing is more powerful than words. The alliance of strong judgement and noble thought is a link that cannot be broken. A word, like the sling of David, vanquishes the violent and overthrows the strong. It is an invincible arm. Without words, the world would belong to armed brutes. What is it then that holds that army in check? It is intelligence alone, naked and unarmed."

Yet, notwithstanding his faith in the human intellect, M. France is not a positivist. He is a poet, and his mind, sensitive to every shade of thought, dislikes fetters and cannot sympathize with a narrow doctrine. He is an artist, and taste rather than principle is his criterion. His way of understanding life is not static, but evolutionary. With him, ideas express but sentiments; sentiments are changeable; therefore, uncertainty alone is permanent. Truth he conceives to mean, not copying completed realities, but addition to those already existing, through the collaboration of old facts of experience with new. Truth is that which satisfies present experience; and experience, as we know, is a process forever presenting us with new material to digest. Hence the necessity for constant correction of our formulas.

Like Renan, Anatole France thinks that science, far from giving a complete view of life, only obscures our destiny in proportion as it elucidates the things about us. Science is incapable of answering the supreme questions affecting the purpose of our existence, namely, universal morals, suffering, life and death. The thing of great price, in the

eyes of M. France, is a beautiful soul. In his mind lies Renan's notion that "philosophy is an echo of that which the soul feels in contact with reality;" and also that morals are a part of æsthetics, the beautiful and the good being the same. From which it follows that great philosophical systems are, in the eyes of M. France, but romances of souls, and beauty but the visible expression of virtue.

Hence, Anatole France's rationalism resolves itself largely into emotional epicureanism. It contains no proud assertions as to the future of science, or the potency of infallible truths. Its pronouncement is that "intellectual truths are sterile. Love alone is capable of giving life to its dreams. Love pours life into everything it touches. It is sentiment that scatters the good seed over the world. Reason has not such virtue." Loving the shades and varieties of thought, Anatole France's scepticism yet whispers to him that everything is subject to foreign influences, and even to annihilation; while his epicureanism suggests to him that man's chief desideratum is to be serene and to live as happily as possible. That which defies the inroads of time the most successfully, is simplicity. An elegant and simple soul outlives a tyrannical system of philosophy. Life changes, and we change with it; kingdoms perish, and schemes of man crumble; hence, the best way of spending time is in contemplating the beautiful in its manifold manifestations; is to live above human kind and its epochs, for learning and for art. Such is the conclusion to which M. France has come after years of mental development.

Nor is Anatole France's intellectual idealism opposed to his socialistic tendencies. The stability of France's attitude towards life has been more than once impugned. The discrepancy between the periods into which his literary career naturally divides itself is such that many are tempted to believe that there is not one Anatole France, but several. The world knew him so long as the wise and placid erudite, living in solitude among his dreams, that when, in 1897, he suddenly descended from his "ivory tower" into the

actual world, took his stand with the socialists and assumed the rôle of the fighting publicist, it was thought that a complete revolution had operated within him. It seemed paradoxical and vain to connect the radical socialist with the nonchalant sage delighting in the "silent orgies of meditation."

Yet the ideal to which M. France vowed allegiance in the period of his activity differs little from that to which he adhered in the years of his quiescence. He was always a son of the Revolution, having a certain reverence for that enthusiastic, irreligious, but interesting eighteenth century which witnessed the dawn of human pathos and fraternity. His faith in mankind was always vigorous; and if he poured his delicious irony upon the errors and foibles of men, or the numerous frivolities of their opinions and customs, it was because of his keen appreciation of human dignity, and his desire to promote its aggrandizement. He had always implicit trust in the great progressive personality, and his individualism embraced the idea of the amelioration of the race by the uplifting of the individual.

The truth is, that, as the militant socialist, he but repeated in terms of politics what he had already stated in terms of art and erudition. His socialism was not anarchical, but æsthetical. Shrewdness and discretion guided his judgements. The idea of patriotism he never relinquished. He saw no reason why utilitarianism should not coincide with a sense of patriotic devotion. Even after having declared himself a revolutionary, M. France could still say:

> "Let us guard, respect, uphold those national organizations which, in the present state of humanity, are necessary forms of social life. Let us remember that the disaggregation of peoples enjoying liberty, the forfeiture of intellectual nations, would soon lead to a régime of autocratic barbarism throughout Latin Europe, which would be far from bringing about the union of liberated peoples. Countries ought to enter, not dead, but living, into the universal Federation."

For Anatole France the socialist, democracy and aristocracy were terms in nowise incompatible; but on the

contrary, conciliatory and, in a certain sense, even suppositive one of the other. Like Ibsen, he conceived a true democracy to be one whose aim was to make "every man in the land a nobleman." To instruct the people is to render them less fanatical, and more open to the influences of science; hence, to make them more fit for useful citizenship. Thus, to labour for the masses, in this manner, is to give one's services to the most aristocratic of causes. Many astute and subtle minds have regarded socialism in this light. Voltaire was of the opinion that "all is not lost when the people are placed in a position to perceive that they possess minds. On the contrary, all is lost when they are treated like a troupe of cattle; for, sooner or later, they will gore us with their horns." While Renan, who spent most of his life disparaging democracy, came at last to the conclusion that socialism, in its way, was preoccupied with the ennobling of humanity. And Anatole France, even in his capacity of militant socialist, abode by the opinion that knowledge is sovereign, not the people. Even in the period of his democracy, he makes his mouthpiece, M. Beregret, say to his dog, "To-morrow you will be in Paris. It is an illustrious and noble city. The nobility, it is true, is not common to all the inhabitants. It is, on the contrary, to be found in only a very small number of the citizens. But a whole town, a whole nation, exists in a few individuals who think with more power and more justice than the rest." And later on, in the same book, when Riquet has flown at the heels of the workman who has been setting up his master's bookshelves, Bergeret explains to him that what exalts an nation "is not the foolish cry that resounds in the streets, but the silent thought, conceived in a garret and that one day changes the face of the earth." France's disdain is always showered lavishly upon churlish force. Whether he is addressing wise counsels to the dog, Riquet, or giving voice to poignant utterances on the Armenian atrocities or the Dreyfus Affair, it is always faith in the human intellect that forms the basis of his suppositions.

France's socialism need, therefore, be no matter of surprise, any more than his anti-clericalism. Both proceed from a sensibility profoundly epicurean; from a sensibility conceiving beauty to be the one reality demonstrable with any semblance of philosophical certainty; and that the fullest sense of that beauty resides in æsthetical minds; a sensibility cherishing the thought that "un pays vaut par ses élites," and the dream of infusing aristocracy into democracy, the aristocracy of character, of will and of mind.

After ten years of political life, M. France laid aside the sword of the combatant and next appeared as the historical narrator. In 1908, he published "l'Isle des Pingouins," which was presumably a recapitulation of the wisdom to which he had come after a decade of public activity. It was not a very cheerful record. It seemed rather the chronicle of a champion of the lost cause of reason. In 1903, M. France could still say, "Lentement, mais toujours, l'humanité réalise les rêves des sages." But "Penguin Island" seemed a refutation of this firm faith in the human race; or, at best, an affirmation of its tortoise-like progress. It seemed a mournful declaration of the eternal tautology of human generations, and the inconsequence of human effort. In it, Anatole France, radical-socialist and Dreyfusard, appeared to face round and become the historiographer with pen dipped in the blackest and most corroding of inks.

This new development once more brought upon him the reproach of instability. "Penguin Island" was said to be a recantation of his democratic and socialistic utterances. The socialists were in despair; condemnations on all sides were rife. It would, however, be unjust to regard "l'Isle des Pingouins" as a negation of his political pronouncements; as it would be also unwise to see in the despairing historian a wholly different Anatole France. The truth is, that in the various transmutations of his career as an author, the orbit of France's temperament remains fundamentally the same.

