



Our Hour with the Editor



MAN, THE DESTROYER

There is a place on Vancouver Island where not many years ago the forest was dense with great trees, which had required centuries to produce them. Beneath the surface were beds of valuable coal, the product of uncounted ages of vegetable growth. The coal remained locked in what seemed to be one of Nature's safety vaults. The forest was free to the winds and rains of heaven. Now and then some hoary giant fell to earth, but always a successor arose in his place. For more centuries than we can even guess this process had been going on. Then one day a man came. It so happened that one of the giant forest sentinels had fallen at its post and in so doing had disturbed the soil in which its feet were rooted, thus exposing the coal that lay beneath. The man saw it and wanted it. And so the forest had to come down; the coal had to be dug; and now little remains but bare fields and great caverns beneath them. In some places other men are tilling the fields and deriving some gain for so doing. In time the soil may be covered with orchards; but the caverns beneath can never be filled again. Ichabod is written on their walls. There are hundreds of places all over the world whereof a similar story can be told. Wherever man has gone he has taken with him the spirit of destruction.

We read in history of the grain-laden ships that came from cities on the north coast of Africa carrying food for Imperial Rome. There were great centres of population along the southern shore of the Mediterranean two thousand years ago. Doubtless at that time the mountain slopes, now only an expanse of rocks and arid sand, were clothed with forests. But the forests have gone, and with them the fertility of the land and all its commercial greatness. The same thing is true of other places in the Old World. Whence came the gold of Ophir, the treasures of Roman and Eastern courts, the countless gems that bedecked the garments, thrones and buildings of eastern princes and potentates? Whence came the silver, which was the money of mankind for many centuries? Where was the copper mined from which the bronze of by-gone eras was formed? We ask these questions almost in vain, but we know that long before the dawn of the historical period man, the destroyer, had found out the hiding places of Nature and had robbed them of their wealth. What he has thus taken he can never restore. He may be able by great cost and skill to replace some of the forests that he has destroyed, but the mines, which he has exhausted, must forever remain barren, unless some great cataclysm forces up a fresh supply of ores from the depths to which he cannot go. Not that we know of the existence of metalliferous stores in the undisturbed strata, if there are any, which lie far down beneath our feet. If any valuable conclusion can be drawn from such eruptions as have occurred within historical times, there is no source from which exhausted mines can be replenished.

Man's destructiveness has not been limited to inanimate nature, but has invaded the animal kingdom as well. Within the lifetime of men of middle age the prairies of this Continent were the feeding grounds of myriads of buffaloes. The earth shook under their rushing feet. All that is left of them are a few, which escaped the general slaughter, and are being preserved with great care so that the race may not become wholly extinct. What is true of the buffalo is true of other animals. The extinction of elephants is proceeding with accelerated speed. Men shoot them in pure wantonness, and claim great credit for so doing. He is reckoned a mighty hunter, who with a rifle resembling a small cannon kills a creature as large as a small house. We are exterminating the deer from vast regions, where once he roamed in thousands. Man has invaded the sea, for he is not content to do his work of destruction on land. He has slaughtered whales so persistently that they are nearly extinct in waters where once they were numerous. These great creatures roamed the seas molesting no one, but man, the destroyer, wanted them, and they too must die in order that he may be satisfied. Fortunately there are hiding places in the seas where man cannot go, else he had long ago slaughtered the fish. As it is he has in many cases greatly reduced the number of them.

