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NO VOTERS WITHOUT REPRESENTATIVES.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

OUR present Congress does not represent the people. This is not merely because there were five million and a half of voters, of various parties in 1892, who could not elect a single candidate. The worst of it is that the party which conquered at the election has been defeated in Congress. It got even more than its share of the seats; but it could not fill them with men who would be true to its principles. Needless to state how far Congress has failed to carry out the people's command, that raw materials be set free, protective duties generally reduced, and the tariff reformed thoroughly. The heaviest blame belongs to the Senate, as was the case a year ago, when our citizens, of both the great parties, had to wait, for month after month of general distress, before they could get back to honest money. We should not have such Senators if the members of our State Legislatures really represented their constituents. Is this government by the people?

Part of the trouble is the smallness of the districts. This has kept the South solid against the Republican party, and some of the northern States almost solid against the Democrats. It often causes the defeat of an able candidate, who could easily have been elected in other parts of the State. McKinley himself did not carry his own district in 1890; but he carried Ohio last fall. Massachusetts failed, in November, 1892, to give a seat in Congress to either Williams, Everett, or Andrew, though Everett got one subsequently. Each of the three had more than fourteen thousand votes; but a less popular representative of the same party in that State was elected by less than ten thousand. Third parties and independent candidates have little chance under this system. The contest is often decided in the caucus; and if it is not, the voter may be obliged to choose between two candidates, both of whom are objectionable in character, and are openly opposed in one way or another to his principles. A large part, presumably the majority, of our citizens want low tariffs and honest government; but they may not be able this fall even to vote, in the largest of our States, for a single congressional candidate who represents both reforms. Why force them to choose between high tariff and Tammany's tools?

To make the districts as large as the States would be even worse, if all the delegates were to be chosen by the majority. That would enable New York to rule Congress as uniformly as she now rules the electoral college, which makes our presidents, and which voted down the choice of the majority at the polls in 1876 and 1888. There is too much temptation to bribery in that State already. We need to enlarge the districts, and at the same time to increase the probability that each party will get its full share of the delegations, while the worst candidates nominated can be defeated by the purer section of their own party, without weakening that party's numerical strength.

A reasonably fair method of dividing the seats in the Illinois House of Representatives between the two great parties has been in use since 1870. Each district sends three delegates; and each citizen, duly qualified, has three votes which he can concentrate on one candidate or else distribute among two or three, as he likes. Before the adoption of this plan, which is called the cumulative, one part of the State could elect only Republicans, and another only Democrats. Now both parties get very nearly their just share; and twenty-seven Independents were chosen at one election. A committee of senators of the United States reported, in 1869, that if such a plan was used for electing members of Congress, they could devote more of their time to public business; for they would not have to keep busy doing jobs for individuals in order to secure re-nomination. It was also stated, that if the Union-men of the South had thus been able to get adequate representation before the war, it would not have taken place. Party managers have too much power, however, in so small a district; and making it larger, as is proposed in the New York Constitutional Convention, might lead to great loss of votes. Thus in 1870, when seven members of the School Board were to be chosen in one district in London, a lady who needed only 8,000 votes for election got 47,858; and nearly 40,000 were thus thrown away.

Such losses might easily be prevented by what are called preferential methods. The best known was adopted by Denmark in 1855, and has since been advocated by Mill, Lubbock, Hare, and other noted Englishmen, as well as in this country by Miss Spence.