When the meditative erudite abandoned the silent realm of dreams to engage in political combat, it was to join a few chosen spirits in pitting their strength against the Church, the army, and those in authority. He looked out from his "ivory tower" and in the Dreyfus affair saw that the whole civilization of his country and her prestige as advocate of justice was imperilled in that crisis of public morality; and he lent the force of his intellect as a bulwark for her integrity. It has, indeed, been hinted that it was not by any spontaneous impulse, but at the instigation of a friend, that France was drawn into the vortex of public life. And there can be no doubt that, after ten years of experience therein, like his own Bidault Coquille of "Penguin Island," who came down from the old fire-escape from which he was accustomed to observe the heavens, in order to fight for the eternal principle of justice, he was disillusioned, not so much perhaps as to humanity as with his own motives, and decided to go back to his "fire-escape and his stars." "It may be," wrote George Brandès a propos of France's political period, "that as the popular orator—a career for which he was not intended by nature—he has proclaimed himself rather more strongly convinced than he is in his inmost soul." And another of his able interpreters has said of his political orations, "*Je ne dirais pas que, par eux, il cherche à nous étonner, mais plutôt à s'étonner lui-même.*

However that may be, neither as the fighting publicist nor as the discouraged historian does the main current of his opinions alter its course. Rightly understood, his political period casts no discredit on his earlier attitude; nor does the chronicle of his conclusions as to its results, proclaim the bankruptcy of the cause which he espoused. It was primarily as the intellectualist that he touched politics. Believing that the visions of the philosophers arouse men to action and create the future, he stepped down into the streets, and as valiant citizen strove to reincarnate the spirit of his dreams in the experiences of actual life. As to the

sceptical conclusion, it was inevitable, and rightly considered it was no negation of his political policy. It was, perhaps, a declaration of fatigue on the part of the combatant, who had discovered the emptiness of politics as such; but not of disbelief in socialism or in reason. It was, in fact, a repetition in terms of politics of his earlier conception of a philosophy of values. A theory dear to the heart of Anatole France is that humanity must at all costs refuse to be satisfied with itself. A certain generous discontent is the most powerful motive of reform; and the future of real progress depends on those who rise up to question its reality. Only those who are discontented with that which is, are capable of reaching out towards perfection, amelioration, and progress. This sense of limitation being an inherent quality of his critical and sceptical nature, he retains it even as the partisan and the publicist. For him, the political ideal, no less than the moral one, can never quite overcome the crumbling incoherence of matter.

The third essential characteristic of Anatole France, his irony, is the supple instrument whereby he transmits his ideas and feelings. His verdict is that "without irony the world would be like a forest without birds." Accordingly, he ironizes life, and scrutinizes it only through the lens of profound mockery. Irony is the subtle joy of the wise. It is the supreme form of analysis, the ultimate flower of detachment. It is the delicate medium alike of persuasion and of combat. France employs it indifferently, and with consummate skill, in both forms. He is a master of *nuance,* and all that his sympathetic intelligence touches is enriched by the subtlety of his mind. None knows better than he how to express a complete philosophy in a discrete and light form. Or how to attack social failings with pleasantries whose barbs are hidden in seeming artlessness. Irony implies an ideal, since it mocks at one's inability to attain thereto. And not only so, but it is the most likely weapon to promote that ideal's triumph.

Nor can it be doubted that France's irony is indicative of a certain idealism. His mockery is not the product of chance, or the offspring of dilettantism. It is the subtle agent of a thought which stimulates him, an emotion which leads him. "The irony that I invoke," says M. France, "is not cruel. It mocks neither at love nor at beauty. It is mild and indulgent. Its smile calms anger, for it teaches us to laugh at fools and wicked men whom, without it, we might have the weakness to hate." Yet this delicious humanist is not always thus human. His irony is not always humane or tender. He may not mock at love or beauty, for in that dual cause his irony is persuasively employed; but it combats other things. What his raillery is particularly directed against is that pretentious and mediocre half of society which proclaims itself reflective and progressive, yet whose principle characteristic is absence of thought. The pharisaism of this class, their fanaticism, their hatred of ideas and fear of new patterns of life, are portrayed by his pen with a master touch. M. Panneton de la Barge, general Cartier de Chalmot, Mme. de Benmont, Abbé Guitrel, fat and crafty, and that duc de Brécé who represent in a grandiose fashion the amusing but honourable nihility of his class—these and many more of like persuasion, are manikins moved by the strings of a philosophy which comprises an emphatic hostility to provincialism. Epicure of emotions as he is, and an apostle of light, France wields his irony forcibly against all that limits the imagination, or bedims the lustre of beauty.

And as a vehicle for his thought he possesses that most compelling of all mediums, an incomparable style. He knows the secret of harmonious phrases and of rare epithets; and the art of unerringly finding the one indispensable word. He is Greek, not only in the artistry of his expression, but in his delicate familiarity, his subtle audaciousness, his grace, and exquisite taste. A sense of antique beauty pervades his entire work. He is a classicist, not only in

the faultless precision of his sentences, but in the spirit of his writings. He himself has defined the essence of his charm and of his art in this melodious precept:

> "Tout dire, c'est ne rien dire. Tout montrer, c'est ne rien faire voir. La littérature a pour devoir de noter ce qui compte et d'éclairer ce qui est fait pour la lumiére. Si elle cesse de choisir et d'aimer, elle est déchue comme la femme qui se livre sans préférence."

After having considered the triple characteristic of Anatole France's mind, his paganism, his scepticism, and his irony, we are drawn to the conclusion that the most conspicuous of his mental traits, and the one that embraces all the others, is a complete liberty of thought. Like his Abbé Coignard, who is his admirable counterpart, he is "free from the common errors of mankind." The spectres of our passions and of our fears govern neither his thought nor his actions. The majesty of law does not dazzle or deter his agile clairvoyance. Opinions and prejudices reared by the hand of time do not trouble his intelligence. He is naturally destructive, but his iconoclasm, on the whole, is neither vindictive nor malicious. On the contrary, that which distinguishes him the most is a profound sense of pity which spontaneously becomes excited at the spectacle of injustice, misery, or suffering. M. France has journeyed much through book-land and the world of men and women; and from his travels he has garnered the austere wisdom which he dispenses in such a palatable but perplexing form. He excels in saying sad things in a gay tone, and bitter things in a tone of gentle suavity. He has defined a book as "a work of sorcery from which escape all sorts of images which trouble the spirit and change the mind." Such a definition serves as a just epigraph for each volume that issues from his own pen. His writings at once charm and disconcert. He has been called a great spirit, but one whose flight is disquieting. At times he appears to even disconcert himself, for he questions whether it is not "wiser to plant cabbages than to write a book;" and enviously watches

the threshers of grain and cries, "Happy the man and the ox who trace their furrow straight. All the rest is delirium, or at least incertitude, cause of troubles and of cares." But if one would have the most clear-cut silhouette of this rare and incomparable writer, it may be found in that admirable sketch which he himself has drawn of Abbé Coignard:

> "He could not throw himself into the truths his mind discovered as into a gulf. He retained, even in his most audacious explorations, the attitude of a peaceful promenader. He did not exclude himself from the universal dislike which mankind inspired in him. He lacked that precious illusion which upheld Bacon and Descartes, of believing in themselves while they doubted all else. He had doubts regarding the truth of his own convictions, and he diffused without solemnity the treasures of his intelligence."

In the last assertion, we may be permitted to distinguish between the author and his model. M. France does not dispense the fruits of his intellect heedlessly. He is not a "vain player of the flute," but a scrupulous artist evoking melodies which once heard, are never forgotten.

