

they seek some secluded nook in which they can hold communion with Nature, trace out the Great Bear and the Little Dipper and while away the hours as only frats can. Then toward morning they seek their downy couch and lovingly entwined in each others arms, dream sweet dreams of earthly bliss. Ah, this love that frat bears for his brother is ethereal and far beyond the power of the uninitiated to comprehend. Yet the question naturally arises, are such manifestations sincere, or are they hypocritical? Better by far is it for a person to be free to choose his own associates and friends than to be forced to play the part of a hypocrite as often as he meets one, whom he personally despises, but, who chances to wear the same kind of bright colored ribbons. Fraternal love may become exceedingly "spoony" but yet we sometimes think that it is entirely affected.

LITERARY.

In an age in which the ancient splendor of Rome had been forgotten, when Christianity had been corrupted by contact with pagan superstition, and points of doctrine were being decided by physical force, Mahomet was impelled to publish to the world his creed. By the magic of his genius, backed by pretended divine revelation, he united the scattered tribes of Arabia, which never before in their history had known a master, and sent them forth to the conquest in eighty years of an empire as extensive as Rome had conquered in eight hundred!

The life and character of J. J. Rousseau are in many respects like Mahomet's. The latter, it is safe to affirm, had the greater genius. But apart from this they were similarly constituted, morally and intellectually. Each was devout; each was dissolute; the one retired to a cave to commune with the God above, the other abandoned the gay crowds of Paris and Versailles for a hermitage by wood and stream, in order the better to commune with nature, which he had chosen for his divinity. The meditations of the one resulted in giving him the fancy that he was inspired, and the Koran was promulgated; the other's devout contemplation convinced him that he had a message for the world, and the Social Contract, the gospel of the French revolutionists, was written. From the most discordant material the Koran welded together an army which, in a hundred years from Mahomet's death, contested with Christianity on the plains of Tours the supremacy in Europe. The Social Contract aroused to action a people whom despots had ruled for centuries; and in thirty-one years from its publication, a king, the descendant of Louis XIV, was on the scaffold, with sansculotism triumphant.

Were it not for the influence which he exerted on the destiny of the French nation and through the French on other nations, Rousseau's life would be worthy of little consideration. But his influence on the discontented masses was so directly the result of the moral and intellectual constitution of the man, that the study of his life becomes a study in the principles of government. A moral wreck, with his motional instincts uncurbed, credulity and gratuitous assumption supplanting reason in his intellectual labor, he was the last man to educate a people aright in government. But the secret of his influence lay in the fact that, with an eloquence born of

earnest conviction, he held out to the oppressed the prospect, of entering at once into a state of happiness which they in their sorrow had despaired of ever reaching.

The golden age Rousseau described did not lie in the future; it was to be found by "looking backward," not one century but an indefinite number, to that guiltless age when civilization had not yet come with its corrupting influences; the age when classes were unknown, because society was not yet formed. By some marvelous intuition,—for he scorned documentary evidence—he was enabled to read the past. With fulness of detail he described primitive man in all the phrases of his narrow life, and contrasted in glowing colors the happiness of the savage and the misery of the oppressed in civilized communities. "Let us regain at any cost the happy state from which mankind has lapsed!" such was his urgent entreaty, the essence of his doctrine. A third of a century went by, and the Revolution after having gotten rid of its opponents was, to copy the phrase of one of its victims, "devouring its own children!"

Thus this theory of a former golden age, which under its various forms in successive epochs had gratified the Greek intellect, had served to mitigate the vigor of the primitive Roman law, and had furnished Locke with a speculative justification of a revolution already consummated, became with Rousseau and the French of the last century a weapon of destruction, bringing the nation to dissolution in pursuit of a phantom. Now, since it is known that the doctrine of Rousseau influenced to some degree the American Colonists in their wise and successful efforts for freedom,—it is just to conclude that the French people are inherently less capable than others of self-government? This inference may be in part warranted. But it is far more probable that the excesses of the French revolution, the anarchy it produced, were in the main the result of political ignorance produced by centuries of galling despotism. And just as the French people were inexperienced, were incapable of self-rule, at least till after many unsuccessful attempts had been made, so Rousseau, from the resources of his imagination, supplimented by a few facts gleaned from the history of the diminutive republics of antiquity, was unable, as the result showed, to elaborate a scheme of government that should produce the best attainable results in the broad domain of France.

Historically his doctrine is wholly without foundation. Whence came his theory of a state of nature, of a golden age? He learned it from Locke and Hobbs; they from the Romans, the Romans from the Greeks; the Greeks from—their inner consciousness. Furthermore, the experience of all the primitive peoples of ancient times, and of his own age for that matter, would have shown Rousseau that the savage state is not to be preferred to the civilized. This fact is obvious to the present generation. But it was the desire to experience the hypothetical state of nature that led Jacobins a century ago to decimate France.

Happily for mankind, however, the reign of closet philosophy is drawing to a close. Ridicule would now be heaped on the man who, like the Abbe Sieyes, should declare: "Politics—politics is a science I have mastered;" and he who should remark with the maniac, Marat, "There is no conceivable union of political forces which I have not thought out and thoroughly comprehended," would be regarded as an insufferable egotist. But to Rousseau and his disciples it seemed a matter of course that they from the depths of their closets should be capable of legislating wisely for the whole world. Their confidence was such that they wished to sacrifice the gain of centuries of civilized existence in order to attain their ideal. What a commentary on the