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The voter can name on his ballot one or more candidates to whom his vote will be transferred in case the man of his first choice gets too many or too few votes to be elected by his aid. This seems perfectly fair; but there must be many cases like this. Suppose it needs 30 votes to elect a man, and Brown has 60, of which 44 have Jones as second choice, and 16 have Robinson. The question, whether Jones or Robinson is elected, will depend entirely on the order in which the ballots happen to be counted. Jones's chance is better than Robinson's, but you are no more able to tell what the exact result will be, than you are to tell what sort of a hand will be dealt you at your next game of whist. Moreover, if one of Robinson's partisans should do the shuffling, it is only necessary to get his ballots down to the bottom of the pile. Then he will be elected, because all his 16 votes are counted; but Jones will be defeated, because 30 out of his 44 are used for Brown. Of course, this would not often happen, but why make it possible, when there are better ways of saving votes from being lost? One bad thing always would happen, and that is that too much time would have to be consumed in counting the votes. This practical and necessary defect of the method proved intolerable, when it was used for election of overseers of Harvard University by the graduates. This inconvenience could, however, be avoided, if Massachusetts were to adopt the ingenious method proposed by Mr. William H. Gove of Salem, who has already had it brought before the Legislature of that State. It is one of the two systems which found much favor at the meeting of the American Proportional Representation League¹ last summer, and a bill has been prepared for its use in electing Representatives in Congress. The main feature is that each candidate shall publish, some weeks before the election, the names of those other candidates to whom his surplus votes are to be transferred. No man can vote for more than one candidate; and every ballot is to be counted according to the arrangement already published. The objection is, that many of the candidates would set to work, as soon as they were nominated, making secret bargains at the expense of the public good for such votes as are likely to be transferred. This danger might be avoided by requiring the conventions to adopt plans for transfer of the votes for every candidate.

Finally, there are a number of variations of what is called the free-list system. This permits any party or other number of citizens, sufficiently large to deserve serious consideration, to hand in a list of as many candidates as there are seats to be filled, for instance, thirteen Congressmen in Massachusetts or Indiana, thirty-four in New York, and ten in Tennessee,

Virginia, or Wisconsin. Then, if the Republicans in Wisconsin cast sixty per cent. of the votes, that would elect the first six men on their list; and the other four will be allotted according to the way in which the remaining forty per cent. are distributed among the different lists. The ten per cent. is in this case called the quota; and it would be only five per cent. if twenty members were to be elected. All the variations agree in trying to give each list the exact number of Representatives corresponding to its number of votes. Comparison of that number with the whole number of votes for all the lists determines the question, how many of the whole number of candidates to be elected shall be taken from that one list. This system greatly facilitates the choice of independent candidates. Such a one might, for instance, be elected in the State of New York by three per cent. of the voters. It is to be hoped that even that number could seldom be obtained by cranks, but it is safer to give them a seat now and then in Congress than to let them think they can have no redress but dynamite. What is most certain is that the best men on each of the lists of the great parties would be raised to the top, while the notoriously unfit candidate would sink out of sight.

This plan was suggested fifty years ago by a Philadelphian, named Gilpin; and it has recently come into use in Switzerland, where our little district plan worked so badly as actually to bring about a revolution. The Liberals in Ticino found they got less than a third of the deputies, though they cast nearly half the votes. Their petition for reform was disregarded. On September 11, 1890, they took possession of the public buildings, rifle in hand; and the free-list system was soon introduced, not only in that canton, but in Geneva and Neuchâtel. Here the form is essentially that which was recommended last summer, in addition to Mr. Gove's, by the League. All the names are to be on one ballot; and each voter is to mark for as many as there are candidates to be elected. He cannot mark more than once for the same candidate, but he can scatter his votes among several lists; and if he does not give them all singly, he can state to which list the balance shall be applied. The candidate thus placed highest on any list will be the first to be taken from it; and the question, how many are to be elected from any one list, will be determined as has just been described. It is hoped that many a citizen will give a few of his numerous votes to the best men nominated by the opposite party or on the independent list; and this possibility will favor the nomination of candidates of high character and broad views.

The only question about this plan, and one which I have not seen discussed, is whether it is necessary to give each individual quite so many votes. The bill which has been presented at Washington offers him as

¹This league was founded in Chicago in August last. Its office is at 170 Madison street.

many votes for Congressmen as there are delegates to be sent by his State. This means that a New Yorker can vote for thirty-four different candidates. He probably will not, unless he marks indiscriminately for every name on the list presented by his party. Which reader wants to vote thirty times at one election in Pennsylvania, or twenty-two in Illinois, or even thirteen in Massachusetts or Indiana? Who can estimate the excessive amount of time which will be required, first for marking and then for counting the ballots? The friends of this plan must excuse my asking why three votes would not be quite enough. Surplus ones might be transferred from list to list.