JULIAN STEELE

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY

THE wide plain of greater Canada, fast developing great material resources, dotted already from end to end with growing towns, has not failed to give its attention to the things of the spirit; it is nourishing within its borders at least three great universities, while other worthy institutions of higher learning are seeking for similar status. This is as it should be, and while one of these universities has a head-start of, say, a generation, it is like them still in a formative stage. Together they are working to solve the questions of education.

Now it is agreed that the prime function of a university is the dissemination of knowledge,—not that which puffeth up but which buildeth up,—and there is naturally in a new land less provision made for what is known as "research," the care of all being directed towards more practical and universal learning. This fact is one of many which point to what we all feel with conviction: that the general care of its students is the real business of every institution. Such work devolves largely upon the teaching staff, but there are certain fields hardly less important than that of books, the exploitation of which must rest largely with the undergraduates themselves. With one of these I wish to deal in this paper.

Of the elements of British university life which appear to render signal service in the all-round development of the student, one of the most useful is the "students' union." This, in some form or other, is found in all the universities. In Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Durham they are strong institutions with mutual agreements, to the effect that life-members, say, of the first, are, *ipso facto*, granted privileges of membership in the others. In the case of Oxford these privileges are also recognized with the "Asso-

ciation Generale des Etudiants de Paris" and the "Société des Etudiants de Bordeaux." A variety of aims prevails in these societies, combining as they do the functions of club, library, and debating-union, so that, in addition to supplying an actual need of the undergraduate, they stimulate him to broader views of culture. The purpose of this article is to furnish some information to university men in Canada about the "Oxford Union Society" in order that, if possible, some stimulus may be given to a movement which is already well begun, and, in the judgement of those who know, has great possibilities for the future.

The United Debating Society was formed in 1823, lasted for two years, and ended rather ingloriously. This was the real parent of the Union Society, which was constituted in 1825 for the sole purpose of discussing "any subject not immediately involving theological questions." The new departure was for a time frowned upon by the powers, but four years saw it established in permanent quarters, where it remained until 1853. Very early the nucleus was gathered of a library which now numbers over forty thousand volumes, and is of inestimable value to the whole undergraduate and graduate body.

Steady growth thrust the necessity of a large domicile upon the executive committee, and the need was met by the building of a new debating hall, now used as a library, whose ceiling was decorated with frescoes by sons of Oxford no less famous than William Morris, Edward Burne-Jones, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. To this, from time, to time addition was made, until in 1879 the present debating hall was opened, the initial speech being made by the man who is now chancellor of the university, Lord Curzon of Kedleston. This room, with benches for some four hundred and fifty members and a gallery for visitors running all the way around it, is adorned by numerous portraits of ex-presidents, and in particular by the busts in marble of Salisbury and Gladstone. Among those whose portraits appear, in addition to men referred to above, are Lord Morley, Lord Randolph Churchill,

Lord Selborne, the Archbishop of York, the Hon. James Bryce, Dr. Edward Caird, and Thomas Hill Green. No institution whose chair has been occupied from year to year by men of such commanding greatness can fail to claim a high place in the university life, and indeed in the national life, of the Empire.

Apart from the weekly debate of each term, all the conveniences of a modern club are provided for the use of members. Writing-rooms, smoking and billiard rooms are open to all until ten o'clock at night; the reading-rooms, in addition to the library proper, are furnished with the widest range of English, colonial, and continental periodicals. Tea, coffee, and light luncheons are served at any hour of the day, and the standing committee has under consideration a plan to build a suitable dining-hall.

There were stirring times in those early days when numbers were small, and when the whole of England was wrought up over the advent of a Reform Bill. On November 11th, 1830, W. E. Gladstone, secretary, moved the following motion, " That the administration of the Duke of Wellington is undeserving of the confidence of the country." The minutes in the secretary's own handwriting read as follows: " After the debate the House divided, when the President announced that the motion was carried by a majority of one (tremendous cheering)." There is an evident erasure, and careful examination shows that the original reading was " tremendous cheering by the majority of one." In this connexion it is notable that Mr. Gladstone visited the Union for the last time precisely sixty years later, and at the invitation of the president, the Hon. A. G. Peel, grandson of his own old chief, addressed the House on " Homer."

On another memorable occasion A. C. Tait, afterwards archbishop, was fined one pound " for persisting in an attempt to address the House " after being repeatedly called to order by the president. But the famous debate of those early days took place in 1829, when the Cambridge "Apostles' Club," of which the Tennysons were members, sent a depu-

tation to the Society at Oxford, including Henry Hallam and Moncton Milnes, to reconcile that university to the poetry of its own disinherited Shelley, as opposed to the then wildly-worshipped Byron. This inter-university debate has of late years been made an established custom, and a meeting takes place each term, alternately at Oxford and at Cambridge; an opportunity is thus given to all to compare the styles of speaking in the two societies.

During the four-score years of the Union's life it has passed through a variety of changes, and the small community has come to be a body of something like thirteen hundred members, besides life-members, who do not reside at the university. In the midst of all these changes it has carefully preserved and emphasized this particular feature, its real *raison d'être*, the Thursday evening debate; and while it is true that not more than one-third of the members take a continued interest in these gatherings, the so-called "Strangers' Debate," held once in each term, crowds the hall beyond comfort, so that many are turned away.

The political leaders of England are careful to keep in close touch with the Debating Union at Oxford; they have learned to expect great things from those circles, and they have not been disappointed. Looking towards her to-day for future leaders they may reasonably display no less optimism than that of the past. Nineteen years ago his fellows at the university knew well that young "Fred Smith," of Wadham, was easily the most brilliant speaker in their midst, and when he appeared as a candidate for the presidential chair no one had a shadow of a chance against him. They were not surprised when, early in 1906, word went forth from the House of Commons that the young member for Liverpool, his native city, had by his maiden speech created the most tremendous impression within the memory of man. The writer remembers well the famous and almost unique occasion in 1907, when Mr. Smith and his fiery political opponent, but warm personal friend, Mr. Churchill, were both present at the "Strangers' Debate"; the two men are utterly different in

style of speech, but it was a veritable feast of good things for all present. Two years after F. E. Smith was president, another Wadham man filled the chair, now one of the most distinguished barristers in England, a man whose judgement and influence in the field of politics and economics are respected by all. Sir J. A. Simon was a fellow-collegian of Mr. Smith—is now one of his most formidable foes in the House of Commons, and is beyond question sure of a thoroughly deserved place in the next Liberal Cabinet.

Over a generation ago the late Lord Goschen, then chancellor, who happened to be spending a week in Oxford, dropped into the Union Debate for an hour to hear what was going forward. On coming out he remarked to a friend: "There is a young man in there now talking like a statesman; they say his name is Milner." When this "young man" left Balliol he was made Goschen's private secretary; then he was sent to Egypt, where he learned the alphabet of that administrative genius which established South Africa and won him a peerage.

Dr. George R. Parkin never tires of telling, as an instance of what happens at Oxford, the personnel of the standing committee when he was secretary of the Union in 1874. Among its members were the present Prime Minister of the Empire, the ex-vice-chancellor of the University of Oxford, the man who founded the judicial system of India, and the High Commissioner for South Africa, of whom I have already spoken, besides one reckoned the most brilliant of all, young Montefiore, who was cut off while still in his twenties by an untimely death. Every last man of that executive gave promise at that early age of the qualities which have since made them famous. It is quite within reason to say that one can pick out, from one's own circle of friends, at almost any time in the university, men who are sure to be leaders in church and state within the coming generation.

