



THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

ANDREW MACPHAIL

MONTREAL

VOLUME XI., 1912

MORANG & CO., LIMITED
TORONTO

911 A

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is issued in February, April, October and December, by a committee for McGill University; University of Toronto; and Dalhousie College.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:—W. PETERSON, M.A., C.M.G., LL.D., Principal; F. P. WALTON, LL.D., Dean, Faculty of Law, McGill University; W. J. ALEXANDER, Ph.D., Professor of English; PELHAM EDGAR, Ph.D., Professor of English; J. MAVOR, Ph.D., Professor of Political Economy, University of Toronto; ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, Ph.D., Professor of English, Dalhousie College, Halifax.

Editor: ANDREW MACPHAIL, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

The purpose of the University Magazine is to express an educated opinion upon questions immediately concerning Canada; and to treat freely in a literary way all matters which have to do with politics, industry, philosophy, science, and art.

The Editorial management is gratuitous, and the proceeds of the publication are applied to the payment of contributors.

The subscription price is two dollars a year for four numbers, containing about 700 pages. Copies are on sale at book stores. Subscriptions, advertisements, and enquiries of a business nature should be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. Morang and Company, Limited, Toronto.

PAAP

AP

5

M3

V. 11

CONTENTS OF VOL. XI.

FEBRUARY.

	Page
Pragmatism and Politics—Warwick Chipman	1
Nationality and Citizenship—F. P. Walton	12
The Tariff Commission—Andrew Macphail	27
Laurentides National Park—W. H. Blake	41
The Little Fauns to Proserpine—Marjory L. C. Pickthall	61
The Incomplete Angels—Jacob Salviris	62
Old Wine in New Bottles—Samuel Inglis	77
The Bookseller—John S. Irwin	89
Antonio Fogazzaro—Wm. J. Rose	92
The Philosophy of Mr. Wells—W. L. Grant	104
Notes on Travel—Thomas L. Jarrott	120
The University and the Schoolmaster—C. B. Sissons	125
The Fortunes of La Tour—G. O. Bent	133
Human Progress—J. Clark Murray	156
Richard Wagner—E. B. Greenshields	169

APRIL.

Why Newspapers are Unreadable—Bernard K. Sandwell	171
A Retrospect of the Session—Henry Franklin Gadsby	183
The Rural Teacher—J. C. Sutherland	197
The Bust of Cicero—W. E. Marshall	202
Early Education in Manitoba—F. H. Schofield	203
Sir Galahad—S. B. Slack	214
Place Names of Quebec—Wm. Wood	220
Art—Charles E. Moyse	232
Gilbert Keith Chesterton—Walter M. Haushalter	233
Kirkyards—D. Fraser Harris	264
A Sensible Sunday—J. Perceval Graves, Jr.	272
Bibliography of Canadiana—W. S. Wallace	284
The Vanity of Travel—Archibald MacMechan	289
Ennoia—Alfred Gordon	307
Village Life in Three Countries—W. Brymner	309
Methodists and Presbyterian Scotland—Arthur S. Morton	327

IX CONTENTS

OCTOBER.

	Page
The Memorial Tower—Archibald MacMechan	349
The Intellectual Death—Jacob Salviris	350
The Life of a Little College—M. E. Redon	377
A Saxon Epitaph—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall	399
A Perfect Day—Belfrage Gilbertson	400
Married Women's Property—F. P. Walton	403
The March of Socialism—James Edward Le Rossignol	429
Father Lacombe—Lynn Hetherington	446
Mrs. Jameson in Canada—Blanche Lucile Macdonald	456
To a Quakeress—Margaret Sherwood	467
Reviews and Reviewers—Robert Roberts	469
A Fresh View of Canadian Literature—Pelham Edgar	479
The Philosopher of Pessimism—E. W. Patchett	487
Of a Certain Untimeliness—E. W. Thomson	513

DECEMBER.

In Nazareth—Alan Sullivan	525
The Cost of Living—Andrew Macphail	526
The Presidential Election—Edward Stanwood	544
French in Ontario—N. A. Belcourt	551
A Christmas Jaunt—W. H. Blake	562
Sub Jove—J. E. Hoare	575
Ste. Agathe des Monts—C. F. Crandall	585
Italian Notes—Alice Jones	586
The Rhodes Scholar—C. D. Harvey	602
Children and Olympians—M. G. Cook	616
Comparative Literature—H. V. Routh	634
Mrs. Boswell's Johnson—Chauncey G. Jarvis	653
Revision of the Lectionary—R. R. Fitzgerald	673
Woman's Influence—John Macnaughton	683



THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED: FEBRUARY, APRIL, OCTOBER, DECEMBER

FEBRUARY 1912

	Page
Pragmatism and Politics—Warwick Chipman	I
Nationality and Citizenship—F. P. Walton	12
The Tariff Commission—Andrew Macphail	27
Laurentides National Park—W. H. Blake	41
The Little Fauns to Proserpine—Marjory L. C. Pickthall	61
The Incomplete Angels—Jacob Salviris	62
Old Wine in New Bottles—Samuel Inglis	77
The Bookseller—John S. Irwin	89
Antonio Fogazzaro—Wm. J. Rose	92
The Philosophy of Mr. Wells—W. L. Grant	104
Notes on Travel—Thomas L. Jarrott	120
The University and the Schoolmaster—C. B. Sissons	125
The Fortunes of La Tour—G. O. Bent	133
Human Progress—J. Clark Murray	156
Richard Wagner—E. B. Greenshields	169

MORANG & CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is issued in February, April, October and December, by a committee for McGill University; University of Toronto; and Dalhousie College.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:—W. PETERSON, M.A., C.M.G., LL.D., Principal; F. P. WALTON, LL.D., Dean, Faculty of Law, McGill University; W. J. ALEXANDER, B.A., Ph.D., Professor of English; PELHAM EDGAR, Ph.D., Professor of English; J. MAVOR, Professor of Political Economy, University of Toronto; ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, B.A., Ph.D., Professor of English, Dalhousie College, Halifax.

Editor: ANDREW MACPHAIL, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

The purpose of the University Magazine is to express an educated opinion upon questions immediately concerning Canada; and to treat freely in a literary way all matters which have to do with politics, industry, philosophy, science, and art.

The Editorial management is gratuitous, and the proceeds of the publication are applied to the payment of contributors.

The subscription price is two dollars a year for four numbers, containing about 700 pages. Copies are on sale at all book stores. Subscriptions, advertisements, and enquiries of a business nature should be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. Morang and Company, Toronto.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

With the present Number the eleventh volume of the University Magazine begins. For ten years the publication has been made at a loss, as the subscription price and the receipts from advertisers did not cover the cost of printing and the payment of contributors.

Whilst the subscribers were few this loss was easily borne; now that they are many it is found necessary to increase the price to cover the cost of the publication. Accordingly, from this date subscriptions and renewals will be received at the rate of two dollars a year.

This is the least amount which will cover the charges of manufacture and allow to contributors a reasonable remuneration. If this decision meets with favour,—and the Committee sincerely trusts that it will,—the Magazine will continue to be published in its present form but with improved contents.

PRAGMATISM AND POLITICS

IT may seem paradoxical to suggest of a doctrine essentially impatient of the absolute that it bids fair to become the chief bulwark of an absolutism the more tyrannical because it is false. Yet a democracy forgetting freedom and a philosophy careless of principles do, in fact, go hand in hand together. Nowhere better than in politics could the pragmatic creed be applied; and nowhere does it become more immediately clear that pragmatism has no creed. In this it is the motto of democracy in action, which is abandoning more and more not only creeds as creeds but even the very creed that brought it into being.

In doing so democracy threatens to entammel men for a time more effectively than ever they were trammelled in the past, through the very optimism of its crude practicality; seeking to achieve in one generation and by extraneous rules the blessings which only the long discipline of character can ever bring to the world. Lovers of liberty, then, if they would serve her now, must see that a philosophy without a standard, a wisdom that will not criticize, a doctrine that will not lead, is the greatest foe of all they have to fight.

