

than was Napoleon's horse. Tolstoi is no hero-worshipper. He is too great a mind for that. Besides he believes the hero is but a tool in the hands of a power too awful to contemplate. History, according to Tolstoi, can only be written correctly when men give up trying to assign a cause or an object for events and content themselves with simply taking things as they come. But historians sit in comfortable chairs, and with map and ruler, discover that if Napoleon had not done so and so then it might have been different. But what made Napoleon do so and so?

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Tolstoi is no admirer of Napoleon. He regards him as an impostor, and exhausts invective to make him seem a liar and a cheat, "consistent in falsehood" alone. And yet this prejudice, or whatever it may be called, can not be said to have biased his opinion of Bonaparte's share in the epoch with which his book deals. For he says that Napoleon was not one of those who imagine they are changing destiny, but one who is careful not to oppose himself to that destiny, thereby seeming to be the master, not the tool. This, from Tolstoi, is the highest praise. Napoleon tried to pass himself for what he was not. And a lie is a crime. But he can have no motive other than honest, for what he says. He has no national feeling of pique against the French and their emperor, for if ever Napoleon was defeated it was in 1812. Indeed a defeat by Napoleon would be a reason why Russians should exalt him. It is much less shameful to yield to almighty genius than to plodding mediocrity. On the other hand it might be said that Russians should magnify their own success by exaggerating the power and ability of the conquered enemy. But Tolstoi's character is a sufficient guarantee that he is actuated by no such petty motives. When the masses see power, genius, world-compelling will, he sees the agent of an invisible, unchangeable destiny, and rendering honor where honor is due, he can not feel displeased with the presumptuous claims of Napoleon. He says: "We imagine Napoleon to have been the director of all these movements, just as the savages imagine the figure-head upon the prow of a vessel be the power that moves it onward. Napoleon, throughout the whole of this campaign, was like a child seated in a carriage clasping the sides, and imagining that it is he that makes the horses go."

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Tolstoi does not believe in genius. He derides the common way of ascribing events to accident. "The sheep shut up every night by the shepherd in a special enclosure, and given extra food until it becomes twice as fat as the others, must appear to be a genius to the rest of the flock. The fact that the sheep, instead of entering the common fold, had a place by itself and extra fodder, and once fattened, is delivered to the butcher and killed, doubtless impresses the other sheep as the result of genius combined with a series of extraordinary accidents." But Tolstoi does not think that "accident" and "genius" represent things that really exist, so he refuses to define them. To him the ideal of glory and greatness is a false ideal. True grandeur is simplicity, modesty, and trustfulness.

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But is Tolstoi a fatalist? If he is, I think he is far from unique, for he expresses (only in a vastly superior way) just what millions of men feel. If he is a fatalist, his is a happy, not a gloomy fatalism, because he sees how fate has hitherto been wise and good, and he himself is generous enough to trust it for the future. Do you believe that whatever is thus because it could not have been any other way? If you

say no, you certainly cannot explain your belief. If you say yes, you have only the consciousness of your beliefs being correct. If things might have been different why were they not. Thus, Tolstoi says the French retreated from Moscow, not because Napoleon ordered it, but because events were ripe for such a movement. He says the movement is attributed to Napoleon's order, because the same influences were at work on both army and emperor. He believes that the retreat would have taken place if Napoleon had not ordered it. But it did take place; Napoleon did order it; hence it is impossible to imagine that it could have been any other way.

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And yet Tolstoi sometimes startles us by the seeming rashness of his proposition. Thus he says, speaking of the burning of Moscow, after mentioning the inflammable nature of the building material, "Even if there were incendiaries, which is very doubtful, since no one would have cared uselessly to have risked his life, they could not be considered as the cause of the conflagration, which would have taken place without them." This seems like saying that the pistol bullet that kills a condemned murderer is not the cause of death which would have come through hanging. But Tolstoi is not trying to make any rash statements or express any startling beliefs. He is simply showing how neither French nor Russians were responsible for the burning of the place. That the burning was a piece of the whole business—uninfluenced by the action of human wills, or human passions. And yet Tolstoi does not mean to say that free will has no existence. It is a combination of free will and predestination that he believes in. There need be no doubt of the morality of Tolstoi's views; they are a religion in themselves.

CURRENT COMMENT.

It does seem strange that the motion of Senator Morgan to immediately recognize the republic of Brazil should have been last. Why should the United States be afraid to take steps immediately to welcome her sister republic in the south? Why should we fear to express our approval of the downfall of South America's last monarchy? We are great and powerful. We have nothing to fear from any of the great kingdoms and empires across the water. We should gladly welcome all attempts made by any people to establish popular government and to abolish a system that will, we hope, soon be only a remembrance.

During the term just past our literary societies enjoyed a healthy and vigorous growth. The lack of interest in society work, which was a matter of apprehension to many of us last year, is now happily removed, and apparently the open societies were never more prosperous than they are at the present time. We are pleased to see this state of affairs. The open literary society is a pure democracy, a miniature state, in which each member is what he makes of himself. There are no secret cliques laying plans and stretching out wires with which to entrap a political opponent. A man is estimated at his true worth and is rewarded accordingly, even though his clothes may not always be made in the latest fashion or his hair parted in the middle.

Although protection or free trade may be an old question, it is nevertheless a live one, and one that more directly concerns us at the present time than any other. We are not going to attempt any solution of this important question, nor are we even going to express our views, for that might call down