But man does not confine his work of destruction to the earth and sea. He is exhausting the life-producing agency of the atmosphere, for scientific men tell us that something must be done to replenish the supply of nitrogen, if food plants are to be successfully produced for an indefinite period. Lately we have erected poles in the air and are sending out from them great waves of energy, the nature and effect of which we do not know. If there is any argument to be drawn from analogy, we may well apprehend that they, like everything else that man has done, will destroy something. "So God created man in his own image," says the writer of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, and gave him dominion over all that He had created. His dominion has been one of destruction. The world is immensely less fit for permanent habitation now than it once was. We saw in the series of articles on Great Inventions how very large a part of human necessity is the result of human ingenuity. Man may be God-like in knowledge; but he wholly lacks the faculty of creation. He kills, burns and destroys. He takes the growth of series, converts it into buildings, and soon-

er or later the fire in its turn converts it into gases and ashes. He searches out the places where nature has hidden the products of unnumbered centuries of vegetable growth and straightway proceeds to burn it up, and he does it in such a destructive way, that he wastes eighty-five per cent of the stored-up energy in order to utilize the remaining fifteen per cent. He robs the earth of its fertility so that, whereas an acre would once produce enough wheat to feed four men for a year, in many cases it now produces only enough for two, and in others it will not produce grain at all. "Man is born to destruction," says the well known text, and it is true in more than one sense. He is born to destroy. He destroys even his own kind. Lions do not prey on other lions. Even wolves do not prey on other wolves except in extreme cases. But man exterminates his fellows. As we know the American Indian dies as the white man approaches. And this is not a solitary instance of the kind. History gives us faint glimpses of races that have wholly perished. Where are the people whom the Goths, Huns and Vandals drove before them when they set out on their western migration? Where are the millions who filled the crowded cities of southwestern Asia? They have disappeared with the fertility of the land which nourished them, only they for the most part fell victims to the sword. Where are the races which peopled India before the hordes from the north came down upon them in a resistless tide? Perhaps some of them are left, but most of them have vanished.

What will be the end of it all? Man cannot go on indefinitely destroying everything in order that he may live in what he chooses to regard as necessary surroundings. Civilization is built upon destruction. How long will it stand when there is nothing left to be destroyed? Will the race itself perish until only a few survivors are left, and will Nature then assert herself, and send her snow, ice and fires to purge the earth and make it fit anew for human habitation? There is just a slight reason to believe that something like this did once happen.

BLenheim AND AFTERWARDS

When in 1700 Charles II of Spain died, the branch of the House of Hapsburg, which had reigned in Spain, became extinct, and Louis XIV, le grand monarch, as his admirers called him, determined that a representative of the House of Bourbon should occupy the throne of the peninsular kingdom. Against this England protested; and her protests were seconded by the Dutch, Austria, Prussia and Savoy. To carry their protests into effect an army was placed in the field and the Duke of Marlborough was placed in command of it, although his powers as commander-in-chief were greatly restricted by the claims or the commanders of the continental contingents.

Marlborough, as the most conspicuous figure of his age, calls for more than passing notice. He was born in 1650, his father having been Winston Churchill, a man of excellent family, but small means. At an early age he showed a strong tendency towards military life, and at sixteen years of age was given a commission in the Guards, through the favor of the Duke of York, in whose household he then was, and almost immediately was sent to Tangier, where operations were being carried on against the Moors. He returned after a short experience in the field, and remained in attendance at court for several years. He attracted the favorable notice of a famous court beauty, who, knowing his ineffectual condition, made him a present of £5,000, which the young man had the prudence to invest in an annuity, thus displaying at a very early age that fondness for money, which in later years so marked his character. In 1672 England sent 6,000 troops to aid Louis XIV in his war with the Dutch, and young Churchill went with them, winning in the campaign, which ensued, the very high commendation of the great French general Turenne. For his services he was made a baron. He held high command under James II, but this did not prevent him from intriguing with William of Orange, and when that sovereign ascended the throne, Churchill did not hesitate to intrigue for the restoration of the Stuarts. But William was wise in his day and generation, and he used his knowledge of Churchill's treachery to keep him from overt acts. When Anne came to the throne, Lady Churchill, who had been her favorite maid of honor, became a great favorite and her husband's position being thus rendered secure, no suspicion of treachery ever thereafter attached to him. He was created Earl of Marlborough by William III, the dukedom being conferred upon him after the successful campaign of 1703. After the peace of Utrecht, which ended the war of the Spanish Succession, Marlborough found himself deeply involved in court intrigues, and lost the favor of the Queen. He went to the Continent, where he remained until the accession of George I, when he returned to reassume his former military posts, but he took very little part after this date in public affairs and died in 1722, in his seventy-second year. Marlborough's great source of strength lay in his infinite pains in matters of detail and his sublime courage and coolness under all conditions. He was a man of consummate address and personally exceedingly popular with all with whom he came into contact, although this did not prevent his rivals from doing everything in their power to thwart his plans.