An irreverent critic once remarked that doubtless we should all like to be pragmatists if only we knew what we should be if we were pragmatists. I am sure that it would be very easy for any accommodating person to find out that he was on the whole a pragmatist. But with a full reserve of my right to be accommodating on some other occasion, the present purpose requires a sterner frame of mind. Pragmatism is a big belief quite satisfactory to those only whose belief is still bigger. It is, I take it, the doctrine that an idea is true if it works. But inasmuch as not all that works is worth working; inasmuch as not all that works for to-day, works in the long run; inasmuch as it is as well to know, before practical

demonstration, whether or not we are working with temporal dynamite; and inasmuch as pragmatism considers none of these things: I wish to suggest that it is not altogether admirable when applied to politics.

At first sight it must appear ungrateful to quarrel with a school that proclaims faith as the greatest of human forces. For no one could ask a better inspiration. But what is the faith that is to be this force? Here pragmatism is silent, giving us a handle, but no tool. Strange, then, that its most brilliant exponent should begin his lectures upon it by this quotation from Mr. Chesterton. "There are some people—and I am one of them—who think that the most practical and important thing about a man is still his view of the universe. We think that for a general about to fight an enemy it is important to know the enemy's numbers, but still more important to know the enemy's philosophy. We think the question is not whether the theory of the cosmos affects matters, but whether in the long run anything else affects matters." Where so much is granted to theory, what, may we ask, is left to practicality?

In point of fact, however, the quotation from Mr. Chesterton is most inapplicable to pragmatism, which usually is careful to disclaim any attitude so superior, so dogmatic, as the theoretical. It is unsparing in its criticism of the absolute because the absolute does not achieve. It has an utter contempt for all the treatises "on God, and Love, and Being, helplessly existing in their monumental vacuity." There is, indeed, a certain amount of justification for this standpoint. A philosophy, above all a political philosophy, which exalts the human will but never dallies with short cuts to human victory, which bids men enter by the door and not climb up some other way, is apt to leave considerably comfortless those children of men who could perhaps be wiser in their generation than the children of light. Idealism mends no broken hearts. It is no lasting substitute for bread and butter. If we seek in it the omnipotent prescriptions of quackery, we shall not find them. But while it cannot profess to cure the evils of

this world, it does attempt to prevent them. It strives to teach the principles that in the long run will do away not with broken hearts but with the breaking of them, not with physical starvation but with the moral and spiritual conditions that lead to it. Compared with so fundamental a practicality, what has pragmatism to show? A method which concentrates on mere success, and which fails to judge between this success and that, is, to the extent of such a failure, not practical enough.

The chief quarrel of pragmatism with the absolute is its alleged supreme indifference to what the particular facts in our world really are. "Be they what they may, the absolute will father them. Like the sick lion in Æsop's fable, all footsteps lead into his den, but *nulla vestigia retrorsum*. You cannot redescend into the world of particulars by the absolute's aid or deduce any necessary consequences of detail important for your life from your idea of his nature. He gives you, indeed, the assurance that all is well with him, and for his eternal way of thinking; but thereupon he leaves you to be finitely saved by your own temporal devices."

Now this is very true of certain phases of philosophy, and the more is the pity. But is it not in some measure true of pragmatism itself? Anything may go into the den of the doctrine that anything is true if it works, that anything will work that is worked, and therefore that anything is true. But what is the practical result of this stupendous syllogism? What is to be worked? What shall we choose from among infinite possibilities? On what grounds shall we choose?

A standard we must have, and a standard must be taught us by a philosophy with any pretensions to the name. When the pragmatist declares that "what is better for us to believe is true *unless the belief incidentally clashes with some other vital benefit*," he admits the necessity of a standard. Indeed, the pragmatist is continually going far beyond the borders of pragmatism, and in so doing is making it clear that in order to be a good pragmatist you must be infinitely more. Thus Dr. James, when he says "The notion of God has this practical

superiority . . . that it guarantees an ideal order that shall be permanently preserved," and again, "This need of an external moral order is one of the deepest needs of our breast—the absolute things, the last things, the overlapping things, are the truly philosophic concerns; all superior minds feel seriously about them, and the mind with the shortest views is simply the mind of the more shallow man."

The only trouble is that not every pragmatist is a good pragmatist; and that pragmatism is apt to be hailed by many as a brilliant, unimpeachable angel succouring and justifying the shorter view. They are apt to find in it the expression of their own resolve to be shallow, and to make it the splendid banner of their thoughtlessness. They are happy to proclaim their very want of method as itself a method; and, in repulsing attacks upon their rough and ready means to unconsidered ends, they eagerly find in pragmatism their sanction and their name.

"The influence of democracy in promoting pragmatism," said the *Edinburgh Review*, "is visible in almost every page of William James's writing. There is an impatience of authority, an unwillingness to condemn widespread prejudices, a tendency to decide philosophical questions by putting them to the vote, which contrast curiously with the usual dictatorial tone of philosophic writings. Dr. Schiller at one time set to work to elucidate the question of a future life by taking a poll. William James claims for the pragmatist temper 'the open air and possibilities of nature, as against dogma, artificiality, and the pretence of finality in truth.' A thing which simply *is* true, whether you like it or not, is to him as hateful as a Russian autocracy."

Now, it is quite true that at stated intervals democracy still pays its homage to freedom as a standard. It is quite true that democracy praises its constitutions, amid great applause, as the guardians of freedom. But more and more, as we see democracy at work, we find that freedom is quite forgotten in the exaltation of some shibboleth that has no meaning save as a means to freedom; that some constitutional

abstraction is insisted on as an end in itself; that the immediate wishes of the people are considered as ends in themselves, and suffer no criticism from the standpoint of that liberty which in politics can be the only ultimate and lasting aim.

And what are the results, as unexpected as the acts themselves are uninformed? Take, for an example, universal suffrage. As a notion and a name it has to do with liberty, but as a result does it increase the number of men able to protect their freedom, or does it, when exercised too soon, increase only the number of those able to override the freedom of others? Does it mean—one man, one vote? Or does it mean that the practical politician who formerly manipulated forty votes to his own undemocratic purposes will thereafter manipulate forty score?

Or take the cry for the recall of the judges, which is greeting the ears of some of us on this continent. Here we have in its most glaring form the notion that voting is an end in itself, and that democracy exists as a system in order that its momentary likes and dislikes may be exalted at the expense of all stability, consistency, and order. The doctrine upon which was founded the chief, the most weighty, the most respected judicial body in the United States, that freedom was best served by making the dispensers of the law independent of popular clamour and of class interests, is to be laid aside without any reference to the real meaning and needs of freedom.

It would almost seem as if democracy might prefer to do away with the judges altogether and to substitute the pronouncement of a majority through the medium of the daily press. We have recently seen the edifying spectacle of a large class of persons, who keep democracy in their pockets, first of all subsidizing the defence of certain men accused of murder, and then, when defence became impossible, and when they were convinced that there had been, as their odd phrase put it, "a crime against unionism as well as against humanity," facing about and forming what is called "a country-wide movement to obtain the maximum punishment of these men,"

without any thought or reference either to the law which as citizens they set up, or to the judges whom equally they appoint to administer it.

Oddly enough the same democracy, constituting itself both judge and jury, is unable to supply from among its numbers twelve good men and true to try the case at close range. A *cause célèbre* is presented to an astonished country, in which the chief witness for the prosecution gives his testimony before an association of bankers; the advocate for the defence harangues not the court but the newspapers; and the judge is besought to do anything but try the case and give the judgement. To such a pass does the pragmatic spirit bring those constitutional forms which an age-long struggle for reasonable safeguards of freedom has so laboriously attained.

Let it be remembered, too, that at the very moment when democracy seems about to take over a part of the constitution in which it was never schooled, it is abandoning to arbitrary committees just those subjects which it ought most assiduously to control. In the judicial sphere of the state where expert administrators could far better maintain rights and prevent infringements than could any interested and short-seeing voters, an arbitrary ballot is to supplant an impartial arbiter. But of that department, embracing taxation and the freedom of contract, where universal interest is the surest ally of liberty, commissions, discretionary and domineering, are to be handed the charge.

