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

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

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

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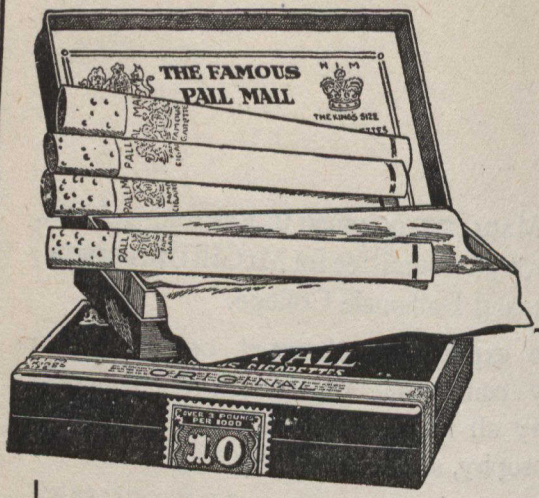

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

EXPOSURE AND DEFEAT

The military achievements of the summer, in which our own Canadians have played so brilliant a part, make it clear that the Allied cause is now more than ever assured of victory. The German rush is not only stayed but is being beaten back, and though the official reports issued from enemy headquarters are designed to make it appear that he is quite content, for strategic reasons, to be getting further and further away from Paris, he is really aware that his war-machine is showing signs of grievous wear and tear, and this at a time when internal conditions in both the Central Empires are aggravated by the growing consciousness of military failure and defeat. He also knows that no overtures from him will be favourably considered, if considered at all, till he has been driven back to his own western boundary. What a triumphal coincidence it is that our military successes should have been achieved so soon after the whole world, outside the Fatherland, had come to be convinced of the fact that the war originated in a gigantic lie! First it was Prince Lichnowsky whose involuntary disclosures did tardy justice to the British efforts for peace, and robbed the German "Hymn of Hate" of any solid foundation. For telling the simple truth, in memoranda not intended for publication, Lichnowsky has been degraded and has lost his seat in the Prussian Chamber. And, more recently, there has been published one of the most remarkable books of the year, the "Diary" of Dr. Wilhelm Muehlon, who as a Director of Krupp's in August, 1914, knew what was going on behind the scenes in Berlin, and was in close and intimate personal touch with those who are responsible for the war. "Our irruption into Belgium," says Dr. Muehlon, "means fearful moral injury to ourselves; our action is more unscrupulous than anything ever done by Bismarck or anyone like him, and even a victorious war would not restore to us the confidence of Europe and the rest of the world." By

these revelations and avowals the whole network of German lying as to the origin of the war has been demolished and swept aside. We often had to rub our eyes in sheer amazement at the profession of belief that the war had been "forced" on an unwilling Fatherland. Yet this pretence was almost universally accepted in Germany, and it is only now beginning to crumble away. There never was such an instance of the efficacy of what the Germans call "mass suggestion." It was a case where the war lords in Berlin acted on the view that if a lie could only be repeated often enough, and with ever-increasing fervour, it would come to be accepted as the truth by those who looked to them for guidance. There is no reason to believe that the German people like being lied to by their rulers, and the consequences to the latter are sure to be disastrous in the long run. The ocular demonstration of a more recent falsehood must have done as much as anything else to sap the morale of the German armies in the field. They had been told that the United States could neither raise nor transport any adequate military forces. No wonder that *Vorwaerts*, the Socialist organ, concludes a bitter indictment of the German Government as follows: "In the news from the front we now read of the overweight of the enemy. Who was it, for a year and a day, told us France was bled white? Who was it told us Italy was exhausted? Who was it told us England, through the U-boat war, was near its end? Who was it greeted the entry of America into the war with '*Gott sei Dank*'? Who was it told us America would not be able to send one ship or one soldier to Europe?"

The answer to these questions, when it filters through to army and people, seals the doom of the German military autocracy.

THE IMPERIAL CABINET

The second meeting of the Imperial War Cabinet, which was convened in June, and sat more or less continuously for two months and a half, may be expected to have important consequences on the development of imperial organization. It

was on the invitation of the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom that the Premiers of the Overseas Dominions were present, "on terms of perfect equality," at the meeting held last summer—constituting a "Cabinet of Governments," as Sir Robert Borden called it at a recent banquet, in response to the toast of "Our Cabinet Colleagues from the Dominions." From this meeting the Canadian Prime Minister returned, imbued with the conviction that nothing short of conscription would meet the military needs of the situation. This summer he stayed long enough in London, in spite of clamant and even raucous calls for his return to Canada, to become a party to a scheme which aims at systematizing the means of communication between the Home Government and those of the various Overseas Dominions, so as to render consultation in regard to imperial policy as continuous and intimate as possible. In addition to the provision that each Dominion is to have a resident or visiting Minister in London, who will be a member of the Imperial War Cabinet and will attend meetings of that body held at regular intervals, it is enacted that for the future the Prime Ministers of the Dominions, as members of the Imperial War Cabinet, are to "have the right to communicate on matters of Cabinet importance direct with the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, whenever they see fit to do so." This arrangement will have two obvious advantages. In the first place the Dominion Governments will be kept continuously informed of the position of affairs as it affects their interests, while on the other hand, the Home Government will be brought, without any unnecessary circumlocution, into close and intimate touch with opinion overseas. Direct communication is thus provided for, not at regular intervals, as at present, nor for a limited period every year, but all the year round. Those critics in England who are jealous of colonial interference in home affairs without responsibility to Parliament, should remember that the innovation just made holds good only for the duration of the war, that it covers only matters of common interest, and that the Home Cabinet still continues to charge itself with the regulation of

affairs which are of concern to the United Kingdom itself. They may also be reminded that the Dominions have always shown themselves too jealous of their own autonomy to be likely to interfere with the domestic interests of the mother country. And sticklers for autonomy in the Dominions, on the other hand, may perhaps be soothed and conciliated by the reflection that the conclusions of the War Cabinet can only be carried into effect by the Parliaments of the different portions of the Empire. In any case this new attempt further to regulate imperial procedure gives the Dominions an assured place in regard to both the conduct of the war and the settlement of the terms of peace. It seems to have been rightly appraised by Sir Robert Borden when he said that in the War Cabinet of the future will be found "the germ of constitutional development of the Empire which will form the basis of its unity in years to come."

IMPERIAL PREFERENCE

In former days part of the attractiveness of the idea of imperial preference, at least to some of us, was that it was a word of fear to Germany. She was England's best customer before the war, and while guarding her own markets with jealous exclusiveness she made the utmost possible use of the "open door" offered to her by British Free Trade. Without this privilege she could never have ventured to challenge British commercial supremacy throughout the world. The war has changed many things, and it will probably have a lasting effect on the economic policy of the various belligerents. There can be no question to-day of our absolute right to control all essential materials throughout the Empire, to regulate what are known as "key industries," to develop in our own interests our material resources, actual and potential, wherever they may be found, and to recognize the important part which economic conditions play in any well considered scheme of imperial defence. It does not lie in the mouth of protectionist nations to say that Britain must not be allowed to reconsider, in the light of new conditions, her traditional devotion to Free

Trade. Nor is there any sign, truth to tell, that they would wish to take up such an attitude. They have each and all to determine what their future economic relations are to be within their own borders (which in our case means the Empire at large), with their allies, with neutrals, and with the enemy countries. As regards Canada, there is fortunately no longer any room for the sneer that Colonial loyalty is understood to be purchasable by putting a shilling on wheat! We have naturally an interest in any policy that will give us priority in raw materials for industries within the Empire. But our representatives in London have made it abundantly clear that, while we claim the right absolutely to control our own fiscal policy, we would not wish the people of the United Kingdom to alter theirs simply for the purpose of giving us a preference in their home-market. For though preference is to a great extent a joint problem for all parts of the Empire, the interests of the population of the British Islands must be paramount where these are mainly concerned. It will be a question for our kinsmen at home how far they can change their traditional policy without raising food prices. There is some evidence to show that they are ready at least to consider their position. None but extremists and obscurantists are found eager to nail their colours to the mast of Free Trade, and even to die in its defence. Much significance, therefore, attaches to the announcement made in the end of July, as a statement of domestic policy for the United Kingdom, to the effect "that the Committee which had been appointed by the War Cabinet to consider the question of trade within the Empire after the war had decided on a scheme of preference within the Empire which had met with the approval of the War Cabinet and which it was believed would be approved by the Empire as a whole."

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

To pass from Imperial Preference to the League of Nations is to make a somewhat rapid transition. The one is an economic aspect of domestic policy, the other seems almost to enter the sphere of moral

and spiritual aspiration. The principle underlying the proposed league has undoubtedly been making progress. It has been solemnly endorsed by the House of Lords, after an illuminating debate, and its advocates have clothed it in so pleasing a guise that even Germany has of late shown some signs of a desire to be admitted to membership. We may be allowed, however, to doubt whether such a privilege could safely be conceded to a nation whose representatives have openly professed their conviction that war is in itself a good, God's medicine for the cure of human ills. There must first be a change of heart, and that may be more difficult after the forcible suppression of Prussian militarism by the Allies than it might have been if the German nation had dealt with the evil for itself. In England, the danger has been that those who look favourably on this proposal to form a League of Nations would get mixed up with the pacifists and Lord Lansdowne. The latter seemed to a stultify himself when he said, within the limits of a single letter, that while he was not prepared to "affirm positively" that we had "reached the stage where there is a prospect of preliminary agreement upon essential points, and of profitable conversations," yet "no moment can be inopportune for the consideration of reasonable proposals put forward in good faith." The debate in the House of Lords followed the publication, toward the end of June, of a short pamphlet in which Viscount Grey sought to show that militarism has become the deadly enemy of mankind, and that the establishment and maintenance of a League of Nations is "more important and essential to a secure peace than any of the actual terms of peace that may conclude the war." One point brought out incidentally by the late Foreign Secretary is of great importance in its bearing on the discussions which so often arise between the advocates of imperial unity and the champions of autonomy. Lord Grey explicitly recognizes it as an essential condition that the Governments and peoples of the States willing to found a League of Nations shall "understand clearly that it will impose some limitation on the national action of each, and

may impose some inconvenient obligation." Could any language express more clearly the argument with which "imperialists" should meet the objections of "autonomists?" It is obviously a condition precedent to the establishment of a League of Nations that each of the members thereof should express its readiness to surrender, in the common interest, a portion of its sovereignty. Surely the same principle must apply also to membership in the British Empire, if it is to be held together by anything more than the mere bond of sentiment. Why should we be expected to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel? The mother country, it must be remembered, will have to make some sort of sacrifice as well as the Dominions, if the principles on which the League of Nations is being advocated are to govern also the smaller and less comprehensive union. Lord Grey's contribution to the subject is all the more interesting for the reason that he himself was the first to suggest a League that would have prevented the war. His words should never be forgotten by anyone who seeks to set forth the justice of the Allied cause. In his earnest pleading with Berlin, fruitless and ineffectual because of the fixed determination of the Prussian militarists to bring on a war, he said: "My own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement, to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or severally." If Sir Edward Grey had been listened to in 1914, we might perhaps be nearer a universal League of Nations than we are to-day. Meanwhile we have the League of the Allies, which will serve our present purpose.

MR. HUGHES AND "MERTONS"

The Prime Minister of Australia has got into trouble again in England for stating what in his opinion should be done by the component states of the British Empire, including, of course, the United Kingdom, by way of preparation for peace. He has dealt in his speeches mainly with organization for trade, and has

inveighed against the continuance of the "open door" policy in the new conditions which will have to be faced after the war. In this his critics hold that he has gratuitously and improperly interfered in regard to a matter of British domestic policy. Speaking generally, they are Radical Free-Traders, whom the revelation of our economic dependence has failed to move from their old attitude. It is not necessary to endorse all that Mr. Hughes has said or implied in his various speeches to gain acceptance for one of his arguments. The reconstruction of the British fiscal system is not solely, he urges, a domestic question for Britain; it is a great imperial issue. As such, it ought to be discussed from every point of view, without prejudice or prepossession. There is ample evidence that Mr. Hughes has given his critics who profess to be content with the existing fiscal system something to think about, and that is the way of progress. And his outspoken and fearless method of oratory has raised at least one case, of great importance in itself and still more so on account of the principles involved. The issue is to be threshed out in a court of law, and must therefore be spoken of under reserve. It concerns the great metal firm of "Mertons," which before the war formed so important a factor in the great metal-controlling octopus that spread its tentacles from the central organization at Frankfort. Mr. Hughes has pased what is virtually a vote of censure on the home government for their treatment of this firm. In this he may have been right, or he may have been wrong. But it is permissible at least to say that the present position is highly anomalous. In the eyes of English law, Mertons is to-day a British firm. But a license to trade has been refused it under the recently passed Non-Ferrous Metals Act, and it would therefore appear that the firm will be unable to do business in the United Kingdom for at least the statutory period of five years after the conclusion of peace. Were the question purely a domestic one, Mr. Hughes would doubtless have refrained from commenting on the attitude of the British Government. But it is well known that the ultimate fate of a great corporation in the

United States, at present in the hands of the Alien Property custodian, is largely dependent on the freedom of action which the United States Government may be able to obtain in regard to the Merton holdings. The future control of our nickel industry is directly affected. It may or may not be the case that the present agitation in Great Britain against naturalized citizens of enemy origin is being carried, under press direction, to the length of petty injustice. But where the purging of vital industries is concerned, we may hope that the Imperial Government will be content with nothing less than Strafford's ancient formula of "thorough."

"INTER-DEPENDENCE" DAY

Those who were privileged to attend the great meeting held on the Fourth of July in the Central Hall, Westminster, must have carried away with them imperishable memories of what was really a great festival of international reconciliation. It was the turning of a new leaf in world history by the representatives of two kindred peoples which are now brothers in arms. The German Emperor has wrought a vast amount of evil in the world, but this at least may be set down to the credit side of his account. Nations often resemble children in their likes and dislikes, and the errors and prejudices to which we are all individually liable may be seen "writ large," as it were, in their national history, especially when, as in the relations between the United States and Great Britain, influences have been at work to spread and magnify them from one generation to another. Canada has every reason to be thankful that the era of misunderstanding has now been closed. She may resume, under the happiest of auguries, her traditional rôle of standing between the two great nations whose blood she shares and interpreting them to each other. A new note has been struck in the relations of the English-speaking peoples. We are no longer separated brethren, and, on a large view of world-history, we can even afford to take the view that George Washington was one of our national heroes. He had "no use for" George the Third as Major Putnam reminded

the Westminster gathering, without forgetting to add, however, that to-day everything is different. One of the most memorable and moving sights in the world at the present time is the reception given to American troops as they steam up the Mersey by the usually stolid and undemonstrative Britishers who dwell on the banks of that river. War has brought us close to each other, and both nations are irrevocably committed to obtain a decisive victory in a life and death struggle for what goes much deeper than the things that have hitherto divided them. It was the happiest of happy thoughts that seized on "Independence Day," and turned what has hitherto been a memorial of separation into a festival of union and "Interdependence."

W. P.

PATRIOTISM AND GERMAN

Loud has been the outcry and drastic the action in certain parts of the United States against the teaching of German in the public schools. Fourteen States have already barred it. In Canada the tendency has not expressed itself so intensely outside of Ontario, where an attempt has been made to exclude the study of German even from the Universities of the province. The argument that because we are at war with Germany we must give no support to the language of the enemy sounds grandiloquent and final; but in the interests of this and every English-speaking country it is to be hoped that such pathetic blindness will not be contagious. The German language will not be effaced as a result of the war; its cultural value will remain what it was. There is no likelihood of the scientific output of the Germans becoming a negligible quantity. Sane and educated persons must face the facts of history and life, whether they be good or evil, independently of arbitrarily framed and pleasing hypotheses. Part of the strength of Germany has been due to the manner in which Germans have known how to establish themselves in other countries through a knowledge of languages. And however much we may detest its present deeds, it is childish

to try to close our eyes to the achievements of a great nation that will doubtless remain a world force.

Speaking on this question recently in the United States, Mr. Elihu Root said very reasonably, what might be applied to certain districts of our Western Provinces, that, "Every effort should be made to promote the universal use of English, and that nothing ought to be done which will make it easier for anyone to read or speak German instead of reading and speaking English." This is not to say, however, as some confused patriots desire, that it should be made impossible for any young person to study in our schools one of the chief languages of the earth. To do this would be to handicap every individual who might later choose a scientific career.

Is it reasonable to suppose that the elimination of German from the schools will hurt Germany and not us? Is it reasonable to suppose that by raising a Chinese wall of ignorance around us we shall be protected from the invasion of German influence? Why should Germans hereafter compete equipped with the English and French languages and learning, while we rely only on ours? The Government of France have taken an enlightened stand on this question which deserves to be well considered by Americans and Canadians. They have combated the feeling of hostility against instruction in German which naturally showed itself in France after the outbreak of the war and the subsequent treatment of the invaded parts of the country. The classes in German are now being recommended by those in authority; and the Minister of Education has said: "The University must counteract in so far as it lies in its power the tendency to which the Inspector Generals have called attention, which manifests itself among the pupils to abandon the study of German." Of course it should. These cool and educated Frenchmen realize that in order to protect themselves it is necessary to be able to read what their enemies write and understand what they say. To remain ignorant is to play into German hands. Most of the outcry against the teaching of German rests on complete inability to think. It illustrates

that most ineffectual way of punishing an adversary, which is popularly known as cutting off your nose to spite your face.

W. H.

EXIT BULGARIA

These words are written within two hours from the time when scare-headlines in the newspapers first announced the definite acceptance by Bulgaria of the terms which the Allies have imposed before granting an armistice. In such circumstances one is equally divided between retrospect and prospect—between reminiscences of the tortuous course that has been followed by Bulgarian diplomacy since the beginning of the first Balkan war, and conjecture as to what may immediately follow from this first break in the ranks of the Quadruple Alliance.

A sixteenth century Duke of Savoy declared that geography prevented him from being an honest man. If the Recording Angel makes any allowance for such predicaments, he may treat Bulgaria more leniently for her recent past offences than otherwise would be possible. This is no place for a general discussion of Balkan politics—a subject about which it may be said that the more one knows the less one understands. The princeling Ferdinand, whom circumstances led to be styled a Czar, has long been believed by all thoughtful observers to be a very mediocre disciple of Cæsar Borgia. But what before was a matter of belief is now a positive certainty, and in the meandering record of Bulgarian diplomacy since 1912 the only two extenuating circumstances that can be discovered are represented by the inherent difficulties of a nation whose lands lie athwart the arterial route from the heart of Europe to the heart of Asia, and by the circumstance that in a moment of cynicism Fate sent Ferdinand to Sofia.

Conjecture regarding the consequences to be expected from the Bulgarian collapse is very compelling. No one who has followed with any degree of attention the emergence, development, and culmination of German ambition since the fall of Bismarck can fail to recognize how momentous have

been the events of the past fortnight in Palestine and Macedonia. We need not attempt to adjust the balance between Easterners and Westerners—between M. Chéradame and Colonel Repington in respect to the strategic problems arising from the conduct of war. Essentially, Colonel Repington is a soldier, and M. Chéradame a student of politics. The Westerners have deemed all operations to the south of the Danube to be a frittering of effort and energy at a time when every ounce of both was needed between Nieuport and Belfort. The Easterners have held that the awful cost in life of direct frontal attacks on the Western line could be materially lessened through a campaign, or a series of campaigns, which by weakening our foe politically, as well as in the field, would hasten his collapse, and effect it at a much lower cost.

Undoubtedly the scale upon which the United States has entered into the war must be credited with having brought about a radical change in the whole situation, so that any debate between Colonel Repington and M. Chéradame at this moment would involve the consideration of other factors than those which furnished the data of the controversy a year ago. In short, the vigor and the success of the effort put forth by the United States has been such as to render possible the strenuous prosecution of the war at all points. Ever since 1915 the character of the Quadruple Alliance has been perfectly manifest. That is to say, everyone has recognized that Germany dragged along in her orbit three vassal States. Hence it became a matter of obvious importance and rudimentary common-sense, to eliminate with all dispatch the weaker members of the combination. Gallipoli, Bagdad, Saloniki and Jerusalem have meant stages in the attempt to strip off from Prussia her outlying dependents. From time to time cracks have appeared on the surface of Mittel-Europe, in its south-eastern section. Now, it is no longer a crack that we behold, but a chasm. Bulgaria is certainly a symptom no less compelling than was the defection of Bernadotte when he left Napoleon for the Grand Alliance.

TURK AND HAPSBURG

In looking for those essential, fundamental considerations which must be discovered and set in the forefront before Europe is reconstituted politically, everyone is entitled to make his own choice. Of course different minds may reasonably attach a different degree of importance to the outstanding factors in the situation. At the same time, a good deal can be said on behalf of the view which traces many of Europe's worst woes since 1878 to the anomalous, unreal, and non-modern status of Turkey and Austria. Each of these geographical expressions calls to mind an unwelded, unweldable patch-work of territories in which the central power represents no sincere purpose of betterment. To personal dynastic ambition have been sacrificed for the last century the political well-being of millions in territories which cannot be decently organized or administrated so long as they remain under their present rulers.

It would be absurd to waste time upon a denunciation of Turkey. Of Austria it can be said that ever since the French Revolution the Hapsburg rule has meant a bitter, intolerant, and conscienceless struggle against the two strongest forces in modern politics—democracy and nationality. By the leverage of possession a single family, working for selfish ends, has sought to turn back the hand of the clock in regions which embrace over fifty million inhabitants.

Those of us who believe that there can be no lasting peace for Europe until both Turkey and Austria have been liquidated will find abundant cause for disagreement in an article recently contributed by Mr. Brailsford to *The New Republic*. The argument therein set up against the dismemberment of Austria takes one back to Polacky's famous saying, that if Austria did not exist, it would be necessary to create her. But important though Polacky remains in the annals of Slavic progress, much water has run under the bridge since his day. In a broad historical sense Masaryk may be termed a disciple of Polacky. But how different his attitude toward the

Hapsburg problem as it exists to-day! In short, ever since 1848 the Court of Vienna has proved itself to be incorrigible, and those of its subjects who have had most to do with it are most inclined to hold the same opinion about its good faith which was held by the Roundheads regarding the political sincerity of Charles the First.

Mr. Brailsford not only favours the establishment of such a federal system within the Dual Monarchy as would leave the reigning House in possession, but he approaches the dismemberment of Austria from the angle of extreme solicitude for the Germans. His great objective is a League of Nations, which should be inaugurated with all its members reasonably contented—or, if not reasonably contented, at least not so discontented that they would feel morally free to conspire at once for the destruction of a League which, under fair professions, seems to them designed to render impotent their own just right to breathe. Mr. Brailsford considers that the Germans would be as much scandalized at the dismemberment of Austria as the British would be at a settlement of the war which did not restore Belgium. Austria is Germany's trusty ally, without whose help the senior partner would be helplessly encircled. So intense would be the feeling of Germans against a dismemberment of Austria that in Mr. Brailsford's judgment this result could only be brought about by a dictated peace. "A dictated peace," he states, "if it must really contain articles which seem to the mass of the Germans intolerable, could be imposed only when all organized military resistance had been finally broken. It involves either a collapse of the German armies comparable to the Russian demoralization, or else the crossing of the Rhine and the occupation of Vienna, even of Berlin. It lies, in short, even on the most sanguine view, several years ahead."

These words were published at the very end of August, and it may be doubted whether Mr. Brailsford would project this idea in exactly the same terms of chronological forecast were he writing to-day. However, the features of his article

which seem to us most unsound are his light-hearted identification of "the Germans" with the Hohenzollern regime, and his failure to recognize the fact that the Hapsburg system exists for the benefit of a small, highly selfish caste of reactionaries. To Mr. Brailsford, the reigning Emperor seems "about the sanest man in his dominions," and with this phrase he lightly skims over the abominations of Hapsburg method and tradition, which disclosed themselves as badly in the Friedjung trial as in the days when Lombardy and Milan were subject to Vienna; and which have assumed the most sinister of all in the wholesale hangings and shootings whereby alone, since the beginning of the present war, the Hapsburg type of Government has been preserved in the Slavonic portions of the Dual Monarchy. Mr. Brailsford does not coin a happy phrase when he refers to "the little wrangling states of dismembered Austria;" nor is he at all convinced when he says: "No race deserves more sympathy than the Czechs; but were its sufferings a good school for power?" The only inference to be derived from this last saying is that it would be better to let a Czech population of 65 per cent. be dominated by a German minority of 35 per cent. rather than to turn the tables —even accepting Mr. Brailsford's statistics at face value. It is very easy indeed to write against the dismemberment of Austria on the ground that were the Dual Monarchy down there would be nothing but chaos in its place, and to emphasize in that connection the probable sufferings of German and Magyar minorities. The weakness of such forensics lies in the fact that the actual majorities are entitled to a chance to show whether or not they can govern the minorities more or less unjustly than they themselves have been governed by those minorities. Furthermore, Mr. Brailsford's whole argument on this vital subject seems to us vitiated by his failure to recognize that the Hapsburg tradition is thoroughly vicious in itself, and yet, while moribund, is sufficiently strong to prevent any given Hapsburg ruler from working out a federal solution in good faith.

SAVING FACE

A year or so ago the story went around from mouth to mouth that a rather distinguished Prussian officer, who had been taken prisoner, declared in conversation that the Germans were going to win —or go to hell. Whether or not these words were ever spoken, the fact remains that they illustrate in terse and compact form what Clausewitz meant by absolute war—war in which you set out to break the will of your antagonist by every means in your power, including frightfulness as wreaked upon the civil population.

The whole phenomenon of frightfulness has been dealt with very capably and picturesquely by Mr. Vernon Kellogg in the September number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, where he describes how a single German soldier occupied Charleville during the first on-rush of the Germans in 1914. Absolute war, of the modern Prussian type, carries the will to subjugate beyond all limits which have been recognized in the world since days when victorious warfare meant the enslavement of the conquered. To start an effort of this character, and then to fail, creates an extremely trying situation for the marauders who have sought to draw profit for themselves by these extremes of terrorism and inhumanity.

In short, the Germans at the present time are seeking vainly, by the exercise of such ingenuity as they possess, to save face. But the thing cannot be done. It is a plain contradiction in terms. Throughout the whole world, from China to Peru, no one any longer trusts the Prussian. Without multiplying examples the cumulative effect of which has been to lacerate the heart of mankind, it may be said that the Lusitania medal is still in the record. Nor can we forget the astounding *volte-face* of Maximilian Harden. This distinguished realist in Prussian journalism is now calling attention, so far as military authorities will permit, to the weaknesses and shortcomings of his own Government. But after Charleroi and Tannenberg the same Harden was vociferating that the Germans need not be at the pains to shed crocodile tears, or pretend that the war had been forced upon them, because

everybody recognized that the war had come because the Germans willed it—with the implication that this race of supermen should get full credit for such a noble, outstanding conception as that of world-conquest.

To alight gracefully from such a perch is beyond the powers of any acrobat. In other words, the Germans have poured naphtha upon their boats and bridges, sending both up in a conflagration, which denies them all means of making a compromise retreat. Their position is very different from that of Napoleon during the nine months which lie between the summer of 1813 and the spring of 1814. Although Napoleon had marched in triumph through Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow, and though he had shown himself on many occasions to be masterful to the point of extreme rudeness, he had not created conditions which rendered compromise impossible for him. In fact, right down to the end of January, 1814, he had numerous opportunities to make a settlement with the Allies which would have left him Emperor of the French, with borders for his country that were wider than those of Louis XIV or Louis XVI. In other words, there still existed a possible basis of negotiation between him and the coalition which had been created to perform the only other police operation comparable with the present task of putting Prussia in a strait-jacket.

To-day the situation is quite different. The Germans must be made to feel—and without doubt they will be made to feel—that they cannot have it both coming and going. It will not do for them, in the days of their triumph, to swagger and bluster; to illustrate the precepts of Clausewitz; to indulge in auto-intoxication by quoting vaingloriously the language of Treitschke and Bernhardi; and then when things are going against them, to turn around and claim for themselves the benefits of brotherly love as set forth in the Gospel according to St. John. Prussianism stands for an inhuman, belated conception of world-conquest, to be effected by brute force. Such a programme is radically inconsistent with all the aspirations of a world which has become essentially industrial and

pacific. Hence the Germans will not be allowed the privilege or the prerogative of saving face, because when once an issue of this moment comes up for settlement, there must be an uncompromising show-down.

FOCH

Not only will it be a great help to the cause of the Allies if Foch goes through to the end of the war with the same power which he is now manifesting, but the rounding out of his career on the lines which it has pursued so far should prove to be a great asset to mankind.