The Gove plan seems to me the best, because it is the easiest to carry out. Candidates might be nominated, each for a district, as at present. The only difference would be that a number of districts would be grouped together on the Australian ballot, and each voter would be allowed to mark for any name in the group. Or the Myers machine might be used to count the votes for each candidate as fast as handed in. Any one who knew this result and the order of transfer could easily find out who had been elected. The most popular men would have the best chance; each party would get its just share of the seats; and every vote, even for an independent candidate, would help to elect some representative of the voter's principles.

Any of these plans would permit election of postmasters by the people. Seven offices of the same grade might form the district; and the only special provisions necessary would be these. If two candidates should be elected in the same town, the office ought to go to the man with the larger vote. There would then be an office in some other town without a postmaster; and it should be filled with the resident candidate who should have the largest vote. Thus each town would choose her postmaster from among her own citizens; any voter who disliked all the candidates in his own town might vote for a good man elsewhere; and a notoriously bad nomination would ensure defeat.

Many more methods have been proposed, but most of them are too complicated for use. The great weakness of this reform at present is that it has too many irons in the fire. Until very recently it was a party with almost as many platforms as members. At present, it might be compared by its opponents to the two-headed snake, which could not get through a hedge, because each of the heads tried a different gap, or to the Democratic party in 1860, when it was said to have two platforms, and to be on the way to Waterloo. The trumpet gives an uncertain sound, and who will prepare himself for the battle? There are a great many people who are ready, like me, to do something in this cause, but who want to have the leaders unite on some

one practical plan. Some progress was made at the Chicago meeting in giving a preference to two plans; but this is one too many; and neither of these methods seems as good as it might be made. There is great need of more discussion, and also of many experiments on a large scale. The editor of *Farm, Field and Fireside*, a Chicago weekly paper, set a good example by publishing four lists of Representatives of as many parties, and asking each reader to mark for ten different names. It would be very instructive to be able to compare the number of mistakes and the length of time needed for counting the ballots at such an election with those at one where only three marks could be made, and also a third under the Gove plan. Any of the new plans described in this article would be a great improvement on the primitive way. The present difficulty of the reformer is that he is in the position of a wooer who wants to marry an heiress, and meets her in company with her poor cousin. Both are charming, but he cannot tell which is which.

JOHN PECHVOGEL

"How do you do, Colonel Anderson, old boy, how do you do? We have not met since the battle of Shiloh. You were Captain at the time and advanced very soon to Major, and afterwards to Colonel. How do you do? And you have scarcely grown older. Your eyes are as beaming, and young, and full of fun as ever. Do you remember when we sat together in the evening, before the battle, in your tent drinking a bottle of hock and toasting all the good spirits in the world to love and good luck and future prosperity, and John filled the glasses? Do you remember, old boy? I see that bumpkin still before me. What was his name? What did you call him? Pitchforrel or Pef-fogle? I forget. What has become of him?"

Thus a burly old officer, formerly a Brigadier-General in the army, addressed one of his old war comrades at a grand reunion which took place in one of the great cities of the North.

"Hush," said the Colonel, shaking hands with his friend, "don't speak of John contemptuously. Don't mention him. I am deeply in his debt and cannot repay him. As to myself, I am very well! Excellent, indeed. Business is fairly good. I am a lawyer, you know, and am busy day and night. Sit down, General, I am glad to see you again."

"Well, well," said the General, "I'll take this chair. But what is the matter with John? Tell me, Charles, what's the matter with that stupid clown of a Pef-fogle? Whence this sober face? Why, that night—I shall never forget it—you swore at him, and you swore like an old soldier in the face of the rebel bullets, so that even such an old sinner as myself was painfully conscious of the danger to which you exposed

us by calling down upon our innocent heads the wrath of the good Lord!"

"Hush, General," repeated Colonel Anderson, "I am serious. I regret every oath I swore at John from the bottom of my heart. You do not know either the fellow or his sterling character, but I know him, and if you will sit down and listen patiently, I shall tell you his story—so far as I know it. But please do not call him a clown, or bumpkin, or fool again, for my sake, I pray you."

The General sat down and offered his friend a cigar. And while the blue clouds rose in the air the Colonel began his story of John Pechvogel.