In Canada, a new government proposes to put the tariff under the control of a commission. It will entrust to an executive body what should never be taken out of the sphere of parliamentary debate. It will turn into a department what ought to be the most constant of political issues. It will compromise the state, as far as can be seen, by the inherent views of only one of the political parties; and by so doing, will be the most effective means of preventing any criticism of those views. All this will be done in the name of practicality by men who have never considered for a moment the bearing of it all upon their constitution and their liberty.

To speak of the regulation of great corporations now being so elaborately considered on this continent would require a volume at least. Perhaps it may yet be discovered by the people at large, or rather by those who will influence the people at large, that it is in vain to attempt the cure of diseases where you authorize by high protection the conditions that bring about these diseases. To those who believe firmly in this, there can be no patience with the foundationless practicality that first of all creates a vested interest by a taxation which is an infringement of the liberty of every one of us without furthering the necessary ends of the state, and that then interferes with the new rights which it brought into being. But where no one will dare to preach the true theory of the state, where everybody desires to do only that which is immediately practical, freedom must continue to suffer, in spite of all the statutes, and all the orations.

Similarly with regard to the commissions which are being formed to deal with the contracts between consumers and monopolies. How far these bodies will help to maintain the liberty of contract, how far they will really hinder it, are immense questions; but before these questions are considered, we are all hurrying into legislation, with the sole desire to be practical. In the discussions that take place from time to time with regard to the governmental supervision of public service corporations, you will find an infinity of speech upon the meaning of the phrases, "going concern," "good-will," "fair profit," and the like; you will find almost nothing with regard to the function of the state, the liberty of the subject, and the propriety of resigning to the discretion of a few what should be under the discussion of the whole. In so far as these commissions do serve liberty, democracy has made a confession of failure. The trouble is that democracy does not know it.

But an essay cannot attempt to say what it took Mr. Lecky a book to declare. Let me simply quote for my purpose now his conclusions on this very subject of democracy and liberty. "In our day," he says, "no fact is more incon-

testable and conspicuous than the love of democracy for authoritative regulation. The two things that men in middle age have seen most discredited among their contemporaries are probably free contract and free trade. The great majority of the democracies of the world are now frankly protectionist, and even in free trade countries the multiplication of laws regulating, restricting, and interfering with industry in all its departments, is one of the most marked characteristics of our time."

Let me also quote, in comment, this from a recent speech of the Dean of St. Paul's: "The first duty of any one who wants to understand the signs of the times is a critical examination of current shibboleths and catchwords. It is quite as easy to hypnotize one's self into imbecility by repeating in solemn tones 'progress,' 'democracy,' 'corporate unity,' as by repeating the blessed word Mesopotamia. Democracy is perhaps the silliest of all the fetishes that are worshipped among us. The method of counting heads instead of breaking them is no doubt convenient as a rough and ready test of strength, and no doubt government must rest mainly on force. It is also arguable that democracy is at present a good instrument for procuring social justice and educating citizens in civic duty, but that is really all that any one has a right to say. To talk to the average member of parliament one might suppose that the ballot-box was a sort of Urim Thummim for ascertaining the divine will. This superstition is simply our old friend the divine right of kings standing on its head. It is even more ridiculous in the new posture than in the old. There is absolutely no guarantee in the nature of things that the decision of the majority will be either wise or just, yet this ridiculous fetish stands grinning in our faces, and the whole nation burns incense before it."

My point then is that pragmatism is merely a philosophical expression of all this, and a means to crown it with a dignity which otherwise it would lack. In consequence it is the more astonishing that pragmatism should quote from Mr. Chesterton as to the immense import of plain theory. For

Mr. Chesterton is quite right when you apply his statement to politics. It is another part of the present subject to show that the only ultimate power in politics is an idea, a theory, a principle, not a rule. Nothing is an end in itself; and where that is overlooked, there is no power. The sanction of the state is nothing unless based upon a greater sanction than itself. There is a standard of liberty by whose criticisms we must in the long run abide or we can make no progress. There is a force, invisible, inexhaustible, whose ends alone are supreme, and in touch with which alone our narrower ends can lastingly survive.

The wisest of kings said long ago that the very true beginning of wisdom was the desire of discipline. He meant the readiness to be led by great principles, and the scorn of a practice that had no creed behind it, and no eternal path before; of a pragmatism that did not know where it was going, or why, or how. In what way can that discipline come, by what possibility can it bring us to the kingdom of our best and happiest, in a state where the only test of truth and of good is the power to accomplish quick and limited ends? How are we to achieve liberty if the mere power of a majority is to be exalted over the power of ultimate things; if the appeal is to be made to the essential tyranny of men, rather than to their overwhelming necessity for freedom? The more we ask these questions, the more we know that the greatest need of a democracy, to-day as always, is an aristocracy, building advance on criticism; and preaching that truth and that good which, if they are made one with the universe, can never be taken away.

That such a truth is already recognized by the state will be abundantly clear to those who, turning from the spasmodic turmoil of democracy, will watch the sober progress of the common law. Democracy and majorities are accustomed to think of the law as the creature of law-makers. Happily for freedom, happily for those who desire to guard in themselves that which they never attack in others, happily for all who wish to see the characters and commonwealth of men advance

by a discipline which no machinery can teach, society is held together and governed, in the last resort, not by the might of numbers, not by the assertion of arbitrary power, but by the quiet sovereignty of an idea.

We may see it in continual action; we may see it in continual restraint of action. We may know it as the constant critic of all other ideas, however pragmatic. We may know it as something vastly bigger, more far-reaching, more authoritative, than all codes, statutes, precedents, and rules. If all the legislatures and all the voters were to attempt to create a law of obligations that took no account of this idea, how futile in the end would be their bills, ordinances, and votes! If, when watching the interminable procession of deeds, titles, and contracts, lawyers were to wish, by some wayward agreement, to consider harmless all flaws and irregularities, how simply they could agree, how unalterably they cannot! How irresistibly it would appear that the legal principles which govern the greater part of daily life are not the arbitrary inventions of particular communities: they are community itself.

And more than this. The courts are beginning to recognize, although rightly they do not administer, the very essence of the moral law. They are beginning to declare that if a man does not fulfil a moral duty he may lose a legal right; that by failing to do as he would be done by he may limit the extent to which he can make the state his instrument. This attitude is purely negative. It does not move one step beyond the point of refusing redress in certain circumstances. It leaves to private will the doing of what one ought and to private punishment the consequences of not so doing. But it recognizes for state and citizens alike, arising out of the inexhaustible maze of practical affairs, the serene domination of a power beyond and above the state, determining its dealings, sanctioning its awards.

To that power, free and necessarily recognized as free, belongs the discipline of this world, discovering that only when all willingly do their best by their fellows can we have a civilization and a happiness which shall stand; and that only

the universal rule of such morality can put an end to the particular evils of men. Every other government that men may devise must fail: this alone can succeed. Every other must be judged by its fruits: this alone dominates fulfilment. Every other is abstract and provisional: this only is concrete and endures.

If then the law of the state inevitably admits the law of liberty around it, we may be sure that every expression of the wills of men, and every instrument of that expression, including democracy itself, must finally bow to judgement. Until they do; until they acknowledge the law that is the only master of all because it is the only servant of all; until they know the limits of the state in the sphere of obligations: any constitution under any name can and will be tyrannical. In the long run, there is but one power to preserve men from absolutism. That power is the absolute itself.

WARWICK CHIPMAN

NATIONALITY AND CITIZENSHIP

WHAT is meant by the term "British citizen," of which we are hearing so much? No definite conclusion is likely to be reached, for the simple reason that a British citizen is an animal belonging, like a griffin or a unicorn, to the realm of fancy.