Despite all that makes modern life seem conventional to those whose lack of imagination does not permit them to go below the surface of things, the world was never more ready to react to a hero than it is to-day. The capacity for hero-worship being one of the endowments of our race, the emergence of a real, authentic leader at any time is a matter of the highest moment to millions now living, and to many more millions yet unborn. There seems to be such an element of chance in respect to the point at which an illustrious career is cut off! To take the case of modern Italy, Cavour was fortunate in the moment of his death, and Garibaldi very unfortunate. The writer of the editorial which appeared in the *London Times* on the day after Garibaldi's death stated that if only the hero's ship had gone down on the occasion of his voyage to Caprera, after he relinquished his dictatorship at Naples, he would have been looked upon as a being Homeric, incredible, mythical. But unfortunately he survived this wonderful moment by twenty years, and became a Deputy, with results which, while of no great discredit in themselves, tended somewhat to dim the lustre of his career.

If Foch goes through this war without a flaw in his record, becomes a military hero of the world, and then with all simplicity retires into private life, he will be another Timoleon, though far surpassing this eminent son of ancient Corinth in the scale and importance of his achievement.

Just after Foch had dealt at La Fère Champenoise the blow which made the Hunnish horde first recoil from the Marne, Joffre said of him that he was the ablest strategist in Europe—and the most modest. Since then, the unfolding of his powers and character has been both fortunate and unbroken. At the Yser, at the Somme, and in Italy he had disclosed the highest powers during the interval which separates the first battle of the Marne from the moment of his appointment to the supreme command. So far as the public knows, he is endowed with the directness, the simplicity, and the human sympathy which must be ever present in characters of the highest type. Hence we must hope and pray, not only for ourselves but for future generations, that Foch may go on to the end as he has begun.

C. W. C.

SPANISH AND ENGLISH BALLADS

A paper read to the Anglo-Spanish Society in King's College, London, June 14th, 1918

ENGLAND and Spain are the two great Atlantic nations looking to the West. They have often and long been at variance with one another, and it would be hardly true to say that there has been any great exchange of ideas and sympathies between them. But many things in their history seem to indicate a sort of unconscious resemblance; they answer one another at a distance, as the cliffs of the Land's End and the Lizard may be thought to correspond with the strong headlands of Finisterre; as St. Michael of the Mount in Cornwall "looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold." Milton saw this; he is fond of the Atlantic; the island of Britain belongs to the Atlantic—"the Britannic Empire with all her daughter islands about her." But the ocean, in Milton's mind, would be wrongly disparaged if the share of Spain were ignored. The Spanish names in *Lycidas* prove this, and there are other evidences. Where you find "the steep Atlantic stream" in *Comus*, Milton wrote at first "Tartessian stream," from Tartessus—that is, Tharsis, a place in Spain. When he changed this, it was not from any prejudice against Spain, but (probably) because "steep Tartessian stream" had too many s's in it, and certainly because the name was too particular, and apt to be not understood. He wrote instead of it the right name, Atlantic. This is a very fitting place to remember two Spanish poems of Atlantis—*La Atlantida* of the Catalan poet Jacinto Verdaguer, and the *Atlantide Conquistada* of my much honoured friend Leopoldo Diaz.

In the prose history of these coasts there are many resemblances between England and Spain. I think especially of the captains' reports about 1587 and 1588, collected and

published in Duro's *History of the Armada*. The Spanish cruisers were too familiar, the English may think, with Mount's Bay and the Longships and the Scillys, but there is a great natural likeness between their stories and the narratives in Hakluyt—Hakluyt, whose debt to Spain has been so well estimated by Mr. Foster Watson in the *English Historical Review*. It is curious to think, too, of the poets who went voyaging. The Spanish poets were more thorough and went further than the English, who have no one on their side to match the heroic author of the *Araucana*, for the extent either of his travels or his poetry, "on that vast shore wash'd by the furthest sea"—though we remember Thomas Lodge and his *Rosalind, Euphues' Golden Legacy*, written at sea under Cavendish; while Donne's "Island Voyage" to the Azores with his poems of the *Calm* and the *Storm* might be compared with Lope de Vega's share in the Armada.

The Spanish and the English drama, the plays of Lope and Shakespeare, have often been compared, and affinities traced between them. Too much may be made of superficial resemblances. That the Spanish and the English theatre should in practice neglect the unities does not of itself make any essential likeness between them. But the resemblances are there, often quaint and surprising, as when Spain and England suddenly at the same time discovered that quadrangular courtyards were obviously meant for theatricals. The history of the early extempore theatre in Spain and England is all one, in idea, and historians use the same language of each country, describing how the stage was rigged up on one side of the courtyard, how the windows on three sides overlooking the yard were made to serve as boxes, how the vulgar occupied the ground in the middle. It is amusing, again, to find the Spanish and the English playwrights in their blank verse agreeing to wind up their blank tirades with a final rhyming couplet. In spite of this and other coincidences the Spanish plays, with their predominant short verse in rhyme and assonance (blank verse only for occasional use), are not really very like the Elizabethan drama. What is

really like is the careless, independent spirit that saved both Spanish and English from the tyranny of the Renaissance. Both Spain and England were deep in debt to Italy for instruction in poetry; but in drama, where the Italian actors had not so much to teach them, both Spain and England refused to accept the Italian authority. This refusal is not a mere negative objection to discipline; it is lively, original invention, springing free and reaching out for new worlds.

Occasionally something of a salute is offered from the one country to the other. We can hardly reckon Lope's attention to Francis Drake as of this sort. More encouraging is Cervantes in the *Española inglesa*, yet his respect for this country is not exaggerated or hyperbolical. Shakespeare, on the other side, is more appreciative, though he may be thought to have dissembled his love in his specimen of a Spanish cavalier. At any rate, he knew something about him. Spain, for Shakespeare, was more real than Bohemia or Illyria. His spelling shows this. *Armado* appears sometimes as *Armatho*. And Mr. Oman suggested many years ago that *Motto*, his page, is simply *Mozo*. Don Adriano is introduced in a sonnet spoken by the King of Navarre. By the way, we may notice that this occasional use of sonnet in drama, frequent in Shakespeare's earlier plays, is another point of coincidence between Spanish and English fashions. The sonnet, says Lope in his *Arte nuevo de hacer comedias*, is useful to fill up pauses—*para los que aguardan*. And the King of Navarre in *Love's Labour's Lost* speaks a sonnet and describes Don Adriano de Armado.

> . . . our court you know is haunted
> With a refined traveller of Spain.
> A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
> That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
> One who the music of his own vain tongue
> Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
> A man of complements, whom right and wrong
> Have chose as umpire of their mutiny
> This child of fancy that Armado hight
> For interim to our studies will relate

> In high-born words the worth of many a knight
> From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.
> How you delight, my lords, I know not—I,
> But I protest I love to hear him lie,
> And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

There is, of course, burlesque in this, but there is also a sense of the heroism and the chivalry of Spain. "The world's debate,"—does this not mean the war of Christendom against the Infidel? Dr. Johnson thinks it does not refer to the Crusades particularly, but to the general tumult of the world. Dr. Johnson was dead before the last volume of Gibbon was published, with the magnificent sentence at the end of the chapter on the Crusades:

> By command of the Sultan the churches and fortifications of the Latin cities were demolished; a motive of avarice or fear still opened the holy sepulchre to some devout and defenceless pilgrims, and a mournful and solitary silence prevailed along the coast which had so long resounded with the world's debate.

Shakespeare knew something, from Chaucer it may have been, or from Lord Berners' Froissart, of the wars of Spain against the Moors:

> In Gernade at the siege ech hadde he be
> Of Algezir . . .

he might have read in *Froissart*, among other things, the story of Douglas and the heart of Bruce.

We may be allowed to take it as good auspices for the Anglo-Spanish Society that Shakespeare should have recognized the glory of Spain in that older warfare where Chaucer's knight and the Black Douglas had their share.

The World's Debate and its minstrelsy include the matter of many Spanish ballads, from the Cid and the old time before him to the *romances fronterizos*, the border ballads of raids and forays in the marches between the Spaniards and the kingdom of Granada.

The Spanish and the English popular ballads are related somewhat like the Spanish and English plays of the time of

Shakespeare. There are resemblances and analogies; there is no direct real traffic from one side to the other.

Among the correspondences we may reckon the way ballads are admired in England and Spain even by persons of correct or classical taste. We all know the fervent words of Sir Philip Sidney about the old song of Percy and Douglas; how his heart was moved more than with a trumpet. Spain echoes this, not many years after Sidney's death, in the *Arte poetica* of Juan Diaz de Rengifo (1592), a very sensible writer on the measures of Spanish verse. Speaking in his fifth chapter of the dignity of the art, he touches, of course, like Sidney and all the old rhetoricians, on the instruction to be found in poetry. Salutary counsels are impressed on the heart and memory through verse; better still, when they are sung to music. "Who," says he, "has not experienced in himself what emotions are awakened in his heart when he hears the singing of one of the old ballads in vogue on the history of Zamora and other sorrowful events? Which, if he were to hear recounted in prose, doubtless they would not move him so."

This Spanish author is more secure than Sidney in his praise of the ballads, for Sidney tries to imagine what *Chevy Chase* might become with the style of Pindar; the Spaniard is content with the ballads as they are. He does not try to run them against the more learned and literary forms, like Molière's *Alceste*; on the contrary, he greatly admires the finest art of the Italian poets and their Spanish imitators. But he has room for the ballads as well, and does not wish them to be improved into something different.

Ballad poetry is as far as anything in the world from the ordinary practical objects of human activity. Nothing can well be less useful than the study of ballads; it is a pursuit of dying echoes, the fashion of an old world that passes away and leaves hardly a trace on modern life. You will not find any ballads in Ettrick or Liddesdale where Scott found them a hundred years ago, except as you might find them in his room among readers of the *Ballad Book*. The ballads died

out after Scott printed them. Old Mrs. Hogg put the blame on Scott himself. She was just at the end of a long tradition; she had a fine memory for ballads. Her reputation and that of her son, the Ettrick Shepherd, have been indicated by Andrew Lang in one of his latest essays on ballad poetry. James Hogg, no doubt, was capable of anything in the way of practical poetical jokes. But in the days of the Border Minstrelsy Hogg was working as a scholar and a critic to help Scott. Read his letter to Scott of June 30, 1802. The publisher of Scott's letters has left out Hogg's list of ballads and songs as not likely to interest his reading public; but the letter proves Hogg's genuine interest in the work of collecting. This is the story of one of his failures. His uncle knew many ballads, but his uncle was too religious.

"'My uncle!' said I. 'He is, Mr. Scott, the most incorrigible man alive. I cannot help telling you this—he came one night professedly to see me and crack with me, as he said. Thinking this a fair opportunity I treated him with the best the house could afford, gave him a hearty glass, and to humour him talked a little of religion. Thus I set him on, but good L—d! had you heard him, it was impossible to get him off again. In the course of his remarks he had occasion to cite Ralph Erskine. Sundry times he'd run to the dale (*i.e.* shelf) where the books lay, get the sermons and read near every one of them from which he had a citation. What a deluge was poured on me of errors, sins, lusts, covenants broken, burned, and buried, legal teachers, patronage, and what not! In short, my dram was lost to my purpose. The mentioning a song put him in a passion.'"

The romance of *Auld Maitland* was accurately written down by the Ettrick Shepherd from the accurate recitation of his mother. There is no doubt of that now, for she repeated and her son wrote down words, the right words, which they did not themselves understand. They are trustworthy reporters of tradition, and they are at the end of it. After them the ballads are heard no longer in that forest.

Popular traditional poetry has many strange ways of its own. There is a large region that favours ballads; it includes England and Spain; it includes also France and Portugal, Piedmont and Lombardy; Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and the Faröe Islands; the Northern tongues, of course, having their own peculiarities over against the South. Germany, with a very rich ballad literature, is curiously distinct from what we call the English-Danish region.

Here, while we remember Uhland and *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, let us pay our respect to the great German scholars, Jacob Grimm and Ferdinand Wolf, who (with others) have done so much for Spanish *romancero*. Their fame is suffering—unjustly—from the Prussian gas which was invented since that day. Their countrymen, who have ruined many sanctuaries, have not opened the graves of their fathers. But the students who are indebted to Jacob Grimm and Ferdinand Wolf will not allow themselves to be bullied into ingratitude. As for the felons, they may be left to themselves to look at the good estate from which they have declined, and to be filthy still—

Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta.

Traditional poetry, of course, includes everywhere many forms that are not ballads. Some nations seem to have no liking for ballads, though they may be rich in other kinds of song. The Tuscan popular poetry does not attend to stories; it is lyrical purely. This seems to hold of all Italy south of the Apennines. There are also people who get on comfortably with no traditional poetry at all. Such is Ettrick since the Shepherd and the Last Minstrel died. The Dutch in South Africa seem to have no folk-tales and no ballads, though the ancestral Netherlands have plenty of popular traditional songs in great variety. Perhaps it may show that the human race naturally craves for ballads, when we find Mr. Reitz, sometime Secretary of the South African Republic, writing African Dutch poetry and including along with his original works a translation from the old English popular ballad of *Vilikins and his Dinah*.

English and Spanish ballads are not very closely related, though the relation improves as it is looked into; better acquaintance brings the countries closer together, as I hope to show. At first, the Castilian *romancero* seems to offer little but Castilian history in rhyme. The Seven Children of Lara, the Cid and Ximena, King Sancho and his self-willed sister Urraca—they are meant for audiences in Spain; what have the people of Britain to do with these stories? The people of Britain have not even any heroic group of their own to compare with the ballads of Castile—unless you admit the *Little Geste of Robin Hood*. It is a curious thing that in this respect Denmark should be liker to Spain than England is; there is a noble series of Danish ballads on themes of their national history in the Middle Ages. There is something worth considering in this mode of Danish and Spanish ballad poetry; it means, I imagine, that both Denmark and Spain had a large number of people, neither great nobles nor simple countrymen, who had a sense for great things, and were able to seize on chances for fresh heroic themes, while they were not impeded by any standards of literary epic or courtly romance. In England, the franklin and the yeoman had their taste in story-telling, but they did not, like the gentlemen of Castile and Jutland, take their ballads very commonly from the lives and deaths of kings and queens. The hero of the yeomanry is Robin Hood; he is put forward in so many words as the representative of the yeomen. "Yeomanry" is an idea, like chivalry; it is the same thing entirely—

Herkens, god yemen,
Comley, corteys and god;
On of the best that ever bare bow
His name was Roben Hode.

Roben Hode was the yeman's name
That was both corteys and fre,
For the loffe of our lady
All wemen werschepyd he.

Bot as the god yeman stod in a day
Among his mery maney,
He was ware of a proud trotter,
Cam dryfyng owyr the ley.

The virtues of Robin Hood are courteous; he has the same virtues as Sir Gawain himself. But he belongs to a different order. A comparison of the Cid with Robin Hood will give the difference between Castilian and English ballad poetry with regard to their heroes. Ballad poetry, we may say, takes naturally the same themes as epic. Achilles in contest with Agamemnon is like the turbulent vassals of Charlemagne in the *chansons de geste*; he is also like the Cid with King Sancho and King Alfonso, or like Bernardo del Carpio renewing his allegiance. The unruly vassal in the Danish ballads has a right to renounce his lord in the same way. Thus, with kings and great men on the scene, the motives of pride, ambition, and jealousy are raised to the heroic pitch. In the English and Scottish ballads the heroes are put to the hardest test, and the poet and his audience live in the motives of tragedy, but the hero is commonly less exalted than in the ballads of Castile. The hero fighting for his life, treacherously beset, is Parcy Reed, a gentleman of Redesdale, or Johnnie of Braidislee, a border laird; they fall in a private feud. So, also, it may be said, the Infantes de Lara are the victims of private vengeance—the spite of an abominable woman. But the scene is larger, and the treachery is worked out through national, not private, warfare. Their wicked uncle, incited by his wife Doña Lambra, betrays his sister's sons to the Moors; their father is already in captivity, and it is the Moorish king Almanzor who shows him the heads of his sons. We know that Moors make a good subject for a puppet show; they became rather cheap in Spanish romance after a time. But there is no denying that the history of the Infantes de Lara takes in more of the pride of life, more of the glory of heroic warfare than the death of Parcy Reed, or the defence of Adam Bell, Clym of the Cleuch, and William of Cloudeslie. The children of Lara are lost in *the world's debate*. Though the stories of Parcy Reed and the death of Robin Hood are as true-born as the Spanish heroic romances, they have not the outward splendour of rank which tells for something considerable in tragic poetry.

This heroic dignity in the ballads of Castile makes them very different from the ballads of the neighbouring dialects. Open, for example, the admirable French ballad book of Doncieux, *Le Romancéro populaire*. This contains specimens from the French region in the largest sense; it includes Catalan Provençal and Piedmontese as well as French, for all those languages have the same ballads. Now the French ballads are of a different sort from such Castilian romances as are best known. They belong not to heroic tradition, nor to chivalry, nor to chivalrous yeomanry like Robin Hood and Gamelyn. They belong to the land of *La Belle Dame sans Mercy*. They are not like the Spanish or the Danish ballads of kings, or the English and Scottish ballads of Percy and Douglas. They are the French counterparts of *Lord Randal*, and *Binnorie*, and *The Wife of Usher's Well*. They are not much like anything in history; they are not attached to any glebe in particular; they are of the air, and they travel free over all borders.

Now this vague, unhistorical ballad poetry is generally as sure of its motive as any of the heroic sort, and it is often more wonderful, as *La Belle Dame sans Mercy* is more wonderful than any poem with an historical frame to it. Now this vague sort of ballad, with the lyrical element in it stronger than the narrative, is known also in Spain. Though the historical ballads of Castile take up more room than those of the vaguer tradition, Castile has the song of the Count Arnaldos, the spell of the sea:

> Quien uviese tal ventura sobre las aguas del mar
> Como uvo el Conde Arnaldos, la mañana de San Juan.

This is the ballad in which the very spirit of traditional poetry is embodied; the mariner's song from the elfin ship is the pure tragic of all the ballads in the world:

> Yo no digo esta cancion sino a quien conmigo va.

This kind of poetry has always, one may say, been well known in Catalonia; it belongs also to Castile and the Astu-

rias; and it is found as Scott found the Border Ballads, by going to look for it and listening where the ballads are remembered. In the last thirty or forty years discoveries have been made in Spanish traditional poetry, which still leave much to be published. The Anglo-Spanish Society might help, if it were only by sending a message to Don Ramon Menéndez Pidal to say that it is willing to be interested and to subscribe for the publication of the traditional *romancero* which in manuscript is now extant, waiting for more leisure and a more convenient time. This really, I may say, is the motive of the present discourse. Otherwise I might have had to apologize for taking up so many minutes with a subject apparently so far from all real solid interests. I will admit that my text has little concern for the economic side of this society. But when we remember that a man so eminent for scholarship, so ready to welcome scholars of other lands, is waiting to see his work accomplished, I need not apologize for my choice of a subject. It is intended as a message of regard for him, in which I am sure the whole society will be glad to join. I may say that Don Ramon Menéndez Pidal has lectured for the Hispanic Society of New York; he has not yet visited London at the invitation of the Anglo-Spanish Society of Great Britain.

I give here one of his stories. I have quoted it before (in a review of the New York lectures), and I still wonder whether it sounds more like Scott or Cervantes.

In May of 1900 I visited the banks of the Duero to study the geography of the Cid. It was our wedding journey. Our researches were finished at Osma. We waited a day longer to see the eclipse of the sun, and it happened that my wife repeated the ballad of the *Conde Sol* to a washerwoman with whom we were speaking. The good woman told us that she knew it too, along with others which made up her stock of songs as she was beating and washing clothes by the river; she consented to sing one, and began in a sweet voice a melody as "soothing and agreeable" to our ears as those which the historian Mariana heard with the ballads of the siege of Zamora. The ballad which she sang was unknown to us, and therefore the more interesting; as it proceeded, my wife thought she found in it a more or less historical argument, an echo of that sorrow,

tribulation and sore mischance which, according to the chronicles, was caused in Spain by the death of Prince John, son of the Catholic Kings. And so it proved to be, an historical ballad of the XV century, unknown to all the collections old or new in Spain. It was necessary in the few hours remaining of our stay in Osma to note the music and copy the ballads, the first tribute paid by Castile to our ballad book of modern tradition; aided by the choirmaster of the Cathedral and getting the good woman to repeat her songs we passed the hours, hardly sparing time for the eclipse which was the reason of our staying there, but now had lost its first importance.

The pendant to this is what the same author tells of discoveries in South America, *e.g.* the children's songs that he found in Monte Video, waiting for his steamer.

Those explorations, like Walter Scott's raids in Liddesdale, are part of the Humanities.

Ballads are one form of the memory of the human race —a vanishing memory now, if it were not for such explorers. It is worth while reckoning (only it is beyond all calculation) how much of the soul of Spain and of England has gone into traditional ballad poetry. The quotation that I have just given (*la lavandera de Osma*) will show something of it; there is more to tell. The true greatness of Spain can be proved in many ways; I do not know any evidence more remarkable than the preservation of the Spanish ballads in the oral traditions of the Spanish Jews. They were banished in the year 1492 by the Catholic Kings; and they took with them, to Tangier and Constantinople, to Bosnia and Salonica, their Spanish language and the Spanish romances. These have been collected and recorded in the last 20 years, and some of them have been published. The exiles might have been forgiven if they had renounced all part in the country which drove them to the Levant. But they kept their language; they have kept the old Spanish songs; with a loyalty unexampled, I should say, in any other people; fanciful, romantic if you will, an intellectual and spiritual allegiance, an instinctive refusal to be dispossessed and disinherited. The Spanish authorities thought they were protecting Spain; the exiles knew better, and perhaps were happier than they knew.

Anyhow, there are the nearly 300 ballads that have been collected among the Spanish Jews, some of those ballads unknown in the Peninsula. Some of them preserve older forms than anything now current in Spain. For example, there is a ballad of the knight returning mortally wounded, like *Le Roi Renard*. One of the Jewish romances has kept the name of his adversary; it is Uerco—that is, Orcus; the knight who comes home dying has wrestled with Death himself.

And England has something to show in comparison with the Spanish ballad tradition in America and the Levant. The English ballad tradition is still going in America. Mr. Cecil Sharp, who has recovered so many old songs in Somerset, has found much more in the Appalachian mountains, in that strange country on the borders of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, which some of us heard about for the first time thirty years ago in the novels of Charles Egbert Craddock. Those mountaineers might possibly have written their own sagas, instead of leaving it to the author of *The Great Smoky Mountain*. But their taste is different; they hold with the Spanish author of the *Art of Poetry*, Rengifo, that singing is better than prose. This is what Mr. Sharp says:

> I found myself for the first time in my life in a community in which singing was as common and almost as universal a practice as speaking . . In an ideal society every child in his earliest years would as a matter of course learn to sing the songs of his forefathers in the same natural and unselfconscious way in which he learns his mother tongue. . . And it was precisely this ideal state of things that I found existing in the mountain communities. So closely, indeed, is the practice of this particular art interwoven with the ordinary avocations of everyday life that the singers, unable to recall a song I had asked for, would often make some such remark as, "Oh, if only I were driving the cows home, I could sing it at once!" On one occasion, too, I remember that a small boy tried to edge himself into my cabin in which a man was singing to me, and when I asked him what he wanted, he said, "I always like to go where there is sweet music." Of course, I let him in, and later on, when my singer failed to remember a song I had asked for, my little visitor came to the rescue and

straightway sang the ballad from beginning to end in the true traditional manner, and in a way which would have shamed many a professional vocalist.*

Those mountaineers of the Appalachians might be traced by an ingenious antiquary back to William Morris's adventurers in search of the *Earthly Paradise*. A correspondent of mine in Washington thinks that they are probably among living men the people most resembling the Icelanders of the heroic age. They are, he says, the most purely British in blood of all Americans.

It is pleasant to think of Spain and England still competing, beyond the Atlantic, in so much that remains alive of their traditional ballads, their "reliques of ancient poetry."

W. P. KER

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* *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*. Collected by Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp. Putnam, 1917, p. viii.

NOVEMBER DAYS

November days!
A purple haze
That rims our valley world,
The dull green blurs
Of distant firs,
The long smoke softly curled;
Wide orchards bare
And, gleaming rare,
A bronze oak in the grey.
A still-winged bird
Flies low, unheard,—
Sudden, the strident jay!
From sedges dry
To low-rolled sky
A peace like ease from pain;
A light sigh grieves
The crisp beech leaves,—
Breaks in the rattling rain!

JANE WALLACE MORTIMER

In the Cornwallis Valley, Nova Scotia.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

LORD SYDENHAM, in his recent address to the British Science Guild, dealt with our national and imperial plans for reconstruction after the war. His object was with the aid of science to weigh our past methods in the balance and to find remedies for the blemishes which disfigure and disable our public life, and especially our political and industrial life. His masterly survey was accompanied with both suggestions and warnings: the former are such as will probably be accepted by all classes, for there can be no one who is not by this time aware of the necessity for securing an increased output and more economy of labour in every industry. But among his warnings there is one, which is at the same time the most necessary and perhaps the least likely to be understood and obeyed in a time of upheaval. We are, we hope and believe, at the beginning of an era of true democracy; our danger lies in the fact that of all forms of society, a democracy is least likely, in the beginning, to understand its own constitution, and provide impartially for the welfare of all its members. Our democracy must be an industrial one, but it must learn to look beyond mere industrial interests. Lord Sydenham has seen this and has stated it with perfect clearness, and with absolute impartiality. "In our projects for national reconstruction," he says, "there is perhaps a tendency (not only in Great Britain, but in all our Dominions), to regard increased industrial and commercial efficiency as paramount. This may be natural, because nothing but a great development of economic production within the Empire can restore our heavily burdened financial resources. But if we read the lessons of this war aright, we must see that this alone cannot suffice, and that our industries might be paralyzed by antagonistic forces arising from want of other than purely technical efficiency. Peace will find us face to

face with new problems of democracy still unsolved. A huge new electorate will convey political power to masses of men and women for the most part slenderly equipped for the responsibilities which they must assume. Democracy is still on its trial, and its limitations are frequently forgotten. The masses can never build; but they can always and easily destroy, as the wrecking of Russia, following historical precedents, plainly shows. They can, however, for good or for evil, choose their rulers and displace them when they please. The theory that the intensely complex and vastly important work of modern Governments can be continuously inspired by the will of the people is untenable. The hopes of the future depend upon the trained and disinterested leadership of a minority, in the workshop as in the Cabinet, and upon the intelligent acquiescence of the majority."

I entirely agree with Lord Sydenham that if we are to found successfully a world democratic order, we must from the beginning recognize the limitations of democracy: above all, we must provide for Leadership. The power of leading is a natural quality, but if it is to be serviceable, and not dangerous, it must be trained, and the training must be wide —neither Science nor Literature must be excluded.

In my own view there are two points which need to be especially dwelt upon at this moment. The first is the importance, and the evident possibility, of unity of national effort. In face of a great emergency we have found it necessary to abandon for a time our old political divisions; and we have strong hopes that after the war is ended the antagonism of classes may be sunk in a recognition of the common needs of all. The necessity will still be with us, for it is not merely war, but the difficulties and needs of life itself, which constitute the great emergency. The same hope should stir us when we plan the education of our future leaders. In face of the real emergency, the pressing needs of national life, the antagonism between the partisans of a literary or a scientific education must finally disappear. This will be more quickly and certainly accomplished if it is once realized that science

and literature are not two opposing principles or methods of education. Education is not another word for information, it stands for the development and enrichment of the intellectual powers, including the practical powers which we include under the name of character, and which are fostered by mental or spiritual experience. Both literature and science may be the means of education, but only if they supply this mental or spiritual enrichment over and above the merely informing facts with which they deal.

This is now beginning to be recognized. In the recently issued Report of Sir Joseph Thomson's Committee on Science in Education, the true meaning of Education is briefly but unmistakably set forth, and the point which I am now contending for is enforced by a passage which might apply equally to either literature or science. "How valuable it may be in opening the mind, in training the judgment, in stirring the imagination, and in cultivating a spirit of reverence, few have yet accepted in full faith." With such a statement of our objectives before us, there should be no more time wasted in partisanship, for the old antagonism is seen to have been based on a misunderstanding of the true nature of Education.

My second point is that since information counts for so little and education for so much, the character of the teaching and the teacher is of paramount importance. No one can develop or enrich others, who is not already developed and enriched himself. The processes themselves are not simple, or to be obtained by the laying down of rules or regulations: they are subtle, complex, indirect—in a word, personal. The teacher is not a mere middleman, who buys in a kind of intellectual Covent Garden market, and sells again in a local shop. He adds to what he conveys the impress of his own character: he cannot help doing so. It is by far the larger part of the educational effect which he produces, and its power may last throughout a life. A remarkable and famous example of this is noted in Sir Sidney Colvin's new life of John Keats. Keats in his boyhood received what is called a merely classical education—that is to say, he acquired

a limited knowledge of Greek and Latin texts and grammar. But it was his young tutor, Charles Cowden Clarke, a man not merely informing but formative, who gave him, in friendly intercourse and outside the school curriculum, the true education which made his character and enriched his genius.