"John joined us," he said, "on the very first day that Colonel Smith organised the regiment, and he became my servant. He was tall and strong, but awkward. He was faithful and enduring, but clumsy. He was kind and thoughtful, as dear and tender in his sentiments as a girl. Excuse me"—here the Colonel wiped a tear from his eye and stopped a moment—"yet he was ridiculously comical. He could do nothing right. He was—I do not like to say it—he was stupid. No, that was not it: he was too good-natured. He never suspected that there were rogues in the world. He was innocence in masculine incarnation. And this is the story of his life.

"John was born in some German village, I do not know which, nor where it is situated, it may have been in the South or in the North, but never mind. I am too ignorant in geography, except in the geography of the United States. He was a German, and his parents settled somewhere in the State of Wisconsin. His real name was Johann Caspar Vogel, but because he always met with misfortunes, the farmers' boys used to call him Pechvogel—which means 'an unlucky wight.' When his classmates in school played the schoolmaster a trick of which he was perfectly innocent, Pechvogel would join them out of pure sociability, and while they in a moment of danger skillfully escaped, he was sure to be caught. He swore that he knew nothing about the broken window, or whatever else the joke was, and, of course, received a double thrashing; one for the deed which he had not done, and the other for lying of which he was not guilty. He was always the scapegoat and in time came to be considered by the teacher as a mischievous boy. The temper of others would have soured through so many bitter experiences, but Pechvogel remained good-natured. Educated by a pious mother of the Moravian Brotherhood, he felt confident 'that all things work together for good to them that love God.' John was a jack-of-all-trades, for he had tried his hand at everything. But no master kept him long, for he was sure to make some blunder which would arouse the temper of his employer and cause his speedy dismissal. At

the carpenter's he wasted the precious mahogany; at the blacksmith's he lamed the horses he shod; at the tailor's he burned a hole in a silk gown which he was ironing. The poor fellow was doomed to ill-luck; he thought the world was wrong, while the world suspected that he was wrong—in his head.

"I made his acquaintance at one of the smaller hotels in New York, where he was engaged as a hostler. He lost his job and found employment at a fashionable Episcopal Church, where he had to blow the bellows for the organist and to perform all kinds of menial services.

"At that time the war broke out and I joined Colonel Smith. One morning when I was just about to leave for the recruiting office, there was a knock at the door, and John stepped in. 'I have lost my job at the church,' he said, 'and want to enlist in your regiment.' 'What is the matter, John,' said I, 'did you not like your work or did you not perform your duties satisfactorily?'

"'I liked my work very well,' said he frankly, 'but I met with an accident last Sunday, and the organist suspected me of having done it intentionally and discharged me at once. I love music, you know; and when blowing the bellows I do it with conscientiousness, for I know that without the wind in the pipes the organist could not play. So after church when the organist had played a glorious Hallelujah, I said to him: "Didn't we play well to-night?" "Shut up, you fool," says he, "I play the organ and you blow the bellows." It was not fair of him to call me names, for we must all work together and the organist cannot do without the bellows-blower. He should not despise me because my station in life is lower. In the eyes of a higher One we are all equal.'

"But that was no cause for discharge," I interrupted John.

"No," replied he, "the cause for discharge happened the day before yesterday, on last Sunday. While I was blowing the bellows I thought of the organist's haughtiness, and was sorry for him; for haughtiness is a blemish in a man's character and will be punished. And sure enough the punishment came. For while I was thinking I observed that the bellows went quickly down when I trod upon them, and that they rose slowly, quite slowly, when I let go. Rising in life and growing takes time, but humiliation or downfall is the work of a moment. And what is the conceit of the world but wind. All our bragging is as hollow and empty as the bellows of the organ, and the music that is produced is not for the organist's glory, but serves higher ends. While I was thus thinking, the beams of the bellows upon which I trod began to bear the features of the organist, and I saw quite plainly his ugly sneer of contempt, and I thought, 'he has offended

me and now it is my lot to bring him down again and again'; and then again I thought 'I won't do it. I will love my enemies and bear no grudge against any one.' In that sentiment I felt so happy that I forgot the organ and fell a dreaming, when all of a sudden the organ stopped with a whistling sound as if gasping for breath. I resumed my work at once, but the organist, instead of continuing to play, came out in a fury and made matters worse than they were. Oblivious of his station and the holiness of the building in which we were, he began to scold and to swear, and gave great offence to the people who heard him, saying that I had done it on purpose. He would not allow me to touch the bellows again, but asked a young man of the choir to blow the bellows, and discharged me on the spot. Now the truth is, I had not done it purposely, but had forgiven him. It was quite a scene. Everybody blamed me, but the organist was blamed too, and Bob, the sexton, told me this morning that the pastor and the members of the board thought of discharging the organist, too."