Those who reach the president's chair are in nearly every case men of exceptional ability. Coming often of distin-

guished parentage, these boys are watched as they leave school, and, as if spirited by the unseen hand of destiny, they go from strength to strength until they stand before the nation. They are hard workers, men who take their books and tutors seriously and mean to get every ounce of worth out of their college training. During the years spent by the writer at Oxford, not a few widely-known names went down on the records as presidents; such as H. M. Paul, of New College, whose distinguished father was president in 1875, and N. S. Talbot, of Christ Church, whose father, the Bishop of Winchester, was twice president, in 1866 and again in 1868. Mention should also be made of Henry Lygon, Tory brother of the Liberal Earl Beauchamp, who was president in 1893, and, most famous name of all, W. G. C. Gladstone, since attaché of the British Embassy at Washington, and still more recently elected as a member for a Scottish division to that historic House from whose record the name has scarcely been absent for over three-quarters of a century. Around each of these men, and other presidents of no less ability, was gathered a half-dozen officers whose power of debate, whether they achieved the highest honour or not, was unquestioned.

Of the practical advantages afforded to the students by this organization, not the least is the splendid privilege of hearing, three times a year, some one of the front-bench leaders at Westminster speak on the subject of which he is admittedly a master. One is within the mark in saying that to the university men of Canada virtually no such opportunity is given at all; certainly little definitive provision is made for it. During a man's course he will be fortunate if, by running the gauntlet of a boisterous, semi-intoxicated election crowd, he hears from a prominent statesman one really great pronouncement on public questions. If this, as is usual, be what is termed a "fighting campaign speech," he must make corresponding allowance in his estimate of the instruction received. Surely the undergraduate of our land is worth a special effort; scarcely anything could avail more than this

to raise the tone and deepen the responsibility of our political life.

There is a certain famous type of politician who turns his back on the country and then proclaims to the unsophisticated with conviction that he has the country at his back. Such men are of a piece with those whose jeremiads lament that sons and daughters of our universities in these days are not being fitted for citizenship; that as graduates they are not men and women of affairs. Let these pragmatists in politics search out the reason why.

Now it is no wonder that Oxford has been called the training-ground of cabinet ministers. Along with others, the writer was permitted to hear at close range the leaders of all the sections of the House of Commons—Mr. John Redmond and Mr. Philip Snowden, each addressed the House on his own special cause; of others, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman and Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Hugh Cecil and the Premier himself all spoke at " Strangers' Debates " during the writer's residence. To hear such men speak on serious things in a serious way is a privilege.

The potter of Jeremiah's day had his son at his side as he worked, where he might learn young the rudiments of the art; and one remembers the advice of Socrates, that the boys will be best warriors if stationed on fleet steeds where they may view the action and shock of battle. The greatest military genius with which Rome ever fought for her life was a child of the war camp. The intimate relation existing between the Union Society at Oxford and the legislating body of the Empire is one of those unseen but mighty forces which, coupled with the practice of sending young men into Parliament, has made St. Stephens a school of statesmen without a peer in history. These men have already learned their *savoir faire* in the Thursday evening debate at the university.

Of this debate little need be said in detail. It takes, of course, the complete forms of parliamentary procedure, both in private business where the various officers are more or less

at the mercy of such importunate members as are dissatisfied with the ways of the world, and in public debate which follows. A printed sheet indicates the motion to be discussed, with the names of four speakers who are present with prepared speeches, and of the tellers for the "Ayes" and "Noes." As many as a dozen members, alternately from the right hand and the left of the president, may, at his beck, make some contribution to the argument before the House divides at ten-thirty.

Of speeches there are divers sorts, from the thundering cadences of the rhetorician broken loose, to the nervous utterances of the thinker whose words come with difficulty. Every man who has something to say is given a patient hearing, provided that he abides by the maxim of sweet reasonableness, but the most uncommon cleverness only suffices to bore the audience if it have no content of thought. In the typical address of fifteen minutes there will be a mixture of praise and satire, prose and poetry, logic and epigram, but no man can impress the House who does not stick to his text. The most extreme views are welcomed, also the most conservative, but no one will be tolerated who has not a good reason for the faith that is in him. Such training as this is certainly calculated to equip a man for the multiplicity of contingencies furnished by the normal election campaign.

It is urged by many that too great importance is attached to the influence of this institution, because a number of men who have since become famous took no part in debates at the Union, preferring to give their time to the smaller literary or political clubs in college or university. We also are told that the clever young wielder of epigram who "takes" in the Union, practises a style of speaking which injures rather than helps in the more serious political world.

There is point in these charges, but this at least must be borne in mind, that the Union came into being in response to an awakening of the intellectual consciousness after the struggle with Napoleon, and that previously any close connexion between the University and the Commons did not

exist. The influence of the former had hitherto been exerted through the church, and just how much energy ecclesiasticism displayed in the eighteenth century is well enough known. The past hundred years have seen a mighty change, and some ground there certainly is for the formula, *post hoc propter hoc*. Further, it is mainly from the Union that stimulus has come into the score of clubs of all sorts in the colleges, whose aim is rather to supplement than to duplicate the work of the Union.

That work of this sort, if work it be, demands some time on the part of the student, is quite true, and this objection is certainly raised to such a scheme for Canadian universities. Oxford men can do the burden of their reading in vacations, whereas our men are forced to earn their living. This difficulty may be easily exaggerated. The most industrious men in any field of life have, as a rule, the most time for every useful diversion. Among those who have held the presidency at Oxford, I find the names of the greatest scholars of the day; men like Rawlinson, and Conington, and Professor Dicey, famous men of letters like Mr. Hilaire Belloe, and Sir E. T. Cook, and such an expert in education as Professor M. E. Sadler. The late Master of Balliol, who was librarian for three terms in 1865-6, was succeeded in office by the man who is now in his place as Master, Mr. J. L. Strachan-Davidson.

One may be permitted in closing this paper to express some anxiety as to the leadership of thought in city and province throughout Canada. Lord Morley, before the English Association a year ago, remarked upon the decline in eloquence of English prose. "Grand prose is not heard in debate, or in the pulpits, and hardly abounds in the exercises of the historian, critic, or biographer. It comes from supreme issues, earnest convictions, eager desire to convert or persuade, sublime events, passionate beliefs; these are what move to eloquence at its highest." Far too little care is bestowed to-day in our schools upon the composition of

English; if by such neglect the art of writing declines, what of the art of speaking?

" A university," as some one has put it, " is a sanctuary of the mind. It is a trustee for the intellectual welfare of man." Standing beside and behind our schools, it shares with them the making of citizens; of these the end is preparation, of that the aim is mastery. The boy's general impression of his school may be mainly book learning, but the university must startle his powers by its " collision of mind with mind and of knowledge with knowledge," as Newman has it. To stimulate thought without providing means of expression is largely to lose the worth of one's work; while " elocution " may be reckoned an " accomplishment," eloquence in public speaking has shaken nations from the days of Solon until now.

Burke swayed his audience by sounding periods; Bright by direct simplicity; Gladstone by the fire which flashed from his eye; one must search Canada from ocean to ocean to find half-a-dozen who can do in part what these men did. In the face of an important future intellect, passion, and eloquence must not remain undeveloped, or perish undiscovered.

WILLIAM J. ROSE

A JOURNEY TO ANCIENT OLYMPIA

OLYMPIA is to-day nothing more than a name to those who speak fluently of Olympic games. The greatness of that ancient town has dwindled into insignificance, yet there are few spots in Europe where the traveller feels more intensely the awe and veneration aroused by the sight of ruin, or where he is made to ponder more deeply over the transitory nature of human achievement. Olympia, old, desolate, and remote from all our modern world, has an unforgettable grandeur hovering over it. One's imagination is haunted by the splendour of that vanished life, and, as well, by the very richness of the natural beauty which has grown around and about useless antiquity.