Men or women who can do this for their pupils are the possessors of the strongest and most valuable power which a nation can employ. "Poverty of Education," it has been said, "is the prime cause of Poverty of Morals." The present moral bankruptcy of Germany is no doubt an instance in point: and it is equally certain that our own wealth, moral, artistic, and even material, is primarily due to the teachers of the last two generations. That wealth, in all its forms, might have been greater still, if we had honoured and rewarded the teacher's profession as we should have done, and as in future we are bound to do. Among all men of character and real education you will find in later life a feeling of gratitude and admiration for their teachers—not at all necessarily for what they taught in school hours, for that is often forgotten or despised, but for what they added to the understanding and enjoyment of life, that is, for what they gave of themselves. It is not the fault, but it is the misfortune of Science, that hitherto such educational power has belonged almost exclusively to the teachers who work by means of literature. Get the men who know how to teach classics, or their equals in character aud true education, to take up the teaching of Science all over the country, and there will be no more complaining of the superior prestige of the older education. The older education, though unduly limited, was a real education: the new education should be wider, and it may be equally real, if it is once established as a method of training, not by facts, but by the human spirit.

HENRY NEWBOLT

LORD MORLEY'S "RECOLLECTIONS"

LORD MORLEY'S previous literary work has found many admirers; his *Miscellanies* have probably given wider pleasure than his large set pieces; and his later work has shown signs which his earlier never showed of the qualities necessary for success in his present venture. There is in his *Machiavelli*, his *Guicciardini*, and especially in his "causerie" on Mr. Frederic Harrison's *New Calendar of Great Men*, an absence of stiffness, an intimacy, almost a charm, for which you will look in vain in his earlier writings.

His life, too, has been one of great variety and interest, happily divided between letters and affairs, with but little of the mere deadening hack-work of either. He has known most, and has been intimate with many, of the men, both of East and West, best worth knowing of his time. Greek, Latin, English, French, Italian, German, criticism, history and biography, for literature; England, Ireland, India, France, Italy and America for affairs and travel; Mill, George Eliot, Carlyle, Leslie Stephen, Huxley, Spencer, Acton, Mazzini, Thiers, Renan, Gladstone, Chamberlain, Parnell, Carnegie—to mention but a few at random—for friends and fellow-workers; what a mine for the reminiscent writer. True, the mine had already been worked, some veins of it widely and deeply, by others. But by Lord Morley himself it had not been touched, for he had never written anything of this kind before. Nor, perhaps, can the mine ever, for this purpose, be exhausted by others, just as a given landscape cannot be exhausted by any number of artists. In work like this, the result depends much less upon the raw material than upon the individual workman, much less upon the scenery than upon the point of view. There was good reason, then, upon the face of it, to open this book with the liveliest anticipations of pleasure.

But a little less eager haste to seize and devour the volumes, a little more preliminary cool reflection, might have brought us some of the solider blessedness of those who expect little and are not disappointed. It is twenty years now since an English critic said of Mr. Morley that, "to gain a position of influence in politics, and to assure himself a place in criticism without the aid of an instinct for action, charm of style, personal magnetism, wit or eloquence, he has certainly kept his gifts employed at a higher rate of interest than is earned by most men of so few talents." He spoke of Mr. Morley's "ethical seriousness," his endeavour to achieve "order in all his studies at whatever sacrifice of vivacity," and his "preference of the ethical to the aesthetic point of view." He suggested that Mr. Morley has abandoned literature for politics because he lacked beauty, free play, and a message, and had sought a field where concentration and will could do more for him. And he appeared to find his subject worth study rather as an edifying moral spectacle than as an interesting and attractive human being.

Now, these and the like qualities have solid advantages. They propitiate the gods of things as they are. They make for a successful and satisfactory career. They induce a dignified complacency when, at his career's close, their possessor sits down to write his "Recollections." But they do not suffice to make what he writes in that vein readable. They kindle no spark. They impart no charm. Deaf to the voice of the practical wisdom which guided the conduct of his life, Lord Morley has abandoned a field of letters where concentration and will alone can do, and for him have done much, for one where, without more, they can do little or nothing. You may, if you will, admire this as courage. For myself, having spent some precious hours upon the product of Lord Morley's enterprise, I incline rather to deplore it as rashly tempting Providence. Providence, though not always proof, has this time successfully resisted the temptation; and, doubtless after a moment's surprise at finding Lord Morley also among the tempters, and perhaps even with a thrill of pleasure

at getting a chance at him at last, Providence has taken a notable vengeance.

The truth is that, for all his wide knowledge and varied experience, for all his practice in literary craftsmanship, this is not one of the things that Lord Morley can do. The very qualities of mind and character which have served him so well elsewhere are against him here. His character is too much of a piece; it has too little light and shade; there is too little play about his mind. The result is that he seems never to be quite at ease, but rather to be labouring conscientiously to strike the right reminiscent or reflective note. He has embarked upon the task, and he is too tenacious to give it up. He has read plenty of fascinating volumes of this kind. Some of the best of them have been produced by men with not half his brains or the tenth part of his raw material. Surely he has but to put his mind to it and he can do it too. But eminence, intellect and power of will have failed here as they have failed before in similar enterprises. The book, especially in those parts which I suspect cost Lord Morley most pains, is heavy, dull and lifeless. Nor is its dulness atoned for by much fresh information. Perhaps Lord Morley purposely eschewed this as inappropriate to his new art. But we cannot help regretting, as we read, time that might have been spent with more profit to us and more pleasure to the writer. For we have not even the satisfaction of feeling that Lord Morley, at least, enjoyed himself. If he had, his book would probably have made better reading.

I shall run counter to weighty opinions in venturing to think that Lord Morley's style, even, is against his success in this new venture. Mr. Algernon Cecil, for example, says:*

> Of Lord Morley's execution it is almost impertinent to speak. His style, a little mellowed by time, still holds the field for ease and charm and strength against all living competition. It is largely reminiscent of the Oriel School, which, seeking, as he tells us he sought himself, just "correctness," achieved a miracle of dignity and grace.

Mr. Cecil's competence as a critic of style no one will doubt

* *Quarterly Review*, Jan., 1918, p. 221.

who knows his work, and has enjoyed his brilliant "Essays in Imitation." But is he not here reasoning *a priori*? He had himself, some years before,* described Lord Morley as "the greatest stylist of the day," and some allowance must be made for a man's natural reluctance to swallow his words. So thoroughly adequate, too, had Lord Morley's style proved itself for the purposes to which it had so far been applied that there was an antecedent probability that it would pass triumphantly through this new test; and for this reason as well Mr. Cecil may have come to the judgement seat with a mind not wholly open. But, here again, there was room for further consideration. Critics had already noted a certain "hardness" in Lord Morley's style, and had spoken of a "literary finesse almost bordering on self-consciousness"—qualities of all others out of harmony with the personal note and unsuited to the portraiture of others. "Strength" and "dignity," no doubt, Lord Morley's writing had. "Ease," "charm," and "grace," are words of doubtful application to his style at any stage of his career. He is himself a juster critic of his own craftsmanship, and in the book now before us he gives these notes from his diary, made while he was writing his essay on *Guicciardini*: "Made slow way;" "Composition is not a rapid art with me;" "Seem terrified at the two dangers of Twaddle and Pharisaism;" "I do not feel as if I had got near the easy *coulant* touch of men like Scherer, Ste-Beuve, Faguet, etc." These volumes must have cost him many a like sigh.

I am conscious that there is a savour of the State Trials in an indictment without particulars. Yet, in attempting to furnish them upon the count of style, the critic feels the same difficulty as must often have worried a seventeenth century Attorney-General, who felt that a man would be safer in the Tower, but was embarrassed by lack of such tangible facts as would induce a jury to put him there. It is not that the evidence does not exist, but it is vague, general, atmospheric. The only adequate reply for one who says of Lord Morley, as Lord Morley says of Macaulay, "I cannot bring myself to

* *Monthly Review*, 1906, Vol. 23.

like the style," and is pressed for proof and examples, is: "Read the book yourself, and see whether you do not agree with me."

Part of what I dislike comes, I believe, from a feeling in Lord Morley's mind that finish is out of place in work of this kind, and that the "easy, *coulant* touch" at which he aims has something in common with looseness. There are passages in which I half suspect him of having, to this end, deliberately abstained from revision. At any rate, I do not think that in any of his previous work he would have let stand such a sentence as this:

> Even Ruskin, who, when I once had the honour to meet him—the only time—at a friend's board, with no other guest, and who filled the festive hour with unbridled railing at Mill, felt drawn to some of the truths in *Liberty*, which he found both important and beautifully expressed, though not without the very singular rider that the degree of liberty you can rightly grant to a number of men is commonly in the inverse ratio of their desire for it.

It would be unfair to make too much of the obvious lapse which has left the first relative hanging unsupported. But the whole sentence is loose and feeble, and reads as though Lord Morley had written it as the thoughts came to him, and so left it. There are, indeed, not many as bad as this, yet a good deal of Lord Morley's writing in these volumes leaves the same impression.

It can hardly be the search for unconscious ease that makes Lord Morley's writing so mannered. Perhaps it is that, having deliberately abandoned straightforward information and criticism in his matter, he has thought it artistically fitting to avoid also the straightforward manner. But, for whatever reason, his style, which has never seemed wholly natural, is in these volumes mannered to the point of affectation, and sometimes even of obscurity.

He has, too, some annoying tricks. He overworks wearisomely favourite words and phrases—"admirable," "important," "to be sure," are among the most prominent. He cannot resist adjectives and adjectival phrases, which,

though no doubt perfectly just, have nothing to do with the point he is making, and serve only to distract. Thus, in speaking of the awakening of England to social and legal injustices, he says, "Charles Reade, *the admirable practitioner of what he called 'the great, the noble, the difficult art of writing,'* awoke our English world to some of the cruel mischiefs in the middle of it." He has an exasperating preference for the indirect negative over the direct positive. Why should a man write "not without" when he means "with"; "was not unperceived by all," when he means "was apparent to some?"

Again, the writer of "Recollections" must of necessity refer with some frequency to himself. Why, having steeled his modesty to the task, should he still feel a lingering delicacy about the personal pronoun? Why should he write "myself" or "a near friend of his" for "me," or "the person last named" for "I"? Lord Morley displays an endless ingenuity in these circumlocutory substitutes, and gives thereby the impression of just that "furtive, sheepish kind" of egotism which he deprecates in his preface.

Akin to this false diffidence is the reluctance to call the same thing twice by the same name. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in his delightful *Lectures on the Art of Writing*, has noted this as one of the marks by which you may know the style he calls "Jargon;" and he justly observes that "The Gospel does not fear to repeat a word, if the word be good. The Gospel says: 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's'—not 'Render unto Cæsar the things that appertain to that potentate'." Of course, the cruder forms of this wretched mannerism are not to be expected from Lord Morley, and are not found in him. But you do find such well-marked specimens as "the illustrious French exile," for "Hugo;" "He (Chamberlain) knew enough to be sharply interested in any general ideas that were from time to time presented to him, and he liked and valued any contribution from my own modest stock of *that commodity*"; "Asked at a meeting what I meant by a Jingo, I tried to define *the genus mocked by that terse designation* as," etc.; and any number of such subtler examples

as, "Yet the warmest of her (Queen Elizabeth's) partisans would be slow to claim for her *the famous pithy encomium on our immortal George Washington.*" Lord Morley's scruples, however, do not touch his own favourites. "I made," he writes, "the acquaintance of *important* editors of all political colours, from Gordon Bennett of the *Herald* up to Godkin, who was just beginning his *important* start with the *Nation.*"

If evasion and substitution in place of downright assertion and stout-hearted repetition be a mark of Jargon, false ornament is no less a mark of Journalese. I confess to have long harboured a suspicion that Lord Morley was at bottom only a very eminent journalist. None the less does it seem impertinent, in speaking of him, even to whisper "journalese." For certainly to be a journalist, even though you be one at heart as well as by profession, is not necessarily to write in the style "mocked by that terse designation." But I submit these examples (out of many) to the candid judgment.

After a striking career that was not without (once more) melodramatic phases and some singular vagaries of mind, he (Stead) *perished in a collision between a giant liner and an iceberg in the Atlantic Ocean.*

He (Meredith) would, I think, have resisted, after his earliest productions, the saying of Acton . . that George Eliot's works "are the high-water mark of feminine achievement." I am not sure what other names he would have proposed *for competition in the flashing tournament;* perhaps Madame de Stael, perhaps George Sand.

I do not mean, and it would be unfair as well as inaccurate to imply, that there is not in this book much sound, vigorous, unaffected writing, with happy choice of words, and here and there some power of phrase. It is true that, even at its best, Lord Morley's remains a style for imparting definite information and exact ideas, not for reflective conversation and personal reminiscence. He has not what a French critic once described as "l'habileté continue de choisir avec un air de tout accueillir sans élire." His choice, even when most happy, is generally apparent. Nevertheless, his exposition of Liberalism (Vol. 1, p. 20); his chapter on Ireland entitled "The Coming Danger" (Vol. 1, pp. 164 et seq.); his estimate

of Parliament and Parliamentary life (Vol. 1, pp. 189 et seq.); his whole account of Parnell; his chapter called "The Tornado," telling of the results of the verdict in the O'Shea divorce case; his accounts of Harcourt and Campbell-Bannerman, are not only of great interest, but all, in their several ways, are excellently written. Here, too, is a striking passage of another kind:—

> Areopagitica, the majestic classic of spiritual and intellectual freedom, with its height and spaciousness, its outbursts of shattering vituperation, its inflammatory scorn, its boundless power and overflow of passionate speech in all the keys of passion.

And this is vivid and picturesque:—

> Then came Curzon. He is a first-rate parliamentary speaker, and he strode over the ground in fine style. He took point after point and detail after detail without acrimony, but with the air of a grand drill-sergeant at the blundering manœuvres of new recruits.

But, after all, the style of a book, however excellent may be the writing in isolated passages, must be judged by the book as a whole. So judged, Lord Morley's style in these volumes, as in so much of his other work, both written and spoken, leaves the impression rather of professional accomplishment than of natural ease. I think this is because, adequate as Lord Morley has succeeded in making it to other uses, his style in truth never has been really natural. It has always displayed more artifice than art; always seemed rather an achievement than a gift. And, having become so hardened to its familiar work as to be little capable of elasticity or adaptation, it suffers in its effort to perform a new and wholly different task. It loses its old strength and competence without acquiring ease or charm.

"Toutes choses," says André Gide, "sont déja dites mais comme personne n'écoute, il faut toujours recommencer." You may admit the element of truth in this without precluding the demand that, if a man does write commonplace, he shall write it with more wit or more music, more engagingly or more arrestingly than his predecessors; or (not to put your

demand too high) at least with some substantial difference. It may be, in a large measure, those qualities in Lord Morley's style which I have already mentioned that make his lapses into platitude so distressing. There is nothing in his manner to recommend the commonplace, and, when he is platitudinous (as who would not be sometimes in the course of two stout volumes), his platitudes have neither disguise not palliation. No one would think of objecting to Pepys, for example, or to Benvenuto Cellini, that their reflections, when they indulge in them, are flat commonplace, and represent simply the common stock of "correct" thought of their time. On the contrary, it adds to the fun of the thing that people with such correct thoughts should do such very incorrect things; "which proves," as Bagehot said, "the advantage of keeping an atmosphere." Lord Morley has no atmosphere; and from him such passages as this fall upon us with their full, dull weight.

> In 1875 George Eliot began the career of story-teller . . that . . . made critics of high authority . . call her the most considerable literary personality since the death of Goethe. On such an estimate as this, we may perhaps say in passing that some teachers, it may be, are too great to be found fault with—a point well worth bearing in mind by fallible mortals—but we should not be over-prompt in alloting these seats side by side with the Olympians on their throne . . . Experience, as the wise in time discover, brings discrimination.

He visited Kilmainham Gaol, and here is the note which he thought worth while not only to make in his diary but to transcribe in his book:—

> My thought as I come away, "Why am I out, and they in?" And so I found myself in the eternal coil of responsibility, will, fate, cause and effect, right and wrong, and the rest of the everlasting puzzle. The gallows give peculiar actuality to metaphysical problems.

Worst of all, I think, is this upon style, which, to be properly appreciated, must be quoted in full:—

> As to literary form, I took too little thought, only seeking Correctness, and that after all is its prime essential. In the verbal curiosity contemned by Milton as toilsome vanity I had little interest. I was inclined respectfully to go with Montaigne, who laughed at fools who will go a

quarter of a league to run after a fine word. Yet here, as in other things, it is well not to hurry to be over-positive. Hazlitt is not wrong when he says there is "a great deal more of research in choice of a plain than of an ornamental or learned style. There may be ten synonyms, yet only one that exactly answers to the idea we have in our minds." Whether the hunt be for a plain word or a fine one, it is less material than the excision of superfluous words, of connecting particles, introductory phrases, and the like things, that seem more trivial for a reader's comfort than they are. In a larger sense than this, how sagacious was Schiller's saying that "an artist may be known rather by what he *omits*." A wholesome secret even for men of letters with pretensions to be artists.

Diderot, my gay and confident companion for many a month, asking of painting what is its true aid and reason, declares painting is an address not to the eyes alone by colour, light, figure, but to heart and mind. "Without technique, no painting, to be sure; but when all is said, I like ideas and the rendering and interpretation of them better than colour." What this effusive genius said of painting has even stronger significance in the arts of writing, whether it be literature of knowledge or literature of power; whether verse or imaginative prose, or prose without imagination. Heart and mind on both sides—there is the secret. Johnson, as usual, hit the mark when he said of Sir Thomas Browne and *Religio Medici* that his unique peculiarity of mind was faithfully reflected in the form and matter of his work. Faithful reflection—this is where the Stylist, most provoking of literary degenerates, breaks down. He provokes because he takes endless trouble, is inexhaustible in strange devices of image and verbal collocation, invents ingenious standards of precision, takes nothing plain from heart and mind—only to bring upon his work that sense of insincerity and affectation which is mortal sin in every art, as it is in our common actual life outside of art.

If we rashly venture on the overworked theme of style, there are of course as many styles as there are ages, nations, matters, personal modes, relations, great leading minds, motives. History has advanced with powerful stride to a commanding place within the last forty or fifty years, and a vigorous contest now stimulates and entertains us as to the true genius of the historic Muse, or whether she be a Muse at all, or only kitchen drudge; whether a Science reducing great bodies of detail to concentrated and illuminating law, or that very different thing, an Epic Art, a source of bright and living popular influence.

Of poetry, Dryden, that splendid master of prose, has said that "its general end is to instruct delightfully." But this is too narrow, and is only true by leave of the reader, and the reader's general end is various, in poetry and prose—amusement, pleasure, melody, imaginative flight, recall of moving associations, and the rest of men's humours ill covered

by the name of instruction. Delightful poets have said curious things about their art. Coleridge could never discover "anything *sublime* on our sense of the term in classical Greek; sublimity is Hebrew by birth." Surely a shade too narrow. Some fear that the Artificial and the Exquisite is gaining ground among critics and composers. Nobody has yet either in England or France come near in the scale of artificial verse or prose to the excellent bishop in the eighth century who devoted some months to composing thirty-five verses of prayer for Charlemagne, which when read perpendicularly, horizontally, and along the lines of an inscribed rhomboid, gave eight other acrostic verses to the same effect. But the modern artificial does seem occasionally to come perilously near to the nebulous and unmeaning. At any rate, my reader will make allowances for one's natural tenderness towards books and styles that time has tested. However this may be, sensible men do not suffer their predilections in this region—so accidental as half of them are—to grow into tyrannical exclusives, but will consider what has been in so fine a picture put by Taine. The human mind, he says, flows with events, like a river. "From one hundred leagues to another hundred leagues, the land changes; here broken mountains and all the poetry of savage nature; further on long avenues of mighty trees with their roots in all the violence of the stream; lower down great regular plains and noble horizons disposed for the delight of the eye; there the swarming ant-hives of thronged towns with the beauty of fruitful labour. The traveller as he sails down the changing stream is wrong to regret or take little heed of scene after scene, as he leaves them behind one after the other." True of the world, and true of the man. And I think too, of that most delicate writer among all my writing friends, who said, "In truth the legitimate contention is not of one age or school of literary art against another, but of all successive schools alike, against the stupidity which is dead to the substance, and the vulgarity which is dead to form. (Pater.)

If a writer, after sixty years of "the adventures of his soul among masterpieces," can give us nothing more upon such a subject than this string of balanced and well-worn quotations, is it unfair to suggest that he might with better advantage have stuck to imparting information?

Yet no one can be more magisterially severe than Lord Morley upon platitude in others. Hear him demolish the unfortunate Mr. Lecky.

Worse than digression is platitude. Simplicity is the most delightful quality in literature, and nothing charms like the naïf. When the simple and the naïf degenerate it turns into platitude, and that is in writing what

insipidity is in the art of the cook, or flatness in a cask of wine. If the reader will begin to collect from these volumes a little anthology or *hortus siccus* of deliverances of this rather vapid family, he will find the number of well marked specimens rising over the hundred in no time.*

I cannot leave the subject of platitudes without observing that Lord Morley admires Cicero, and will have none of Mommsen's estimate of him. It may be only Lord Morley's Victorianism, or perhaps a subtle journalistic sympathy. But I suspect that it goes deeper, and that an interesting similarity in point of intellectual and emotional equipment might be established between the two. If Lord Morley had ever written an essay on Friendship, I fancy he would have produced something pretty much like the *De Amicitia*. Well, "votre Cicéron parlait avec abondance et facilité," says Anatole France's M. d'Astarac, "mais c'était un esprit banal." Matthew Arnold, I think, somewhere proposes as a test of poetic sensibility whether a man can distinguish the false ring in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. If first-hand acquaintance with Cicero were common enough nowadays to make the test of practical value, the extent and quality of a man's feeling for Cicero would not be a bad test of his originality of mind. Is his interest historical or personal? Does he go to Cicero for information or for communion? Does he admire him as a master of style, as an example of classical Latinity, or does he, as Lord Morley seems to do, turn to him as a kindred spirit and love him as a friend?

For the best work of the kind Lord Morley has here attempted we should not look to a man who has no humour. I do not complain that Lord Morley's sense of humour is not perfect. The perfect sense of humour is rare. It would be an embarrassment to any man in public life, and to a politician without genius a grave impediment. If Lord Morley's had been even very strong, he could not, with his equipment, have looked back upon so notable a record of position and accomplishment. Nor do I complain that he should take a pretty serious view of himself. Upon that subject, a man's

* *Miscellanies*, Vol. IV. Essay on Mr. Lecky's *Principles of Democracy*.

humour, however satisfactory in other departments, is apt to be somewhat uneven. My complaint is that Lord Morley has, or, at any rate, shows, no sense of humour at all. For all that appears in these volumes, the place in him where it should be is simply a desolate waste.

In such a book as his *Life of Gladstone*, for example, this does not very much matter. A strong sense of humour would have been a serious, if not a fatal obstacle to the friendship which made the book possible, and its exhibition in the "official" biography of such a person would have been hardly permissible. Rather, perhaps, we should feel grateful that there was nothing in Lord Morley to cause him a moment's qualm about the exquisite gems which here and there reward the prospector in the arid soil of his three volumes. How, but for the complete unconsciousness of his biographer, should we ever have known that Mr. Gladstone's ideal end, as he confided it to his diary, was "to die in Church—but not so as to disturb the worshippers?" We must take what consolation we can from such treasures as this for the thought that we shall never read a life of Gladstone written with the necessary intimacy, real humour, and no obligations of reticence.

But the lack which serves unconsciously to lighten the *Life of Gladstone* is a real evil in this book. We miss much that Lord Morley might have reported, if the humour of a thing had seemed to him any reason for reporting it. We miss, too, any other than the instructive side of what he does tell us. I do not remember in all the two volumes one gleam of humour of Lord Morley's own, unless it be the grim remark that Renan, whom he saw shortly before his death "suffering from diabolic skin trouble" and unable to sleep, "altogether seemed unhappy enough to please the Pope himself—the ideal end of a modern Antichrist." When he reports the humour of another, it is for the purpose of elaborate refutation, or of patient groping for some moral; and his heavy seriousness crushes out its life. So we get passages of such devastating incomprehension as these:—

Meredith, who did not know Mill in person, once spoke to me of him with the confident intuition proper to imaginative genius, as partaking of the spinster.

(Could anyone capable of saying this at all have said it just in this way?)

Disraeli, when Mill made an early speech in Parliament, raised his eyeglass, and murmured to a neighbour on the bench, "Ah, the Finishing Governess." We can guess what they meant. *Mill certainly had not Bacon's massive cogency, nor the diversified amplitude of Adam Smith. That is true enough.* But then no more was he shrill or teasing on small points, or disputatious for dispute's sake, or incessantly bent on proving or disproving something. Yet he could be severe and plain-spoken as anybody in Parliament or out, and knew how to run an adversary through with a sword that was no spinster's arm.

There is a story that as an examiner at Cambridge he (Sidgwick) found in the candidate's paper some mysterious Hegelian passages, and he observed to a brother examiner: "I can see that this is nonsense, but is it the right kind of nonsense?" *Elucidation would spoil the secret of this dark interrogatory.* Intelligent readers will not miss its drift as to truth and toleration and the mould of man to whose lips the query came. *To comprehend that nonsense can ever be right in kind is one of the many keys to genuine richness of nature.*

The second of these two passages is on page 124 of the first Volume, and real effort is required to persevere, and not simply to close the book, give it back to its owner or regret the money you have yourself spent on it, and turn, if you must read Lord Morley, to his Condorcet, his Turgot or his Joseph de Maistre, where he is upon ground upon which he can walk with confidence, and which he should never have forsaken.

Having made this effort, you come upon passage after passage which shows that there is an order of thought, a whole point of view, which is utterly beyond the range of Lord Morley's appreciation. One instance must suffice: In the course of a conversation, which Lord Morley noted at the time and now reports:

Lyall said much about Stevenson, his prose how excellent—his flexible sentence, apt vocabulary, unexpectedness without affectation, strong effects without toilsome and accumulated strokes, delicacy without

literary minuet-dancing. Concentration too, and real things, not piles of words. Mirth and a classical contentment are the essence of the better kind of art.

Lord Morley's reply was:—

Is this true of Millet? I don't see his classical contentment, though I have always delighted to live with examples of his work. I agree, all the same, about Stevenson being subtle, ingenious, humane, sensible, finished, but somewhat wanting the note of great literature, Defoe, Goldsmith, Cervantes. Why?

I put it to any lover of Stevenson whether a single one of Lord Morley's adjectives, or all of them together, represent the real charm of Stevenson to him.

It is of a piece with the rest of Lord Morley's mind that, while he takes credit for the breadth and tolerance of his thought, yet he is, and does not perceive that he is, as rigidly orthodox along his own lines as any Churchman. With agnosticism as a habit of thought I have no quarrel whatever. But I do object (if the verbal contradiction may be forgiven) to an agnostic creed. A narrowly orthodox agnostic is a more unlovely person than a narrowly orthodox theologian. Lord Morley's mind, for all his agnosticism and his "free thought," is essentially theological; an "inverted theologian" the *Times* once called him. Consider such a passage as this:—

In 1902 he (Herbert Spencer) published a little fragment opening with the admission common to the old, that for years past when watching the unfolding buds in the spring, or awakened at dawn by the song of the thrush, the thought arose whether ever again either of these delights would greet his eye or ear. Then he goes on: "After contemplating the inscrutable relation between brain and consciousness, and finding that we can get no evidence of the existence of the last without the activity of the first, we seem obliged to relinquish the thought that consciousness continues after physical organization has become inactive. But it seems a strange and repugnant conclusion that with the cessation of consciousness at death, there ceases to be any knowledge of having existed. With his last breath it becomes to each the same as though it had never lived." This moving hint of difficulties in discarding the accepted tradition in that solemn enigma was due to the impression made upon him by certain new speculations as to Space. The mysteries of the objects presented to our

senses, he says, may be explained by Creation or by Evolution, but Theist and Agnostic must agree in recognizing the properties of Space as inherent, eternal, uncreated—as anteceding either creation or evolution. It is impossible to imagine how the Geometry of Position came into existence. The consciousness that without origin or cause infinite Space has ever existed and must ever exist, produces in me a feeling from which I shrink.