If it means "British subject" it is better to say so. If it is intended to imply that all subjects of the King have certain political rights in common, it is misleading. The rights of British subjects vary greatly. Englishmen or Canadians, subjects in the crown colonies, British Indians, members of the native races in South Africa, are examples of British subjects whose rights differ widely from one another. Peers of the United Kingdom, women, Kaffirs, though they may be British subjects, enjoy only restricted rights. They all wear their rue with a difference. No one supposes that all British subjects are equal as regards their civil and political rights, and the new-fangled term "British citizen" is objectionable because it suggests such an equality. In spite of the fact that the term creeps in even at Imperial Conferences, where people ought to speak by the card, it is to be recommended only to those who hold with Talleyrand that language is given us to conceal thought.

Under the republican form of government, "citizen" is generally used to mean a member of the sovereign people, and in popular language often denotes one who possesses the franchise. But, even in the United States, this is not its legal meaning, for minors may be citizens though they cannot vote, and women may be citizens of a state which confines the vote to men. The American Constitution declares that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside." And when we speak of a

“citizen of the world” or of a “citizen of the Heavenly Jerusalem”—expressions for which there is good warrant—political rights are, presumably, not connoted.

But while the introduction of new phraseology is to be deprecated, the discussion itself is opportune and useful. There is much haziness in the public mind as to the rights, and still more as to the duties, of British subjects, and it is always desirable to clarify our ideas so far as nature permits. In Canada the subject is particularly appropriate, for there is a vague feeling that we are on the eve of great political developments, and the problem of the navy has brought us back to the fundamental principles of the Constitution.

In the following pages it is proposed to examine shortly wherein British nationality consists, and what rights and duties it implies. The general reader does not need to be dismayed, for the law of nationality is more interesting than a novel, which, indeed, in these sad times is but faint praise.

Nationality is a status which the law imposes on persons at their birth, and sometimes at a later period also when people change their original nationality and become naturalized in another state. When lawyers speak of a status, they mean a condition to which certain incidents attach by law which cannot be varied by the agreement of parties. If a man becomes a British subject, it is the law which fixes his rights and liabilities in that character. He cannot take the rights and neglect the duties or, indeed, vary any of the legal conditions. So marriage is a status, because when people are married they have certain rights and duties which the law determines. They cannot agree to be married for a year, or that the wife shall be the head of the family. Understandings of this kind may exist *de facto*, but the law will not lend any aid to them. Nationality is a better example of a status than marriage, because a child has a nationality when it is born, though it cannot choose where it shall be born or whether it shall be born at all, whereas marriage has not as yet been made compulsory. We must take it with its legal incidents if we take it at all, but we may escape it altogether. So self-evident

does this appear that it makes us rub our eyes to find eminent writers maintain that nationality rests on an implied contract between the state and the subject. In a claim of damages on behalf of a child for injuries sustained by it in a railway accident before its birth, the Irish Court of King's Bench held that the company was not liable because they had made no contract with the child, and one of the judges said "in law, in reason, in the common language of mankind, a woman is the common carrier of her unborn child and not a railway company." Whether the company might have been held liable apart from contract is another question, but the case brings home to us the moral that an unborn child cannot make a contract, and consequently that it cannot agree to be born an Englishman or a Frenchman.

The fundamental problems of nationality are three: (1) What persons are members of the state, how do they become such, and how may they cease to be members of it? (2) What is the position of those who are within a state but do not belong to it? (3) What claim has the state upon members of these two classes, respectively?

If we were discussing nationality in general, the most convenient term for the members of the state would be "nationals," because all states do not call their members by the same name. But from the domestic point of view it is best to denote the members of the state as "British subjects," a time-honoured name which can still stir the blood like the Roman's *civis Romanus sum*.

The first question then is—Who are British subjects and how do they become such? British subjects fall into four groups: (1) Natural-born British subjects by common law. (2) Natural-born British subjects by virtue of certain statutes. (3) British subjects by naturalization. (4) Married women and minors, who have become British subjects as dependents.

Group one comprises all persons born within the King's dominions, or, as the venerable phrase ran, "within the ligeance of the King." In addition to children actually born

in British territory, the common law admitted as British subjects, though born abroad, the children of the King, the children of British ambassadors abroad, the children of British soldiers on active service abroad, and children born on British ships on the high seas. In the last case the reason given is that a ship is in some respects like a floating island and belongs to the state whose flag it carries. Conversely there are one or two exceptional cases in which a child, though born on British soil, is not a British subject. The child born in England to a foreign sovereign, or to a foreign ambassador to the Court of St. James is not a British subject, nor is a child born on British soil to a foreign soldier who belongs to an invading force. The common law of England clung with the utmost tenacity to the principle that nationality depended on birthplace and not on parentage. The child of a Chinaman born on British territory is a British subject, and would have been so considered at any period since there has been an English law of nationality. And, until the common law was changed by statute, the child of an English father, though it were a peer of the realm, was an alien if it was born abroad. The reason why nationality was fixed by the child's birthplace rather than by considerations of race or family was because in England and in Western Europe generally the law of nationality grew out of feudalism. The sovereign was the liege lord, and all persons born in his dominions, wherever their parents came from, were born under his protection and owed him allegiance. The two things, protection and allegiance, are correlative. The ancient form of the oath of allegiance, now long superseded, brings out very clearly the feudal idea. The subject swore "to be true and faithful to the King and his heirs and truth and faith to bear of life and limb and terrene honour, and not to know or hear of any ill or damage intended him, without defending him therefrom."

But the old writers are careful to explain that the subject's duty does not depend on his taking the oath, but is a duty antecedent to any promise. "All subjects are equally bounden to their allegiance as if they had

taken the oath because it is written by the finger of the law in their hearts; the taking of the corporal oath is but an outward declaration of the same." In all this we must remember that when we speak of a child being born "in the territory," or "within the ligeance," such expressions in no way imply birth within the realm of England. A child is a natural-born British subject if it is born within any of the dominions which owe obedience to the crown. It is obedience to the crown and not to parliament which is essential. So long as the King of England was, by various titles, actual sovereign over Gascony or Aquitaine, children born there were British subjects. After King James of Scotland came to the English throne, Scotsmen were British subjects, before the Act of Union, at a time when the parliaments of the two kingdoms were quite independent of each other; and to-day a Chinaman born in Hong Kong is a British subject throughout the Empire as fully as an Englishman born in London or a Canadian born in Montreal. This is the underlying fallacy which vitiates many of the arguments put forward for "Canadian nationality." So long as Canadians are subjects of the King they must stand or fall with other British subjects, however little the imperial parliament may interfere in Canadian affairs.

The second group consists of British subjects whose right to that status rests on certain old statutes. The old rule that birth within the King's dominions was, subject to the few exceptions which have been explained, essential to British nationality came, before very long, to be regarded as too rigorous. So long as the only Englishmen who visited the continent without swords in their hands or bows at their backs were a few traders, not likely to take their wives with them, the risk of children being born abroad to English fathers was one which the law could disregard. But when communications became more frequent, and wives as well as husbands crossed the narrow seas, it was felt that the accident of birth abroad ought not to deprive an Englishman of his rights. And by various statutes, of which the earliest was 25 Edward III., important relaxations of the rule of the birthplace were

introduced. These statutes created the second of our groups of natural-born British subjects. As the law now stands, if a child is born abroad whose father is a natural-born British subject, not having lost his nationality at the time of the child's birth, the child is likewise considered as a natural-born British subject.

And further, if this child retains its nationality, and becomes in time a father, his children in like manner are natural-born British subjects. There, however, the statutory protection stops. In order that a child born abroad shall be British, it is indispensable that either its father or its paternal grandfather should have been born upon British soil. The only way in which nationality can be retained for further generations is for them to make sure that they are born in British territory. Let us suppose an English family settled in France for three generations. The grandfather A. was born in England, he has a son B., and B. has a son C. C. is a British subject, assuming that at the time of his birth his father had done nothing to lose British nationality. But if C. marries and wants his children to be British subjects, his wife must see to it that they are born on British soil. Every year a considerable number of ladies cross the seas with this laudable intent. If this precaution has been taken a new series can begin. Thus, to return to the illustration: if C.'s child is born in England it is a British subject, and if the child is a boy he draws in such a strong whiff of nationality with his first breath that he is able to transmit it to two generations further.