Athens, in comparison with Olympia, gives little suggestion of desolate and ruined age. So many houses and shops show signs of the modernity of Athens, there are so many soldiers, civilians, tourists, workmen, and other busy folk to be seen thronging the highways, that Athens appears singularly up to date. There is scant appeal to one's sense of the inevitable decline and wreck of former things. The Acropolis is over-run by eager students who rouse the echoes with their extravagant outbursts of wonder at the splendour of the Parthenon. Every stone has a look of being protected and guarded against man and nature, so that the visitor gets an impression of the reverential care bestowed upon these fragments that seem destined to endure. The sublime grandeur of the Parthenon wholly overshadows any hint of forlorn decay. The traveller who climbs the Acropolis and sees for the first time the lofty glory of that temple rising above the city, is awestricken, but exultant, that men should have achieved so perfect a work. The imperishable beauty of those pale marble columns touched by wind, and rain, and sun to dim golden shades, is wonderfully soft against the background of

blue sky and the cool aquamarine of the distant bay. Ruin is there, not abased and solitary, but indescribably triumphant. Olympia is wholly the reverse of this.

We reached Olympia after an all-day journey from Athens, a trip which introduces one very completely to the geography and the social life of Greece. At seven o'clock in the morning our stuffy little train left Athens in the midst of a wonderful sunrise which glorified the entire city and spread a golden light over plains and encompassing mountains. Soft gleams touched trees and buildings. Hymettus and Pentelicus were made unexpectedly beautiful by the erasure of the harsh, rocky aspect they wore in mid-day. As we proceeded on our journey, the vegetation seemed to become more noticeably abundant. Instead of bare patches of earth, we saw winter wheat and barley making spots of vivid green; the yellowing vines all around, faded by the summer sun, gleamed out against a background of blue, distant mountains, lying low on the horizon. Men and women were hard at work cultivating the reddish-brown soil, ploughing with horses, donkeys, mules, or cattle, in couples sometimes ludicrously incongruous. Women were breaking the sod with implements that looked as if they had been used by Noah. There were great herds of goats on level pastures, and on the rocky hills flocks of white sheep gleamed out; there were innumerable flocks of turkeys, as everywhere in Greece, for even in Athens a pedestrian frequently must make way for the advancing hosts of these birds. Cows stood lazily on swampy ground, and little black pigs proved themselves among the most industrious inhabitants of Greece. All these animals and birds were under the guardianship of herdsmen of some sort, usually the less competent members of society,—little boys and old men, little girls and old women with distaffs in their hands.

In some places we saw olive-picking going on. The ground below the trees was covered with cloths, ladders were placed against the trees, and branch after branch was gently shaken until the ripe fruit fell. Whole families apparently came out to work; the babies tumbled about on the ground,

the donkey stood guard near by, one or two pet sheep meditated at a safe distance, the goat offered to climb the tree and help to shake the branches, the pigs gobbled surreptitiously, but all the animals were there, and all were radiantly happy. Besides the worn and tangled olive trees with their grey-green leaves, there were many other species to be seen as we passed farther south,—eucalyptus, plane, sycamore, cypress, fig, willow, poplar, even bamboo, and of smaller growth were the heather, thyme, and mastix, the peculiarly Greek shrub from which the national liqueur, *mastika*, is made.

As we neared Corinth the most beautiful sea views became visible; such blue-green of ocean water is seldom seen, for all its green tints are accentuated by the clear blue of the mountains, Helicon and Parnassus, in the distance.

Arriving at Olympia in the darkness, we saw nothing until morning broke in obscure fashion after a night's rain. Soft, dark, curiously distinctive clouds hung low in the sky, centring over the little, silvery river that runs by the foot of the slope. There was green all around, of grass and of short, scrubby pines, and everything appeared to have a graduated, subdued aspect in contrast with the sharply defined heights near Athens. About everything there hung some atmosphere of quiet, not that of suspense and waiting, but that which falls upon things achieved and done with forever. The hush of vanished centuries hovered in that impenetrable, post-historic silence. When we walked down the slight hill to the green lowland where in small compass are the ruins of the sacred precinct, we found ourselves enveloped in still greater solemnity of sky and air and of sublime ruin. Gray heaps of stone, fragments of fallen temples, lay all about, while around them red-tipped daisies, dandelions, purple iris, and velvety ragged grass had grown up unhindered. Here, where the single drums of a column seven feet in diameter are scattered like fallen leaves, a traveller stands spell-bound at the size of these huge blocks, once set in stately proportion where all men might see the skill of Hellenic artists. A temple to Zeus, in which was a huge chryselephantine statue carved by

Phidias; a temple to Hera, the oldest temple known in Greece; a temple to the Mother of the Gods; as well as memorial buildings and treasuries of splendid proportions, filled this small space. The overthrow of these columns and entablatures has been wrought by earthquake and by imperceptible decay, until only fragments of ancient buildings remain to thrill the imagination of modern spectators. A huge heap of stone, overrun with flowers and shaded by fragrant pine trees in whose branches a soft wind murmurs as if moved by memorial impulse,—this is Olympia to-day. Grace of a rare and winsome sort is created everywhere by the soft greenness of nature, and seems to accentuate the austere grandeur of chiselled stone.

In its great day Olympia was renowned throughout the European world. Here Greek life was full of splendid vigour of mind and of body; and in the midst of white temples and other noble buildings gleaming softly in the radiant light, men walked whose names remain to us immortal. Athletes, orators, poets, statesmen, all took their way to this sacred spot, where for a thousand years games in honour of Zeus were celebrated at certain intervals. People came from Europe and from Asia Minor to this spectacle, which occupied five days and had always a sacred character. Grave and prosaic observers, young, enthusiastic boys met together to be inspired with a high sense of the dignity of the body when devoted to the service of the god. There, in that stadium, near the temples, sports were held,—foot races, wrestling matches, discus-throwing, chariot races,—and the victors were rewarded with green olive branches, which were cherished as sacred possessions. Scenes of greatest splendour and enthusiasm took place in that stadium which is now filled with twenty feet of accumulated dust. Its outlines are almost completely obliterated, and it seems nothing more than a grassy field, forsaken and almost forgotten. Excavations have been begun, but they will have to proceed slowly because of the expense involved in removing earth from a spot which, unlike the Panama Canal, will not yield any rewards for commerce. In these places Herodotus, Thucydides, Lysias, Gorgias, Themistocles,

Plato, and Pindar once walked amid the acclamations of their fellow-countrymen. Now green grass, waving flowers, the fragrance of young pine trees, the songs of wandering birds bring softest, most wistful beauty to Olympia.

The hush of fulfilled destiny hovers about this once potent spot. All the controlled, disciplined, physical strength, all the intellectual zeal, all the intensely vivid emotions have vanished. The very gods have departed from their ancient sanctuary. Olympia will never rise again. Scholars may haunt the sacred precinct and the Museum, studying the sculptured fragments that remain, they may feel the majesty of the Hermes, and may in careful archæological ways re-fashion for themselves the civilization that once reigned here, but, for the most part, Olympia will be forsaken. Its huge, ungainly, dethroned pieces of stone will bear witness to the ambition and might of man set at nought by natural forces. Brooding reverie encompasses the place. Where art and athletics and worship were once met together to glorify mankind, there now remains nothing but passive acquiescence in oblivion, yet an oblivion warm, sheltered, and forever secure from the greed and the mechanical dexterity of modern civilization.

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD

HUMAN IMMORTALITY AND ETHICS

THE problem which I propose to discuss in a calm and dispassionate manner, without any appeal to traditional beliefs or religious prejudices, and chiefly with a view to illustrating the principles of correct methodology, falls naturally into two main considerations: (1) whether there are any arguments which go to establish, or even render probable, belief in human immortality, and (2) what interest ethics has in the establishment of this belief. Although I desire to lay chief stress on the second aspect of the general problem, yet the intimate connexion between the two questions just formulated renders it desirable, if indeed not necessary, to make some general observations as to the conditions under which belief in human immortality has been, or could be, maintained. I shall take it that what is meant by immortality is an existence after death, which is conscious of our identity with our life here and now; for immortality without memory will have as little practical meaning for mankind as belief in the persistence and indestructibility of matter.