Natural, pathetic, and in its implications sublime even as this was, it seemed like *a weakening of Agnostic orthodoxy*. It made some of the narrower or the firmer of us quake. After doing my best to find light on the geometry of position, I wrote to tell him that *the gospel of the Unknowable appeared to be in peril of heresy*, like so many other gospels, and I proposed a visit to Brighton. Though he was not in full strength, he had with his usual conscientious kindness, prepared some clear diagrams, the force of which he lucidly explained. I listened closely, took his points, or thought I did, and could only object something about Space after all being no more than a subjective impression. With flashing eye and astounded gesture as if hearing the incredible, he exclaimed, "Then you have turned a Kantian, have you?" I saw that things could be carried no further, so *with remorse in my heart* I quitted him.

Why remorse? Is not the whole passage the reflection of a rigid theologian? Lord Morley goes on:—

I am reminded by this of a passage in correspondence with a certain philosophic confederate, though Spencer would have fought hard against being called anybody's confederate in terms without rigorous qualifications. It was in 1883 that Huxley wrote to me (the letter is printed in his *Life*):

It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way.

My answer to his query I cannot recall; *that it was a negative is certain*, perhaps supported by a reference to Lucretius' world-famed Third Book, or Pliny's ironic reproach of *avida nunquam desinere mortalitas*; or our English—

> Men must endure
> Their going hence even as their coming thither;
> Ripeness is all.

However thoroughly we may agree with Lord Morley's admiration of Lucretius, we are tempted to wonder what quotations from anyone have to do with such a question as Huxley's, or how they can "support" either a negative or an affirmative answer. Yet, when we have finished these volumes, we feel that the reply is precisely in character; and that it is as much in Lord Morley's way to think that he had answered such a question, or, at least, that his answer had been "supported," by an apposite quotation from some writer of approved "Agnostic orthodoxy," as it is in the way of some others of similar cast of mind to think that like questions are satisfactorily disposed of by an appropriate text from the Bible or the Fathers.

I have tried to indicate some of the qualities which make this to me an unattractive, a disappointing, even an irritating book. But I conclude from my reading only that Lord Morley should never have tried to write it, and that his admirers should abstain from reading it. I am far from concluding that the real man is as he appears in these volumes. The facts are against it. So humourless, so correctly complacent a person could not have been tolerated, much less welcomed by Meredith, Huxley, Leslie Stephen and Chamberlain. He could not (though some devout reader of the *Spectator* may maintain that the example of Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey is against this deduction) have gathered and held together as editor of the *Fortnightly Review* so notable and independent a staff. He could not have worked in politics so long, so successfully and with so little friction among colleagues of so many different types. He could not have won from so outspoken a person as Lord Salisbury the praise that, though the most direct of opponents, he did not provoke animosity. He could not have laboured without explosion through the drafting of Irish bills with Rigby, who "has two faults of which I am above all others impatient; he is deliberately slow, and violently emphatic." He could not, as Secretary of State for India, have carried on with Lord Minto, the Viceroy, the firm and friendly correspondence which he here reprints.

Rather I conclude that the impression left by these volumes must arise from the failure of an ill-advised and self-conscious attempt at literary self-expression in an untried form; and the real man must be he who did accomplish all this, and who, upon Chamberlain's hasty threat of an open breach with him upon a speech foreshadowing Home Rule, wrote this letter:—

December 28, 1885.

As to my speech, I certainly do not complain of you for stating your mind frankly.

On the drift and substance of the speech I only make this remark, that it goes a very little way indeed beyond your own passage on Ireland in your speech of December 17, and that it lays down not one proposition which is not necessary to make a case for your own project of a National Council. As for the opportuneness of my deliverance, I did not see why the public or the party should suppose that we all agree with Hartington and Goschen, and all disagree with Mr. Gladstone about Ireland. Many of us don't, and then was the time for somebody to say so.

The more interesting question, however, is not whether I was right or wrong, but whether I was so violently and outrageously wrong as to justify you in announcing to me the end of our political connection, and your intention of proclaiming the fact on some convenient occasion to the public. I remember that you said something of the same kind because I voted against the Government once on the Soudan business. I did not think it wise then, and I don't think it wise to-day, that you should bring the thunders of excommunication into play whenever we do not take precisely the same view of things. Ah, but, you say, you have "felt for a long time" that we have been "drifting apart." This amazes me. I should have thought that we had never worked together more cordially than during the last four months. And indeed it is not more than three or four weeks since you wrote to me in very kind and handsome terms, expressive of your sense of the way in which I had stuck to you. Frankly, then, I cannot conceive what you mean.

Excommunication won't be the death of me—but it will certainly destroy much of the relish of public life for me. On the other hand, I am equally sure that when your own day arrives, much of its satisfaction will be lost if you have let go one of your best allies on the road. I submit that you should not be in such a hurry to sever old political connections. As you know, I have no sort of ambition to be an admiral of the fleet. But I'll be hanged if I'll be powder-monkey. I have thought, read, written about Ireland all my life. Here comes a crisis. Am I to be debarred from saying what I think—saying it, mind you, as I did at Newcastle, in partic-

ularly careful, sober, well-weighed words? Are the Tories and the Whigs to say what they like, and I to stand by in silent acquiescence? Well, I won't. Don't be too exacting. We may part company over Irish affairs before they are done. The journey will be trying. But it's childish for men like you and me to quarrel at the first jolt.

We need not say any more, need we? When I read in the newspapers your threatened advertisement that you will "no longer be responsible for my debts," it will be time enough for me to consider.

Meanwhile, I have had a capital lunch on the admirable caucus oyster (he had made us a present of a Christmas barrel for several years). I am full of hearty good feeling and good wishes for you and your youngsters —and I will not at once let go the hope that the future of our friendship may be of a piece with the past.

The man of these *Recollections* could never have written that.

CHRISTOPHER C. ROBINSON

OXFORD AND THE REST OF THE WORLD

OXFORD and its methods are so little understood by the Canadians I have met, while at the same time, previous to the outbreak of war, it played such a part in moulding the character of the governing classes in Great Britain, India, and the Colonies, that it seems worth while to attempt to visualize the University which Cecil Rhodes knew was representative of England—an England of ideals, of manly exercise, of consideration for one's neighbours, of intelligent citizenship, and of practical scholarship.

The Oxford of my own most intimate acquaintance has passed away. The Rhodes scholars had not yet arrived, for this was twenty years ago. But Oxford had even then a sprinkling of undergraduates whom the Englishmen termed Colonials—Canadians, South Africans, Australians, with a few Americans, though only a few—less indeed than one could find at almost any German University. The coloured students were mostly identified with Balliol, although Christ Church had a Prince of Siam about whom the following legend was current. According to the Statutes every undergraduate must pass an examination on Holy Scripture, popularly known as "Divinners." The Siamese Prince in question on receiving the information that he had passed this examination, cabled the glad news to his father. That Monarch is said to have cabled the reply, "Congratulations. In honour of your success have sacrificed three hundred virgins."

The vast majority of the undergraduates, however, came from the English public and grammar schools—Winchester, Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Lancing, Shrewsbury, Marlborough, Repton, Charterhouse, Malvern, Westminster, Tonbridge, Haileybury, Dulwich, and St. Paul's. On the football field one realized that the Scotch schools Fettes, Loretto, and

Merchiston had sent their quota, while the scholars and exhibitioners usually included a notable contingent from the Scottish Universities. At Jesus College, the language in common use was reputed to be Welsh.

Nineteen to twenty-three were the years set apart for Oxford in the life of those who could afford the privilege. Sweet Seventeen might be the age when womanhood first sipped the wine of life, but Nineteen sparkled brightest to the young Englishman as he drove from the station to his college gates and found his name upon a college staircase. On arriving at the gate, with the aid of a Head Porter, and a Lesser Porter, and a still lesser Messenger to whose kindly assistance were added probably a Scout and a Scout's Boy, he at last reached the outer oak door, and then the inner door, and beyond that the very rooms of his long anticipated heaven.

After which he sank into a rather treacherous armchair before an open fire thoughtfully lighted by the aforementioned Scout's Boy on the instructions of the aforementioned Scout, at the suggestion of the aforesaid Messenger, it being probably one of those raw grey days which only an English youth of nineteen just entering Oxford could ever consider his first day in heaven.

In summer perhaps, with the sunshine piercing the clouds and flooding the towers and spires, Oxford might be the "Silver City" of the poet's vision, but from October to early spring, from the last falling leaf of the Virginia Creeper upon St. Mary's porch to the earliest lilac in the gardens of St. Johns, it was a city of dark greys and leaden skies. Youth alone filled the quadrangles and the playing fields and the river with bright energy and colour, beat down the fatal miasma with the flail of almost perpetual motion.

Yoshio Markino, the Japanese artist, refers to this pathetically:—

"In the spring of 1908, I was in Paris. It was raining and raining and raining. All my French friends told me it was 'quite exceptional weather.' Last winter, I was in Rome. We had plenty of rain there again. All my Italian

friends told me that was 'quite exceptional weather.' Again, this time in Oxford, we had twenty-seven rainy days in Oxford in one month. But the people down there told me that was 'quite the ordinary weather' of Oxford, and I was so glad to meet with the ordinary weather of the place at last. Nevertheless, Oxford people were grumbling at the weather like anything! I was rather surprised to see the Christians should complain so much against their God.

"I often prefer the rainy day. Its effect is so nice for pictures. But the rain in Oxford was something extraordinary. Its dampness; its effect on my poor rheumatism!

"Look at all those old buildings there. Each stone has got such terrible rheumatism."

Each of the English public schools had its traditions and colours, but the clannishness which might keep old schoolmates together was broken up by the new asssociations formed within each particular college. In my time, at any rate, it was not considered "good form" for any undergraduate to frequent the company of men senior to his own year, and "good form" was the dominating rule of Oxford life.

Sport played a notable part in breaking up the school cliques—particularly rowing, which to many was a science acquired only at the University. The accomplished Coach had the happy knack of making the self-satisfied freshman realize that he was a babe who after a thousand years might be permitted to go in a rowboat with a nurse. Once reduced to a true understanding of his place in the universe, the aforesaid freshman could be trained into the modesty and harmonious motion which wasted not an ounce of misdirected energy—his whole being attuned to a common effort.

Rowing, I have heard described by an American baseball fan as the finest form of sport next to knitting. Yet rowing, as practised at Oxford, meant more than being part of a machine. Exercising every muscle of the body, it gave a vitality to the human frame which no other form of exercise could equal. It meant a course of rigorous physical training —early to bed, early to rise—no stimulants or tobacco. It

brought home as no other sport could the value of teamwork. Of all sports, moreover, it was the most social. If one secured a place in the crew for Torpids or Eights, it meant being thrown for the month of training into closest comradeship with nine other men—the seven others who rowed, the cox, and the coach—men of different antecedents, tastes, and idiosyncracies. It meant getting acquainted with twenty or thirty more, for each crew was entertained in turn to a meal by other members of the College.

Because it was so pre-eminently the social sport, rowing was the sport *par excellence* at Oxford. And it was because he was so unsocial that the Smug, or purely reading man, was so unpopular. The spirit of Oxford was that men should meet and mix—"the proper study of mankind is man;" the man who closeted himself with books was missing his opportunity; he could do as much at home or in a library. Cecil Rhodes understood this when he gave a liberal allowance to his scholars. It was possible to get through Oxford on $750.00 a year. The Rhodes allowance was $1500, enough to cover the natural cost of social intercourse.

The extent to which sport was indulged in at both Oxford and Cambridge was due to the climate, which made the exercise of the liver a necessity to any one who wished to escape a suicidal tendency. The hardy Northman who could thrive on ten hours work a day in Edinburgh or Aberdeen found five hours study all he could stand in the humid atmosphere of Oxford, and learnt to relegate his heavy reading to the vacations. He also succumbed to the pleasant doctrine that there was as much education to be gained from the exchange of thought in conversation and debate as from book learning, and spent two or three evenings a week, either in clubs or round the fireside, in argument and discussion, which he would have thought almost criminal waste of time in the more Spartan North.

Once at least the residents on each college staircase were supposed to entertain each other to a meal, and though the entertainment might not be repeated, the habit of hospitality

grew apace—there being no dearth of domestic help to give an excuse for isolation. Breakfast, which up till now at home might have meant an unhappy rush through ham and eggs, now became an hour and a half of social entertainment. Luncheon was less of an affair except in Eights Week or on special visitations, as experience soon proved that exercise was best taken on a light stomach. But afternoon tea, without which England would not have been England, was a highly social institution. Add to these the common dinner in hall, and the usual half hour of coffee and gossip in the Junior Common Room, and you soon had most of the awkward corners rubbed off.

So, too, with the elder generations.

The social atmosphere in which the Oxford don himself had grown tended to make him exceptionally considerate and catholic. Whereas a prize fellowship was awarded strictly on scholarship, a tutorial fellowship was allotted preferably to such as were likely to be congenial and sympathetic both to the undergraduate and to their associates in the Senior Common Room.

Such latitude would have been impossible in a State University, but Oxford accepted no State aid, its funds being provided entirely from endowments and fees. The total income of the University itself did not exceed $400,000, the chief expenses being borne by the individual colleges, most of which owed their income to rents from land.

Previous to the war two hundred graduates each year, or one-fourth of those who completed three years curriculum, took orders in the Church of England. This was tangible evidence of the religious element in Oxford life, although the Church by no means dominated the University. Indeed the spirit of Wolsey, who cut off two arches from the nave of Christ Church Cathedral in order to make a fine quadrangle, was more than ever prevalent—and the monastic rules which governed the appointment and life of the fellows had disappeared. "Dominus Illuminatio Mea," the motto of Oxford, I should translate as "The Lord is my Lantern"—for religion

at the University was now more a light in the darkness than the sunlight pervading all daily activity.

The attitude of the undergraduate to religion was more negative than positive. It was permissible to be an agnostic, but it was "bad form" to make light of religion, in that ridicule of this nature might wound another man's intimate susceptibilities. Religion was not considered a suitable subject for argument. The Church of England was the overwhelmingly predominant sect, but did not engage in controversy with, for instance, the Congregationalists at Mansfield—it simply ignored them. The English, of course, admitted that the Scotch were entitled, if they chose, to their own dogma and lack of ritual, but then in their hearts they considered the Scotch merely as interesting barbarians.

Some, indeed, found in morning chapel only an alibi, or at most an excuse for getting out of bed. To others it was an essential purification of the spirit. Such were of a type of mind which was intoxicated with this debauch of English Gothic. Fortunate they deemed themselves that such architecture should be the cradle of their adolescence.

In truth one needed no religion to feel the magic of these old buildings—the architecture into which had been built the dreams of great designers and sympathetic craftsmen, the College chapel and cathedral windows rich with the colour of imaginative men, the tracing in stone more delicate and durable than lace.

From Oxford itself adventurous journeys soon were made into the surrounding country—to the fine sanctuary of the Abbey Church at Dorchester, the cloisters at Ewelme, the Village Cross and Benedictine Church at Eynsham, the remains of the great Monastery at Abingdon, the Manor of Stanton Harcourt, and the old mural paintings at Southleigh Church. There the more serious learned to visualize the history of Norman and Tudor England, with their Kings and Crusaders, Bishops and Barons, Churchmen and Craftsmen in a way that books could never do. They began to realize as never before how far into the past reached the roots of the

present, and felt themselves kin to the Knights Templars who in white mantle and red cross kept the Pilgrims Road from Sandford to the Holy Sepulchre. After three or four years of such an atmosphere, the Oxford man might perhaps be pardoned for hesitating to remember his Creator in a tin tabernacle.

To those who looked upon education as a preparation for earning a livelihood, Oxford might well be considered an expensive failure. Although the undergraduate was kept in a state of tutelage from the day he entered to the day three or four years later when he went down, the last thing that his mentors asked of him was his intended profession—a question which I find is printed in the form of entrance for Upper Canada College. The curriculum was to them a thing in itself. They were there to train the mind, not to provide a means of making money; and since comparatively few of the graduates they turned out fell into notorious poverty, they continued in their world apart. An exceptional scholar might win a fellowship, a first class honours man was practically sure of getting a place in the Home or Indian Civil Service, the second and third class men might count upon the Law, Schoolmasterships or the Church, and the pass men did not come to the University at all unless they had private means. As Englishmen these pass men claimed the right to do as they pleased, trusting that when the time came to get anything done they could pay some one to do it.

In this airy indifference to incomes, the Oxford dons were quite in keeping with their circumstances. Until the fateful August, 1914, England had a large leisured class which provided nearly half the 3,000 undergraduates that the colleges at Oxford could maintain. The other half had scholarships or exhibitions granted by school or college in more or less open competition to the less well-to-do. There were other Universities for those who wished to cash in on their degrees. Oxford had an ideal of its own—to give men culture not qualifications, train them to use their intellects, not study markets. In that training of the intellect, however impractical the

Oxford ideals might seem to the Canadian, the Oxford methods were to my mind wonderfully efficient—much more calculated to excite active original brain work in the student than the methods current in Scottish or German Universities. They were expensive methods, because they required more teachers, and teachers prepared to give more time to their teaching than the Scots or German professor—but so long as there were pupils to pay and endowments to provide, why should Oxford care?

The undergradute taking the regular honours course in Arts or Litterae Humaniores had lectures prescribed for him two or, at the most, three a day—one of which would probably be delivered in his own college. In addition he would have a private hour once a week with each of two tutors up to the half way examinations called "Mods," and after that with each of three tutors till the final examination of "Greats." In his last term he could probably have no lectures at all—his whole time being devoted to gathering up the threads of his previous work.

The History School was conducted very much along the same lines.

The advantage of the tutorial system was that the student very soon found both that he could not shirk his reading, and also that he must think for himself. The tutor set a thesis on the reading which he thought the student could cover in a week, expected him to bring an essay taking fifteen or twenty minutes to read, and spent the remainder of the hour in cross-examination. On any philosophic subject, his tendency at first was to be strictly critical and destructive, demolishing the youthful arguments with his wider knowledge of the contra, and leaving it to the last year to give the constructive philosophy in which he presumably himself believed. The result was that the undergraduate really digested his books, learnt to answer both sides of any case, acquired the habit of logical thinking necessary to maintain his point of view against that taken by his tutor, and at the end of his fourth year came out with a mind trained to deal

promptly and effectively with any subject the material for which could be obtained from books or documents. Hence as politicians, publicists, lawyers, and civil service executives, the Oxford graduates had little difficulty in holding their own; and as these comprised the governing classes in England the supremacy of the Oxford method can be more readily understood.

The method and aims of classical study at Oxford in my time were totally opposed to those adopted by German Universities. Oxford concerned herself with the spirit, while Germany endeavoured to restore the letter of the ancient languages. While the German graduate and even undergraduate considered himself an authority on *Text Kritik* and the science of correct readings, the Oxford man was wrestling with the philosophic theories or interpretations of history handed down by Aristotle and Plato, Herodotus and Thucydides. His interest in Greek was not so much in the form of speech as in the thought expressed, an expression which might throw light on modern social problems. Greek language might be dead, but Greek thought was eternal. The modern German, therefore, decried the Oxford man as a poor scholar, while the Oxford man ranked the German as a mere scholiast. The German wrote more books, the Oxford man made a better citizen.

Although so far as money-making was concerned, the Oxford curriculum was divorced from practical life, it was closely associated with current English politics, so that the undergraduate who could not intelligently discuss the questions of the day was as rare as a snake in Ireland. Quite a number came to Oxford with the ultimate intention of taking up politics as their career—taking as school subjects history and political science, and training themselves for the public platform and the House of Commons by practice in debate at the Union Society or at the more select debating clubs such as the Palmerston, the Canning, or the Russell. Most of the Colleges had their own smaller clubs, and economic problems were discussed at intercollege circles such as the Fabian

Society and the Social Science Club. Oxford was the nursery and suburb of Westminster, and the London papers with their intense political atmosphere pervaded the apparently serene quadrangles. The Union was certainly a trying school for any one but the thick-skinned. In the midst of a fervid period, members of the audience who thought they had had enough entertainment for one evening would rise and walk out of the hall. No crime was greater than to be dull. Raise a laugh, and you at least got a hearing, if only for three minutes, with the chance that after a while you would be known well enough to get a place upon the paper.

Although in English life politics was still considered to be rather a career than a profession, in which the rewards came rather as honours than as income, and the clever sons aimed at the House of Commons as a family tradition, these were no doubt wise to keep it in the family as long as they could. It pays a landed gentry to control the land laws.

Although, however, the majority of those who followed politics at Oxford were sons of Tory fathers, they were by no means of necessity Tory themselves. In my own last two years at Oxford, three Presidents of the Union were members of the Fabian Society or professing Socialists. The State control of essential industries had an irresistible fascination for the youthful student of economics. Ignorance of practical experience, and of the men and women who were the product of a hundred thousand years of strength for existence, made State Socialism a plausible solution of the social ills he knew or read about. The youth of twenty fancied the rest of the world as eager and ingenuous as himself, particularly if he himself had never had to earn a wage. He dreamed of a simple State with all men equal, working six hours a day at tasks congenial to their nature, each task being of an equal social value and entitled to an equal wage. Until he got out into the world and found by grim experience how complex was the social fabric, particularly in a country such as England, importing more than half her foods, transforming raw material from one country into the

finished product for another, divided into caste due to waves of immigration, conquest, and invasion, separated into sects traditionally hostile, bearing the burden of imperial ambition which had brought black and red and yellow races under its hospitable flag—until he even tried to work out one small practical reform, he believed in a possible Utopia.

When, therefore, the undergradute signed himself a Socialist, it merely meant that he was warm-hearted and unselfish. It meant that he had come to feel he was a citizen, not merely the son of his father spending one to five thousand dollars a year to pass the time. He had sensed his responsibility—he was no longer a schoolboy, but a man ready to take his place in the State.

Naturally his theories had some effect upon his actions. He might even change his tailor when he found that worthy was not on the White List of those who paid a living wage to their employees. He spoke with less contempt of "Toshers," those much misunderstood unfortunates who for lack of funds had joined the University without belonging to a College. He probably began to take his work more seriously, feeling that he ought if possible to earn his living instead of sponging indefinitely on his father.

Although its critics have described Oxford as the home of lost causes, it should just as fairly be credited as the nursery of new movements. The University Extension Movement is one such—a movement which placed the ablest teachers in the University at the service of wage earners in the great industrial centres. The University Settlement movement dates from the Oxford days of Ruskin, William Morris, and Toynbee. Oxford was the first University in England to welcome a Chair of Colonial History. Whatever new movement might stir the social or political body of England, Oxford has provided its protagonists just as readily as its antagonists. In the history of the English Church, Oxford indeed has been the cradle of schism and reform.

If Oxford had been merely the home of lost causes, could such a man as Cecil Rhodes deliberately have chosen it to be

the executor of his ideals? Rhodes' affection for Oxford was not merely that of a sentimental youth. His years of residence as an undergraduate were from 23 to 25, and during his long vacations he was engaged in high finance in South Africa, arranging the merger between De Beers and the larger diamond fields of Kimberley. In the year he took his degree he was a member of the Cape Ministry. His dream was to see South Africa and indeed the rest of the world dominated by British ideals of government; and those ideals, based in their ultimate intuition on the finest Greek political philosophy, were, as he knew, well taught at Oxford. It was at Oriel that he himself learned to love Aristotle. In his famous will Rhodes stated among other things:—

"I consider that the education of young Colonists at one of the Universities in the United Kingdom is of great advantage to them for giving breadth to their views, for their instruction in life and manners, and for instilling into their minds the advantage to the colonies as well as to the United Kingdom of the retention of the Unity of the Empire."

In his rules for guidance in the selection of scholars, Rhodes took essentially the Oxford point of view. "My desire," he said, "being that the students who shall be elected to the scholarships shall not be mere bookworms, I direct that in the election of a student to a scholarship, regard shall be had to:

(1) His literary and scholastic attainments.

(2) His fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports such as cricket, football, and the like.

(3) His qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship.

(4) His exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates, for those latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim."

The great Examination Schools are now a hospital, and the grey quadrangles and quiet rooms of most of the colleges filled either with convalescent officers or with aviators who are being trained in the new art of flying. Many of the older dons are for the time being Government officials on war work —the younger dons are now nearly all in khaki. As for the undergraduates, the outbreak of the war showed where was the heart of Young England. The story has best been told in the verses by Winifred Letts, the fittest ending I can think of to this brief resumé:

They left the peaceful river,
  The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
  To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
  For country and for God.

God rest you happy, gentlemen,
  Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
  Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
  Than even Oxford town.

J. M. Gibbon

THE FREE DRAMA

"OH, we haven't much money, but we do see Life," sang the Junior Probationer under her breath, as she hurried down the dark corridor with the needles, tubes, etc., necessary for emergency saline injections.

The Staff Nurse met her at the door of the women's ward.

"Cut that out," she muttered roughly, "or it will be Death, not Life, you'll see to-night."

"Oh, who?" with quick interest, half human, half professional.

"Little Mrs. Colson."

They hurried into the ward.

It was a small "Cottage Hospital" in the south-east of London, close to Woolwich, the lure of whose arsenal gave to night duty in the neighbourhood the zest of ever imminent Zeppelin raids.

This afternoon had been their weekly "Op Day," when the big Harley St. surgeon motored down in his low-slung, grey roadster, performed with dexterous speed the week's operating, and whizzed back again to central London.

Cottage hospitals have no resident physicians. They have their surgeon, and three or four local "Visiting Physicians," who give their services free, a week at a time. A little wooden board in the front hall has printed on it, "Visiting Physician for the Week," and beneath this is put the name of the medical man who that week makes daily rounds, and to whom the matron 'phones should any emergency arise.

To-night an emergency had arisen. The night nurses came on at nine o'clock—only three, a Staff Nurse, or "Sister," a regular "Junior Probationer," for the women's ward, and the "Special Military Probationer" for the men's ward.

The Staff Nurse had gone on duty with a question as to the day's "ops."

"Oh, two of them fine, but afraid Mrs. Colson'll peg out."

Mrs. Colson had undergone a strenuous operating-table overhauling for "adhesions," consequent upon previous operations. On the table conditions had been found hopeless. It had been a heart-breaking discovery, for the nurses had grown to love the quiet little patient waiting for her operation.

The day nurses disappeared. In the men's ward the Military Probationer was "darkening" for the night, after having read the day report, and administered hot milk and an occasional aspirin. In the women's ward the Staff Nurse and irrepressible little Junior Probationer busied themselves behind the scarlet screens that encircled Mrs. Colson. The foot of the bed had been raised about fifteen inches. The lips of the Staff Nurse tightened as she placed her fingers on the patient's wrist.

"Call Matron," she muttered.

The Junior Probationer departed, returning in a moment, preceded by the Matron in her traditional navy lustre, muslin collar and cuffs, and lace-frilled cap.

The Matron looked sharply at the patient's waxy unconsciousness, felt her pulse, then turned to the Junior Probationer.

"Phone Dr. Hodgkins. Tell him 'urgent.'"

The Probationer departed.

Quickly the Matron and Staff Nurse plunged the long saline needles into the thighs, giving also hypodermics of strychnine and atropine.

Little Mrs. Colson's eyelids fluttered, her lips moved slightly. The Staff Nurse bent and caught the faint words—

"My last operation . . . all right now . . . I shall walk . . . the London surgeon said I would."

Then the ashen lids dropped heavily, as the Probationer re-entered the ward. The Matron beckoned her.

"Phone Mr. Colson at once. Tell him 'urgent.'"

The Staff Nurse looked at the Matron. Their eyes met over the unconscious patient, and they shook their heads.

"Hope the husband gets here in time. Ah, here's Dr. Hodgkins."

The "Visiting Medical Man" hurried to the bed. After one glance he shrugged significantly. Even as he bent over her, she gurgled slightly and was dead.

"Too bad, too bad," muttered the physician and turned away.

The Matron accompanied him into the hall, where they loitered to discuss a severe case of pneumonia.

The Junior Probationer opened the street door for Mr. Colson. He was a humble, respectable, little upper tradesman, who had called to see his wife with matter-of-fact regularity. But to-night he was visibly disturbed. He stared frightenedly at the blue and white probationer, and something in his bearded, shabby silence struck the usual smile off her lips. She saw the Matron and the "Visiting Physician" walking slowly down the corridor, and she understood. She turned to the mangy little tradesman, who stood fidgeting with his cap, distressed fear in his eyes. Her throat tightened. She caught the little man by his arm and guided him into the reception room.

"Please come in here. Matron wants to speak to you," she said softly.

He allowed himself to be pushed into the room, only his frightened eyes sending up a sort of impotent protest. As she looked at him, the thought struck her—"Why, he looks like a stuck pig"—and hating herself for the hideous comparison, she left him.

"Matron," she said, "Mr. Colson is in there."

The Matron nodded curtly to her, smiled sweetly to the departing physician, and walked into the tiny reception room. Without closing the door, she said softly, not unkindly, "I am sorry to have to tell you that your wife died ten minutes ago."