In all this, however, we are reckoning without the law of the country in which the exiles live. That law may take a different view of the matter, and insist on claiming as its subjects persons born on its soil or persons who have resided there for a certain length of time. As a matter of fact, in the case we have supposed C., whose father was born in France, would be claimed by the French law as a Frenchman, though A. would not be so claimed at all, nor B. if he expressed his desire to retain British nationality. For the French law, like

many foreign systems, now makes nationality depend much more upon parentage than birthplace; still, the son born in France of a father who was also born there is counted a Frenchman. C. will therefore be both an Englishman and a Frenchman, and such cases of what is called "double nationality" are by no means uncommon. The practical difficulties arising from this ambiguity of status are got over by the comity of nations. If the state in which a man resides claims him as one of its citizens, the other state which has a claim upon him will not protect him in the country of his residence. In the case we have given the British government, though bound to regard C. as a British subject while he is on British territory, or anywhere except in France, would not interfere to protect him, so long as he was in France, against any obligation imposed upon him by the French law. C., for example, could not avail himself of his British nationality to escape his military service in France if he were caught in that country. This policy is followed pretty consistently by civilized nations, and constant friction can be avoided only by some such understanding.

The third group of British subjects consists of those who have become so by naturalization. The conditions of naturalization vary in different parts of the Empire, but everywhere one of them is that the alien shall take the oath of allegiance. In England the chief qualification is five years' residence, while in Canada residence for three years is sufficient. In regard to Canadian naturalization there is an alleged grievance to which attention was drawn by Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the last Imperial Conference. An alien, naturalized in Canada, is not, it is said, a British subject except while he is on Canadian soil. To quote Sir Wilfrid Laurier, "In Canada, where we receive annually at the present time some hundred thousand American citizens who generally take out letters of naturalization as soon as it is possible for them to do so, we are in this condition: those hundred thousand American citizens are British subjects in Canada, but if they come to Great Britain they are still American citizens."

Professor Westlake, than whom there is no higher living authority, says Sir Wilfrid is in error as to this. Mr. Westlake's opinion is that a subject naturalized in Canada has precisely the same rights as a subject naturalized in England. But if Sir Wilfrid Laurier is wrong, it is fair to say that he errs in good company. His view of the matter is that taken by Sir Francis Piggott, the author of the latest work on nationality, and it is that which has been accepted for many years at the Foreign and Colonial Offices. If a naturalized Canadian applies for a passport, he receives one which contains a statement that he is, *within the limits of Canada*, a British colonial subject by naturalization, and is only entitled, beyond the limits of Canada, as a matter of courtesy to the general good offices and assistance of His Majesty's representatives abroad. The difficulty arises from the fact that the parliament of Canada cannot, without express authority, pass laws which operate outside the Dominion of Canada, and in this case the express authority is at least doubtful. For a different reason, serious doubts exist as to whether a British subject, made so by naturalization in the United Kingdom, is a British subject abroad. This is because the Imperial Act says that the naturalized alien shall *in the United Kingdom* be entitled to the rights of a British subject. In neither case is the interpretation put upon the statutes by any means certain, and it is very desirable that there should be imperial legislation to remove all doubts and to make it clear that a British subject anywhere is a British subject everywhere. In one regard, however, this principle will always have to suffer an important restriction. In the case of a natural-born British subject, unless he belongs to such of them as are born on foreign soil, it is not necessary to consider the claims of another country to his allegiance. But when a man is naturalized he exchanges one country for another, and his original country may not be willing to lose him. This difficulty is got over by a compromise. The applicant does not need to produce any evidence of the consent of his former sovereign to his expatriation, but, on the other hand, the British or Canadian govern-

ment, which admits him to the status of a British subject, will not protect him within the limits of his old country unless by its law or by a treaty he has ceased to belong to it. The naturalized alien crosses the frontier of his former state at his own risk if by its law he is still reckoned among its citizens. There are, no doubt, on American soil many thousands of American citizens, some of them bearing Anglo-Saxon names, though by no means, necessarily, coming from "Anglo-Saxony," to use Mr. Dooley's happy phrase, who cannot return to the country of their origin because they have evaded their military service there.

The fourth group of British subjects consists of certain persons who become subjects as satellites, if that expression may be permitted. Any woman who marries a British subject becomes thereby a British subject herself, and if an alien who becomes a British subject by naturalization has minor children the children become British subjects also, if they become resident in the territory. If, for example, an American citizen who desires to become naturalized in Canada has a son nineteen years of age, and the son prefers to remain an American, he can do so by not living with his father during the rest of his minority. Our enumeration of British subjects for the present purpose is now complete, and incidentally we have had to glance at the question of how a British subject may lose that status.

Expatriation is now so common that we are apt to forget how new a thing it is. Until 1870 the law was, "once an Englishman always an Englishman." By the common law of England nationality was indelible, except by a private Act of Parliament: *Nemo potest exuere patriam*. A man's nationality clung to him like the shirt of Nessus upon Hercules, not to be torn off. His allegiance was, as Blackstone puts it, "a debt of gratitude which cannot be forfeited, cancelled, or altered by any change of time, place, or circumstance;" or, as it was expressed in an old case, "Ligeance and faith and truth which are her members and parts are qualities of the mind and soul of man and cannot be circumscribed within the predicament of *ubi*."

Autres temps autres mœurs: now-a-days, by the law of almost all civilized peoples, a man who leaves his country can change his allegiance, if not as easily as his coat, at least without much difficulty. Among the great nations, I think Russia is the only one which stands on the old ways and refuses to admit that her natural-born subjects can lose their nationality. The almost universal abandonment of the old rule of perpetual allegiance has been brought about mainly by the great emigration from Europe to America. The United States, flinging wide her doors to receive a motley crowd of exiles from every shore, scouted the idea that her new children could have any duties to the country they had left. While Europe still proclaimed that nationality was indestructible, America asserted that a man had a natural right to change his country. This is declared roundly in the preamble to the Act of Congress of 1868, "Whereas the right of expatriation is a natural and inherent right of all people indispensable to the enjoyment of the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It is perhaps significant of the versatility of our neighbours that long after their government had claimed for the subjects of other countries an unlimited right of expatriation, it was very doubtful whether by American law an American citizen could expatriate himself. England and the United States wrangled over the question of expatriation for about three-quarters of a century, but in the end the logic of events was too strong and England had to accept the American view that a man's allegiance could be changed.

The next point to be considered is the position of those persons who are within the limits of a state, either as casual visitors or as permanent residents, but are not included among its subjects or citizens. Their proper name is aliens. Under some legal systems, aliens may continue to reside in a state for several generations without being claimed as subjects. But, as has been explained already, this is not so under our law. With us the children of an alien, if born in British territory, will be British subjects, but if by the law of their father's country they are also subjects of his state, they can at majority

declare in a statutory manner their intention to cease to be British subjects, and the law will give effect to such a declaration. If the child of a non-naturalized alien happens to be born abroad, it will not be a British subject; and even if the father of a child born abroad was an alien naturalized in Canada, it is very doubtful if the child is a British subject unless the father was in Canada when the child was born. Suppose a German naturalized in Canada is travelling in the United States with his wife when the child is born, the nationality of the child is extremely doubtful. For, according to the view of many authorities, an alien naturalized in Canada is not a British subject, except so long as he is on Canadian soil.

In regard to the admission and expulsion of aliens, delicate questions arise. International trade and facility of communication have led to a constant flux and reflux of foreigners in all the states of the Western world; and they are all bound together by a net-work of commercial treaties in which mutual freedom of access for the subjects of the contracting states is usually stipulated. But apart from such stipulations, by which it may have restricted its freedom, there is no reasonable doubt that every state has an absolute right to exclude such aliens as it does not choose to admit; or to admit them upon any conditions which it likes to impose. And every state can expel from its territory aliens already admitted if it does so in the manner which its own law prescribes. Moreover, even when a state grants naturalization to an alien, it does not necessarily follow by the law of that state that this implies the grant of rights of franchise. For the state can provide that certain classes of its subjects, whether by birth or naturalization, shall not be entitled to vote, as has been done in British Columbia in regard to Chinese and Japanese British subjects.