The statement that human beings are immortal, or that the human self is immortal, is obviously not a self-evident proposition, since otherwise reasonable differences of opinion regarding its truth would be excluded. And even if all mankind held it to be true, it would not follow that it ought to be believed. But, as a matter of fact, mankind has never universally held this belief; and leading thinkers have in all ages either hesitated or positively declined to include it in the system of well founded truths. During a long period, for example, in the history of Judaism, belief in immortality was not widespread; and among Greek philosophers prior to Plato, who received the doctrine from non-Greek sources, it was not generally taught or regarded as valuable. Later on in Christian times it was emphasized as a central doctrine in an ethical

system by those teachers who had come under neo-Platonic influences. At the present time, against the belief that consciousness, as we know it, is a permanent part, at least, of the universe, capable of indefinite growth in capacity, there has to be set the view, widely prevalent in scientific circles, that it is a transitory phenomenon on a small planet, or on several of the smaller planets, on which life may ultimately become impossible.

The metaphysical attempts to establish immortality have, of course, been based on some speculative theory of the nature of reality, or "things," from which this belief has been inferred as a consequence. An acute Hegelian thinker of the present time has expressed the opinion, which seems sufficiently obvious without further exposition, that belief in immortality can find a satisfactory basis only in an idealistic theory of reality; a circumstance which some idealists (though not the idealist thinker in question) have, after the manner of an old Scottish philosopher, discreditably held forth as an inducement to believe in their systems. Now the view of Mr. McTaggart, to whom I refer, amounts, when carefully analyzed, simply to this: that ultimately no spiritual energy is lost; that it is sustained in the most mechanical way, regardless apparently of the persistence of the memories of finite personal beings. This appears to be really the view of Hegel, whose interpretation of reality in no wise guarantees the eternal survival of individual human consciousness. Another and brilliant thinker of the same school, Mr. F. H. Bradley, acknowledges that immortality does not necessarily find a satisfactory basis in Idealism: that is, it does not follow that, if an idealistic theory of reality be accepted, human individuals are forever permanent. He argues with great force that a self, as we know it, cannot be an expression of ultimate reality; a standpoint similar to that reached by one of the greatest thinkers of modern times, Spinoza. The differences of opinion which are met with in regard to this problem among idealists need not surprise us when we consider that it goes beyond the bounds of actual experience. In saying this, I have in mind the

alleged results of Spiritism, to which reference will be made. A personal idealism is quite unverifiable; because, leaving aside the subjectivistic form in which it sometimes disports itself, an attitude which hardly demands serious consideration and raises more difficulties than it can ever expect to solve, this sort of idealism involves a generalization based on an insecure analogy. It inevitably falls back on an interpretation of reality as a whole in the light of one of its parts or aspects, the relation of which part or aspect to the whole is unascertainable. And where this unfounded procedure is avoided, then idealists have to admit, as, for example, Mr. Bradley does, that belief in human immortality forms no part of a system of philosophy.

Admitting, however, for the sake of the argument, the correctness of idealistic interpretations, like Berkeley's, which culminate in the belief in an all-sustaining personal being, does such theological Idealism necessarily guarantee human immortality? Although in the popular mind theism and immortality are supposed to go together, yet this question has to be answered negatively. Belief in a personal God can be accepted only on the supposition that the attributes of this being are subject to, probably, ultimately indeterminable, but evidently heavy, limitations; for an analysis of experience does not support the combination of omniscience, omnipotence, and all-goodness, although any one of these might be maintained in isolation, or even possibly the first two apart from the attribution of moral qualities, in the human sense, to this ultimate Being. An analysis of experience goes to show that the metaphysical category of substance is more comprehensive than the moral category of goodness. Hence, admitting the theistic hypothesis, with the dualism which it seems inevitably to involve, it is not evident that God would have bestowed eternal life on human beings even if he could have done so; or, on the other hand, that he could have done so, even if he would. Against this, it is no valid argument to urge that the absence of immortality would be inconsistent with the goodness of God or with the existence of a moral

purpose in the universe; because, in the first place, apart from what has just been said with regard to the limitations to which the guider of affairs may be subject, no one is sufficiently acquainted with the intentions of the Deity to make such a statement; secondly, since the existence of evil is compatible with the nature of reality, it is a question whether any particular evil is too great to be incompatible with existence; and in the third place, there are some who do not see any evil in the idea of a limited duration of human consciousnesses, at all events of some consciousness. Thoughtful persons with strenuous ideals will hardly consider an indefinite prolongation of life desirable, unless the future life is to be richer and fuller of achievement than the present one.

It is interesting to notice, as a matter of fact, that all theists have not upheld the doctrine of the indestructibility of human personalities as such. The refined theism of so notable a thinker as Lotze was averse from maintaining that all human beings were necessarily immortal. Lotze held, very plausibly, from his standpoint, that finite minds exist only to carry out some divine purpose, and when once this is fulfilled they are no longer required, and hence may easily cease to be. And, viewing the question from an ethical standpoint, surely a general indiscriminate immortality would seem to be incredible. It would be unintelligible how a rational reality to which the attribute of goodness is, in any comprehensible sense, ascribable (and if it is not, then *cadit quæstio*) must guarantee the indefinite continuance of all human beings, no matter how stupid or unworthy and incapable of change. Indeed, the belief in immortality seems all the less credible when we consider the character of some of the believers. Only if it could be shown that some or any human beings were of sufficient value to the universe to be conserved, would the idea of their eternal continuance seem probable from the standpoint of ethics. But it is not possible to put forward the criterion which would enable us to say just what gives one individual, in this respect, a commanding superiority over his fellow-men. Leaving out of account

the consideration that the inner significance of some lives may exceed our powers of insight, it is not possible to define the relation in which any one individual stands to reality as a whole.

A theological argument which is now obsolescent even in popular circles, used to urge that the "justice of God" required a future life in which the virtuous who were unfortunate in this life would be rewarded, and the wicked, who might be lucky, would receive their due punishment. Apart from the school-room idea of the universe on which it is based, and saying nothing as to the coarse material standard that it has frequently involved, Hume long ago combated it with the following dilemma: if there is justice in this world, there is no reason to seek another; if there is not justice in this life, there is no reason for supposing it to have been created by God, and hence no ground for supposing another in which the injustice of this world will be rectified. In other words, if there is no union in this life between virtue and happiness, then there is no reason to infer a God; and if there is any coincidence between them, then the grounds for postulating a future life totally different from the present are removed.

It is occasionally attempted at the present time to import a certain plausibility into the belief in immortality by investing it in quasi-scientific language, and saying that it is an instinct fundamental to the nature of man, and, like all other instincts, must be capable of being satisfied. Such specious biological phrasing will scarcely mislead any who are trained in psychological analysis and logical method. We must distinguish between instinct and rational desire, even if it be admitted that sometime or other they had a common origin. And considering the trend of scientific opinion, what is the use of saying that this belief is an instinctive possession of man? Granting the attempted analogy, it no more follows that the desire of life guarantees us personally the reality of life through all eternity, than it follows that the desire for food assures us that we shall always have as much as we can eat throughout our whole lives and as much longer as we can conceive our lives protracted to.