Marlborough took the field against the French in 1703. He was invariably successful, although none of his achievements in that

year were of the first rank. He was greatly hampered by the Dutch, whom he was unable to persuade to leave their own borders. He wished to invade France, but the English troops under him were too few to warrant such an attempt. What can be said chiefly of the campaign of 1703 was that it demonstrated that the French were not invincible, and it was this more than the brilliancy of any special achievement that led to his being elevated to the first place in the peerage. The French were in no way dismayed by their lack of success, and the following year sent an army out with the express purpose of laying siege to Vienna. This force was sixty thousand strong, and perhaps the finest army that ever up to that time had left France. As soon as it was well on its march, Marlborough took matters into his own hands. Hitherto he had been hampered by the objections of the commanders of the allied forces, but he communicated to them neither what he had learned of the plans of the French nor those that he had himself formed. He marched with fifty thousand men into Bavaria, and encountered the French near Blenheim. The fight was a spirited one. At the outset the French had the best of it, and the Continental troops under Prince Eugene were driven back in confusion three times. Even the English cavalry could make no impression on the enemy's lines; but the genius of Marlborough wrested victory out of the jaws of defeat, and the overthrow of the French was complete. Nearly half the army, which had set out from France on what seemed a triumphal march to Vienna, lay dead or wounded upon the field of battle, and Marlborough had ten thousand prisoners in his hands. It was an epoch-making victory, and its effects would have been even more telling, if it had not been for the jealousy with which the Continental generals regarded Marlborough's successes.

Louis XIV was not to be daunted by one unfortunate campaign, and the following year, 1705, found a new French army in the field. Again hampered by his allies, Marlborough was unable to accomplish much, although he inflicted a severe defeat upon the French before the walls of Louvain. In May of the following year, the French challenged the allies in the open field, and the result was the splendid victory of Ramillies, which freed Flanders and Brabant from French control. But this victory had no lasting effect, for the operations which followed it were rather favorable to the whole to the French, and this determined Marlborough to risk everything upon a general engagement. "The result was the victory of Oudenarde, after which the road to which lay open; but once more the cautious counsels and the ill-concealed jealousies of his allied commanders defeated his plans. Then came the siege of Lille, in which thirty thousand Frenchmen perished before the city capitulated. Then the French made their final effort with one hundred and fifty thousand men, only to meet with a telling defeat at Malplaquet. The war dragged on until 1712, when England, tired of fighting for jealous and uncertain allies, concluded peace with France, which was, however, little more than a temporary arrangement. Two years later the treaty of Utrecht was signed and the War of the Spanish Succession came to an end. By this treaty England gained much, namely, the recognition of the claim of the House of Hanover to the Crown of Hanover; the expulsion of the Pretender from France; the cession of Newfoundland, Acadia and the Hudson Bay Territories; the undisputed possession of Gibraltar and a favorable commercial treaty with France. France lost heavily in addition to what she was forced to cede to England in America. Her claims to the Spanish crown were extinguished; the ambition of Louis to be the arbiter of Europe was defeated; French military prestige became a thing of the past, and an era of suffering and poverty was inaugurated, which found its consummation in the Revolution. Such were the consequences of the triumph of the great Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim. That victory has a special interest to Canadians, for it made Canada, as a part of the British Empire, possible.