The legal position of aliens in British territory, and indeed in all civilized countries, has undergone a profound change. It would take too long to explain the disabilities of various kinds to which they were subjected by the old law. In England, for example, a considerable source of crown revenue

used to consist in the escheated estates of aliens who could not hold real property, or transmit it to others. But as far as rights of property are concerned, almost all the disabilities of aliens have been removed. The only one of a serious nature which remains is that an alien cannot hold the whole or part of a British ship, but this difficulty is overcome pretty easily because there is nothing to prevent an alien being a shareholder in a company which holds ships. But any ordinary trading company, whether it owns ships or not, which is incorporated under the law of Canada or of the province of Quebec, must have a majority of its directors who reside in Canada and are British subjects.

Political rights, as distinguished from rights of property, cannot clearly be enjoyed by aliens, for they, *ex hypothesi*, are not members of the body politic. An alien cannot be a legislator or a town councillor, or vote for those who hold such offices. Nor in the province of Quebec has he the necessary quality to raise the question whether an alderman is entitled to his seat in a town council. He cannot be an advocate or a notary, nor, apparently, a tutor or a curator. Nor can he serve on a jury, a disability which in all probability causes him little regret. He must obey the laws while he lives among us, for it would be odd, indeed, if the fact of his being a foreigner gave him the right to commit crimes with impunity. It is not in regard to his rights, but to his duties, that an alien is in an inferior position. According to the general rule of international law an alien cannot be called upon to defend the state, at least against a civilized enemy, though he may be required to lend his aid against brigands or savages. During the siege of Paris by the Germans alien citizens were requisitioned for its defence; but several foreign governments protested that it was a breach of international law to call upon their subjects in this way. Our law seems to go further than the laws of most countries, for the Militia Act says that the governor-general may require *all the male inhabitants of Canada capable of bearing arms to serve in the case of a levée en masse*. This leads to the last point to be noticed; namely, what claim has the state upon its subjects? The inherent

power of the state to call upon all its male subjects to bear arms for the defence of the commonwealth has never been disputed. By our Canadian statute all male inhabitants, not specially exempted, who are British subjects, and between the ages of 18 and 60, are liable for service in the militia. It was determined very early that the liability of a British subject to defend his country was not confined to service within the realm. As Lord Coke expresses it, "The subjects of England are bound by their ligeance to go with the King in his wars as well within the realm as without. And therefore we daily see that when either Ireland or any other of His Majesty's dominions be infested with invasion or insurrection, the King of England sendeth his subjects out of England, and his subjects out of Scotland also, into Ireland for the withstanding or suppressing of the same, to the end his rebels may feel the swords of either nation. And so may his subjects of Guernsey, Jersey, Isle of Man, etc., be commanded to make their swords good against either rebel or enemy, as occasion shall be offered. Whereas if natural ligeance of the subjects of England should be local, that is, confined within the realm of England or Scotland, etc., then were they not bound to go out of the continent of the realm of England or Scotland, etc."

If Coke had been writing in 1912, instead of in 1608, he would have chosen his illustrations from dominions greater than the Isle of Man or Guernsey. No doubt a good deal of water has run down the St. Lawrence since 1608. No one would now suggest that the great self-governing dominions of the crown could be compelled against their will to engage in war. As a matter of constitutional theory, their armies, and what is more to the point, their navies, must be at the disposal of their own governments. It is not important to discuss whether there is a legal duty on their part to defend the Empire, for in any case its performance could not, and would not, be enforced. But, *pace* Mr. Ewart, I do not see how the dominions, and Canada in particular, can have it both ways. Their people either belong to the Empire or not. If they do it is their moral duty to defend its existence against all comers. They cannot be British subjects without the duties of British

subjects. If there are Canadians who imagine that they could stand neutral in a war in which England was fighting for its life, it is very certain that the enemy would make short work of such pretensions.

An Empire which is not a unit for the purpose of defending its own existence, is a contradiction in terms. Rights and duties are correlative in 1912 as much as they were in 1608. There are some organisms of so rudimentary a kind that they have neither heart nor brain, and that one part of them is indifferent to what happens to any other part. Some people seem to think the British Empire is an organism of this very low class. It appears to me that the old lawyers who expressed in terms of feudal allegiance the primary duty of the subject came much nearer to the essence of things. Their language is archaic but it expresses an eternal truth. If the British Empire has any reality about it at all, it must involve the duty of British subjects to defend it. As Blackstone says, the name and the form of allegiance "are derived to us from our Gothic ancestors," but the thing itself, the substantial part of it, is founded in reason and the nature of government. The subject's duty to defend his country is not created by law but is antecedent to law, or, if we prefer to put it in that way, is a part of the law of nature. This was admirably explained in quaint language in Calvin's case. "The law of nature is that which God at the time of creation of the nature of man infused into his heart for his preservation and direction, and this is *lex aeterna*, the moral law, called also the law of nature. And by this law, written with the finger of God in the heart of man, were the people of God a long time governed before the law was written by Moses, who was the first reporter or writer of law in the world. . . . By this law of nature is the faith, ligeance, and obedience of the subject due to his Sovereign or superior."

The phraseology may be coloured with feudalism but the principle is unchanged and unchangeable. So long as separate nations exist, the subjects of each must be prepared to defend their existence. In Europe we are at every turn painfully reminded of this primary duty. Canada has for many years

led a charmed life. No living Canadian remembers hearing a shot fired within her wide boundaries by a foreign enemy. It is not surprising that a sense of profound security has stolen over the land, and that it is hard for people who want to live at peace to believe that they are exposed to any danger. They are inclined to argue that no invader could occupy so vast a territory, and this is true enough. But in modern warfare the enemy who seizes the great centres of a nation's life has the country at his mercy. If London could be seized and held by an invading force how long could England hold out? Canada has not perhaps quite the same vital interest in the safety of Ottawa, and there have been times when its occupation by an enemy might have been tolerated. But I do not think any Canadian would contemplate with equanimity the sack of Montreal, or even of Toronto. At any rate, before we dismiss as fantastic the idea of foreign invasion, it will be wise to consult the experts, naval and military, whose business it is to consider the feasibility of such things. We cannot escape danger by hiding our heads in the snow any more than the ostrich can by burying its head in the sand.

I am one of those who believe that the time will come when public opinion will no longer tolerate wars between so-called civilized nations. If they were really civilized, war would be impossible now. I believe also that the inexpressible folly of the present system is realized more clearly on this side of the Atlantic; and that the United States and Canada have an opportunity of doing an immense service to humanity by rousing public sentiment throughout the world. There must be in every country a large and increasing body of people who agree with Mr. Angell that it is a great illusion to suppose that nations become rich and great by wars, and that the enormous waste of money on armies and "Dreadnoughts" cannot go on indefinitely. But while this work of arousing the public conscience proceeds, Canada cannot afford, any more than her neighbours, to leave her shores open to attack.

F. P. WALTON

THE TARIFF COMMISSION

DEMOCRACY is not so cock-sure of itself as it was in the first flush of its youth, when the nineteenth century also was young. In these latter days his giantship is going somewhat crest-fallen, stalking with less unconscionable strides. Whilst the business was to pull down what our fathers found to be good and useful, democracy succeeded admirably. Now that all is levelled, hope has given way to perplexity, and glee to stupid amazement.