Thus, metaphysical speculations founded on the nature of reality and consciousness cannot, I think, lead to any positive assertion respecting the truth of immortality. And experimental science, in the shape of physiological psychology, of which so far nothing has been said, goes to show that there are no facts which prove that consciousness survives the cessation of the vital, that is, certain chemical, processes. It is this consideration which weighs heavily with most people at the present time, owing to the increasing definiteness of the correlation established between the mental and physical, and which may eventually make itself felt even in the circle of the Idealists, with the exception of those who embrace the fantastic doctrine that the brain is only an idea. Mental processes are always found associated with physiological changes; and following intense physiological changes consciousness totally disappears, temporarily at least. Experience shows that A (physical process) and B (mental state) frequently occur together, and that A may occur without B; but does not show the appearance of B without A. For, even admitting, for the moment, that the hesitating utterances of certain drivelling mediums show that we can communicate with the spirits of another world, they do not prove that the alleged spirits are discarnate, that their activities are not in any way connected with, and hence independent of, material changes. The phenomena described are quite compatible with a crude materialism. And it is doubtful that any tests can be conceived which could establish the identity of these alleged spirits in view of the unknown, and even unimaginable, sources of deception arising out of the presumed other world. It is quite safe to say that all the personalities which have hitherto appeared in the communications transmitted through even the most reliable mediums are creations of the mediums' activities rather than reincarnations of departed, finite minds. Even Sir Oliver Lodge, whose most recent utterance on the general problem at the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science affords an excellent but not subtle illustration of the fallacy of the burden of proof, tacitly

admits that there is no one bit of definite and precise evidence in favour of the hypothesis of discarnate intelligences. But he thinks that certain primal instincts and the collective evidence from many different, although not always palpable sources, combine to support the belief. This procedure on the part of a physicist resembles the attempt to evolve a positive sum from the addition of an indefinite number of zeros.

Experimental evidence is not forthcoming to show that mental states and activities exist apart from physiological changes. On the contrary, whatever experimental evidence we possess goes to support the view that all states of consciousness have nervous changes, either as their antecedents or concomitants. Physical changes affect not only the degree, but the very existence of consciousness. If it be urged against these considerations that they do not amount to a proof of the impossibility of immortality, it must at least be admitted that they throw the burden of proof on those who maintain that human consciousness can exist without a brain. Those who still say it is, nevertheless, possible that human consciousness is independent of material conditions and urge mere possibilities against probabilities. pursue a method which is logically indefensible. In arguing that a bodiless consciousness is conceivable, they appeal to a merely negative criterion of permissibility against experience. It was to such a procedure that Newton rightly opposed his well-known dictum based on sound, scientific method: "In experimental science, propositions obtained from the phenomena through induction must be considered as established, or at least as probable, until others equally well established are forthcoming which either refute them or render them more precise." Otherwise any induction can be overthrown by a metaphysical fiction or mere prejudice. As our knowledge stands at present, the hypothesis—no psychosis without an accompanying change of nervous substance—is far more probable than its opposite. With the dissolution of nervous substance, the inference is unavoidable that the

possibility of any psychosis is simultaneously removed. This view is not synonymous with materialism; and, in any case, to a critical realist, materialism can be as little a final standpoint as spiritualism.

If the foregoing considerations be regarded as sound, it must be evident that belief in human immortality is devoid of objective foundation, and that the fact of some, or many, individuals holding this belief, who have perhaps for the most part not analyzed the conditions of the problem, is no more an argument for its truth than was the fact of the almost universal adherence of mankind in the fifteenth century to the Ptolemaic system an argument for the truth of that system.

But have not philosophers who have thought deeply about this problem and human knowledge in general upheld the doctrine of human immortality? Did not so profound a thinker as Kant maintain, and endeavour to show, that it was an indispensable postulate of ethics, together with belief in the existence of a God and in the freedom of the will? Yes, it is true that he did; but we are not convinced that this is the best founded part of that great thinker's teachings. Let us see exactly how this belief is reached by Kant, after which we shall offer a criticism on his position.

The doctrine of immortality is not so fundamental with Kant as is the assertion of the freedom of the will. The latter, into the discussion of which we shall not enter here, is, according to Kant, the metaphysical ground of the possibility of acting according to the moral law. Were freedom, thought Kant, not a reality, moral teachings must lose their meaning; there could be no science of ethics; and hence we can argue back from the existence of morality and the possibility of a moral science to the actuality of freewill. But it is not quite the same with the doctrine of immortality. The latter is not the ground, but a consequence, of our being able to formulate moral ideals. It is an inference from, not a necessary condition of, the fact that there are moral beings; and it is inferred because it is the only condition on which, according to Kant, there can be that complete union between virtue and

happiness which the *summum bonum* requires. The postulate of immortality is the condition of the realization of the chief good; because, according to Kant, there is an antagonism between the natural desires of man and the moral ideal. But as man cannot get rid of those desires without ceasing to be man, the moral ideal demands a *progressus ad infinitum.* From the impossibility of realizing the moral ideal, in a finite time, Kant reasons to an infinite time as the condition of its realization. This argument lacks logical cogency, and is based on a dualistic assumption unwarranted by the facts of experience.

The nature of a thing is not to be changed by the mere passage of time. There is no reason in the mere fact of a black object existing forever for its becoming white. If there be such an opposition between human reason and natural desire as Kant asserts, then no extension of time is likely to remove it; and if it required infinite time, then the consummation is obviously not realizable, since an infinite time is endless. On the other hand, if in a future life man is to be conceived as no longer the subject of desire, that is, if a miracle is to be performed for the benefit of each individual at death, then perfect virtue might be realized, but at the same time the reasons for postulating immortality would be removed. Immortality is postulated because reason demands the realization of perfect virtue, and such realization is impossible, because the work of progress in subjecting the desires to rational considerations is never completed. We can only infer that the postulate of immortality fails to solve the problem of the realization of the *summum bonum.* Unless men can be moral now, they cannot become moral simply because they are supposed to live forever: and if they can be moral now, then the argument for a progress to infinity (with regard to the individual, at least) falls to the ground. We do not, and need not, admit the unbridgeable psychological opposition between desire and rational determination on which Kant's argument for immortality turns; and with its denial the basis of this argument is undermined.

Kant's "Critique of Practical Reason," notwithstanding the loftiness of its ethical standards and the stimulus which a study of the work always affords, shows the critical thinker in his least illuminated aspect. It discloses the historically conditioned Kant. Brought up in a pietistic environment, Kant was never able wholly to free himself from the theological influences to which he had been subjected in his youth; and a very unenlightened theology it was, which has unwisely emphasized one aspect of the dualism latent in the Christian system. Thus it is historically intelligible, and only so, that he could declare the practical interests of humanity to require belief in certain transcendent ideas which he had previously shown to be empty schemata of a merely possible knowledge and that he could write the following desperate sentence: "If the world is without a beginning and therefore without an end, if there is no *Urwesen* distinct from the world; if the will is not free, and if the soul is perishable [he had previously proved that there was no ground for the traditional belief in the existence of a soul substance], then moral ideals and principles lose all their validity and fall along with the transcendental ideas which were their theoretical butresses." It is quite absurd to maintain that there is a necessary connexion between morality and a Semitic dogma of creation: it is false that morality or religion depends on the dogma that mental phenomena are exempt from natural law: it is false that there is any radical opposition between experimental science and morality, happily too for the latter, since the former is winning fresh adherents every day and is what every one is coming more and more, and with every reason, to believe in. Hence there can be nothing more pernicious to human life and more fatal to ethics, than to bring morality into conflict with the best grounded convictions of men. Nevertheless, in apparent sympathy with Kant's unfortunate inheritance, some philosophers still attempt to disparage the sciences; I say "apparent," because the motive does not issue from a spirit of genuine criticism, like Kant's, which aimed at determining the extent of knowledge, but from a spirit of

superficial scepticism in the interests of preconceived beliefs, Unless one erects dualism into a principle of philosophizing. morality and experimental science must be conceived as referring to one and the same system of reality. They need not and ought not to be placed in mutual opposition. Kant's unhappy procedure, which has infected many, of regarding something as true for ethics which may be false for the theory of science, gives rise to a system with two centres of gravity; a situation impossible in a well-founded branch of human knowledge and one which places moral philosophy at least in a position of distinct disadvantage.*

The great pedagogic genius of antiquity, Socrates, and the freest mind of the seventeenth century, Spinoza, had a surer grasp and more ennobling view of the ethical possibilities of the natural man than had Kant, misled as he undoubtedly was by a mythological doctrine of something radically evil in human nature. Socrates always thought somewhat sceptically of immortality; belief in it was not in his eyes essential for the moral aims of humanity. He treated the subject with an elevated irony, as when he said: "If there is a life after death, then I shall continue in it to examine myself and others just as I do now, and perhaps there they will not put me to death on this account." How natural the conception: no particular miracle to be performed for the benefit of Socrates at death, as many have supposed will occur in their own experience. The healthy attitude of Socrates with regard to problems of stellar ethics suggests that ignorance is a good pillow for a strong head.