Outside in the corridor the Junior Probationer heard her distinctly.

"Exactly the words and the tone she used to that 'bus conductor whose wife died last week. Suppose that's what they call 'professional manner,'" thought the Junior Probationer.

The shabby little tradesman made no reply. In the dark corridor the Junior Probationer shivered at the silence, then suddenly there was a burst of smothered sobbing.

She smiled—"That's better"—and hurried back to her ward.

From the scarlet screens surrounding the deathbed the Staff Nurse looked out frowningly.

"Hurry," she muttered, "and be careful. If Ethel suspects, she'll throw one of her hysteric fits. Quick—bandages—I've nearly finished the washing."

The Junior Probationer moved quickly to the dressing table, returning with several gauze bandages about three inches wide. She was only a Junior Probationer, but she knew what width were mortality's last requirements in the bandage line.

She handed these noiselessly behind the red screens.

"Nurse! Nurse!" came from a distant bed.

The Junior Probationer hurried to the call.

"Hush, Ethel, you'll wake the ward."

Ethel was slender, young, hysterical, and a heart case. Her cheap little cockney soul fluttered in imminent hysteria behind her sore-looking eyes, as she stretched forth a trembling hand and caught the blue sleeve of the nurse.

"Nurse," she begged softly, 'she's not—she's not, oh," with a hysterical giggle, "oh, nurse, she's not *dead*?"

The Junior Probationer stared scornfully at her. "Do you think we would be giving her salines and dressing her side again if she were?"

"Oh," whimpered the little cockney, "Oh, but, nurse, she ain't made move or moan for well night twenty minutes. Oh, Lord, what a life!"

"'Tis a bit of a bore, Ethel, when you go on like this. Of course, she hasn't moaned. We gave her a hypodermic. Now settle down, and be quiet, it's nearly eleven." Automatically she rearranged the heart girl's innumerable pillows, and covered her carefully.

As she regained the scarlet screens, she asked the staff nurse gently, "Can I help you?"

"Can you help me?" witheringly. "And did you ever hear of *one* nurse doing a laying out? You go and get Holcomb—these Military Probationers wouldn't hurt themselves if they did a bit extra—and tell her that there's no one very bad in her ward, so she'd better come here to keep an eye on these women. They're all on edge about Mrs. Colson. Tell her she'll hear her bells here."

"All right."

The Junior Probationer ran lightly down the corridor to the men's ward.

"Nurse Holcomb," she whispered to the dignified girl who rose to meet her, "your men are all asleep?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're to come and sit in our ward in case any of the women get fidgety while Sister and I are laying out Mrs. Colson."

"Oh, how terrible! You poor child!" murmured the Military Probationer.

The Junior Probationer shrugged. "All in the night's work," she said, as they walked down the corridor. "Rather lay out a poor stiff, than have to tell the husband about it. Here, you sit there at the table, and quiet any of them that move." She pointed the Military Probationer to a centre table on which stood a red-hooded lamp and the report book, then she slipped behind the scarlet screens.

Never a word, save whispered directions necessary to their task, passes between nurses as they swiftly perform their final service to the body. The Junior Probationer's constitutional grin collapsed as she bandaged together the

poor wasted legs. She did it deftly as one of considerable experience.

As she assisted the Staff Nurse in binding up the jaw, and in closing the staring eyes, she bit her lips. So this was everything! Sooner or later it all came to this. She remembered how often she had shouted loudly in the nurses' home —"Have a good time, girls, for when you're dead, you're dead," and her chum, Nurse Blount, at present on day duty, would laugh back—"Yes, and you're a d—— long time dead."

It would be rather nice if the religious people were right. "Anyway," she thought with a grim chuckle, "if they're wrong, they'll never know the laugh was on them."

"Now," whispered the Staff Nurse, and together they lifted the body on to the "trolley," or wheeled stretcher, beside the bed; they drew and adjusted with geometrical precision a fresh, clean sheet covering all, and the Junior Probationer wondered why, often as she had assisted in the death drama, always she shuddered at this final tableau—a few yards of spotless linen draping with sculptured precision the straightened, finished body.

"Now," again whispered the Staff Nurse, "we've got to get her out without them suspecting."

"Lucky her bed is next the door," said the Junior Probationer.

"Don't be an ass," rejoined the Staff Nurse, "it's not luck, but good management. Here, you run out and tell that Ethel girl, if she is awake, that Mrs. Colson is worse, and we are moving her into a private ward, and that she is not to make a fuss and wake the others."

Dutifully the Junior Probationer informed the wakeful little cockney, who received the explanation with sullen suspicion.

Then the scarlet screens were supplemented until they enclosed a passage to the adjacent door. As the Staff Nurse and Junior Probationer began gingerly to manœuvre the wheeled stretcher out of the doorway, a sudden terrific

explosion boomed out on the stillness of the darkened corridors.

The Junior Probationer jumped.

"Guns!" she whispered tensely.

Again a crashing roar split the air, this time louder, closer.

"Oh, lordy, *zepps*!" with almost joyous expectancy, "gee, I'm glad I'm on night."

Then a bugle rang out clear, followed by more explosions.

"Come on," admonished the Staff Nurse, "we can't leave this in the corridor, and if there's going to be a confusion, we've got to get back from the mortuary before the fuss."

They wheeled the "trolley" swiftly down the dark corridor, which, to comply with the stringent zeppelin rulings, was lit only by an infinitesimal night light at each end.

As the grim little pair wheeled their grimmer third around a corner, a deafening thunder burst forth—the crash of falling bombs and the angry retort of the anti-aircraft guns.

The Junior Probationer gave a little cry.

"Don't be a fool," muttered the older nurse.

"Well, you jammed my hand against the corner of the wall, and skinned all my knuckles," snapped the other.

The Staff Nurse unbolted the door to the garden, for they were on the ground floor.

"Come on," she whispered.

They wheeled their "trolley" out into the garden.

"Gosh, pipe the fireworks," gasped the Junior Probationer, pointing to the blazing lattice-work of crossing searchlights, through which shifting pattern burst and spluttered various explosions.

"Say, you watch your step there," called the Staff Nurse sharply, as the Junior Probationer tripped in turning a corner of the garden path.

"Oh, lordy," gasped the Junior Probationer as she recovered herself, "pretty how-d'ye-do that—supposin' I had gone a header, and spilt," her face dropped, "*her*!"

They wheeled their rolling trolley with its white sheeted statue down the narrow garden path. There was no need to use the ward electric torch, which, by habit for such occasions,

the Staff Nurse held, for the searchlights lit the garden with grim mockery of one dead woman.

"Poor little Mrs. Colson," sighed the Junior Probationer. "Them zepps might have let hers be the big show to-night."

Surely in death one should be a transient centre of tragic speculation, but the zepps, with their slaughter and melodrama, had dwarfed into the commonplace a mere civilian's natural exit.

Open the mortuary door. Quickly, but respectfully, huddle the trolley in, lift the statue under the white sheet on to the marble slab before the tawdry little altar, rearrange the tragic severity of the white folds, push the trolley, now light and safe for the most casual handling, out again into the garden, lock the mortuary door on the little woman who apologized only this afternoon for making trouble for the nurses, and hurry back along the garden path at an excited little jog trot to calm the terrified patients.

The Junior Probationer laughed nervously.

"Glad we got her there without a spill," she muttered.

The roads were lined with soldiers. Every street lamp had been extinguished, but the searchlights and other aerial fireworks showed a line of khaki on either curb.

"Gee, look at the Tommies," cried the Junior Probationer.

"Of course, didn't you hear the bugle calling them out almost immediately after the first bomb? Hurry along, I bet Ethel is throwing a heart attack."

"Oh, that's all right. I strapped the oxygen cylinder to the bedpost at her head before we left."

"Good."

They entered the hospital, encountering the Matron and day nurses in various interpretations of negligee.

Two soldiers with leg wounds had donned dressing gowns and hobbled on crutches to the door.

The Staff Nurse regarded them severely.

"Atkinson," she said to a tall Australian whose left heel had been blown off by shrapnel, "go back to bed, or you'll get a knock on your foot and break down the tissues."

"Aw, now, Sister, don't be hard on a chap. Think I could lie in bed with Fritz dropping forget-me-nots outside? Not much!"

"Well, Nurse Holcomb will see to you," and the Staff Nurse and Junior Probationer hurried along to the woman's ward.

Here terror reigned. Soldiers, wounded or not, remain soldiers. They laugh at the zepps, or they pretend mock fears, and cry out, "Nurse, Nurse, hold my hand, I'm afraid." "Nurse, tuck Tommy in, he's afraid of the Huns," and then the whole ward convulses at such superlative humour.

But sick women—a ward full of sick women with one little girl it was—well, they are not the same at all. True, many made no sound, save that their teeth chattered at each fresh explosion. Ethel, the heart case, pealed forth in wild gurgling hysteria.

"Oh, Nurse, Nurse, them guns! Oh, I siy! Oh, my 'eart!" she shrieked, and then burst into loud jangling laughter.

The Staff Nurse turned to the Junior Probationer.

"I'll give Ethel a hypodermic, and you try to quiet the others," she said firmly.

The Junior Probationer walked from bed to bed trying to soothe and console.

"There's no danger, no danger at all," she assured.

"No danger! Oh, Nurse, how can you, and them guns going so!" began one, but another interrupted sharply, with—

"Oh, Nurse, look, quick, *quick*! Through the window! See it?" She pointed terrifiedly to where in the black sky for one instant a searchlight had picked out a zeppelin. Only an instant was it visible, like a luminous floating cigar; then either it must have dodged, or perhaps given off concealing gas, for it disappeared.

But a burst of gunfire followed this disclosure.

"Now, please," begged the Junior Probationer, "*please* try to be quiet. They're passing. It's Woolwich, not us, they're after."

"Aye, and it's my little bairns living at Woolwich I'm thinking on," moaned a young Scotchwoman who had been brought in yesterday from a 'bus accident.

All this time the pitch darkness of the ward intensified the terror of the women, for at the first summoning of the soldiers camped in training nearby, a corporal had rushed in and ordered "all lights out."

The Staff Nurse called softly to the Junior Probationer, who ran to her.

"Quick!" she whispered, "Ethel's really bad. I can hardly get her pulse. Help me with the oxygen."

Ethel's shrieking had dwindled into a noisy gasping for breath. Her breast palpitated so under the coarse hospital gown that it seemed as if a bird were fluttering within her, and she shook the very bed with her struggles for breath.

In a moment the oxygen tube and funnel were adjusted to the cylinder, and the glass bell was held to her mouth.

Just then a faint little whimper of misery came from the tiny cot where Jennie, the little eight-year-old girl, lay for the moment forgotten.

"Poor little Jennie," muttered the Junior Probationer.

"All right, Jennie—only fireworks—won't hurt you," reassured the Staff Nurse.

"Oh, I'm *so* frightened," sobbed the little girl.

"*Nurse*!" came sharply, peremptorily from the doorway.

"Quick!" whispered the Staff Nurse, "that's Matron's voice. Run."

The Junior Probationer ran to the part of the darkness where she knew the door was.

"Yes, Matron?" respectfully.

"I think there's someone back of the mortuary trying to signal the Germans. Run at once into the road, and tell the officer in charge. I can't. I'm in a kimona, but I'll stay and help Sister."

"Yes, Matron."

"Take him through to the back by the garden path."

"Yes, Matron."

She ran down the corridor and out into the street, humming softly to herself, "Oh, we haven't much money, but we do see Life."

Motors and carriages were drawn up, for all traffic except ambulances and fire engines had been halted, a favourite signalling device being the headlights of a travelling motor.

"Where's an officer!" gasped the out-of-breath Junior Probationer to a Tommy.

He smiled sweetly. "Over there to the right, *dearie*."

His companion cocked his cap aslant and sang softly, "*Hello, hello, and who's your lidy friend?*"

She ran to the subaltern and was not too excited to notice that he was young and good to look upon, as she gasped, "Matron said to tell you that she thinks there's someone signalling back of our mortuary."

"What's that?"

She repeated it.

"By Jove, lead me to him," and with a muttered explanation to a neighbouring sergeant, the young subaltern hurried down the garden path after the little blue and white nurse. She led him around the hospital, then down the path to the mortuary.

Nothing was to be seen. He stared eagerly around. He waited several moments. Then he glanced at the Junior Probationer. She was young and pleasing.

He smiled and slipped an arm easily about her.

"A great idea of yours, sweetheart," he whispered.

She struggled. "Don't be horrid. Matron really said so."

He laughed happily, and tightened his grasp. "Well, don't *you* be so horrid then. Next week I'll be in France, and," he shrugged, "we're a long time dead, you know. *Please!* Dead men tell no tales."

Ignoring her remonstrance, he held her firmly, and kissed her squarely, leisurely, on the mouth, then turned on his heel.

"Come along, dear, no offence meant. When life hurries, we grab at the pleasures."

The Junior Probationer followed him back. He was very tall and straight and handsome, and perhaps it didn't matter so much, for next month he might be . . . . .

She reached out and touched his arm.

"Goodbye, good luck," she whispered. "I'll tell Matron there wasn't anyone there."

He saluted. "Goodbye, little one, thank her for me."

As she turned to enter the hospital, the very sky seemed to split open, a flare of light shot up, and a terrific crash burst from the far corner of the hospital. A flying splinter just missed her.

"Good God, they've hit the hospital"—

"Yes," she cried, "the women's ward—poor little Jenny!"

GERTRUDE F. MACAULAY

THE MASTER STATESMAN AND THE AGE

THERE can be few more absorbing studies in the midst of a world war than that which searches the heart of those great questions of life, individual as well as social, for whose solving conflict holds sway. For the nonce the schoolboy has become an embryo world-statesman. The air is charged with problems which may well stagger the mind in their enormity, and never, perhaps, in any age has the man of faith had to compass the meaning of a more marvellous vision. For vision there surely is for him to see if he will but open his eyes to those great processes which are working on unto the completion of a master plan. Yet one may well question whether a Christian world or indeed a Christian Church has ever fully understood that plan.

It was almost inevitable that it should be from the immediate circle of his own home and town that the Carpenter should gain least sympathy or understanding. Israel Zangwill's picture (in his "Italian Fantasies") of the eating of the Passover in the home at Nazareth while Jesus is absent at Jerusalem, is probably quite the truest that we have of the troubled family circle. It may be not less natural, and certainly not less sad that the great organization which claims to fulfil His divine commission for the world should be that one which has failed in the grasping of the full meaning of His message.

Without in any way trying to find justification for the trend of modern thought in the "mind of the Master" but going simply to his own presentation of His plan for the ages, one is quite reverently astounded at the unfolding of the workings of a mind which well may be marked as divine.

Two millenniums have passed over the sun's broad orbit since, in the obscurity of the Nazarene hills, certain principles

of world life were laid down by a simple Carpenter. In this twentieth of all centuries we find certain principles of human activity being evolved in the stress of war. Can we find ought in common between the two?

Leaving aside the belief in an Incarnation, yet noting by the way that there has perhaps never been enunciated any principle more radically democratic than this simple one of the incarnation of the Son of God, let us a little search the mind of the Carpenter at His bench.

Looking out to the years beyond his own small earthly span, His mind shapes principles of universal regeneration of which a modern world has but begun to sense the outline. The whole of world life is to be one of positive growth and progressive development. This, by the way, in striking contrast to the attitude of negation toward world life taken so often by official churchdom. The little ones in the Kingdom are greater even than that great prophet who could but proclaim repentance and the laying of the axe to the root of the tree.

The whole trend of His mind is positive and His Spirit is that of a keenly constructive age. But it is when one examines the central interest of his life that one may marvel at His wonderful insight into the problems of modern world growth.

There, in the shop at Nazareth, a Master Mind lays down its platform, not for the little land of his own day, but for a vast universal propaganda for all time.

It will take centuries to complete. Here and there it must suffer at the hands of men, but He sees, even in Nazareth, the leaven of His principles working out unto a gloriously triumphant culmination.

There is none of the individualistic "safety first" policy so often cried from the housetops by so-called Christian world organs, about his message. There is on the other hand little offering of a socialistic panacea for all the world's ills. The pendulum doubtless will swing first to one of these positions and, mayhap, back to the other, but the Carpenter

Statesman sees that neither can truly form the guiding force of that highest realm in which the whole of world life must be welded.

Both the Individualistic and the Socialistic positions must be weighed and valued, and in a just correlation and interdependence of the two will be found the secret of His statesmanship and the strength of world growth.

How, one puzzled, could a mind divine ever conceive of a kingdom at once within and without, at once individual and world wide? How at once of present and of future realization? Yet how truly is that great paradox being unfolded in the modern travail of a complicated social war.

Here it is . . . . "The Kingdom," he says, "is within you." . . . . That realm must be in spirit, latent in every heart of man, yet it shall grow until it permeates the whole creation. Neither the individual nor the social unit can be the standard, but rather some deeper co-relation of the two.

Evolution, world-fellowship, world-life are shaped with the shavings on the Carpenter's bench. Nay, rather, evolution and democracy are but the materials used by the Master-builder in the forming of an even greater plan.

The Kingdom is alike within and without. No system which would view the individual merely as a means unto either a social or scientific end can be highest. Neither can a system which views the social structure merely as a means of personal salvation partake of His nobility of concept. Life, both for the individual and the group, must be one not of self-suppression but of self-realization, and that through mutual service.

So He sees the world house being set in order . . . . first through autocratic dominance . . . . . Cæsar's tribute is just at times . . . . . autocracy has not always been an evil . . . . . then on to a wide democracy, in which nationality shall be developed; and later in which national bounds shall find little place, for there shall be neither Greek nor barbarian in that world realm which is something beyond even the yet wildest dream of democracy's

accomplishment . . . . . so on to a world state in which even the lines of race and colour shall form no barrier to an ideal fellowship cemented by the spirit of the whole.

The Master Statesman so formulates His plan, and as so many others have done in the seeing of their vision, seals it with His life.

And what do we see around us? For long we have had the working ideal of the deepening of life of the mere personal unit into the stronger personality by the higher development of his own potentiality. Of late we have grown to realize the presence of great personal groups which can but find their best in self realization in the same way. Such a parallel development of individual and group genius can alone attain unto any rich world life . . . . And such was the conception of the Carpenter of the Nazarene hills.

And what of the plan He laid for such realization? He did not shrink from setting himself as not only the standard but the impelling force of that transformation of the individual from a mere person to the deeper personality of a serving genius. Nor did he forget that there must be likewise such a standard and force for the wider rich trend of life.

It may be that here, perhaps for the first time, we apprehend the meaning of a long professed and difficult belief in the great mystery of the Holy Trinity . . . . . From the Christ Himself the individual could gain all that power necessary for the self realization which should ever be his highest life. But greater days should come when there should be working in the world larger personal forces which should be super-individual. Is not such a realm, in which personal groups find themselves being realized into communal personalities, at once the great working ground of that great Spirit of truth for whose advent the Master prepared, and for the realization of whose coming He Himself saw that it was best that He should go away.

If the source of individual personality was, and ever is, the Divine Son, the like source of social personality is the Divine and personal Spirit.

The Nazarene's was no conception of a mere democratic leveller. . . . . For him genius, both group and individual, must find its place upon the earth, and life must be an ever nobler thing.

But, scanning the plan laid down for the ages, so marked of late in its unfolding, is it too visionary to ask whether there is not yet some ideal of world life towards which even democracy is but a stage upon the way? That which would seem to be the Master's great ultimate? Is it to be autocracy or democracy or a nobler theocracy? . . . A theocracy no longer dominated by human priesthood, but that spirit reign in which the personality of the individual drawn deep down into the Personality of the Christ, and the genius of the group impelled by the broad Group Personality of the Spirit, shall bring men into that state, social and individual, in which the will of God, *which is the ever ennobling highest of the will of man,* shall be attained, and the truer meaning of All-Fatherhood be known.

J. E. WARD

CHARGE OF CANADIAN CAVALRY

There was champing of bits,
When the trumpets blew loud
For a charge on the pits;
For a dash through the cloud
Of gray smoke on the field.
Not a man of us there
But had children to shield,
Or a home in his care.

But the ring of the steel
Bade our courage leap high;
And the trumpets' last peal
Made it glorious to die.

With a wheel to the right,
We first rode four abreast,
Till the foe came in sight.
Ye that watched, tell the rest!

Our good chargers we spurred,
And our keen blades rang true;
Round our heads the shells whirred,
As we cut our way through.

Though they fought round their guns,
Till their sword-hilts grew hot;
(And a foeman who runs
Is a dog to be shot);

Though they rallied around
Their torn flag; with a shout,
And a last mighty bound,
We had put them to rout.

There was champing of bits;
    There was slacking of rein.
We had taken the pits,
    By our ride down the plain.

Over Moreuil to-night,
    Four brave flags greet the stars:
Britain's red flag of fight;
    And the States' Stars-and-Bars
Twine with Canada's Jack,
    And the Tricolor true.
Lo! Democracy's back!
    Potsdam kings! *You* are through!

JOHN STUART THOMSON

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

Primeval are these scenes, remote from men;
Familiar though to gorgeous parrakeets,
Whose colors vie with the bright flowery fleets
That moor in every pleasant cove. This glen
Loud with a purling stream; that reedy fen,
Where black ducks hide when mid-day suns are warm;
Those gum-tree forests, where bright insects swarm,
Seal up strange inland secrets. Once again
The solitudes of Nature awe the mind.
The first sight of the ocean unconfined
Before had shown us God's serenity.
Here dwell two nations of the Southern Cross,
Holding two oceans as an English sea.
Ye who would gainsay, challenge at your loss!

JOHN STUART THOMSON

LITERATURE AND ACTUALITY

IT IS customary to regard imaginative literature as a luxury to be indulged in by those who are so minded when the real work of the day is done. Such an attitude implies that the reading or writing of poetry opens certain isolated chambers of the mind which would otherwise have remained closed, and that to turn from poetry, or should we say creative literature, to the real business of life is to seal up these chambers again automatically. Poetry thus becomes, as it were, the spare bedroom in the household of good living, useful on state occasions, but an unnecessary burden if it is kept open from day to day. Indeed, it would not be hard to find those who would contest its right even to this modest function.

Against this admittedly prevalent attitude I would set a short quotation from a recent newspaper: "The worst of it is," so the article begins, "that people are incurably poetic. They idealize everything. They blind themselves to reality by conjuring up a spiritual vision of what they would like to be true. They stand in the world as spectators witnessing melodrama, ready to hiss the villain, but confident in their hearts that all will be well, and that the golden-haired embodiment of virtue will secure love and happiness in the end. Over the whole of life they cast a glamour which never was but in themselves. It is an amiable characteristic; perhaps it is the surest evidence of the spiritual nature underlying mankind. At all events, it is the source of the perpetual popularity which melodrama enjoys in every country; and if we said it is the source of every art, we could argue that it is true." This is from the London *Nation*, Feb. 2, 1918.

Anything that I have to say in this paper will hark back to the issue raised by these two points of view. My intention will be to show in a humble and fragmentary way that poetry

and creative writing, far from dwelling in some rarefied upper storey of existence, treads every pathway of life. I shall assume with the contributor to the *Nation* that we are, all of us, incurably poetic and that poetry, in its turn, is incurably human; that the choice before all temperaments is not between the practical and the imaginative as two mutually exclusive spheres to live and move in, but rather between lower and higher forms of existence in which the imagination, whether we wish it or not, is in any case and at all times involved. We are all, in no merely paradoxical sense of the word, minor poets.

One more preliminary word about imaginative writing. Its functions and uses are not single but as various as life itself. We associate poetry traditionally with glamour, some softening of reality which serves at best to make life more tolerable. Such is the literature of one kind of romance, the literature of eclogues, golden ages, and not all, but some, Utopias. It is this sort of literature which, helpful as it has been and will continue to be to the spirit of man in its more inward aspects, cannot wholly refute the charge of having sentimentalized history under a sort of rainbow radiance and of having placed itself at an unhealthy distance from the tangible world. But even here poetry does but trade on our common human nature which cherishes "the good old times" that never were, and forgets that the world's story is a succession of stern realities faced by perplexed and groping children of earth. It is of this that a great poet of our modern civilization speaks when he says, criticising at once our humanity and our poetry:

> We would every deed
> At once perform as grandly as it shows
> After long ages, when from land to land
> The poetic swelling song hath roll'd it on.
> It sounds so lovely what our fathers did,
> When, in the silent evening shade reclined,
> We drink it in with music's melting tones,
> And what we do is, as their deeds to them,
> Toilsome and incomplete.

This is a severe criticism of poetry, but it is also, and this is vital in my argument, a poet's criticism, expressed in poetic rhythms which even an imperfect translation cannot completely rob of their beauty and cogency. They are Goethe's words, a poet who, standing in the front rank of poets, made his poetry a criticism of life, and himself, in Matthew Arnold's word, the physician and diagnoser of human ills.

The fact is that modern poetry follows the complexities, the crowded realities of life and society and politics, far more closely and acutely than older literature did. It is no longer content to reproduce and extol the past as something great and glorious merely because it once happened, or to cross-examine the human soul in the light of a fixed set of outer conditions of code and pact. Rather does it open the way for a deeper insight into life than our fathers dreamed of by taking a wider sweep, scrutinizing all that it portrays, and judging incessantly the very standards by which it judges. At its best it reconciles the glamour, the ideals that are perhaps the oldest inheritance of creative literature, with a ruthless searching and sifting of the actual conditions of life. We may go back if we wish to Euripides and others for the beginnings of this reconciliation, this union of apparent opposites, but we shall hardly find the greatest literature thriving on the union till we come to more modern times, to Goethe, or if he be unfamiliar or unacceptable, to Wordsworth. Wordsworth, the modern poet, it is who turns from the solitude of wind and crag and fell to feel the pulse and heart-beat of a living nation and to cry "Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour." In Wordsworth we see something of the multiform nature of our best modern poetry, equally at grips with the presences behind the sunset and the vapid insincerities of current events.

On the basis of these introductory remarks, suggestive, perhaps, of certain trends in the literature of our complex, modern life, I would like to examine in their broader features three modern English works which as well as any I know reconcile high imagination with a close grip on the events,

facts, and conditions of the last century. As it happens they all deal with world factors of civilization, a nation's history, wars and dynasties, material progress, and it is impossible to examine them to-day in their public aspects without putting them under the severest scrutiny. If they can be found to stand good to-day as illuminating social and political conditions which are fundamentally those of the present, then there must be no more talk of putting the poetic imagination in a compartment of its own. The three works are Meredith's *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History*, *The Dynasts* of Thomas Hardy, and Joseph Conrad's *Nostromo*. With the exception of one of the odes of Meredith, these writings have all been published within the last twenty years.

There is much more to be said about Meredith's mind as a thing of public significance than can be said in the few paragraphs that I can devote to him here. His readers probably explain to themselves their liking for him in many ways. Some will like him for being so wonderfully English; others because he alone among modern men seems to them to understand women. What I would say of Meredith is that I come to regard him more and more as one whose gifts and temperament should have made him with a greater right than any contemporary of his in Western Europe the moral guide of the age that followed him. That he has not achieved this we know too well, but we know also from Lord Morley's *Recollections* that his failure to make himself felt as a public force was the chief disappointment of his life. The failure must be ascribed in large measure to a certain wilfulness and impatience in Meredith's own character, but a part of it is due without doubt to a public that was not sufficiently responsive to the finer and rarer voices that reached its ears.

Nothing of Meredith's, neither *Vittoria* nor *Beauchamp's Career*, shows his public interest quite as clearly as some of his poems, and none of these more than the four French *Odes*, one of them *France, December, 1870*, written at white heat during the Franco-Prussian War, and the other three, *The Revolution*, *Napoleon*, and *Alsace-Lorraine*, published in 1898

and supplementing the first with studies of the Terror, the Man of Destiny, and the France that we knew till yesterday. The ode is by tradition a vehicle for praise and commemoration. We may be sure that those which Plato left room for in his ideal Republic were to have no judicial functions. The censor in this Utopia would have rejected Meredith's odes, if indeed he had understood them. Meredith writes as one who reads the index finger of the great scales. "We look for her," he writes in 1870,

> We look for her that sunlike stood
> Upon the forehead of our day,
> An orb of nations, radiating food
> For body and for mind alway.
> Where is the shape of glad array;
> The nervous hands, the front of steel,
> The clarion tongue? Where is the bold, proud face?
> We see a vacant place;
> We hear an iron heel.

It is quite possible that these are the first lines of the odes that Meredith wrote, for they stand at the head of the earliest of them. In any case they strike the key-note of the whole and warn us that the facts of the case will be faced unflinchingly, that the darknesses and aberrations will be shown forth and weighed, and the measure of guilt assigned. The plain daylight and unvarnished candour of these odes are memorable things, doubly memorable in times of crisis. And these rare virtues are equalled—we have the word of historians for it—by their clear sight and their incisiveness. The picture of Napoleon—a great melodramatic opportunity for the small fry of literature—conquers our judgement like a reasoned piece of historical portraiture. A double boom of guns announces him:

> Cannon his name,
> Cannon his voice, he came.