REIGNING HOUSES

When one considers how few families have occupied thrones during historical times, it is not surprising that the idea of the divine right of kings has found many advocates. It is true that, as in the case of our own Royal House, there have been many interruptions of the direct line of descent, but the line has been maintained. Thus since the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, almost without interruption, the same blood has run in the veins of all the sovereigns who have sat upon the throne of England. People, who are curious in such matters and are able to supplement ascertained facts by efforts of the imagination not wholly improbable, will tell you that His Majesty King Edward VII can trace his descent to King David of Israel; but on this point it is needless to say anything except that a House that was royal a thousand years ago may well have been royal a long time previously. Be this as it may, we think it may be claimed successfully that the Royal House of England is older by far than any of the other reigning families of Europe, that is, of course, older as a reigning house, for of necessity all families are in one sense of the word of equal antiquity. This must of course be qualified to some extent, that is if by the word "family" is meant a distinct group of people, who from generation to generation have been

apart from the rest of the community. In an article on this page dealing with the early history of the English, mention is made of the lower grades in the social fabric. In these grades the family relation was by no means closely observed, as indeed it was not in Russia, so far as the serfs were concerned, within the lifetime of men now living. We say sometimes that families cannot be traced beyond a certain period, and the reason may often be that there were no families to be traced. A somewhat similar condition prevailed in the Southern States during the times of slavery. There are many persons of negro descent who bear the names of the estates upon which they were born. At one time this condition was common all over Europe. Yet during those periods of uncertain descent certain families kept their lineage at least apparently pure. These families are not all royal or noble by any means, nor are all the royalties of ancient lineage. Indeed some of the more modern of them have to be content to trace their descent to some one who could say with Napoleon, when asked as to his descent: "Moi! Je suis un ancêtre." He was his own ancestor and one from whom others would be proud to trace their lineage. We read of families founded by such and such a person. Of course this does not mean that the founder did not have ancestors, but only that they could not be distinguished from the mass of the community.

Reference is made in the article on Blenheim to the House of Hapsburg. This is one of the oldest of the reigning houses of Europe. The name comes from the old Swiss castle of Habsburg, in the Canton of Aar. Here lived Werner, count of Habsburg, and his name finds a place in written history in 1099, when he confirmed to the monks of Muri certain grants made by his ancestors. It is known that his grandfather built the castle about 1020. The family was wealthy, and we find one of them, who died in 1199, called Albert the Rich, and we read that his son placed a large amount of money at the disposal of the Emperor Frederick II, in consideration of which he was granted a new countship. From this time onward the history of the family is well established. In the early part of the Thirteenth Century a Count Hapsburg married a member of the family to which the Emperor Frederick belonged, and it is from this union that the royal House of Hapsburg is descended. Thus the family traces on the female side to Frederic Barbarossa, one of the greatest of the German emperors, and also to the Kings of Sicily. Barbarossa was himself of noble but not of royal descent. He was born in 1123; but the Sicilian kings from whom the wife of Albert of Hapsburg was descended on her mother's side, had been royal for four generations. They were doubtless of Norman descent. Thus the House of Hapsburg combines the blood of the Northmen with that of the Swiss mountaineers, in both cases being descended from races that have never been in slavery.

Rudolf of Hapsburg was elected King of Germany in 1273, and five years later took possession of Austria as well as of other neighboring countries. For a time Rudolf's descendants were excluded from the throne, but they regained it later, only to lose it once more. In 1506 Philip of Hapsburg became King of Spain in his mother's right, and his son was the great Emperor Charles V, who in 1531 granted Austria to Ferdinand of Hapsburg, the founder of the present Austrian dynasty. The male line of this branch of the family became extinct in 1700, but the succession was continued by Maria Theresa, and has continued unimpaired until the present day.

From this brief epitome it will be seen that the Hapsburgs have been a reigning family of great distinction and have played an exceedingly prominent part in the affairs of Europe. It has been perhaps the most distinguished of all the royal houses, for it has given sovereigns to more than one nation, and some of its sons have been largely influential in determining the history of the world.