Spinoza agrees with Socrates in affirming that the principles of morality are in reality, and ought always to be considered independent of hopes and fears with regard to a problematic future existence. Even if we did not know that the human mind is eternal (and Spinoza, while rejecting a personal immortality, considers that it is eternal in so far as

* Of course it is not suggested that ethical norms are to be derived from a series of psychological experiments. What has to be insisted on is that certain beliefs, for which an analysis of experience offers no warrant, shall not falsely be erected into postulates of ethics.

it is part of the infinite substance or God), the commands of reason and of morality based on them retain their full significance. Spinoza strikes heavy blows at those popular philosophers and their multitudes who consider that they give up a portion of their rights in so far as they are bound to live according to the commands of divine law. Piety and greatness of soul are, for such persons, burdens which they hope to be able to lay aside after death; expecting also to receive some reward for their bondage, that is, their piety and religion, and dreading punishment for the opposite. Morality accordingly consists in obeying the commands of some eternal lawgiver who is afterwards to act as judge: a Jewish conception which has underlain a great deal of Christian ethics. Such miserable creatures, as Spinoza terms them, exhausted by the burden of their piety and looking forward to an inexhaustible store of bread and water which they have been laying up for themselves by a series of unreasonably self-denying acts, might, it is said, return to ways of their own liking if they did not believe in an indefinite prolongation of life, and more particularly of punishment: "which seems to be," replied Spinoza, "as absurd as if a man, because he does not believe that he will be able to feed his body with good food to all eternity, should desire to satiate himself with poisons and deadly drugs; or as if, because he sees that the mind is not eternal, he should therefore prefer to be mad." Natural science, including psychology, must be invoked in order to teach human beings that the inevitable result of the formation of evil habits and the cultivation of trivial ideals is the destruction of personality here and now; in the absence of which no external certificate can attach dignity or value to human beings. This is a far truer and sounder practical basis of morality than the appeal to the alleged supernatural sanctions and deterrents which represent the quicksands of metaphysical and theological speculations, the lower ethics of which have been crystallized in the view of the writer of the first epistle to the Corinthians: "What advantageth it me if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." In a finer spirit Charles

Darwin wrote: "The safest conclusion seems to me that the whole subject is beyond the scope of man's intellect; but man can do his duty."

To prop up morality by an appeal to what is at best an uncertainty, and may be an illusion, does not strike one as sound philosophy. Nor will it suffice to resort to the easy-going method of a certain noisome body of writers known as Pragmatists who say that it is legitimate to believe what you please at your own risk; therefore, if you wish to believe in immortality because it is helpful for your life, by all means do so, and the believing makes the belief true for you. Let us pass over the helpless subjectivism and impracticable reservation involved in the claim to believe what you please at your own risk, as if human beings were not members of a social order and their beliefs, so far as they receive outward expression, did not affect the lives of others as well as their own. The will to believe, which has been recommended as the irresistible solvent of all outstanding philosophical problems by those who think that an analysis of what certain people actually believe affords a criterion of what they ought to believe and that truth will be arrived at by taking a poll, resolves itself in practice into an unbridled license of uncritical assertion, and leads to the erection of peculiarites of private feeling into general standards of conduct. The criterion of practical utility by which Pragmatists who, lacking a cosmic attitude and erecting certain psycho-physical limitations into an ideal, are now trying to impose on mankind as a test of truth, has no applicability, even if the utility be conceived not individualistically but socially: for there is simply no necessary connexion between the truth and the usefulness of beliefs, not to speak of the difficulty which these thinkers are under of determining the criterion of usefulness. It cannot be shown that the truth of a belief is proportionate to its moral usefulness in promoting practical goodness. Otherwise I think there might be ground for saying that, among Christians, belief in a hell, owing to its practical influence, is truer than belief in any other form of eternal existence for finite beings. But moral

usefulness is no more a criterion of truth than is æsthetic harmoniousness of moral excellence. Hence, philosophers must not, and those who are not poets will not, allow themselves to assume the truth of any and every conviction about the nature of the world which they find personally attractive or inspiring, or even which they believe to have an invigorating effect upon the moral practice of a large part of uneducated mankind. It is therefore irrelevant to the truth of immortality to urge that many people say they require to hold it in order to find existence supportable and to believe in a morally appointed conscience. The latter part of this statement, indeed, involves a *petitio principii.* It begs the question as to the nature of reality. And it would not be a very rational reality which guaranteed the indefinite continuance of all human consciousness: for, as was remarked previously, belief in immortality seems all the less credible when we consider the nature and ideals of some of those who assure us that they are immortal.

It would be a matter for statistical enquiry to ascertain to what extent the statement is true, that people feel it necessary to believe in immortality. Personally I am inclined to suppose that the belief is now on the wane and is becoming of less vital importance to the educated mind. For to those who face the problem quite honestly, the difficulties in the way are enormous and, indeed, insuperable. They see that the foundation of the belief is, in the last analysis, a wish to avoid personal extinction, and no defect could be ascribed to the universe for not guaranteeing its realization. And the argument based on the affections, which will appeal to different minds with varying force, is no better, and has been dealt with effectively by Mr. Bradley who, in summing up the state of the evidence in his remarkable work "Appearance and Reality," answers the assertion that finite beings cannot regulate their conduct except by keeping sight of another world and another life, by saying: "If this means that human beings are now in such a condition that, if they do not believe what is probably untrue they must deteriorate, *that* to the universe, if it were the case, would be a mere detail. It is a rule that a species of beings out of agreement with their environment should deter-

iorate, and it is well for them to make way for another race constituted more rationally and happily."

Granting that philosophy ought to be able to justify all the fundamental sides of human nature, this cannot mean that every desire as such must be gratified. And as to the desire for eternal existence—what is there so sacred in it? How can its attainment be implied in the very principles of our nature? Is it not a bit of personal conceit which leads some to proclaim philosophy as insolvent because it will not listen to demands based on nothing really fundamental? Is not the demand for immortality in some cases indeed preposterous and morally indecent, requiring as it does a maximum of reward for a minimum of achievement or even effort? And if it be claimed that the belief has had an invigorating influence on some of the leaders of human progress, who had a better reason for thinking themselves of value to the universe, it must, on the other hand, be borne in mind that it has led many to remain quite indifferent to the claims of morality until they felt that they were about to shuffle off the "mortal coil." To the plea that morality and religion will not work without a demand for a future life being satisfied, the reply is, "so much the worse for the morality and the religion in question. The remedy for the situation lies in the correction of mistaken, and even unmoral, concepts of morality." The burden of proof and of practical responsibility rests at the present time on those who proclaim that without immortality religion is a cheat and morality mere self-deception. Religion ought not to, and a morality that is not based on an anything-will-do-so-long-as-you-believe-it attitude will not, attempt to except itself from the principle that, in order to conquer his environment and mould it according to principles of the good, an individual must put aside baseless fears and mere idle hopes, until he disciplines himself to see clearly and act steadily. For the philosopher, at all events, whose prior task is to ascertain the knowledge which may illuminate and guide the emotions, it is more fitting to know the worst than to dream the most pleasant.

J. W. A. HICKSON