No trumpets and jingling retinue, be it noted, but the baldest and truest statement of warfare. And the man himself is

stripped naked in one crushing line, the worth of pages of history:

> Hugest of engines, a much limited man.

His relation to the great theme of the odes, France herself, rings at once true as poetry, actual as prose.

> He, did he love her? France was his weapon, shrewd
> At edge, a wind in onset: he loved well
> His tempered weapon, with the which he hewed
> Clean to the ground impediments, or hacked,
> Sure of the blade that served the great man-miracle.
> He raised her, robed her, gemmed her for his bride,
> Did but her blood in blindness given exact.
> Her blood she gave, was blind to him as guide:
> She quivered at his word, and at his touch
> Was hound or steed for any mark he espied.
> He loved her more than little, less than much.

This is no romantic picture tricked out with a three-cornered hat, a great-coat, and, perchance, an oath; it is fodder for strenuous minds, and in these times when the mentality of despots is summed up for us on every hand in journalistic catchwords, it may remind us of the value of substituting mental judgements for emotional onsets of feeling. And if these lines can do this for us, let it be remembered that they are lines of poetry in the fullest sense of the word.

It is not surprising that a writer of Meredith's calibre should have dealt sternly with Napoleon. Profounder still and more unexpected is his cool impartiality—cool behind all warmth of sympathy—in reviewing France, the nation. The lines on Napoleon above quoted tell us in a flash that he loved France. If he had not, the Odes would never have been written. But his love for France like his hatred of Napoleon is made clear and unfogged by the play of mind that abated only with his death. It blinded him to nothing. He looks at France throughout not with vague emotion "as a lover or a child," but in the sharpest light, the light by which, as by a Nemesis, all nations come to be judged, the light of its own ideals. When

> . . . on the unanticipated day
> Earth heaved. . .

and "the Gallic giantess" burst through the hoar-frost of regal glitter under which she had lain, she touched her ideal for a day, spoke the word Liberty, and was wedded to her heavenly lover in the midway blue. But it was only for a day,

> She worthy, she unworthy; that one day his mate:
> His mate for that one day of the unwritten deed.

Worthy and unworthy she remains; Angel and Wanton he calls her in 1870; and shows her through a century of troubled history torn between ethereal and gross. The moral is clearest in the 1870 Ode, in the famous passage beginning

> Lo, Strength is of the plain root-Virtues born,

and again in this:

> The gay young generations mask her grief;
> Where bled her children hangs the loaded sheaf.
> Forgetful is green earth; the Gods alone
> Remember everlastingly: they strike
> Remorselessly, and ever like for like.
> By their great memories the Gods are known.

These *Odes* to France are not perfect; they are frequently cryptic, least so, perhaps, the 1870 one. What is best in them I have tried to show, and would add only that to turn from the emotional fogs and thickets that beset the world of print now to these few pages with their double light of understanding and true sympathy strengthens and rehabilitates the mind.

The Dynasts, though it has only been ten years before the world, is a much better known work. In some form or other it has reached the minds of many people; it has been sampled in public. But its rarer qualities are only seen when the work is taken absolutely whole. It is also both in theme and treatment one of the most multifarious of poems, and I shall not try to do more than select what suits my present purpose, which is to show the actuality of the works I have chosen.

One of the great services of *The Dynasts* is that it has extended the range of poetry. When poetry rises in actuality, it is under the necessity of mastering an increasing welter of scenes and situations. A poetic form, the novel as Jane Austen conceived it, the drama of Racine, the lyrics of Herrick, may be regarded as vessels with a given capacity. They can take in certain things in certain quantities. Above all, they can only digest a limited amount of detail and could not manage a street scene or a railway station. The vessel would break. Shakespeare's drama is infinitely more flexible, but it too would fail to stage a modern battle; indeed it fails by certain standards in what it attempted to depict of the simpler life it knew. The modern novel has an astonishing capacity and resourcefulness, but it is frequently overtaxed; the details stand in one another's light. *The Dynasts* carries poetic flexibility to its furthest point and is consequently decidedly more actual than any drama or novel before it. There is nothing in literature that combines *vision* with *complex fact* on so large a scale as *The Dynasts*.

This forward step in literature is achieved largely by a new adjustment of perspective. Swift did wonders with perspective, less, it is true, for the scope it offered than as a means of criticism; in the light of *The Dynasts* the device of *Gulliver's Travels* is endlessly suggestive. Gulliver examines the world through a series of unique telescopes taken in succession; in Lilliput he seems to be looking through the wrong end and insisting that it is the right end. Hardy frequently comes close to this in *The Dynasts* and would probably acknowledge a direct debt to Swift. But whilst Swift's telescopes are fixed at a focus, Hardy uses a single instrument which can be adjusted to any range. The sliding telescope was a great innovation in science and it is hardly less great in literature.

Thus the reader of *The Dynasts* is enabled to sit in Milan cathedral and witness the coronation of Napoleon, and then with a novel realism that anticipates the aeroplane to recede from the scene skywards. "The exterior of the cathedral

takes the place of the interior, and the point of view recedes, the whole fabric smalling into distance and becoming like a rare, delicately carved alabaster ornament. The city itself sinks to miniature, the Alps show afar as a white corrugation." It is possible that some will regard such a picture as mere playfulness or acrobatics, but all must admit that the writer is working with his eye on the object. And it must be patent that his method offers him unlimited opportunity for reproducing history in the large, and for tacit, ironic criticism. *The Dynasts* is full of explicit criticism, but its silent judgements are overwhelming. One more illustration will serve, the vision of four armies converging upon Paris, seen as "certain strange dark patches in the landscape, flexuous and riband-shaped" or again as a "ductile mass of greyness and glitter." "All these dark and grey columns," Hardy says, "converging westward by sure degrees, advance without opposition. They glide on as if by gravitation, in fluid figures, dictated by the conformation of the country, like water from a burst reservoir; mostly snake-shaped, but occasionally with batrachian and saurian outlines."

It is such ways as this that Hardy's art re-enacts the last ten years of the Napoleonic wars. For any who have an eye for what yet remains to be done in literature, the immense fields that poetry has not thus far succeeded in handling and the great depths yet to be explored in fields already opened, the resourcefulness of *The Dynasts*, the amazing skill with which it visualizes in their entirety situations which the imagination of earlier poets had to take piece-meal, must seem little short of momentous. It clears the way for a fuller criticism and a fuller content than the strictly poetic literature of an earlier day ever dreamed of. Hardy succeeds in doing at a high imaginative level what men wish to do in all things—to see and to scrutinize. The short scene which stages the religious marriage of Napoleon and Marie-Louise is witnessed from every angle at once, the mind of man in all its moods plays over it and comments, looks forward and looks behind, approves and condemns. Poetry rises to its

fullest orchestration; the effect is one of completest reality. What is on the face of it supernatural and therefore at variance with average experience, the spirit-chorus, is nothing more than an unrivalled vehicle for human commentary, and its effect on the whole scene is to fortify the impression that this is no mere make-believe but life itself in process. And this impression is sustained throughout the one hundred and thirty scenes that make up *The Dynasts*.

Nostromo (1904) is gradually taking its place as Conrad's greatest novel. It could not do so otherwise than gradually because of its many-sidedness. Admitting that it is above all things a yarn, I propose to inspect it briefly as I have inspected the other two books for its grasp of the salient factors of our civilization and its power to bring eye and mind to bear on political affairs. Realism and criticism are what we must look for. What I will claim for *Nostromo* is this: that in addition to other features it affords a rare object-lesson in historical methods, outdoing many ostensibly historical novels in their own field, and that it examines, not statistically but at least dispassionately, the strife which modern commercialism, with capital its spear-head, carries to the four corners of the globe.

The tale concerns itself with the fortunes of the republic of Costaguana, and, more precisely, those of the town of Sulaco and the San Tomé mine in its vicinity. This is an imaginary geography based on that of the west coast of South America, but it is worked out with such clearness that the map of the republic prints itself in detail on the mind. It is the method of Stevenson's *Treasure Island* applied with greater earnestness to a larger area. Moreover, the history of the republic is not merely adumbrated as a plausible setting for fair ladies and gentlemen adventurers to move about in. It is not reconstructed from the subjective starting-point of a central character. Conrad gives the complete illusion of having created generations, even centuries of this country's past and of having rejected whole chapters of history only because it is incumbent upon the writers of books, artists

and historians no less, to select always. You feel that if these Costaguana documents lurking in remote, dusty places could be unearthed *Nostromo* would immediately appear as an historical creation rivalling *Henry Esmond*. Observe how the tale opens. "In the time of Spanish rule, and for many years afterwards, the town of Sulaco—the luxuriant beauty of the orange gardens bears witness to its antiquity—had never been commercially anything more important than a coasting port with a fairly large local trade in ox-hides and indigo." So full is Conrad of the historical detail he has created that he resorts to a parenthesis in his first sentence.

The long past is revived by the subtlest of touches. If you visit the leading club of Sulaco you come upon the "moss-stained effigy of some saintly bishop, mitred and staffed, and bearing the indignity of a broken nose meekly, with his fine stone hands crossed on his breast." Martin Decoud, the Parisian sceptic, who has come out with a consignment of rifles, writes home to his sister from an inn near the harbour which, he says, "for all I know, may have been contrived by a conquistador farmer of the pearl fishery three hundred years ago." Coming upon such flashes of almost casual insight one recalls the easy brushwork of that master-realist, Velasquez.

The history of the two preceding generations is filled in more completely, much as in our minds at this moment history is assumed to begin with 1870. With the vanishing of royalty, comes a more chequered and breathless epoch, the despot, the president-dictator, the financier come in their turn; the stormy birth of the Occidental Republic, on which the tale hinges, is narrated in crowded page on page; and the tale passes out with a clear glimpse of what happened still later in Sulaco. The workmen who helped to save the mine for their owners are now beginning to give trouble, we hear of socialistic Italians and the like; and when Nostromo, the picturesque capataz de cargadores dies, there is no one with him "but the pale photographer, small, frail, blood-thirsty, the hater of capitalists, perched on a high stool near the head of the bed."

Not content with this feat of sustained imagination Conrad refines yet further the historical subtlety of his tale. The central crisis is one upon which many factors, military, nautical, and economic, converge. It is outlined with magnificent gusto by Captain Mitchell, an old resident, to a visitor to the town years after. It is the delight of his old age to tell this story, and, though he does not consult his visitor's wishes, he tells it well or at least the reader revels in his garrulity. Captain Mitchell knows all about the crisis except the elusive, but all-important, psychological factors which swayed the mind of Nostromo, his own employee and the controlling genius of the plot. The ninth and preceding chapters of Part III follow Nostromo with an almost sultry intensity; he goes through strange adventures and his mind broods and oscillates till under influences too subtle to narrate except in Conrad's own words it passes out into action and turns the scale of the contest. Then comes in the tenth chapter Captain Mitchell's account with its vivid, rattling musketry of external facts. This juxtaposition must be deliberate. It discredits or at any rate qualifies whole libraries of history. I would venture to hint that it is subtler in conception than *The Ring and The Book* itself; certainly it is one of the most dexterous things in the modern novel.

Having dwelt at such length on the first point, I will be briefer in dealing with the second, the acumen with which Conrad exposes the material development of the country. The events of the tale swing upon the fortunes of the mine. Mrs. Gould, the wife of the Englishman who owns the mine, explores the land with her husband and, Conrad tells us, "with each day's journey, seemed to come nearer to the soul of the land in the tremendous disclosure of this interior unaffected by the slight European veneer of the coast towns, a great land of plain and mountain and people, suffering and mute, waiting for the future in a pathetic immobility of patience."

Enter now the mine and the financier. The description of him is significant, "the considerable personage, the million-

aire endower of churches on a scale befitting the greatness of his native land—the same to whom the doctors used the language of horrid and veiled menaces. He was a big-limbed, deliberate man, whose quiet burliness lent to an ample, silk-faced frock-coat a superfine dignity. His hair was iron gray, his eyebrows were still black, and his massive profile was the profile of a Cæsar's head on an old Roman coin. But his parentage was German and Scotch and English, with remote strains of Danish and French blood, giving him the temperament of a Puritan and an insatiable imagination of conquest." Which of us, sitting in lounges or parlour-cars, has not mused thus upon the way of the world? Place it side by side with the glimpse given at the end of Part II, Chapter IV, of a freight train seen through the old arched gateway of the town and you will behold material progress, with its two-edged gifts, unmasked in a framework of the inert past.

The mine brings many things to Sulaco. It helps to bring war, and Conrad seems to wish for the rearward step, which Meredith reminds us nature does not allow. The two most spiritual persons in the book agree that "there is no peace and rest in the development of material interests. They have their law and their justice. But it is founded on expediency and is inhuman." This can hardly satisfy those economic-minded ones who remind us that without material interests there can be no life, but even they will concede that the warning is timely, that it must needs reverberate long in the mind of any thinking reader, and that it comes from Conrad only after much pondering upon the daily condition of the world in the last generation. Conrad, working with free imagination, points in the same direction as Brailsford in his closely argued and brilliant book on the international situation before 1914, *The War of Steel and Gold*. The two should be read in conjunction by all who are not afraid of frankness.

The three works of which I have spoken are, as far as can be seen, entirely free from tendency or direct moral

purpose. It is safe to say that they were in each case written because the mind and imagination of the author was attracted by such and such a subject. The personality of Napoleon had stamped itself on the mind of the Dorset peasantry and when the local Wessex field was exhausted the transition to the Napoleonic wars was perfectly natural. Hardy's confessed intention of showing the part England played in its true proportions means no more than that he was an Englishman. It was never allowed to dominate the poem and cannot be looked on as a tendency. The mental trend of the poem as a whole is against it. The *Odes* to France make no direct political appeal; they are not trumpet-calls like Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise*, and they steady enthusiasm for France quite as surely as they awaken it. As for *Nostromo*, we have Conrad's word for it that it was written in the fiercest self-absorption with no other thought during twenty months than to build his creation—"there was not," he tells us, "a single brick, stone, or grain of sand of its soil I had not placed in position with my own hands"—and to blow the breath of life into "the shapes of men and women, of Latin and Saxon, of Jew and Gentile." In each case we have to do with literature which came into being because the writer's imagination and conscience demanded it for their delight or satisfaction.

If the creative psychology of the artist can be made a basis for classification, the works we have considered belong to a different category from those in which the imagination compounds at the outset with the practical morality of the writer. To this latter group belong the social drama and the problem novel, the writings, for example, of Shaw and Wells, in which there has been, in no vicious sense of the word, a mental compromise on the part of the author. Shaw writes his plays partly—and this holds whether he admits it or not—to satisfy the artist in him and his readers, partly in order to make his readers go from reading to do this and that in the practical world. Literature would be immensely the poorer if it were not allowed to grow out of these mutual agreements between different functions of the author's mind.

But it would be idle to pretend that literature has everything to gain and nothing to lose by them. The greatest poetry must always come from some more unified, some single condition of the mind when sheer imaginativeness rules and the purposes are left to look after themselves.

What is often forgotten is that the purposes do look after themselves. For a mind at all sensitive to their beauty and power works such as we have been considering have a practical bearing on the present quite apart from the will of the author. Strenuous literature whatever its theme helps us to recover the integrity of our own minds in face of the blind shocks and contradictions of the moment. Being made of the stuff of life it is for those who read it an extension of experience incalculably modifying men's outlook and motives. When further as with our chosen authors the themes are closely bound up with those that occupy all our thought their value is little short of oracular. No one can read Meredith's French *Odes*, *The Dynasts*, and *Nostromo* and not become sensible of their direct bearing on events.

This direct bearing is strengthened by their surprising hold on reality. Making full allowance for the growing intricacy of society it would seem that imaginative literature is more than holding its own with the march of affairs. The myriad details in *The Dynasts* never jostle, the book is full of open spaces. Its vices, like those of the French *Odes* and *Nostromo*, are literary vices, and like them again its virtues spring from what, for want of a better word, I have called its actuality. The imagination would seem to serve our ends best when it ranges freest.

BARKER FAIRLEY

PARIS LEAVE

THE advantages, if any, of the above proceeding are hotly debated at the Front. "Why go to Paris when you can go to Blighty?" asks one school of thought. The idea strikes them as absurd.

The answer is that one never knows when one may go to Blighty, that one may make a hurried exit there any day. Why not then take advantage of one's temporary position out here to see life and Paris?

So it comes about that a minority of pleasure seekers continue to visit the French capital, if only to prove to themselves that there exist in France boulevards as well as communication-trenches, hotels besides dug-outs. Safely returned to the bosom of their unit, they affect superiority: Paris is all very well for once, but next time—and every subsequent next time—give them home!

Slowly and reluctantly the train, one of these rustic affairs, a cross between a real train and an electric street-car, pulled out of the station and started to chug-chug its way towards St. Pol, at the rate of ten miles an hour. There were no doors to the carriages and no glass to the windows, so that the cool autumn breezes could wander in and play with the knees of the Highlanders. Never was there a more dismal method of starting out upon a holiday.

Every now and then the train stopped, apparently to regain its breath. These arrests usually took place in the midst of ploughed fields. Once, however, it selected a place immediately opposite a large canteen of the British Expeditionary Force. Immediately there was a concerted movement out of the train and into the canteen. Fifty different commercial transactions were commenced simultaneously with the harassed staff.

Suddenly someone discovered that the train had gone, had in fact sneaked quietly away with none of the snorts and grunts with which it had previously never failed to herald its intention of getting a move on. I would like to know the balance of profit and loss in the books of that canteen.

An impromptu Marathon along the railway track at once commenced. One by one the competitors reached their goal, and climbed or were hauled into the train. At last there were only two in the running, a brigadier and a subaltern. The brigadier was one of those youthful old-boys, and ran well, but was obviously not in the same condition as his opponent, who had got away to a late start. Still he had a good lead and struggled gallantly to maintain it. The thing became quite exciting. Heads were poked out from both sides of the train and bets freely offered against the brigadier, who, with his face as red as his gorget patches, was now steadily losing ground. They reached the last carriage together, though the brigadier was obviously all in. Perhaps the subaltern was in the brigadier's brigade and was aware that the other knew it. In one last gallant effort to spring upon the step, the brigadier tripped over his own spurs which, quite contrary to dress regulations and clothing allowance even to brigadiers when travelling by train, he wore over a pair of top boots of the most nutty nut-brown shade. He was got on board at last, his late rival being particularly solicitous, and dusted down inside the train. Then there were tales of the brigadier's youth.

One of the advantages of Paris leave is the ability to break the journey for a night at Amiens with its wonderful cathedral. There is plenty of khaki in the streets there, but on the whole sky-blue is more predominantly the colour motif than in Paris. It is nice to drink coffee in the beautiful little walled garden of the Hôtel du Rhin, which has changed its proprietor since the war but not its name—as indeed why should it, for the Rhine is as much French as German? It is strange to sit in the new Officers' Club, and hear once more all the old place names of the Somme, and get the gossip from the line beyond Bapaume!

Next day on to Paris in the Boulogne-Paris express, which is full of officers, British, French, Portuguese, Belgian, Russian, and American, in a kaleidoscope of uniforms. One resolves to study the rank badges of our Allies so as to be able to determine whether it was a general who offered one a cigarette or merely a *sous-lieutenant.*

One's first impression of Paris is strangely reminiscent of London seen under similar conditions. There is the same long-drawn-out approach through streets after streets of houses, culminating in the same vast ill-lit station. There is the same crowd at the barriers awaiting the return of their men-folk; the same difficulty in obtaining a taxi. This latter obstacle overcome or circumvented, the Red Caps satisfied that one really has a right to be in Paris, and you are free of the city. Your leave has begun.

Paris in September, with the first few brown leaves beginning to swirl down upon the streets, with the heat of summer melting into the cool of autumn, is very lovely. The boulevards are crowded. Every second man you see is in uniform and nearly every French soldier has the Croix-de-guerre or of the Legion.

It is not yet too cold to sit outside the Café-de-la-Paix and watch the passing crowd on the Boulevard des Italiens. This is the real panorama of the Allied armies that flows past your chair. This is the real distinction of Paris, the number of foreign uniforms that it contains. The French, of course, predominate, but to nothing like the extent that the British army does in London.

Every shade of "bleu horizon" is to be seen here, from the blue-black of the Chasseurs Alpins to the lightest shade of April skies.

Infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, they pour past by the hundred. Then there are Belgians, familiar in London, not too uniformly clothed, but with their little coloured tassels hanging down in front of their forage caps. Portuguese in gray, cut on the lines of our own uniform but with the French *képi.* Tall Russians in their smartly cut abbre-

viated smocks and breeches of various shades of green, with bright rainbows of ribbons across their breasts. Soft-hatted Australians, Highlanders, troops of the line—all are there. Perhaps the smartest of them all are the French flying men in their blue and black with the silver laurel wreath on their breasts.

It is the Americans, however, who are at present the lions and novelty in Paris. They are everywhere. Either the percentage of leave allowed from American battalions is very high or there must be an immense American army somewhere in France — larger than the Germans care to admit. Tall, youthful, slim, with their closely-fitting khaki tunics, which one hears have been in many instances re-made by English tailors,—one cannot remember ever seeing finer looking troops. They are just now the most popular strangers in Paris, with the exception of "les Écossais." (The kilt has a unique and never-failing attraction for the Parisian, and still more for the Parisienne.) Regular or Reserve or National Guard, they will give a good account of themselves.

The most strikingly individual corps in Paris are the different orders of the Red Cross ambulance drivers. The majority of these are Americans serving with the French or Belgian armies. Each man gives one the impression of having chosen his own uniform, and of endeavouring to show by the varied nature of its composition, firstly the nationality of the forces with which he is himself serving, and secondly his practical realization of the fact that these forces constitute part of a larger international whole. One American youth in an English officer's jacket, without the rank badge, of course, a Belgian cap and sky blue puttees, particularly took my fancy. He also wore a white hunting stock round his neck.

Unquestionably the thing best worth doing in Paris is to pay a visit to the Invalides—that hospital built by Louis le Grand for his old soldiers, veterans of Flanders and the Artois. The museum of arms and armour, dating from far back in French history, has overflowed into the great court-yard. Here is massed together a whole Hunnish armament,

quick-firers, bomb-throwing trench mortars, monstrous Krupp guns—the fruits of victory in the Somme and Champagne offensives. Cheek by jowl with these, going up the steps, one passes the antique cannon which Charles of Bourbon, High Constable of France, dragged against the walls of Rome.

And so we pass on to the inner shrine of him whose spirit, purged of its egotism, surely breathes on France to-day.

Perhaps you have visited Napoleon's tomb in peace time, to look in company with a few tourists at the last resting place of the great emperor. You may then have hurried away to complete the round of sight-seeing.

Now it is very different. Here to this shrine come soldiers from all the armies which are to-day fighting the battles of that cause of which France has always been the reckless standard-bearer. From Ypres to Verdun they come to look upon the Great Captain.

Here comes the Russian, forgetting the humiliation of Moscow; the Englishman regretting that of St. Helena. Here comes the youthful American soldier to gaze with clear young eyes upon him whom he may have been taught to regard as a "militarist," but whom he feels perhaps that he understands better now.

The wounded *poilu* comes here and standing reverently at the brink gazes down upon the magnificent sarcophagus of porphyry which contains the remains of Napoleon. Here he lies, winged with the names of his victories and girdled with captured Teuton banners: as he wished to rest on the banks of the Seine among that French people whom he loved so well and who stand fast in his memory to-day.

And the soldier of France, down-gazing, smiles to himself. The golden eagle of Austerlitz soared to heights where the black eagles of the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs could never have lived. This is the great disproof of the boastings of the enemy, even upon his own chosen ground. For this was the greatest soldier of them all, to whom the choicest products of the Great General Staff would have been but as marshals or chiefs of staff,—his Berthiers and Bertrands.

The main note of Paris to-day, as of all France, is the military one. The life of the "Quarter" is dead. Far more than in London have the normal lives of the place been thrown out of gear. Any description of Paris to-day must be one of a city given over wholly to soldiers.

Many of the big hotels, such as the Élysée, have been turned into hospitals. The wounded and convalescent are everywhere, on the boulevards, in the Bois, in the parks of Fontainebleau and Versailles. There seems to be less grumbling than in London.

Ten days in Paris admit of visits to Versailles and Fontainebleau. As one passes through these ornate rooms, with their memories of the Grand Monarque and of Napoleon, one muses furiously on the permutations and combinations of history.

At night, motoring back to the city, one is stopped at the barriers and scrutinized while the great searchlights flit through the sky in the hunt for enemy air-craft.

Ten days are soon finished and the return journey comes in the nature of an anti-climax. One is glad, however, to have seen Paris in September, when the summer heat is melting into the coolness of autumn, when the first leaves are falling ever so gently, not with the dry whirr that comes later, down upon the boulevrads, as if tired of affording shade to ungrateful man. Or perhaps they know that he will soon need all the sunshine he can get.

Above all, one is glad to have seen Paris in war-time.

II

OF NEWSPAPER BOYS

Somewhere Else in France,
1st April, 1917.

Dear George:—

It is with great pleasure that I comply with your unexpected request to send you a letter containing some bright newsy chit-chat about the doings of Joffre and Haig and

others of my friends at the Front, for insertion in the pages of the Parish Magazine. Not forgetting myself I trust, not forgetting myself!

The fact is, however, dear boy, that I have not seen any of the old bunch to talk to for quite a while, though they have by no means been latent of late. Still I will do the best I can for you.

Have just re-read your letter! George, do you really mean it? Am I actually henceforward to consider myself the War Correspondent and Special Representative at the Front of the *Willing Workers Magazine*, of Mudtown-on-Slush? Let me see, Little Dumpshire is it not? Of course! This *will* set me up, you know, and give me something to do with my leisure time—six days in, you know, George, and then six days out—resting at working parties. It is good of you to think of me, it really is.

But, George, does your Vicar know of the arrangement and does he approve? Somehow I don't think he quite liked me when I was home on leave. Remember I am a Canadian though not . . . . you will remember this won't you George? not a Rhodes scholar. He, if I mistake not, is a Tab. But, of course, you would not have asked me unless he had been an accessory to the act. One gets such groundless alarms out here at times.

I cannot, however, write to you about the front, as the Vicar and you desire. It would not be right you know, George, would, in fact, be acting a lie, which would never do for the class of periodical that we all three have in mind. The front is always changing; for instance it has changed quite a lot down Bapaume way since I was nearly there last. So you see that if you were to publish my letter, the front might have changed so much in the meantime as to be quite unrecognizable to anyone save Major Moraht. So that you would be telling the Willing Workers what was not true, George! Think how bad that would be for the childish mind, and how it would destroy their bright young faith in the curate! No, George, no!

Besides we don't get the papers out here regularly enough to know what is really doing at the Front.

I'll tell you what I can do, however. I shall write you a letter all about the funny things that have happened to me when my Platoon has been resting in billets behind the line, "beyond the behind," as Stephen Leacock puts it. One thing I can safely promise both you and the Vicar. I will never write a word that could make the Censor blush.

For instance, I can talk to you of newspaper boys. All about newspaper boys I have met. "Why newspaper boys?" you ask! Well, why not? Other people collect china and postage stamps or mummies. I collect newspaper boys. What is the difference? I am afraid, George, that you are sadly lacking in imagination. I suspect that to you a newspaper boy is nothing more than a boy who sells newspapers. You have no idea of the infinite diversity of species that exists within the genus. Lots of books have been written about newspapers, so why not a few lines in praise of the kindly beings that proffer them on the street?

The labourer is worthy of his hire, George, as the dear Vicar would say.

Number one in my collection is a wee Highland laddie in a kilt and bare legs. He sold me my first newspaper. It was a halfpenny one and I gave him a penny. Needless to say this was before the war. He, of course, said he had no change, but being a Scotch newspaper boy he was comparatively honest, and though he would not surrender my halfpenny he gave me two papers. One of these, on my way home, I gave to a working man. Now tell me, George, which of us two, me—I mean I—or the boy was it who did this good to the working man? There is a problem for your Jesuitical mind.

But say, George, I must really tell you about our Canadian newspaper boys at home. They are some youths, believe me, kid. So delightfully free and easy and independent and democratic. Why they don't sell you a newspaper! You have to run across the car tracks from one side walk to the other and tear it away from them. Then they get quite

annoyed with you for interrupting their private reading. Some hustlers—well, I guess not!

