

And in India and Egypt both, the British have been facing the same problem ever since the Russo-Japanese war gave birth to new hopes among the subject races. Great Britain, like many a conquering people before her, finds it hard to understand why the nations to whom she has brought peace and material well-being should chafe under her rule. It is well enough for the island-born Englishman to insist on taking care of himself, even if he does it badly, rather than have things carefully smoothed out for him from above. It is absurd for the Bengali or the Egyptian Nationalist to assume the same attitude; first, because, in his case, it has been demonstrated that he is unfit to take care of himself, and secondly—and the argument is legitimate enough—failure in his case would also spell trouble and worse for Great Britain herself, and for the world at large. In India, for instance, the British assert that they have brought order and stability where formerly there was civil war and oppression. Let Great Britain withdraw, and India would become a cockpit for its own hostile races and religions and a prey to Russian or Japanese or German ambition—who knows? Can a handful of Babu lawyers hold together an empire of 300,000,000 people?

But as between Egypt and India there are certain important differences which give the former country much the stronger case against Great Britain. And this in spite of the fact that Egypt, unlike India, cannot deny that British rule has brought prosperity to the country. Egypt has no devastating plagues and famines to complain of. Her population has nearly doubled since 1882, and the national wealth has more than kept pace with the population. The primary reason for discontent is, therefore, apparently absent, until we recall that it is comparative prosperity, and not helpless destitution, that nourishes political unrest. The very fact that Egypt is prosperous offers a powerful reason why England cannot hope to keep it permanently in subjection. But more important still is the absence in Egypt of those racial and religious divergences in which England finds the chief need for her presence in India. Of Egypt's nearly 12,000,000 people, less than a million are Christian and Jewish. Over 92 per cent. of the population is Mohammedan, the very class which England

regards as constituting the most peaceful, the most industrious, and altogether the most promising element in India. In Egypt, therefore, there can be no question of racial or religious warfare. The population is homogeneous, compact, and not so numerous as to make self-government the momentous task it must be in India.

The reasons for Egyptian Nationalism are, clearly, far from negligible. England's presence in Egypt cannot be explained as due to the people's incapacity for self-government. It was not civil war or any other form of popular misdemeanor that first brought England into the land, but the insane financial extravagances of a Khedive who virtually delivered his country into the hands of his foreign creditors. The revolt of Arabi Pasha in 1882 was a protest against foreign domination, and England's subsequent intervention was dictated solely by her interests as part holder of the foreign debt and as owner of the Suez Canal. If the temporary British occupation has become permanent, it is not primarily because the welfare of the country required it, but because British Imperial policy demanded it. The fact that the Khedives Ismail and Tewfik brought Egypt under foreign domination does not prove that the people itself is unfit to be entrusted with a large measure of self-government. That is what the Egyptian Nationalists maintain, and they have the recent experience of Turkey to hearten them.

CONFESSIONS OF A PROFESSOR.

While our colleges of liberal arts are groaning with their regrets, their misgivings, and their sins, Prof. Grant Showerman has seen and stepped into an opportunity. In a book of essays, entitled "With the Professor," he attempts, with a limpidity of style and a gentle temperance recalling the Elia of Cambridge, Mass., to relieve the stuffed bosom of higher education by ingenuously revealing to the world the present sensitive and uneasy state of the professorial mind, its inner conflicts, and its discordant environment. For a confessional medium he has created, after the fashion of one of Anatole France's innocent sages, a bald-headed teacher of the classics with an aspiring wife and six children. (That "six" is a rather unrealistic touch.) In the course of his

lucubrations this very typical academic gentleman pretty nearly exhausts the stock topics of academic society: salaries, receptions, cost of living, merits of teachers, research, and educational policy. Readers in university communities, East and West, will find themselves testifying to his representativeness by exclaiming "That's our college through and through," "That's I" or "me"—according to their grammatical faith.

But to represent things from certain points of view is to satirize them; by virtue of his humanistic standpoint "the Professor" is a satirist. In these days of universal elective franchise no one knows the object of education; the object of educators, however, or, more accurately speaking, of their wives and daughters—is "getting on." The driving power is not the desire to learn and teach, but a desperate ambition to gain and maintain a footing on a \$2,000 salary in a society where the average income is three or four times as great. The rising young instructor, therefore, is compelled to be a hypocrite. He must devote his energy to doing things in which he does not believe—writing articles on "Terminations in T" and "Suffixes in S"—in order to win the hollow approbation of the learned, which leads to promotion. "The Professor" entertains a rather undignified conception of the function of the various scientific and philological journals. He is so cynical as to suggest that contributors should be obliged to pay regular advertising rates. One does not like to think that there is any occasion for such stringent measures. Yet of a piece with this insinuation of commercialism in the studious cloister is the satirical rogue's description of an elaborate university social function, in preparing for, going through, and getting over which some ten hours are consumed by the instructor and his wife, with a net result of ten minutes of social intercourse. This agony, too, like the barren sweat of "research," is a propitiatory offering to the God of Getting On. The cure for these evils is easy to prescribe and "pleasant to take"—\$15,000 a year.

Behind the satirist, however, is a dismayed and bewildered believer in humane culture—the pensive and melancholy Ossian of contemporary education. He stands by the graves of Homer and Virgil, and mourns for the

bygone days. Since the great educational revolution and the irruption into the colleges of the Third Estate, he has witnessed the defeat, demoralization, and dispersal of the intellectual nobility. A new and alien order of mechanics, engineers, business men, farmers, linguistic cranks, and scientific pedants possesses the field. Their means are not his means, nor their ends his ends. He is among them but not of them; he moves with them, but keeps step to another drummer. He is something of a sentimentalist: he expresses his dissent with the sound of a harp, when the crisis calls for a trumpet. In his ability to excite sympathy with his ideals and in his inability to suggest or institute practical reforms—in his quite resourceless idealism—Professor Showerman's "Professor" fairly symbolizes the faculty of liberal arts in a large university.