The Birth of the Nations

XXXI.

(N. de Bertrand Lugin)

THE BIRTH OF THE NATIONS.

The British II., Angles, Saxons and Jutes. In the heart of that peninsula which separates the Baltic from the North sea lies a district called Sleswick, but in old times, known by the name of Angeln or England, and inhabited by a Saxon tribe called the Engles. In those ancient days this strip of land was a waste of "heather and sand, girt along the coast with a sunless woodland, broken here and there by meadows that crept down to the marshes and to the sea. "What is now Lower Hanover and Oldenburg was peopled by other tribes of the same race, which inhabited Angeln, the Saxons of Westphalia who lived between the Weser and the Rhine, and the Eastphalian Saxons who owned the land watered by the Elbe. North of Engeln on the Island of Jutland lived the Jutes, still another Saxon clan.

These different tribes, though primarily they held little intercourse with one another, lived much the same sort of life, the government of one being a replica of the government of another. The provinces were divided

into townships, separated one from the other by a belt of timber and incidentally it is interesting to notice the derivation of the word "town" which came from the old word "tun," meaning the rough fence or trench which served as the primitive fortification about the clustered dwellings. The social centre of the town was the home of the aetheling or eorl, who was granted his position of highest in the community because he could trace his descent from the earliest settlers in the country, the first owners of the land, who were able to retain it by right of might against all others. Around the home of the eorl were the smaller houses of the freeings or eorls, all men of equal standing in the township and distinguished from the class beneath them by the term "free-necked and weaponed men," for they had never bowed their heads to a master, and had the right to bear sword and spear and avenge any injury done themselves or their kindred. The laet or unfree man had no right to any land; he must rent his house or property from a freeman, who under such conditions became his "lord." The laets were either descendants of the later comers to the country or else of the earlier dwellers, those who had lost their rights through defeat in battle. The lowest class were the slaves who had no rights at all and who were drawn principally from the ranks of criminals. Debt made slaves of many, and the children of bondmen became bondmen also.

We find the earliest form of British justice among these primitive communities. The "blood-wite" or compensation in money for personal injury was the tribe's first effort to curb lawless revenge. If one man of a family had been wronged by a man of another family, each family took up its member's cause, either to claim redress or to give it. In this way each kinsman became answerable for his brother, and such an institution soon made its restraining influence felt. It was this "blood-wite" that caused all kinsmen to fight side by side in war and to endeavor to distinguish themselves by their bravery and endurance for the honor of their house.

Districts were named for the families who owned them, thus the Harling's "tun" became Harlington, the "tun" of Worthing, Worthington. Land was held in common by the freemen, each man having the right to allow his cattle to graze in the pastures, except in the early spring when the grass began to grow. The fences were erected so that every man should have his portion of the harvest was over, when the fences were removed and all division at an end. Every village had a moot or a council which met periodically at the moot-hill or sacred tree to make the laws for the community. At these meetings new settlers were enrolled as citizens, farmers settled their differences according to the regulations, and four men were chosen to follow the headman to hundred-court or war. Green in his history thus writes of this institution:

"It is with a reverence, such as it stirred by the sight of the head-waters of some mighty river, that one looks back to these village moots of Friesland or Sleswick. 'It was here that England learned to be a mother of parliaments.' It was in these tiny knots of farmers that the men, from whom Englishmen were to spring, learned the worth of public opinion, of public discussion, the worth of the agreement, the 'common-sense,' the general conviction to which discussion leads, as of the laws which derive their force from being expressions of that general conviction. A humorist of our own day has laughed at parliaments as 'talking shops,' and the laugh has been echoed by some who have taken humor for argument. But talk is persuasion and persuasion is force, the one force which can sway freemen to deeds such as those which have made England what she is. The 'talk' of the village moot, the strife and judgment of men giving freely their own rede and setting it as freely aside for what they learn to be the wiser rede of other men, is the groundwork of English history."