Those panaceas which were vaunted as the sovereign remedies for all human ills have had fair trial. Equality was proclaimed, yet the few are masters and the many serve; and this service is not more tolerable, which is rendered to the steam engine and the machine, those monsters which we have created for our own oppression. As a result of this industrial development by which all were to have equal opportunity, the factory worker in a modern city is more miserable than a Macedonian shepherd, and less efficient than a Chinese peasant. All human skill is expended upon the construction of machines, and none is left for the making of those things which the machine makes so badly. Fraternity has accomplished its perfect work in those brotherhoods of whose principles the Messrs. Macnamara have constituted themselves the exponents in America, and Messrs. Potaud and Pouget in France. By freeing themselves outwardly, men have limited themselves inwardly. They have gained the whole world; they have acquired liberty and sacrificed their inner freedom. Liberty has turned out to be what the Germans call a wind-egg. There are yet slave-drivers, and the drivers themselves are slaves.

Each failure brought forth new remedies. When the franchise turned out to be ineffective, more voters were added to the list. When it was found that voters were capable of

being intimidated, the secret ballot was invented, so that a man might vote as if he were committing a crime; and the secret ballot has come to be the source of all political corruption, since a man may commit an act of treachery against his principles from which he would shrink if all the world were there to see. A corporation can venture to control the votes of its employees under cover of the secrecy of the ballot. If it were known that these men voted unanimously, then there would be proof where now there is only suspicion; and no corporation which is dependent upon the public for its profits could venture to engage in this kind of politics. With open voting the men would be free and the corporation would be shackled. None but a government can afford to play the part of the tyrant and dismiss its employees for the free exercise of their franchise.

Next, education was tried, and it was found useful in freeing men from the necessity of doing useful work, although it made them more capable of suffering from the work which they did. It ministered to laziness, and crippled craftsmanship by withdrawing from handiwork all those who had a certain facility in reading and remembering what is contained in books. It produced inefficient workmen and gave a kind of education which is worse than no education at all. When failure was encountered along this line of march a departure was made into industrial education instead of a frank retreat, but it will be many years before we discover that trades cannot be taught so casually as that. A trade must be learned for its own sake and not under the delusion that it is being acquired for some ulterior purpose of education.

Democracy has come to an impasse because it can find no one to do its work on the terms which it imposes; and the assumption is quite unwarranted that a mass of men will automatically transact its business and regulate its public affairs by the mere calling of itself a democracy. It is not to the interest of all the people that they should be governed well. It is to the interest of so many persons that the people should be governed badly that enough persons are

always found to provide bad government. Democracies have always governed themselves badly, and when they appear not to have done so it has turned out that they were not democracies at all.

Democracy demands equality, but none can be found to work for it on those terms, because they run counter to that deep instinct which is the motive of all human endeavour, namely, the desire for immortality. Men are immortal so long as they are remembered, and they are not content to remain in the forgetfulness which equality imposes. They strive for preëminence by standing on the shoulders of the crowd so that for a little time they may be spared from the waters of oblivion. This desire to escape the common fate, to preserve the personality, lies at the back of all human performance, whether it be the futility of the child who writes his name on the sand, the author who pesters a publisher to publish a book, or the conqueror who founds a dynasty. This remembrance can only be achieved by domination, and the desire to domineer is shared equally by good and bad alike. In democracy bad men get to the surface plentifully and easily, because their methods are ruthless and their natures coarse, whilst the good are forgotten or turn from public life to seek renown in private enterprise or in personal pleasure. Hopeless of the future they become indifferent to the present.

It is the custom to say that there is nothing fantastic in the idea of democracy, since a company of heathen Hellenes who occupied the shores of Attica really did accomplish something under that form of government, and a company of Englishmen, amongst whom Christianity had been pushed to its logical extreme of Puritanism, who found themselves on the shores of New England, eventually grew into a community known as the United States. But Athens at its best contained a dozen frank slaves to each freeman, and was ruled by a child. "For," said Themistocles, "I rule Athens; my wife rules me; and our child rules its mother." These Athenians sat with Greek cheerfulness behind their ramparts for three years and watched their territories being

ravaged up to the gates of Athens; and when a century afterwards a daring citizen urged them to abandon the theatre and attend to their navy and fleet, their only answer was to make terms with Philip the invader. And all this happened before there was any other obvious sign of decay than the appearance of art, an omen which happily has not yet lifted itself up upon the horizon of these two American democracies. In New England the worst retort which Governor Winthrop could hurl at those who desired to share in the government was that their proposals amounted to a declaration of democracy.

The truth is that democracy is a new thing in the world and we are making trial of it for the first time. Up to the present it pretended to govern itself, but that was only a pretence, and was so understood by those who made it. No respectable citizen of New York or of Philadelphia, at least up to five years ago, was so simple-minded as to believe that he had anything whatever to do with the municipal regulations, state enactments, or national laws under which he lived. All public business was transacted by a band of aliens who were willing to undertake the troublesome business in return for such compensation as they might choose to assign to themselves.

For government is a troublesome business and brings less reward, and certainly less gratitude, than any other form of human activity. Few politicians die rich, and many end up in gaol. The fact is that there is nothing which people dislike so much as governing themselves. They must be excited before they will take any interest whatever. The memories of old warfare must be invoked. Electors must be arrayed in "camps," and they would forget which camp they belong to if it were not for the "party banners." Candidates are "standard-bearers," an election is a "campaign," the district is the "field," the head man is a "leader," and there are "battle cries," "slogans," "issues," and "manifestos." The electors swear "allegiance," and the leaders "nail their colours" to the weather-cock.

These patriots find their chief difficulty with unauthorized persons who will persist in breaking into the ranks and leading the people captive by protesting that they are concerned only with the public good. These sentimental busybodies are warned off by the cry that politics is a mean and dirty business, that it is only tolerable to men of experience whose hides have been toughened by practice from their youth up. They are warned, too, that an election is an expensive affair, that voters expect to be bought, and that the electorate is controlled by an organization which must be enquired of and appeased. This, of course, is merely a slander of the people to persuade a candidate to submit to blackmail, for votes cannot be bought and the electorate cannot be bribed. But the money which is spent serves the useful purpose of keeping the "organization" together, and so makes democratic government possible.

This dislike of governing themselves is especially well seen amongst the people of England. The task of leading the Conservatives is left to a Scotchman who was born in Canada; their last leader was at least half Scotch; and their most successful leader for a century was a Jew. Upon the other side the protagonist of the Liberals is a Welshman, and the Irish are compelled to take upon themselves the burden of holding the balance between the two parties.

For a century democracy has moved by sheer force of inertia. Government simply could not stand still, and it was carried on by the old forces under new names. In the southern states the negroes voted, but the master counted the votes. In the northern states the electors were left free to vote as they pleased: it was easier to deal with the representative than with the people. In England the squire was still the squire, and if he chose to ask for votes, that was a whim which must be humoured. In the German Reichstag there are at this day eight distinct factions, as Germans do not appear to be born liberals or conservatives, republicans or democrats. These factions destroy one another, and so allow the king to declare, "I shall follow the path of the mighty dead just as my grandfather did."

It is only in France that the spirit of democracy has had free play. The old order perished utterly when the heads of those who had governed from time immemorial fell beneath the knife. It has taken more than a hundred years for democracy to accomplish its perfect work. The result is well described by a recent writer upon these pages: "France has arrived at a point when her finest spirits turn away from public life, leaving its emoluments to the self-advertiser and the unscrupulous. Sensational crimes, political squabbles, and financial scandals, dominate the attention of the enormous majority. A strike is cause enough for many otherwise reasonable people to cry out ' nous sommes perdus,' for others to demand a saviour of any sort, a king, a dictator, an executioner, a pope. The conception of men's rights is fading, —the reign of fear has begun."

In England the pretence of democratic government came to an end and real democracy began a few months ago, when the power of the House of Lords was destroyed and all authority was centred in a single chamber. For good or ill the House of Lords has had at least an equal share with the Commons in the government of England. The families composing it have, for the most part, supplied the personnel of the army, the navy, the church, and the diplomatic service. By the Parliament Bill the people of England have, for good or ill, deprived themselves of the services of this estate as trenchantly as if the bloody knife of revolution had been employed, unless indeed the House of Commons should prove an exception to the universal experience that the career of all purely democratic assemblies is one of automatic and progressive degradation.