"The Professor," like many contemporary humanists, imagines that his melancholy arises from his recollection of the old régime. As a matter of fact, it arises from his ignorance of the history of education. Hearing him talk, one would be led to suspect that in the good old times before President Eliot students were fired with an inhuman love of liberal culture for its own sake. As a matter of fact, Ascham and Peacham and Milton and Locke and Chesterfield advocated a liberal education primarily because it was the most valuable and practical training for a liberal career. The scholar-gentleman contemplated in the aristocratic classical curriculum was destined for activities calling constantly into play both gentlemanliness and scholarship. He was destined for a part in good society and a part in public life; for these definite ends he was supplied with ancient and modern languages, ancient and modern history, philosophy, logic, rhetoric, etiquette, and the graces. There was a clearly shaped educational policy, because there was a clearly conceived educational object. "The Professor" is in despair, because he feels a hopeless and entirely untraditional desire to transform all students into scholars and gentlemen—a desire which Burke would have told him is at war with nature.

"The Professor" has a very pretty chapter in which he rejoices that the pursuit of culture is his means of livelihood. To put it in brutal English—

he needs languages, literatures, history, philosophy, rhetoric, etiquette, and the graces in his business. But the teacher of classics is not unique in needing these things. They are needed also by men of letters and teachers and critics of literature, by historians and philosophers and teachers of philosophy and history, by editors, publishers, clergymen, college presidents, diplomats, and statesmen. For these classes, at least, a liberal culture is the most definite kind of training for "success in life." In this age of intolerance for purposeless and indolent Goodness and Beauty, perhaps the hope of future usefulness for the college of liberal arts lies in frank competition with its rivals not for the women and weaker brethren, but for the young men of ambition and promise, desiring to qualify themselves for the careers—more numerous now than ever before—open to liberal scholars and gentlemen. If it would but condescend to inscribe over its portals, "We, too, train for life," it could reduce the chaos of election, form an educational policy, give what is now demanded of every college, and at the same time gain what it privately desires.

THE GREEK GIFT TO CIVILIZATION.

I.

The Greeks meant one thing to men of the early Renaissance, another thing to Pope and Addison, another thing to Germans of the nineteenth century. Every generation has taken its Greek in its own way. And the present generation, heir of all the ages, is taking its Greek in nearly every way—except one. It is not taking its Greek for granted. An expositor of Hellenism to-day is almost obliged to become an apologist. He must "show us." Even as seasoned a Grecian as Professor Mahaffy,* who surely is entitled, if any one is, to be at his ease in Hellas, does not resist this compulsion. The quiet and still air of his delightful studies is stirred with argument, about Greek in the college curriculum, about the neglect of Aristotelian logic by American youth, about, on the one hand, Greek *versus* "Science," and, on the other hand, the truly "scientific" temper of Greek thought. Throughout he seems to feel that the Greeks need to be vindicated; and their vindication, throughout, is that they are "modern."

*"What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization?" The Lowell Lectures of 1908-09. By John Pentland Mahaffy, C.V.O., D.C.L. (Oxon.), etc., of Trinity College, Dublin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

This seems to mean that they are free from mysticism and obscurantism, those sins of the Middle Ages; and Professor Mahaffy is the more inclined to praise Greek clear-sightedness in virtue of his own long-standing feud with mediævalism. There is a fine old-fashioned flavor, as of some clergyman in Thomas Love Peacock—a Ffolliott, a Portpipe, an Opimian—in the valiant no-Popery flings of our author against the church and against the theological prepossessions of mediæval science and philosophy. The modern contentiousness about Greek here receives a temperamental reinforcement.

All good things being Greek, and all bad things non-Greek, the Middle Ages were non-Greek; and the Renaissance, which put an end to them, was Greek. Such seems to be the latent reasoning at the bottom of Professor Mahaffy's view—and we admit it to be the popular view—that by means of a resurgence of Greek art, literature, and philosophy, the Renaissance superseded the Middle Ages, and that the Renaissance was in spirit and accomplishment truly Greek, truly classical. The naïve assumption of the humanists that they had emerged from a "thick Gothic night," Professor Mahaffy would modify by substituting "Latin" for "Gothic"; and, having thus given a bad name to the Scholastic Philosophy, to Romanesque and Gothic architecture, to the "Dies Iræ" and to the *chansons de geste*, he would contentedly hang them all. Now, he believes, upon the thick Latin night up rose Greek, and up rose the sun: the classical Renaissance and the "modern spirit" were a twin birth of the revival of Greek studies (pp. 18-19). This view seems to us erroneous; and, as the conceptions underlying it determine Professor Mahaffy's treatment of his subject, we shall examine it at some length. Waiving all questions of chronology, disregarding therefore all mediæval anticipations of the Renaissance or of the "modern spirit," granting that the light did not dawn till Greek began to reappear, and then dawned decisively, we believe it would not be difficult to show that the Renaissance itself was not essentially Hellenic.

II.

The literature of the Renaissance, both in and out of Italy, is four-fifths of it Latinistic—Virgilian, Ciceronian, Senecan, occasionally Horatian, very heavily Ovidian. It springs not immediately, often not mediately, from Homer, Demosthenes, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, or even Euripides. The other fifth, which does draw nourishment from Greek literature, draws it from the Greek literature not of the golden but of the silver and the pinchbeck ages. Boccaccio, Professor Mahaffy points out (p. 95n), is indebted to Greek prose fiction; but what he does not point out is that Boccaccio's debt