"Now you are out of work again," said I, and John replied: 'Never mind, I'll join the regiment and fight the rebels.' Pechvogel joined the regiment and became my servant. He was always good-natured but constantly met with accidents; it is quite impossible to exhaust all the stories of this ill-fated boy. I shall tell only one or two.

"While we stayed at Fort Monroe we organised among ourselves a theatrical company to pass away the time, and the people seemed to enjoy it, for we always played before crowded houses. John was our messenger boy and had to assist in putting up the stage, and to attend to other work.

"One night we played Pizarro, against my protest, for I knew the play was too much for an amateur company; but Captain Miller, our stage manager, was ambitious to shine as Rolla, the Peruvian, a part which he admitted he could play as well as Edwin Forrest, and so to gratify him Pizarro was put upon the stage, regardless of expense. Millar was not a good actor, but he was better than the rest of us, and liked to pose before the public; so he assigned the best parts to himself, and was always anxious that everything should co-operate to increase his own glory, and he cared nothing for the rest of us. If he could make a 'point' as he called it, and get a 'round' of applause, that was enough for him.

"I was cast for the part of Las Casas, the good priest, and after the death of Rolla it was my duty to lead the funeral procession, chanting a solemn dirge, the Peruvian mourners joining in the chorus. The dead Rolla was arrayed in state upon a properly decorated bier, and the procession started round the stage. The march and the dirge were so timed that they ended

together just as the procession reached the front of the stage, where the bearers deposited the bier while the mourners formed a 'picture' facing the audience, the coffin just in front between the mourners and the footlights; and this was the critical moment when the curtain was to fall slowly and sadly as became the solemn scene. And now I want to show how the expense of getting up the play and the labor of weeks were lost by the over-carefulness of John's stupidity.

"Captain Millar was fearful that his funeral would not end in a blaze of glory unless the curtain was lowered in a mournful manner at the precise moment of time; and to prevent all possibility of a mistake he hired John with special instructions to perform the special duty of lowering the curtain, and he was to attend to that and nothing else. Every night at rehearsal Millar gave John a drill in the tactics of lowering the curtain, until the faithful soldier was 'letter perfect' in the part. Millar overdid it, for he made poor John believe that lowering the curtain was the most important part of the play, and the result was a state of nervous anxiety in John that wrecked our enterprise.

"All through the scene, John stood manfully at his post with the curtain-rope in his hand, but unfortunately he had taken a drink of whiskey about every five minutes during the evening to steady his nerves and keep his intellect clear so that he might not 'lose the cue,' and that precaution muddled him. Millar was careful to impress it upon John that he must not lower the curtain 'too soon,' and the fear of doing so rumbled the brain of John.

"Well, Rolla was dead, and I led the funeral procession on the stage. We marched around singing the dirge, and we placed our precious burthen in its proper place, and stood facing the audience, expecting the curtain to fall, but no curtain came down. For two or three minutes we stood there waiting for the curtain, but we looked so silly gazing at the audience and saying nothing that some irreverent persons on the back seats began to titter, and I saw that the corpse was getting red in the face with rage. Fearing that an explosion of laughter would soon take place I gave the bearers a wink to pick up the bier, and striking up the dirge we started round again. As we passed John standing in the flies, I shook my head at him to remind him of his duty, but I think this muddled him all the more, for when our journey was done, the curtain remained as obstinate as before. After standing for a while foolishly gazing at the people, the tittering began again, but louder and bolder than before, and I saw that the corpse was boiling mad. So I gave the bearers the wink again, and again we started round, but the more mournfully we sang the louder the audience laughed, and when we formed the 'picture' this

time, the house was in a roar. Then the corpse lifted up his head and shouted in a stage-whisper, 'John drop the curtain'; and instantly the curtain fell, not slowly but with a sudden flop, and what was worst of all we had meandered around with the body so much, that we laid it at last too near the footlights, and when the curtain fell, Rolla was left outside, and this misfortune set the house wild with delight, and they actually fell over on their seats when the dead man jumped out of his coffin, and with a yell of rage broke through the curtain and rushed upon the stage. There he attempted to murder John, and when some of us interfered, thinking that death was too large a penalty for the offence, he turned upon us, and insisted that we were all in a conspiracy; that we were jealous of him, and had hired John to bring about the catastrophe that had brought him a round of ridicule instead of a round of applause.