This hundred-moot was composed of members from the different villages who were supposed to be the representatives of their communities. It was a sort of court of appeal and settled all matters between upon all the graver crimes. Above the hundred-moot again was the Folk-moot, which was the general muster of the people in arms, and the real parliament of the whole tribe. In both the constitutional forms, the forms of deliberation and decision were the same. In each the priests proclaimed silence, the caldormen of higher blood spoke, groups of freemen from each township stood around, shaking their spears in assent, clashing shields in applause, settling matters in the end by loud shouts of "aye" or "nay."

We know more of the political life of these forefathers of ours than we do of their social life. In this respect, however, they probably differed very little from the other German tribes, whom we know to have been great huntsmen, famous sailors and fierce warriors. Roman civilization had its effect upon them, as is evidenced by the discoveries which have been made in the districts. Roman coins have been unearthed at Sleswick, proving that commerce must have existed between the two peoples; the vessels of twisted glass, which we know our Saxon grandparents used, were likely of Roman make, as were many of the metal ornaments which they wore. The "ale-feast" was the centre of their social life we are told, but while this may seem very barbarous to us now, considering the times and the conditions such a feast was not without its dignity. The

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A BOOK OF THE WEB

The Heart of a Gypsy. Perhaps in this West of us appreciate a nature story of people who live in older communities. The most of everyday life is made a mystery from the lovely near. There is a kinship between present ocean, and by every that quality which inspires the being part of the deepest of our noblest thoughts, whether not, are bound to be tinged sion we have of our surround not get far enough away from out of mind of it, either in of the water itself or the e the swaying trees. And we selves we feel a sort of com least imaginative of us, wh ing beauty of the clouds at time, leaving its imprint o day and night after night unconsciously perhaps, the closer to the heart of nature vague and intangible sort between ourselves and all go to make up a story like Gypsy," while fault may construction, its too great author is not always consi and has not quite the propie tive necessary for very fo has drawn such a bewild nature-child as her heroin go out in sympathy to the and we follow her wander book with unabated intere the somewhat lengthy story is rather monotonously "pit apt to be a ludicrous charac rather spoils him for his pa confess to liking poor li stammering Bunny, who is for her charming adopted gathers in interest as it prog last the writer's style from stilted becomes easier and scenes are vividly portraye described, and while from feels that there can be bu story, it comes as a startling

The Story Meridiana is the adopted man and his wife, and was instance under a Beech Tree a very graphic part of her. Her gypsy blood gives her into the workings of Nat seems a living thing to her something of the same fee our primitive British ane sacred oaks which they we only with Meridiana the to have qualities almost Cyprian Fielding, the doctor her, she has a difficult co before she can make up her lover first and the Beech affections. Fielding has a her.

"You are as hard as a he muttered in a choked know what love means." "Oh, I do," chanted D "I am very fond of Bunny." "If Bunny died, would suddenly in that naive amused his friends whenev his usually quiet manner.

She paused, and in Cyprian Fielding waited eyes intent on the twiddling teeth.

"Yes; I think I should "But in the same way unusually brilliant sunset most unhappy.

"It would be the same "What do you mean?"

Diana looked up into round at a stretches of away into the soft blue of at the sheep, the gorse, the women and children, the eyes clouded over with d

"Do you believe in an man in a low voice. All the dreams in the as the reflections in a pool "Not in the sense you "What do you mean?" a little in his anxiety to a mind.

"That there is but one stantly changing, but ever blood may help to stain th "And you feel no terr identity—at being merged

"Natural regret—yes, t Diana with childish won I? I am absolutely at one is?"

"And you do not min greatest men, with all the do nothing more than m the rain and the clouds? credulously.

"No," said Meridiana; and now she was smiling light shone in her golden white teeth.

"And you are happy?" "Life is very sweet. wind, the clouds and the softly.