When I am at home, in Montreal, I usually go out on Sunday morning to buy a newspaper in order to find out which side won the hockey match that I witnessed the night before at the Arena, and whether the Police did really rescue the referee who gave that off-side decision against the home team, and, if so, how much. On these occasions it is a match between me and the newspaper boy. Of course, true to the traditions of his profession, he has no change. Neither have I, as it is Sunday. So I give a quarter for a five cent paper. (A quarter, you know, George, is just a nickel, or half a bit more than two bits, and in Canada they do up five cents in an elegant little silver coin, which gets lost just as easily as a three-penny piece.) The move is now up to the boy who starts to give me my change. In this my opponent is obviously playing for time. First he unbuttons his overcoat, then he unbuttons his jacket, then he unbuttons his breeches pocket. All this takes time, and if the thermometer is anywhere in the vicinity of Zero you kind of get tired waiting. By now he is shovelling out the change, one copper cent at a time, into my expectant palm. There are, I know, twenty of these coming to me, if I wait long enough, in as many separate instalments. I usually fail to last. The odds are all in favour of my opponent who probably wins by eight up and twelve to come, or thereabouts. Once, however, I had my fur cap and overcoat on, and I froze him out.

In London they are quite different. There the newsvendors hunt in packs and charge the pedestrians in extended order, like so many bombers rushing a machine gun, so that if one does not get him another does. It is impossible to escape them all.

My collection includes some rare exotic growths. You will, perhaps, remember, George, that early in the war I accompanied my regiment to Bermuda at the special and united request of Lord Kitchener and the Admiralty, in order to defend the coral crop against German raiders. How well

I did my job is not for me to say. Suffice it that the Bermudas are still afloat and not a coral the worse. It is not, however, of these high problems of Imperial strategy that I wish to talk, but of the Bermudian newspaper boys. George, they are black and wonderful—they make so much of nothing!

In Hamilton they publish two newspapers, one green, the other white. One appears in the morning, the other at any old time. The purpose of the latter is apparently to tone down, rarely to substantiate, the highly improbable statements of its matutinal predecessor. In other words, it contains the same items of news, with sometimes the addition of a question mark. Both papers are highly condensed. Epoch-making events to which the "Times" would devote columns and an editorial are given in a few lines, without any comment, in the very words of the cable. These are the wares which the boys hawk in the streets and the other places with remarkable success. One wakes up in the morning to the prospect of one's quarters full of sunshine, oleander leaves, black beetles, and black newspaper boys. Before one is half awake one has accepted a paper, the vendor receiving in exchange a watch or pair of gold sleeve links, or some little trifle of that sort. Strange to say he rarely comes again.

I went out to France with lively anticipations of adding some unique specimens to my collection. In particular I had heard of a fair newspaper girl who was said to haunt the trenches and the deserted streets of Arras. I have been to Arras but saw no she there, only she-lls, George, only she-lls.

After the Somme, however, I found that I had considerable leisure to spend on my researches. Then during my temporary residence in hospital at Doullens I devoted considerable study to the Gallic newspaper boy and girl. No, I was not wounded, nor yet was I suffering from some merely civil complaint, such as I might have received in London. Perhaps, "suffering from injuries inflicted by nature in the presence of the enemy," best describes my condition. At Doullens, George, the boys run through the streets with shouts of

"Dee-ly Mail," "Dee-ly Mail." Do you remember, old thing, the cry of "Star-ry View," "Starry View," in the Corn of Saturday nights?

It was only, though, when up the line once more that I met the prince of newsboys. His name is Jean, and there are many boys, but only one Jean. In him the spirit of the Paris gamin Victor Hugo's Gavroche seemed to live again, in a smaller edition. With no fixed abode, and apparently no parents, he earned all the living he cared about selling newspapers up and down the line. His habits were nomadic, and one was quite likely to meet him one day at Aubigny and the next at Béthune, supposing oneself so lucky as to get a day off at the latter place. It was at neither of these places that I first saw him!

My eyes were first attracted to him by the singularity of his dress. It was a bitterly cold day, yet he wore no coat. He had velvet corduroy breeches fastened round his waist with a red cotton handkerchief. The rest of his costume testified to his belief in the indissolubility of the Franco-British entente. He wore puttees of a peculiarly offensive yellow shade of khaki, while on his head there was perched, jauntily, a sky-blue French forage-cap. This bore the cap badge of the Royal Canadian Regiment which, as you know, George, was my regiment. Probably it still is, but I have been so bandied about recently that I am not quite sure. Ask him not where he got it, George, as a free though forbidden gift in answer to his appealing cry for "souvenir," or whether it was sequestrated during its owner's temporary absence in an estaminet cementing the entente.

Ostensibly, and as an excuse for his comings and goings, Jean sold English newspapers at an altogether exorbitant profit. I buy one when I meet him, or I used to. On these occasions I usually speak French of a quality altogether superior to the ordinary B. E. F. brand of that long suffering language. Jean, poor boy, uses as an intermediary the few words that he does not know of what he probably takes to be English. I had always understood that Jean's respect

for my linguistic attainments could be taken for granted. Imagine then one day the shock that I experienced when on asking for my usual "Times" I received this reply, delivered in a most casual manner, "Onlee zee Matin and P'tit Parisien thees morning zare, no bong fir you zare at all." Horrid little boy, I feel sure that the cap badge was stolen!

I have not seen Jean since, but to-day, in spite of his impertinence, I can say with true Christian charity—mark that, George, in capitals—that I forgive him and hope he is still alive. This, I am sure, he is not unless he managed to cure his propensity for being wherever the next shell might be expected, in the hunt for souvenirs.

Well, George, I feel that I have done you and the parish proud. You know all about my innocent recreations at the Front, with not a touch of rum. I feel sure that the Vicar will approve of all that I have written. So, as the last letter that I censored said, "here's hoping that this finds you in the pink dear, as it leaves me dearest." Yes, George, he was writing to his wife. How I anticipate your every want!

Well, I shall say adieu, old man, and not *au revoir*, as I hope soon to see you all again.

Your affectionate cousin by marriage,

(Yours, not his),

Archie.

W. G. Peterson

THE LOST LEGION

Suggested by an article in the April number of the University Magazine, 1918.

A Thousand Men, one April morn, went over the Vimy Height,
'Mid smoke and flame and scream of shell and the thundering crash of the fight.
Some of them came from the broad green plains where the blue Saskatchewan flows,
And some to answer the bugle came—from where God only knows!

To the Wanderer's camp on the rim of the world, where the lone white mountains gleam,
Where Death and Silence sit enthroned beside the ocean stream,
Came faint, far-flung on the wandering wind, the battle-call of the race,
And down the trails from the great lone land they flocked to the trysting place.

Farmer, carpenter, mason, clerk, student, and pioneer,
Blent into perfect unity by a Purpose high and clear;
Brothers in spirit who ne'er had met, impelled by God's own breath,
To plough for the crop of the coming years in the red seed-field of Death.

There were dreamy scholars and wandering wights who loved the long white road,
The country yokel and dandy Jim, slave of the latest mode;
And the Greek prize-man and the farmer's son marched, fought together and then
Each looked into the other's eyes, and knew they both were men.

Their country had given a martial name and bade them honor it well;
So they bore it down the long, red road that led to the gates of Hell.

A Thousand Men went out in the dawn, down the battle's
shell-swept track,
And in the hush of the purple eve—one hundred men came
back!

All had fought like men: Those died like men, had paid the
price of the game;
And the hundred are scattered throughout the host—their
regiment only a name!
Now, one by one, they are "going West," and their blood-
stained flag is furled
That they flung to the breeze on the Vimy Height mid the
birth-pangs of a World.

. . . . . .

If you think that a name is a simple thing, go, bid the muse
unfold
To your purblind eyes the magic scroll of the glowing names
of old:
Empires, races, systems, creeds, have into oblivion gone,
But the freeman's blood still leaps at the name of war-scarred
Marathon.

A cross gleams white in La Folie Wood when the soft moon-
light rains down;
The Last Post floats o'er an open grave in a distant prairie
town;
And a sentry will hear—as the guns grow still—on the moaning
night-wind tossed,
The muffled roll of the phantom drums of a Legion that is lost.

Choose ye the bravest of your host; fill up those ranks once
more;
Let the fighting corps resume its place in the battle's eddying
roar;
So the name your Dead with glory clothed, through all the
years may be
A trumpet call for the onward march of the Legions of the free!

CECIL FRANCIS LLOYD

TURNED SOLDIER

THERE may be monotony even in the medical work at a base hospital in France, and we have sought and found some relief from this by enquiring into the civil occupations of the patients. The results of questioning the soldiers on this point have not often brought any help towards a diagnosis of the diseases from which the men have suffered, nor have they often aided us in treating the malady, but sometimes they have been of assistance in cheering and "bucking up" the patient. The medical officer, the sisters, and the wardmaster have one and all been delighted at the discovery of a novel calling, like the astronomer "when a new planet swims into his ken." The patients, too, have entered into the spirit of the thing and have been much amused sometimes and filled with wonderment at the curious trades of their fellows.

Coming from different hospitals another "medico" and I have met in slack times, and, after a walk along a pretty road beside a little stream, have enjoyed an evening meal in a quiet French *estaminet*. Here, whilst discussing the excellent dinner, we have exchanged the "bags" of the preceding week and have related the stories which our patients have told us.

No week has thus far surpassed in richness, in variety, and in downright absurdity the contents of the "bag" of a short time back. I was bursting all the way out to tell of my finds, but we had already agreed that it was not until after the *hors d'œuvre* were consumed that our respective discoveries were to be displayed. I began with the account that Admiral Jellicoe's Gardener was in my ward, and also an Opal Chipper; my friend retorted with his Sergeant who had shown Roosevelt about Africa and a Tripe Dresser. But I was not to be outdone so soon, and had been canny enough to reserve some

tit-bits in the shape of the Black-Worker[1] and the Kangaroo Shooter. He, too, had not given away all in his first outburst of enthusiasm, and produced his Miniature Painter and his Clicker.[2]

Great Britain and Greater Britain have called forth soldiers from lands in every sea and under every clime, and in very truth it is a citizen army as no army before ever was. It is hard to realize to what extent labour had been specialized before the war. The workers have all been gathered up in one basket, as it were, so that the File Blacker and the Bromide Paper Finisher jostle the Theological Student and the Fowl Plucker against the Motor Cycle Photographer and the "Hoven" Man in a Pottery; and Cuthbert the Cowman and the Turbine Borer are cheek by jowl with the Swiss Embroiderer, whilst the Vigneron and the China Clay Dipper rub with the Houp-la Stall Proprietor and the Bath Enameller. But in the modern army occupations may be almost as diversified as in ordinary life, and countless varieties of duties are now assigned to Thomas Atkins.

The process of collecting the men and redistributing them may be likened to the narrowing bed of a river which gathers together the broad reaches of the waters above and redirects and guides them into the numerous rocky channels and courses below. We have heard much of the cry that men should be employed in the army on work as like as possible to that of their ante-bellum days. This the authorities have been enabled to do in the case of the Cinema Operator, for there are now definite Cinema Companies. The River and Lighter Man now becomes master of one of the barges on the French canals and the champion Shoeing Smith of England is in the Army Veterinary Corps.

The task of the army was not quite such a simple one, however, when the Bacon Roller and the Stained Glass Window Maker presented themselves. We humbly suggest that the Elocutionist and the Female Impersonator might

[1] *i.e.*, Undertaker.

[2] *i.e.*, one who sews on the uppers of boots.

be induced to decoy the Hun into a trap and the Smoke Man[1] might easily be employed in putting up a barrage to cover the movements of our own troops. We have been told that the Chief Camouflage Officer of the British Army once arranged the scenery of the Metropolitan Grand Opera in New York, and surely the more delicate screen work might be done under his direction by the Fancy Trimmer, who in civil life found his delight in "slashes," with the Miniature Painter from Baker Street as his *aide*. The Antique Chair Maker could furnish officers' messes at the front, with the help of the Table Decorator at the Crystal Palace. Surely there is work up in the trenches for the Man who takes "Squeaky" out of Boots. He might follow his craft before the men go "over the top" on a raid so that the element of surprise might be more complete. The Circus Proprietor and the Conjuror could readily arrange entertainments for the troops when out "in rest." The Jam Boiler, too, could try his hand at "plum-and-apple."

In one hut we had at the same time together an extraordinary group of men from widely separated parts of the Empire, and we were made to have a very lively sense of distance. There was the Vigneron from Australia, whose work, minus the association with molluscs, was similar, we suppose, to that of the Oyster and Cellar Man who laboured beneath Regent Street for the benefit of the guests in the Café Royal above. Then there were side by side the Bath Attendant on a P. and O. boat, who loved to tell how he had "laved and abluted" some of the world's most famous globe-trotters, and the young British West Indian Fisherman from the Island of St. Lucia, who, as he said, did not speak French, but *patois*, and replied in the affirmative to questions of his M.O., "Waay, mon Capitaine." Across in the other row of beds lay close together the Farm Servant from Inverness and the Employee of the German Government Harbour Commission at Samoa, who said, "Oh yes, everybody knows about Mr. Stevenson." Farther down towards the other end of the hut the Cypriot

[1] *i.e.*, on the rafters of a bacon factory.

and the Christian Post Office Official from Calcutta were opposite the French-Canadian half-breed, whose bright eyes and hectic tinge over high cheek-bones spoke of that slow and insidious disease which carries off so many of the North American Indians. Near the door were the huge Russian Sailor of the Baltic, who enlisted in Canada, and the Maori from New Zealand, who had been a Milk Cart Driver before the war. When asked to say "Ninety-nine" the latter uttered something which sounded like "Iwa-tekau-maiwa." There was likewise in hospital at the same time an aborigine from Australia.

At other times we had in the ward Boers who fought against us in the South African War, a Fiji Islander who was a Carpenter in peaceful times, and a Cingalese who had been something far more prosaic than a Pearl Diver—merely a Labourer on a Tea Plantation. Recently we have had an Eskimo from Labrador.

Naturally enough a convoy of patients is made up largely of men from the same regiment or division, so at one time there was a "run" of Yorkshire Pitmen and Coal Getters and at another time of Drapers' Assistants and Costermongers from London Town. For some weeks we seemed to reserve a particular bed for a Postman, whether he came from North Wales, from Brighton, or from the Modern Athens. The trade of French Polisher appeared to be very popular for a time and also that of Printer's Compositor.

At one end of the hut one day there was a Carman from Guildford, in Surrey, and the next patient questioned, who lay many beds away, said that he followed the same calling, and when asked where he lived, he replied, "In Guildford." These two were formally introduced and, strange as it may appear, they had not known each other before. Members of this profession call themselves Carters or Car Drivers or Carmen or Draymen, but most often Carmen. This employment of Carman carries with it a certain position of importance, for several patients have stated that their former occupation was that of Assistant Carman! It seems that these latter have

certain definite duties; one may be termed the *dynamic* (*i.e.*, whilst the cart or car or dray is in motion), for then the assistant keeps street urchins from stealing rides on the back of the vehicle. The other is the *static*; for the remaining half of the time, when the Driver is off the seat and the Vice-Carman holds the reins whilst his master decorates the inside of a public-house and imbibes of the brew of the hop—we suppose to keep up his courage.

Recreations have been well represented in our "catches," and Pros of Football, Cricket, Golf, and Billiards have occupied our beds. A Manager of a Games Shop also stayed with us for some time. As soon as it was discovered that one of the patients was the champion Twelve-Mile Runner of Wales he was chaffed by his fellow-companions in the ward about his running up and down Snowdon before breakfast! May we consider that we may class among the Recreationists the young man of shiny face and plastered hair who said that he did "Nothing" before enlisting? We leave this question for others to answer.

Several times a patient with a very superior air has told us that he had acted as Secretary to a Company, but he was never specific. We strongly suspect that at least one of these was in a firm of Auctioneers, Pawnbrokers, Pledgers and Salvagers—that is to say, he wore a distinct look of business sagacity, although he said his name was Lamb. One young fellow, and not of a very convincingly intellectual appearance, assumed a certain air of superiority and impressiveness in the face of our usual question, and declared that he was going in for the Modern Language Tripos at Cambridge. We felt honoured—for the moment—to have such an important personage in our ward and we were ashamed to have committed the sin of under-estimating this rather unprepossessing individual. But the truth will out! We cannot blame the wish for being father to the thought, and the next day this boy, who aspired to high honours, confessed that he had been up at the seat of learning for two weeks only.

If a patient is inclined to minimize, to put it mildly, the amount of alcohol indulged in during those far-off and happy

peaceful days, he at least is perfectly frank in telling of his trade or profession. The Antique Chair Maker, for instance, to mention him again, did not attempt to screen himself, and we know of a man in another hospital who confessed that he was a human form of the species *Anobium*, for his work was that of a Maker of Worm Holes in Furniture. The Sewerman was proud of his position under the London County Council, and one patient—not in our ward, oh no!—related that before the war he was a Burglar.

Of course, we have had our favourites, and the Fish Porter from Billingsgate Market was a dear old rascal, rich in the wisdom of this world. He was far above the army age but joined up to do his bit. Before settling down to his piscatorial calling he had wandered all over England from Land's End to Gretna Green. He had many a good yarn to spin, and of a truth he was not that rarest of birds—a silent Cockney. He has material enough for a modern *Penniles Pilgrimage, or the Money-Lesse Perambulation of John Taylor*. By his merry talk we are sure that he helped to cure some of our patients.

Many are the reasons that have induced the men to join the army. It occurred to us to ask the Sea Cook if he was not out of his element on land, but he replied, "I got rather tired of the navy," and when we sought an explanation he said, "Well you see, sir, I was torpedoed three times," and he named the ships and the occasions. Let us hope that the now Army Cook has nights of undisturbed rest. In another ward a British West Indian, who had been a Chauffeur to a fabulously rich American in Paris, was asked why he had forsaken such a lucrative employment; he replied, "I reckon, sah, that's the time my cooriosity got the better of my intelligence."

Some day someone should write a treatise on "Parasitic Trades"—it would be a very fruitful piece of research, we feel sure. Here was the man who told us he was a Meat Cloth Washer. It seemed that our ears had played us false. He explained, "We get all the meat cloths from Smithfield Market and wash 'em and sell 'em again as polishing cloths for five-

pence or sevenpence, 'cordin' to size." The Tripe Dresser had plied his trade for twenty years. "You see, sir, I sells the scrapin's for pigs' food and keeps myself in beer and tobacco."

A poor miserable bantam Cockney named Strongi'th'arm kept us all, patients included, in fits of laughter. He was a Fireman in a Laundry. He made the most extraordinary grimaces and wrinkled up his forehead when he talked in his dead-earnest way. His ailment called for starvation for a short time, and the day after this treatment had been begun he asked his medical adviser—and the whole ward shook with merriment at his particularly picturesque description of his inward feelings—"Please, sir, do give me something to eat. 'Scuse me, sir, as we s'y in Lunnon, the insoides is beginnin' to eat up the worms."

The Female Impersonator from Banbury was a pretty pink-cheeked boy. The sister decked him up in an old rose bed-jacket; his bed became his stage and the other patients an approving audience. We asked him how he could sing so like a girl, and he explained, "You see, sir, I just put the American Clips on the back of my tongue and it's easy. They're made of silver, and my sister sent them to me from New York."

One day we saw a fine set of white teeth half worn down on the right side in front. The diagnosis was obviously not an old clay pipe, and the owner explained: "That's from biting opals. I am a Farmer and Miner in Australia and that's the way we test their colour." From that day forth this romantic person was shown off to all our visitors as "Buzzacott, the Opal Chipper." Here surely was a title for a shilling shocker.

What treats there are in store for us during the coming year we know not, but it will take a very extraordinary trade to surprise us now. There is a very human side to every patient, especially in these troublous times. If any worker in a hospital or any visitor to the wards finds his task irksome and tiresome let him try our prescription. It is a sure cure for *ennui*; in the questioner as well as in the questioned.

ARCHIBALD MALLOCH

LES DIVERSES FAMILLES SPIRITUELLES DANS LA FRANCE*

MAURICE BARRÈS is a distinguished writer in France on the Catholic side. He is also interested in politics, and in bygone days was unfortunate enough to espouse the cause of the brilliant but misguided General Boulanger. He is the author, among many other works, of a series known as *Le Roman de l'Energie Nationale*, which constitutes a plea for "local patriotism and for the preservation of the distinctive qualities of the old French provinces." Since the outbreak of the war, he has written more voluminously than ever under the general heading of *L'Ame Française et la Guerre*, and is now the President of the Patriots' League.

To those who are interested in the soul of France in its great manifestations since the outbreak of the war, the work which gives its title to the present article is of profound interest and importance. It is not only a vivid and most moving portraiture of strong souls, of many types, at war, but it bears a prophetic message for France after the war. M. Barrès is profoundly stirred by the magnificent spirit of patriotism, of devotion to a high cause, and of sacrifice displayed not by one or two of the *diverses familles spirituelles* of France, but by all, and pervading his book is the idea and aspiration of a France still possessed by a variety of spiritual ideals, but more charitable, more harmonious, because the war has revealed the possibility of a common cause underlying the most diverse forms. The lesson is one which may have a wider application than that of our author. Not France only, but Great Britain, the United States and Canada are possessed by widely different spiritual ideals and yet all confident that they are labouring for the good of mankind,

* *Les Diverses Familles Spirituelles dans la France*, par Maurice Barrès de l'Académie Française, Président de la Ligue des patriotes.

and often each school of thought is equally confident that it alone, Catholic or Protestant, Agnostic or Socialist, has the truth, and all others are misguided. To discover the underlying unity of these diverse ideals and to bring them to bear upon life, whilst stimulating a larger tolerance between sincere lovers of truth where there is irreducible difference of opinion, would seem to be one of our most important problems after the war. For its solution M. Barrès' book offers suggestive material.

Of the various groups in France which make up the *union sacrée* of which he has previously written, M. Barrès enumerates the Catholics, the Protestants, the Jews, the Socialists, and what he calls the Traditionalists. These latter are a group who have a strong sense of the value of the past history and institutions of France, and who, even though they may sit lightly to the dogmatic creed of Christianity, have a respect for the Church and support it as a permanent element in the structure of their country. "Le passé ne meurt jamais en nous," may be taken as the motto of the group.

M. Barrès' method is to analyse the quality of these separate groups, and to illustrate it by copious extracts from the diaries or letters of selected types. All this is done with such inimitable skill that it may safely be asserted that in France this work will be immortal. These French heroes we may take as the spokesmen of our own, for our boys have not the gift of free expression of their inner thoughts which is the prerogative of the Frenchman and for which his beautiful language is so perfectly adapted.

When the war broke out, "all the moral forces based either upon religion or upon philosophy or upon education, showed themselves possessed of power to nourish souls (tout se révéla excellent pour nourrir les âmes) and this army, made up of our most intense conflicting parties, has proved itself in the face of the Germans, united and radiant with spiritual splendour." What a revelation of the power of a common cause! The Germans had said to themselves that France was exhausted—"played out"—and will fall an easy prey to

us. What a mistake! The conflicting parties in France of yesterday have to-day become brothers in arms, brothers in spirit. Whence comes this miracle? "D'où vient ce prodige, cette transfiguration de la France? Comment sommes-nous tous debout, unis, purifiés, enflammés?" The answer is written in the pages of French history. "La France a toujours été la terre des réveils et des recommencements. Ses ennemis la croient mourante; ils accourent haineux et joyeux; elle se dresse au bord de sa couche et dit en saissant l'épée: Me voilà! Me voilà! Je suis la jeunesse, l'espérance, l'esprit invincible. Je suis jeune comme Jeanne d'Arc, comme le grand Condé à Rocroy, comme Marceau le républicain, comme le général Bonaparte! Elle respire à pleins poumons l'atmosphère des grands jours religieux, nationaux, et d'un mouvement de l'âme décide la victoire."[1]

This unity of spirit expressed itself in a variety of forms, which found a common focus in the nation. Catholic might hate Protestant, Protestant might hate Catholic, but both loved France. Even the freemason or the socialist, believing himself a cosmopolitan, discovered that his deepest love was the love of France. "Au fond des églises, les cierges flamboient; des foules s'y pressent. Le temple protestant retentit des prêches; la vieille synagogue de ses chants de douleur . . . Les socialistes s'assemblent, interrogent les faits et délibèrent. Ils reconnaissent que la justice est dans le camp des Alliés et décident unanimement de servir la France au nom de la République sociale." Neither this magnificent revelation of a deep-seated unity nor the lesson which it conveys must be forgotten after the war. M. Loisy has, in his own way, noted the same fact and points the moral. France heard the call of duty, and was unified. "Mais il n'y a pas de devoirs que pour le temps de guerre, il y en a pour toute la vie; et c'est ce qui importerait de bien entendre, parce que là est la vraie religion."[2]

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[1] Maurice Barrès. *Pages choisies.* p. 22.
[2] *Guerre et religion*, par Alfred Loisy, p. 33.

M. Barrès tells us of the twenty-five thousand priests in the army. Sometimes they are able to minister to their Catholic brethren. A young soldier, Roland Engerand by name, writes to his parents of such a one, an admirable priest adored by his men, who went into the trenches and dug with pick and shovel, and, incidentally, heard confessions there. Masses are not frequent in the trenches. The priest hesitates to gather men together where the danger is so great. But he speaks to them, man by man, or administers communion to them individually. Many instances of the devotion to death of the few priests who are not fighting, sometimes men of advanced age, are given. Such a one was Father Auffray. " Venu de Brésil, pour réclamer, malgré son grand âge, sa part des dangers de la guerre, s'est fait tuer glorieusement dans les tranchées allemandes, où il avait accompagné les troupes d'assaut." The official journal tells of many such priests: " Albert Fournier, aumônier volontaire d'un groupe de brancardiers, mort glorieusement le 10 juin 1915, alors que, dans les tranchées il remplissait les devoirs de son ministère et enflammait le courage des soldats de la division qui se disposait à s'élancer à l'assaut des retranchements ennemis." Of another, Father Robellac, the official journal says: " Il a été l'auxiliaire le plus précieux du commandement en exaltant le moral et le patriotisme de la troupe." What more noble sentiment than that which finds expression in the words of Abbé Ligeard, a corporal in the 28th battalion of chasseurs, written before going into action from which he never returned. " J'offre ma vie pour que se dissipent les malentendus qui existent entre le peuple de France et les prêtres." May the sacrifice be fruitful!

M. Barrès' chapter on the Protestants, though not more inspiring, is in some respects more interesting. He is quite frank in admitting, in the valuable notes appended to the text of his book, that he had himself misunderstood in respect of some things the religious attitude of the Protestants. Thus he wrote as follows: "In the Reformed religion, the sacraments, for which a priest is indispensable, do not exist.

The one great source of support is the Bible." He regards Protestantism as laying stress on the moral rather than the religious life. To this position it is not surprising that some Protestants should take exception, and M. Barrès quotes from letters he has received from them. M. Maury, for example, who is a professor of theology in the Protestant Seminary at Montauban, wrote: "Our Protestantism undoubtedly laying great stress upon (préoccupé) the moral life, yet seeks the source of that life in the doctrines of the faith, and awaits expectantly those impulses which draw us to the spiritual heights of communion with God in Christ. Our interior life is not composed only of moral ardour. This is the only criticism that I have to make on your article." Another Protestant pastor writes at greater length concerning the sacraments. "The Reformed Church holds two sacraments of divine institution, baptism and the holy communion. For Calvin, as for St. Augustine, a sacrament is the visible sign of invisible grace. I do not understand how there can be any question that we reformed hold a real presence (spiritually real, not materially), after the discussions on that subject between Bossuet and Claude. Whatever value Catholics may assign to the sacraments celebrated (célébrés) by Protestants (and they admit, at least, the validity of their baptism), there ought to be no hesitation in admitting that Protestants have sacraments." M. Barrès admits that in the text of his book he had not expressed himself with sufficient precision. It is probable that M. Barrès' misunderstanding is shared by many. To remove it is to diminish the gulf between Catholic and Protestant.

M. Barrès quotes with sympathy the description of a Protestant pastor who is also a Christian Socialist, "qui veut rendre la vie terrestre possible et établir dans l'humanité le règne de Dieu." Pastor Nick has no taint of the sectarian spirit. In thought he is united with all the grand saints of the Catholic Church. "Il a une âme qui est un psaume." We are told of the pastor Rabaud, who lost two dearly loved grandsons. The old man, over eighty years of age, insisted

on preaching, and drew from the story of their death consolation for the faithful of his congregation. We read of pastor Babut who preached the funeral sermon when his son was killed. Catholics attended the service, and all wept together. This event occurred at Nîmes, a town famous in former times for religious strife between Catholics and Protestants. M. Barrès says, "un témoin m'écrit que ce fut pour Nîmes (et vous savez que les luttes religieuses sont vives) un jour, non pas d'union, mais de communion sous l'espèce de l'espérance et de la souffrance." Such events may in time be forgotten, but the impression they create will remain and bear fruit in the creation of a sympathy between Catholic and Protestant, alike sufferers, which is the first essential of an understanding. "These Protestants," exclaims M. Barrès, "whose bare churches freeze our souls, and whose cold, rationalistic sermons make us Catholics talk of their philosophy rather than their religion! But let us learn to know them better through the admiration and friendly feeling with which such acts and such sublime utterances inspire us . . . "Aujourd'hui, nous comprenons leur vie intérieure et nos parentés se révèlent. Mêmes racines profondes dans la chrétienté et deux floraisons glorieuses."