"The next night we tried it again, but whenever any of us appeared upon the stage and said anything, the audience gave us so much ironical applause, and laughed so heartily at the tragic parts, that we gave up the attempt in despair; and we played Pizarro no more.

"John met constantly with similar misfortunes. I remember that on another occasion this same theatrical company of ours had arranged a concert. A famous piano virtuoso happened to be in town and he was engaged as the star of the evening. The artist ordered John to procure a Steinway piano, and made the mistake of giving him more explanation than necessary. He said: 'It is the piano on which I always play, I am used to it and cannot play on any other.' John went to the hotel instead of to a piano dealer and asked for the piano on which the artist used to practise. This happened to be a mute piano, and as he had received it of the manufacturers free of charge as an advertisement for the makers, it bore in big letters the inscription: 'The Mute Piano, a Boon to Mankind.' The mute piano was placed on the stage, and as everybody minded his own business, it passed unnoticed. The artist who was always in the habit of arriving at the last moment, or a little later, had no anticipation of the fate that awaited him. The curtain rose and the public began to whisper. When the artist appeared on the stage, finding himself confronted with the mute piano, the legend of which was squarely displayed before the audience, the whisper grew into loud laughter; shouts of bravo were heard and our artist was flushed with anger. He tried to address the audience and complain of the insult which he had suffered in the intrigue of some scoundrel but it was impossible to restore order. It broke up the whole concert. The artist left the stage full of indignation, threatening to sue the company, or the committee at whose invitation he had accepted an engagement to play, and the pub-

lic clamored for the return of their money. Poor John was the innocent cause of all the confusion, and his blunder sealed the fate of our company. We had to give up and never dared again to announce a performance of any kind.

"On the night before the battle of Shiloh, you will remember, John broke a bottle of wine and spilled its contents, and I upbraided him for it rather severely; but on the day of the battle I had every reason to be satisfied with him. I intended to reconnoitre a part of the field and advanced as far as I could towards the enemy, taking shelter behind a row of shrubs. I saw John following me. I understood his motive. He anticipated danger and in his good-naturedness he wanted to be near me in case of emergency. While I gave him a sign to retire as his mere presence seemed to indicate ill luck, three rebels on horseback, who appeared from some ambuscade as if rising out of the ground, dashed upon me brandishing their sabres. My horse stumbled, and a blow from one of the fellows struck off my hat. I gave myself up as lost, when John came to the rescue and with his unusual strength laid my adversary low before he could repeat the blow which would have been fatal to me. He courageously turned on the other two, shot one of them, while the third one made his escape. 'Well, Captain,' he said with beaming eyes, as he helped me off my fallen horse, 'am I indeed good for nothing in the world? I happen to have more ill luck than other folks, that is all; but to-day I am in luck and you are in luck, too, that I was near.'

"I stretched out my hand to grasp his, but before I could make a reply a bullet whizzed through the air and struck him right in the back of the head. He fell into my arms and I laid him gently upon the ground. The bullet would have unfailingly killed me had not the luckless chap happened to stand between the rifle-man and myself. He could hear me no longer, yet I replied to his question and said: 'Yes, John, I owe you my life, and I shall not forget it as long as I live.'

"This is the story of John Pechvogel, and I cannot think of him without emotion. There are a great number of persons in the world like him. They are fated to ill-luck in whatever they undertake, and as a rule find fault with the world instead of themselves. But I have, since John died in my arms on the battlefield of Shiloh, become very patient with men of his type, provided they show good-will in their awkwardness. If you call them names and scold them, you only irritate them uselessly and render their case worse. Treat them in the right way with firmness but in kindness, and they will be less liable to make blunders. I have adopted the maxim of considering myself co-responsible for the stupidities of my underlings, and have, I am sure, in this way anticipated many evil results that otherwise would have occurred." P.C.

BUDDHISM IN JAPAN.

II. NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN BUDDHISM.

BY NOBUTA KISHIMOTO, M. A.

It is customary among the modern scholars to divide Buddhism into two great schools, Northern and Southern. By Southern Buddhism is meant the Buddhism found in Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, and Anam, while Northern Buddhism is that which has its home in Nepal, Thibet, China, and Japan. It is also customary among Western Buddhistic scholars to regard Southern Buddhism as a purer and more original representation of the system founded by Buddha, than Northern Buddhism, which, they say, is not free from later foreign elements. But, according to the Japanese Buddhists, Buddha is regarded as having taught the doctrines of both the Southern and Northern schools. I myself cannot find any historical grounds for this assertion of our Buddhist scholars. If there are any grounds at all, I can mention only two.

The first ground for the assertion on the part of the Japanese Buddhists that Buddha taught both of these doctrines is that Buddha was the "Great Physician," who came to cure all the sins and miseries of the world, and therefore gave the remedy according to the nature of the disease. He accommodated his teaching to different circumstances. He taught his doctrine in different forms to suit the needs of every case. He was the Great Physician, wise and experienced. Expedience, together with knowledge and compassion, were the three great virtues of Buddha. This, according to the Japanese Buddhists, explains the co-existence of these two apparently contradictory aspects of the teaching of Buddha. "*Expedience*," to which Buddha resorted, then, is the first assumed ground that he really taught the apparently inconsistent doctrines of these different branches of Buddhism.

The second ground is that the teaching of the Hinayâna (Southern) school is too narrow and too superficial for such an enlightened person as Buddha to teach. The fundamental teaching of the Southern school consists in the final attainment of the annihilation of both the body and the soul, and this teaching of annihilation, as important as it is in this school, is the very thing which the Japanese Buddhist scholars regard as too narrow and too superficial for Buddha to teach. They recognise three things as the distinguishing marks of the teaching of the Southern school, viz., (1) the "impermanence of all things," (2) the "non-reality of the ego," and (3) the "ultimate annihilation of the body and the soul." But at the same time they ask: If the reality of all things is the result of ignorance and delusion, and if the putting an end to every form of existence is the ultimate purpose of Buddha's teaching, how did this ignorance arise, where did this

delusion come from, how did all phenomenal existences of the present world come to be, why did change and transmigration begin at all, how did the thought and need of annihilation arise? Every change needs some reason for it. Everything that changes or even seems to change needs some adequate cause. Can it be consistently affirmed that Buddha, who was the teacher of gods and men, and whose knowledge extended infinitely into the past and the future, did not think of these difficulties, or did not teach anything about their solutions? Hence our Buddhist scholars conclude that Buddha cannot have stopped at nihilism and must have taught in addition to the Southern doctrine of self-discipline and the annihilation of self, the Northern doctrine of faith and salvation. Hence the "real existence of the Perfect," the eternal and immanent principle, in and beyond all the phenomenal existences, is regarded as the distinguishing mark of the teaching of the Northern school. Such, then, is the second ground on the part of the Japanese Buddhists for assuming that the Northern doctrine is just as much the original teaching of Buddha as the Southern doctrine.

But in spite of all this, the Japanese Buddhist scholars all admit that during the first six hundred years after the death of Buddha the teaching of the Southern school alone flourished. They also admit that about one hundred years after Buddha, on the occasion of the Vaisâli heresy, the believers were divided into two bodies, the "elders" and the "great congregation." Afterwards, the former school became subdivided into eleven sects, and the latter into nine sects, so that towards the close of the fourth century after Buddha there were twenty different schools among the believers of Buddhism. These schools all belonged to the Southern or Hinayâna Buddhism, being known as the "twenty schools of the Hinayâna." Some six hundred years after Buddha, that is, about the middle of the first century of the Christian era, Ashvagosha rose as a teacher in Middle India. He is the author of that famous work called the "Treatise on the Revival of the Faith," in which he presented the teaching of the Southern school. Hence he is regarded by the Japanese Buddhists as at once the restorer and promulgator of the Southern or Mahâyâna system. After Ashvagosha, this school began to gain in power and influence, as has been shown by the appearance of many able Buddhist scholars who followed him in his explanation of the doctrine. About a century after Ashvagosha, that is, seven hundred years after Buddha, Nâgârjuna, the author of the famous "Treatise on the Middle," appeared. Again a century later, Vasubandhu wrote many important books. These two last-mentioned scholars are very important. "The doctrine of the Mahâyâna," says a Japanese Buddhist

writer, "grew and flourished, owing to the influence of the two teachers, Nāgārjuna and Vasubandhu."