"La guerre ne laisse rien en nous que nous refusions de reviser," cries M. Barrès when he comes to the consideration of the soul of the French Jew as revealed in the war. It is an admirable sentiment, and one which, if applied all round in a broad spirit of charity, would go far to advance that betterment of the world for which we all long. He gives much space to the case of Robert Herz, a professor in the College of Douai, a socialist and, strange to say (for he is an ardent Frenchman), the son of a German Jew. From the field of battle he writes to his wife, "Dear, I recall the dreams of my childhood . . . with all my soul I wanted to be French, to deserve to be French, to prove that I was French . . . and now the old dream is more ardent than ever. I am grateful to the officers who accept me as their subordinate, and to the men whom I am proud to com-

mand. Yes, I am filled with gratitude to the country which accepts me." Herz gave his life for France, having been killed on April 13th, 1915. For the most part, the documents which M. Barrès has in his possession concerned Jews who were freethinkers; but, when the first edition of his book appeared, a Jewish soldier wrote him that there were also many believing Jews. During the first winter of the war, this young lieutenant, unused to the warfare of the trenches, suffered severely from the cold and was greatly depressed. " C'est alors que ma foi est intervenue et m'a sauvé moralement. Je me suis souvenu de la prière que je faisais tout petit le soir avant d'embrasser ma maman et qui ressemble beaucoup à votre 'Pater noster.' J'ai prié et le Seigneur m'a soutenu, m'a donné le calme. Chaque fois que j'avais une décision à prendre, je pensais à Lui et j'étais tranquille . . . Je vous écris en toute sincérité. Chaque fois que je voyais qu'il fallait aller à la mort, je pensais à Lui et mon devoir m'apparaissait naturel, sans mérite." Here, indeed, is the very heart and soul of all true religion, common to Catholic, Protestant and Jew. Whether achieved through sacrament, prayer, or by act of the will, it is the realization of the Eternal that brings to the soul its sense of strength and peace:

> that Infinite
> Within us, as without—that all-in-all
> And over all—the never-changing one
> And ever-changing Many, in praise of whom
> The Christian bell, the cry from off the mosque,
> And vaguer voices of Polytheism,
> Make but one music, harmonizing—Pray.*

I have in my possession a letter which I greatly prize from a young Canadian soldier who has been "over the top," written after hearing a lecture given by me on "Prayer" in the Y.M.C.A. Hall last winter, which shows the fundamental spiritual affinity between the above-quoted Jew of France and a young Christian Canadian: "Your remarks on prayer,"

* Tennyson, *Akbar's Dream.*

he writes, "made me think of my prayer on several occasions when under terrible shell fire. More for the sake of my father, brothers, and sisters than my own, I was tempted to pray for my life, but the time and place were too serious for such a silly petition, so I just repeated in my mind 'God be with me!' and the greater the danger, the clearer was my thinking and my nerves the steadier."

It is difficult to refrain from quoting at too great length. Consider all that is implied in the following *document d'union sacrée*, as M. Barrès calls it. It is from a letter by a Catholic priest to the mother of a young Jew who fell on the field of honour on May 15th, 1915. "L'amitié, liée par moi avec votre fils, s'est transformée en respect et en admiration devant sa mort héroïque. Et je veux vous le dire aussi, le Dieu infiniment puissant et miséricordieux dans Lequel nous croyons tous, quoique différents de religion, dans Lequel votre fils croyait (il me l'a dit) a pris auprès deLui, je l'espère, l'âme droite et loyale, qui s'est sacrifiée pour le devoir, et Il l'a prise pour l'immortalité."

The following incident has, I believe, found its way into the daily press, but I venture to transcribe M. Barrès' account of it. A wounded and dying Catholic begged for a crucifix of the Jewish chaplain, Abraham Bloch. Bloch hastened to seek for one, found it, and held up to the dying man the symbol of the faith of Christians. Then but a few paces further a shell struck the rabbi, and he expired in the arms of the Jesuit Father Jamin, who tells the story. "De degré en degré," comments M. Barrès, "nous sommes élevés; ici la fraternité trouve spontanément son geste parfait; le vieux rabbin présentant au soldat qui meurt le signe immortel du Christ sur la croix, c'est une image qui ne périra pas."

What shall we say of the schoolmaster, a complete pacifist before 1914, who nevertheless went cheerfully to the war, and wrote the following touching letter to his scholars: "Like your fathers and your brothers, I have gone to the war. We are waiting for the order to go to the front in a pretty little village in Burgundy, an order bravely to do my duty to France

and to be a good citizen. Should I not return, remember your teacher who loved you well and who embraces you all, bidding you cry, 'Long live democracy and liberty!'"

These free-thinking Socialists, whose thoughts on war and the war M. Barrès has enshrined in his book, are not the blatant materialists we sometimes imagine. They, too, have a spiritual life. They are "une famille spirituelle." They have ideals which they cherish not unselfishly. "Je pars vaillamment," writes Pierre Genin, "avec l'espoir que notre dévouement, et peut-être notre sacrifice serviront à nos enfants. Puissent-ils, eux, vivre la paix que nous avons rêvée. Si notre jeunesse, si notre force servent à assurer leur existence d'homme, nous nous serons battus pour notre idéal qui reste vivant, souriant, à travers les éclairs et le tonnerre." Genin was killed in September, 1914. Edmond Lapierre, only a few days before a glorious death, wrote thus: "Nous sommes soldats des armées de la République menacée par le militarisme allemand, mais nous restons tous inébranlablement attachés à notre grand idéal . . . Socialistes au cœur humain et au sentiment généreux, nous avons un devoir sacré à remplir au milieu de tant de colères et de haines: éviter que les bas instincts ne sèment dans l'âme de nos camarades de combat les idées de vandalisme et de sauvagerie." M. Barrès thus comments on these brave and loyal men: "Dans ces âmes repose un rêve, un type de société auquel je ne crois pas, mais que j'aime en tant qu'il fait leur consolation et qu'il est leur ciel au-dessus des tranchées." It is from among these socialists that the most moving thoughts of a France, tolerant of many faiths and ideals after the war, proceed. Albert Thierry is described as a violent Syndicalist. After the war, he writes, the French, whatever their economic interests may be, or their political views, or their faith, will no longer plague (tourmenter) each other, but will give place to a love such as neither France nor the world has ever known. French Protestantism, he says, in a passage too long to quote in full, has proved in this war its devotion to France. Protestantism and justice have become equally dear to all French-

men. The French Catholics have demonstrated their love of France, justice, and of Jesus; they too become equally dear to all the other French. The French who have abandoned the ancient faith have likewise manifested their love of France, justice, and liberty; they also become dear to all other Frenchmen. Not that Thierry looks for agreement. The ancient divisions will continue, but the spirit in which their supporters regard each other will be changed. "Cette conciliation ne deviendra jamais sans doute une assimilation et une confusion: il faut des fleurs diverses au jardin de la terre." He concludes with the sentiment which reminds us of St. Paul: "All outward truces are worthless; they perish if we have not written within us the spirit of peace."

In all this M. Barrès sees, as it is to be hoped we may all see, the necessity for a better understanding each with others. The world needs mediators, men of sympathetic temperament, who will interpret the good of each school to the others. It was said by an acute observer that the distinction between Dean Stanley and Dr. Pusey was that the former took note of resemblances and the latter of differences. We must, of course, take note of both, but the narrow man is essentially the man who loves not only to take note of but to dwell upon differences. But in this age of the world, at least, it is more important to dwell upon resemblances. It is the Pharisaic spirit that doubts whether any good can come out of Nazareth. It was Jesus who saw the common good, the spiritual good in a Roman centurion, a heathen woman of Canaan, a Samaritan heretic, a despised publican, some enquiring Greeks. "Pour notre part," writes M. Barrès, "nous pensons que la plus haute pensée, celle qui explique le monde, est fille du laboratoire scientifique et de l'oratoire religieux, et pour sauver la civilisation complète, nous défendons à la fois le Collège de France, et les petites églises de village." He quotes with approval the words of a fellow-teacher: "Notre devoir est tout tracé : Veiller à ce qui rallume chez nous la double flamme de la culture classique latine et de la foi catholique qui s'adaptent merveilleusement au génie de notre race."

Such has been the broadening effect of the war upon all schools of thought or of faith in France. The effect will be the same, we believe, in all the world, or, at least, among the allied nations. This same Thierry, violent syndicalist before the war, in the light of the war came to see that the whole truth was not with him: "Considérant la guerre, je ne veux plus être révolutionaire pour la classe ouvrière seule, *mais pour tout l'homme*. La Justice est le bien de tous. Il y a une injustice capitaliste, pourquoi n'y aurait-il pas une injustice ouvrière?" If all discussions could start with such a postulate, controversy would become a more potent force for the advancement of truth. During the war, each "spiritual family" of France has been at its best, has moved on the summits of its faith, and on these heights has found itself in close company with other families whom it had formerly believed to be widely separated. In churches, chapels, and lecture halls, the war has revealed men of varied doctrine but of lofty character who have with equal courage endured and died. Some way must be found by which all these diverging rays of light can be traced to their common focus. Truth, it must be realized, is like a vast globe, and we are as persons looking at it from various angles. We can none of us see it all in its fullness, or in its variety, or in the true proportions of its parts. Some can see a little more, some a little less. Out of this consideration springs the *raison d'être* of tolerance. Men, said Frederick Denison Maurice, are right in what they affirm and wrong in what they deny. It is a suggestive thought, and one which tends to charity, without involving any diminution of intensity in the proclamation of that small segment of truth which we from our particular angle can clearly see.

I would, in concluding with one most touching episode recorded by M. Barrès, recommend to my readers this most beautiful book. It is, I say it deliberately, a holy book, a book of saints, compiled by a man of splendid vision, of perfect taste, and of a great heart. No one can read it unmoved, and many pages brought the tears to my eyes.

Captain Millon was a priest by profession, and was closely associated with Captain P——, a freethinker and freemason. When Millon was killed at Verdun, Captain P—— went in search of a Catholic soldier, Joseph Ageorges, and said to him: "The death of Millon has deeply affected me. If I had fallen first he would have said a mass for me. I am not a believer, but one never knows! If the soul is immortal then Millon will be happy to know that I am thinking of him. Shall we go and find a curé to conduct a service on his behalf?" They went, and the service was arranged by Captain P——, who attended the service with his soldiers and the people of the village. After the Gospel was read, the curé gave an address, and when he had finished, he was moved to go to Captain P—— and invite him to speak also. The freethinking Captain ascended the steps of the altar and paid a tribute of praise to the priest-captain. In conclusion, he proclaimed upon the coffin of a hero—and may we not hear his voice above the tombs of all our loved ones—that the France of to-morrow needed the close collaboration of the priest, the officer, and the teacher."

HERBERT SYMONDS

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME.

By Guglielmo Ferrero and Corrado Barbagallo. The Monarchy and the Republic. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1918. Price $1.90 net.

This book, according to the preface, is intended for the use of teachers and of the more advanced students in schools, colleges and universities, as well as for the general reader.

The general conception of the work bears witness to the gradual revolution which has taken place in the writing of history. The dramatic and personal element has become secondary, and the historian aims at exhibiting a picture of the development of ideas and social movements in accordance with laws of cause and effect. Thus political and economic evolution is the centre of interest. It is a particularly happy thought to apply these new ideas to the representation of antiquity; for, as the reader will, we hope, discover for himself, this remote period is really, from the new point of view nearer to us than the sixteenth or even the eighteenth century. Every student of modern history must feel in the presence of the great war the remoteness of the two centuries we have mentioned, which are probably the two most familiar to him. We recommend him to study this history by two Italian scholars and he will find the parallels with the present struggle more obvious. For the war between Pompey and Cæsar to which the history of the Roman Republic leads up, was really a war of ideas and ideals, and these warring ideals were in a remarkable way similar to those which are now contesting for supremacy in Europe. That is to say we are no longer engaged, except in a secondary way, with dynastic or religious problems, but are asked to decide between an aggressive militarism and peaceful progress along democratic lines. Such was also the question at issue between the factions of Cæsar and Pompey, and the parallel can be followed even into details. At the same time there are also points of difference, which prevent the student from realizing the general resemblance. For example, we have nobody now who sums up in himself the ideas of a party in the same way that Cæsar did in antiquity. But the essential thing is that the last hundred years—like the last century of the Roman republic—have witnessed the growth of an enormous power which we call capitalism, and the growth of this power has led in both cases to a reconsideration of our point of view and presents new problems for solution. Signor Ferrero is the author of a book entitled *Ancient Rome and Modern America, A Comparative Study of Morals and Manners.* We have not had an opportunity of reading this book, but the mere title will help to confirm the remarks we have made above.

As the present work is likely to be widely read and there is every prospect of an early call for a new edition, we propose to write with more fulness than usual, for in spite of the excellence of the general plan, there is undoubtedly room for improvement in many points of detail.

To begin with, although the title is as given above, we find at the end of the last page the note, End of Volume I. We are also promised this second volume in the last sentence but one of the book and at the end of the Preface. But surely the title page should have indicated that the present book is only Volume I. We would suggest too that certain Latin and foreign words might be replaced by their English equivalents. For example what will the general reader make of a fortune of 12,500 *asses* (p. 22) or of *civitas sine suffragio* (p. 73)? On p. 149 a capacity of 300 *amphorae* is said to be about equal to 8,000 *litres*. Lustre (p. 265) and *supplicatio* (p. 427) also need a note of explanation. On the other hand the Latin word *equites* might perhaps be retained instead of "knights" which might mislead (p. 289). In writing too for English-speaking readers, the modern Italian names of places might have been dispensed with. To them Arretium and Praeneste are more likely to be familiar than Arezzo and Palestrina. A map would be of more use than these Italian names. How many readers, for example, will know where Mount Sila is? We might also suggest that references to Italian books might be dropped in an elementary work like this. On page 321, for instance, we are referred to an article by Lanzani in *Riv. di filologia classica for 1912*. This seems to us rather superfluous. A short bibliography at the end would be more practical.

We also observe an inconsistency in naming ancient places. The old and the new names, Latin and Italian, are sometimes mixed up, even in the same list. For example we have Metapontum, Reggio, Locri (p. 2); Capri, Procida, Aenaria (p. 6); Sutrium, Sesia, Nepi (p. 58). Sometimes the English and Latin names are interchanged; we have Volsci and Volscians on the same page (p. 31). The same country is called Macedon (p. 120) and Macedonia (p. 223). In writing the names of Romans we suggest an attempt at uniformity in a new edition. If we take Marcus Valgius Rufus as a typical Roman name, we should find it written in this book in the following different forms: Marcus Valgius Rufus, M. Valgius Rufus, Marcus Valgius, Marcus Rufus, Rufus and even Marcus. This must, one would imagine, perplex the average reader. The same reader would probably suppose that the Tullianum (p. 298) and the Mamertine prison (p. 397) were different buildings.

It is well known that the opinions of Signor Ferrero are often very original so that they will not always find general acceptance. For example he seems to regard the growth of wealth and luxury as progress in civilization (pp. 314, 389, 215, 214, 217).

A man like Cato the younger is therefore to our author "obstinate and narrow minded" (p. 397). His ancestor Cato the Censor does not fare much better (pp. 215, 216). It seems to us that when these men foretold ruin to their country unless the Romans mended their ways, they were amply justified by the result. Again, Signor Ferrero evidently looks with suspicion on the historians of the German school, whose criticism is mostly destructive (p. 23). But he himself seems to be open to the charge of giving too much play to his fancy; we are told, for example, that "broad, straight streets" were "traced by the kings" (p. 55); that "in the remote period of the first kings we may think of Rome as a busy workshop, where the traveller heard the constant beating of hammers in the factories where the bronze and tin and iron workers laboured" (p. 13); that "every year at Rome and in the cities of the Latins and allies were opened new schools of rhetoric" at the end of the second century, B.C. (p. 315); we doubt whether chapter and verse could be given for any of these statements. We do not quite see eye to eye with the author in the history of the earliest period; take for example the all-important question of the reasons for the rapid development and importance of Rome. This question has been generally ignored; we believe it was Herbert Spencer who suggested that the position of the city on the Tiber, near the mouth, was the great factor in its early and rapid progress. Signor Ferrero seems to favor the same view (p. 13). But this is to judge by modern conditions; in antiquity the principles which regulated commerce were different, and it is notorious that the great commercial cities were regularly founded not on the great rivers but near them on the coast. Such were Miletus, Smyrna, Thessalonica, Alexandria, Marseilles, Tarraco, Tyre, Amisus (the capital of Mithradates), Cadiz and Carthage. Again, if the situation of Rome was so suitable, how is it that almost the earliest Roman measure we hear of is the foundation of the port of Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber? As a matter of fact Rome was rather badly situated for commerce by sea; this seems to be indicated by the fact that in later times its port—or *échelle* as the French call it—was at the distant town of Puteoli. We prefer another explanation of Rome's early greatness, one that would account for the importance of Troy and the Bœotian Thebes as well as that of Rome.

In the first chapter a good deal of attention is devoted to the Etruscans. We venture to take exception to the statement on p. 11, "If Rome was, in fact, founded and governed for more than two centuries by the Etruscans, how are we to explain the fact that under the Republic she Latinized herself to all appearance so completely as entirely to dissemble her origin?" Surely the Norman Conquest of England furnishes a parallel. Why again does the author assume (p. 26) that the patricians were the Latin element? They are at least as likely to have been Etruscans. We are glad to see that Signor Ferrero gives this prominence to the vexed

Etrurian question; but why has he nothing to say about the Phoenicians, apart from an irrelevant allusion on page 4? Yet few things in the darkness of the prehistoric period are clearer than the presence of the Phoenicians on the Campanian coast long before the traditional date of the foundation of Rome.

In his account of the Social War, too, we think our author might have made the issue clearer. The Italians went to war with Rome not to win their independence, but to be allowed to become Romans. This seems to make this war, a fierce and bitter struggle, almost unique in history, and is a great testimony to the strength of the foundations on which Rome was built. When Signor Ferrero says that their idea that they would benefit by Roman citizenship was a "delusion" (p. 316), he seems to us to be quite mistaken.

We now proceed to points of detail, which are fairly numerous. We find not only in two or three places in the text (pp. 1, 5), but also on the Title Page and the Paper Cover an incorrect date for the foundation of the city (754 instead of 753); the correct date is given on p. 26, so that there is not even uniformity in error. The year 754 is not even one of the nine different dates given by the ancients themselves. The date now universally adopted is that of Varro, whence the name Varronian era. The following sentence on p. 5 shows a curious confusion of thought. After talking about 754 B.C. as the date "now universally accepted," Signor Ferrero continues:—"An ingenious historian is never at a loss for subtle arguments in support of any thesis of which he is enamoured, but in this case, unfortunately, all these conjectures and arguments are shattered by the clear and simple fact that Rome by her chronology *ab urbe condita* always officially affirmed that the foundation of the city took place about the middle of the eighth century, B.C." Even the uninitiated reader will see that if the Romans had *always* counted from the foundation of the city, that date would be attached to some particular year and not to *somewhere about* the middle of the eighth century. The fact that nine different dates ranging from about 875 to 729 were given in ancient times for the foundation of the city, shows—what we already know from other sources—that the date of the foundation of the city was not "always officially affirmed" but was the subject of learned enquiry at a later date. As a matter of fact we find traces of an early use of other systems of dating. Two of these, viz.: *post reges exactos*; *post Capitolinam dedicatam*, are older than the system *ab urbe condita*; there are also half a dozen others. The student who finds the modern reckoning *anno domini* universal in Christian countries and is afterwards introduced to the Greek systems of reckoning from the first Olympiad, and the Roman system from the foundation of the city, does not realize that there were dozens of different eras current in antiquity. The Christian era by the bye was first inaugurated in its

present form by a Scythian monk of the sixth century; we may therefore compare this with the attempts of the Romans to fix the date of the first year of their city. Whilst on the subject of the calendar we may add that the reader, when the month and day are given for an event, must make allowance for the reforms of the Julian calendar. Thus on p. 469, the date of the battle of Zela, August 2nd would be about May 20th by the correct reckoning.

The dating of the First Samnite War of 343—341 is also confused. On p. 65 we are told that the war began in 345; on pp. 68, 69 the year 343 seems to be suggested as an improvement, and on p. 70 this is further corrected to 342. Other inaccurate dates we have noted are:—the Lex Canuleia (444 instead of 445), tribunate of Flaminius 233 (instead of 232), Lex Domitia 103 (instead of 104), last year of Sulla's dictatorship 80 (instead of 79), birth of Julius Cæsar 100 (though 102 is equally likely), revolt of Ephesus 87 (instead of 86), and the consulship of Lepidus (p. 359). In the case of some of the above there may be some room for difference of opinion, but this cannot be said of the date of the consulship of Scaurus, which is given as 113 (p. 332). The actual date (115) ought to be familiar to every one with a tolerable knowledge of Roman History, and moreover, in any case, only needed to be copied from a reference book. Not less unsatisfactory than the dates is the spelling of proper names. Caius and Cneius (instead of Gaius and Gnaeus) confront us constantly. On p. 3 we have Liguri (bis), p. 4 Lucumoni, p. 7, Aenaedae for Aeneadae, pp. 12, 17 Martius (for Marcius), p. 20 Terracina, p. 59 Sestius (for Sextius), p. 93 Rutilius (for Rutilus), p. 97 Narni (for Narnia), pp. 98, 99 Ignatius (for Egnatius), p. 104 Volsinium (Volsinii is more usual), p. 117 Marcus (for Manius) and Benevetum (for Beneventum), p. 186 Attilius (for Atilius), p. 279 Baleari (for Baleares or Baliares), p. 297 Arausium (for Arausio), p. 301 Bastarni (for Bastarnae), p. 302 Apuleius (for Appuleius), p. 354 Marius (for Marcus), p. 378 Gordiana (for Gordyene), p. 421 Vesontium (for Vesontio), p. 240 Emporiae (for Emporia), p. 439 Cardurci (for Cadurci), p. 440 Agedicum (better Agedincum), p. 427 Lucca (for Luca), p. 464 Calvinius (for Calvinus), p. 481 Tullius for Tillius (bis), p. 461 Varro (for Varus). It is not certain that Maecenas (p. 315) is entitled to the name Cilnius. On p. 305 Caius Catulus should be Quintus Catulus; he recovers his right name on p. 340. The father of Anchises was not Capio but Capys (p. 6); Sesia (p. 58) should be Setia.

We draw attention briefly to other passages where revision seems necessary. On p. 2 the Indo-Europeans are apparently supposed as a matter of course to have come from the East; the Latini are located in the north and west, whilst the Umbri are included in the tribes of the east and south (pp. 2, 3); the Greeks are already supposed to have

colonized Italy at the time of the foundation of Rome (p. 4), although the first Greek colony in these regions was Naxos (735 B.C.), for the legend of Cumae is now abandoned. On p. 6 we read that the oldest tradition "relates that Rome was founded by a hero, the son of Jove, a certain Romus, who naturally enough gave the city his own name?" The historian alluded to is Antigonus, but it is not correct to describe him as the oldest recorder of Roman traditions. Moreover it does not appear to have been "natural" in the earliest antiquity for princes to give a city their own name. What are the "bridges" alluded to on p. 21? We only know of one, the *pons sublicius*. "Tribunes of the peoples" is not a translation of *tribuni plebis*; there are misprints for *intercedendi* (p. 37), *fetiales* (p. 15), *iudiciaria* (p. 269), and *privatus* (p. 263); *tribuni militum* is perhaps more usual than *tribuni militares* (p. 41); "disorderly" (p. 53) is not a good translation of *tumultuarius*; on pp. 66, 67 the Samnites seem to be spoken of as a people quite different from the Oscans; the *scutum* should not be described as square (p. 83). The statement on p. 88 that silver was first circulated in Rome about the time of the Samnite Wars requires modification. Silver was first coined at Rome in 268 B.C., but silver ingots and foreign silver coins were in circulation before then. From p. 124 one would imagine that the original inhabitants of a Roman Colony also had full citizenship, which is not the case. Is it a fact that Marius substituted the *clipeus* for the "huge shield," i.e., apparently the *scutum* (p. 300)? It is not correct to say that no Roman before Marius had held the consulship four times (p. 304). The account of the *civitas sine suffragio* (pp. 72, 73) is a little confusing. It is doubtful whether Lanuvium, Aricia and Nomentum, or any other Latin towns possessed it; nor can it be definitely stated that the citizens of such states had "all a Roman citizen's rights and duties except those of electing and being elected to the magistracies of the State." It is probable that in the earliest period at all events, they were also exempt from military service. On p. 357 we are referred to Dionysius V 77 for the statement that Sulla "when he wished to fill up the gaps made in the senate preferred to the knights lesser men of the third estate—even his own old soldiers." Although the *Pauly Encyclopedia* makes a similar statement with a reference to the same chapter of Dionysius, we have been unable to find anything in the chapter to justify it; nor is the account of Dionysius in conflict with that of Appian (note on p. 357); the only difference is that one speaks disparagingly of the new senators and the other approves of them. The Magna Mater should not have been described as an "obscure divinity" (p. 312). The assignment of provinces beforehand by lot was a measure of C. Gracchus (p. 357).

In other places our authors speak with more confidence than the facts warrant; when they say that the Ligures (p. 3) were probably Indo-

Europeans; that the Hernici were perhaps Sabines (p. 31); that Laelius was called Sapiens because he dropped an unpopular bill—an idea borrowed from Plutarch (p. 248); that the *equites* had before Sulla "acquired with much difficulty the privilege of seats of honour at the public spectacles" (p. 356).

To call Cæsar "an elegant and intelligent youth" (p. 389) is more than quaint; the same may be said of "young man" as a description of a Roman consul (p. 200); "the lot was cast" (p. 458) presumably means "the die was cast"; "hostis" (pp. 336, 452) is sufficient without the addition of "publicus." We are surprised to hear of Cicero's "modesty" (p. 391); is it possible that the authors mean moderation? The years 510, 509 B.C. (p. 26) are by an oversight called "early years of the sixth century."

Finally there are a few passages which we confess we do not understand. Such are the description of Jerusalem as the "royal seat of Saul and Salome" (p. 386), and the law which "recalled the knights who had been banished after Marius's political ruin in 89" (p. 332). We should like to be sure that Ariminum (p. 171) and Puteoli (p. 455) are not misprints for Arretium and Populonia respectively. We have heard of Italia Subalpina, but Gallia Subalpina (p. 339) is new to us; moreover we thought that Cn. Pompeius was operating not in Gaul but in central Italy (same page); the authors cannot surely be thinking of App. B.C. I 66. More obscure still are the allusions to agriculture. On p. 244 we learn that "vines and olives began to be cultivated" in the times of the Gracchi, and again on p. 390 we read that about 65 B.C. "the efforts to improve agriculture by planting vines and olives everywhere" seem to have been one of the "chief causes of the aggravation of a burden which was becoming intolerable to many." As a matter of fact it was just at this time that the cultivation of the vine and olive was beginning to be abandoned in favour of cattle raising, because the former did not pay. In passing we may note that this development was due to the competition of the provinces, i.e., of Romans driven from their native Italy by one-sided legislation. We were also quite unprepared for the following on p. 454:—"In 52, Italian merchants had for the first time been able to export to the provinces oil made in Italy." Here the preciseness of the date furnishes a slight clue. Is it possible that Signor Ferrero is thinking of a passage in Cicero's Republic, which was published about 52 B.C.? The passage in question is as follows:—"We do not allow nations beyond the Alps to plant olives and vines in order to enhance the value of our own olive plantations and vineyards." But even if we do not press the point—which we have every right to press—that the book *De Republica* is a dialogue supposed to have been held in 129 B.C., still all that Cicero says is that Italian interests are unfairly favoured. We may commend the passage to the consideration of our modern Tariff Reformers; instead of merely putting a prohibitive tax on foreign manufactures, their Roman predecessors would have suppressed competition altogether.

We look forward to the publication of the second volume with great interest; in the period with which it deals, we find political questions gradually becoming secondary, while their place is taken by economic problems. The decline of the Roman Empire, which we are accustomed to associate with inroads of the Barbarians, is in a much larger degree due to economic decay within. Here also we shall find lessons for the present day. We venture to express the hope that the second volume will be edited with more care than the first.

S. B. S.