In the reign of the Emperor Ming, who reigned during the middle of the first century of the Christian era, Buddhism was introduced into China. The Emperor, we are told, being informed in a dream of a divine person born in the West, called Buddha, sent an embassy in quest of this personage. The embassy penetrated into India, and after collecting books, pictures, and relics of Buddha, returned home in A. D. 67, accompanied by two priests. A temple named the White-horse-temple was built in the then capital of China, Loyang, to supply a home for these Hindu priests and to keep their sacred things. For the next two hundred years Buddhism made little headway in China; but from the middle of the third century, it spread and became very popular. Gradually many "scholars of the Dripitakas" came to China from India and translated the sacred books of Buddhism into Chinese, while on the other hand many Chinese Buddhist pilgrims went from China to India in search of the sacred writings and relics of Buddha.

The formal introduction of Buddhism into Japan is generally put at the middle of the sixth century of the Christian era, or more definitely, at the year 552 A. D., when the king of Kudara, one of the three ancient divisions of Corea, presented to the Japanese emperor an image of Buddha and some sacred books of Buddhism.

At present there are ten principal sects of Buddhism in Japan. I say *ten*, because I think it is more proper to regard the three sub-sects of the Zen-sect as one than to count them as three distinct sects, as is usually done, thus making the number of all the present Japanese Buddhist sects *twelve* instead of ten. Ten, accordingly, is the number of all the present Buddhist sects of Japan. But if all the Buddhist sects which have ever appeared in Japan were counted together, the number of the sects would be fourteen.

These fourteen Buddhist sects can be divided into three groups, ancient, mediæval, and modern, according to the chronological order of their establishment. This is one way of their classification. The "Ancient" sects are six in number, generally known as the "six sects of Nanto," because they were first established in Japan when Nanto or Nara was its capital. Of these six "Ancient" sects, only two exist now, thus reducing the total number of the present sects to ten. The "Mediæval" sects are only two in number, the Tendai and the Shingon. These "Mediæval" sects are also called the "two sects of Kyoto," because they were introduced when Kyoto was the capital of Japan. The "Modern" sects are six in number, the Jodo, the Zen, the Shin, and the Nichiren being the most important ones.

Another way of classifying these Buddhist sects of Japan is to divide them into two groups, according to the place of their origination, whether they were introduced from abroad or were of native origin. Out of the ten existing sects, six were introduced from China, while the remaining four, all of which belong to the "Modern" sects, originated on Japanese soil. Still another way of their classification is to divide them into two groups, with reference to the means or ground of salvation. All the "Modern" sects with the single exception of the Zen-sect, teach that men are saved not by their own power but by a power other than and superior to their own, while the remaining five sects emphasise one's own effort after righteousness and enlightenment as one of the necessary means or grounds of attaining salvation. The latter are known as the "self-power" sects, while the former are known as the "other-power" sects."

NOTES.

It will be of interest to the readers of *The Open Court* to know that the author of "John Pechvogel" is indebted for the comical episode of "Pizarro" to his late friend Gen. M. M. Trumbull. This episode is a real occurrence of the General's life, and he used to tell the story with all the dramatic vigor of reality, eliciting roars of laughter from his hearers.

It will be welcome intelligence to the friends and readers of the late Prof. George J. Romanes that the second part of his "Darwin and After Darwin," treating of post-Darwinian questions, is to be edited by his friend, the famous naturalist, Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan of the University College, Bristol, England, whom Professor Romanes appointed his literary executor. Professor Morgan will take up the second volume of "Darwin and After Darwin" in September. It may be expected that this will be the most valuable part of the work.

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