There is a principle of commerce, known as Gresham's law, which applies as closely to-day as when it was propounded by the financier of Elizabeth's time, whose name it bears. According to the terms of this law, when two media of different value circulate on equal terms the baser inevitably drives out its more precious rival. This principle applies with equal cogeny to political life. Bad manners under certain cir-

cumstances are worse than bad morals, and it is a complete delusion that an ill-mannered person is necessarily a good man. It is remarkable how few ill-mannered persons it requires to make an assembly revolting to decent and civilized men. Such a person is the worst enemy of the people. He drives their champions from the field by the disgust which he inspires, and accomplishes by baseness what no amount of courage even in a bad cause could effect. Force in debate all admit and admire, but it demands a nice sense of honour if force is not to pass over into brutality and from that to mere brutishness. As place in these assemblies becomes less honourable it becomes less desirable, until at length members have to be paid for enduring the ignominy of serving in them. As in France the finer spirits turn away from public life; and as in the United States, men of means content themselves with making themselves richer, so that a rich country is governed eventually by poor men whose chief ambition is to make themselves rich.

In Canada, also, democracy is an appearance rather than a reality, and we have not yet witnessed its full operation. We have been deprived of, or saved from, that experience by an *imperium in imperio* which we have created for ourselves. This instrument of government came into being as a result of our fiscal policy whereby the taxing power of the government is placed in the hands of a comparatively few persons who are at once the richest and, therefore, the most honoured and influential members of the community. Their stakes in the country are set deep and wide apart. They have hundreds of thousands of employees whose political education they provide for lest anything be done which is contrary to the established order; and their money is freely at the disposal of any government which is content to leave things as they are.

The government of Canada is "practical." It has some affinity with the principles by which a joint-stock company is controlled. The premier is the president. He is elected by

the directors, who are the principal shareholders and are in possession of the proxies. The provinces are the subsidiary corporations. Their dividends are subsidies. The tax-payer is the minority shareholder, and he receives the polite consideration which is accorded to the owner of one share of bank stock who asks a question at the annual meeting. The excellent government of Canada, then, is not a justification of the principles of democracy but rather a triumph for the methods and ethics of business.

In all democracies there is a desire to get rid of the liberty which they have achieved, or rather which they have inherited. The present generation was born free; and their liberty, which was not acquired at a high price, is taken for granted, as if it were automatic and as much a matter of course as electric light, a water supply, or travelling by railway. For the sake of getting rid of disorder the people are willing to allow their freedom to go along with it. This disorder first became apparent in municipal government because it was nearest at hand. In the United States it was notorious forty years ago when a lazy, unskilful chairmaker, named Tweed, looted New York. This vulgar rogue with two associates employed democracy to strangle itself; they had the city at their feet and before the orgy was over it had cost the people one hundred and sixty million dollars; the consolidated debt increased by more than one hundred million dollars, and the annual expenditure was doubled.

In Philadelphia the performance was repeated, although with a little less effrontery. Civic expenses increased at the rate of three million dollars a year, and yet the citizens were compelled to endure inefficiency and waste, filthy streets, offensive water, and brutal, slovenly management of their public affairs. Not one city in the United States escaped public plunder. Toll was levied on criminals; money was extorted from innocent traders as the price of immunity from molestation, and lawful corporations were subjected to blackmail as the price of protection. The police force became an engine of oppression, and judges sold justice as a farmer sells

his wares. Even in the civic management of Montreal democracy broke down hopelessly.

A better way must be found, and government by commission became the refuge of a bewildered people. This form of government is sometimes known as the Galveston plan and it was adopted originally as a counsel of despair. Its adoption in Galveston, from which it derives its name, was due to a series of disasters. In 1863 the city was ruined by an attack from the Federal gun-boats; in 1867 a large proportion of the population fell victims to yellow fever; in 1885 the city was devastated by fire; and in 1900 a storm and tidal wave destroyed six thousand lives.

To meet such conditions any application of the principles of democracy was felt to be hopeless. The first hint of the new remedy came from Memphis, where a receiver had been appointed by the Federal courts to take charge of the affairs of the city in the interests of persons holding bonds which had been issued by it. The next city to adopt the plan was Houston where the power was even more centralized. Next came Dallas, then Fort Worth, Waco, and other cities in Texas. In that state the system worked so well that there was a strong movement to abolish the legislature and substitute a commission of five in its stead. The first general Act by which this plan of government might be applied to all the cities of a state was passed by the Iowa legislature in 1907. Under its terms any city having a population of twenty-five thousand could become organized upon the commission plan if twenty-five per cent. of the voters presented a petition to that effect. At the present moment one hundred and seventy-one cities in the United States enjoy that form of government.

Two years ago in Montreal the power was taken out of the hands of the aldermen and vested in a commission of five controllers; and a few days ago the citizens of Ottawa voted for a plan by which they are to abdicate their rights as free men and come under the direct control of a paid commission, partly elected by themselves and partly by parliament. Such a

revulsion from self-government occurring in the capital of Canada is significant. The inhabitants have witnessed at closest range the operation of parliament, and value least the heritage of representative institutions.

The new system works well because the newly-elected commissioners are good men. When bad men gain control of the electoral machinery, as they did before and will do again in the absence of unceasing vigilance on the part of the people, the last state of democracy will be worse than the first, because democracy has stretched out its neck and is now only waiting for some tyrant to set his heel upon it more ruthlessly than ever before.

In Canada commissions for various purposes have been created, and they work so well that when any fresh difficulty arises a new commission is invariably proposed. The tariff has always been a troublesome matter in Canadian politics. Indeed 616,948 voters at the last election signified their dissatisfaction with the present arrangement; and if one can judge by what one hears they are not silenced by the result. Indeed they profess themselves as being ready to alter the present rate of duty on the first occasion that arises. This recalcitrancy is little better for the protected industries than a reduction in the tariff, since no manufacturer can tell what a day will bring forth, and he is loath to hazard his capital in an enterprise which is protected against competition only by the voters' whim. Therefore we can understand how important it is to them that the tariff should be taken out of politics and entrusted to a commission of their own creation.

There is nothing which touches the people so nearly as the tariff. It accompanies them in their going out and coming in, in their rising up and lying down. It also determines whether they shall lie down alone and hungry or with a companion and well filled; and the course of the human race in turn depends upon that. If, then, the tariff is to be made by a commission, I fear that the people will demand some voice in the appointment of it. To entrust the matter to those alone who have an interest in maintaining duties at a certain

height, be it low or high, will appear very like a proposal to entrust to the tigers the privilege of making the game-laws.

If it is affirmed that this power can only be properly exercised by a commission, then it is fair to retort that every member of the present parliament was elected as a tariff commissioner, for the last election turned entirely upon a question of trade. To hand over the taxing power of parliament to a commission would be to abdicate all the virtue which there is in free institutions, and the people will not voluntarily assent to that. They would at least expect to be informed who the commissioners were to be, who was to appoint them, and what was the extent of their power. Even then they might not be quite satisfied, for they could not fail to remember that in 1896 they had elected a parliament which was pledged to one course and deliberately adopted another. A commission clothed with any authority whatever would be hard to distinguish from those men who in the Greek colonies were called tyrants, and were tyrants just in proportion to their power.

It is quite impossible to say in advance of the event whether the proposal is good or bad, until we are informed what the full terms of it are. Even if the commission is not to have full power to fix tariffs, it will have the support of many reasonable men who look upon protection as an act of God or an immutable law of nature, and consider that the true measure of it is the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad. The men appointed would then occupy themselves in determining what that difference is, and so, they say, we should have a scientific tariff. From this it will follow that the more incompetent a manufacturer is the higher will be the protection which is accorded him, since his incompetence increases his costs. The commission would then have to enquire not alone how much it does cost to produce an article, but how much it should cost. They would be compelled to determine how much time a manufacturer should spend at his luncheon, what he should eat and drink, how many holidays he is entitled to, how he should comport him-

self at home and disport himself abroad, what expenditure he should make upon his family, the wages which he pays to his employees, and how they in turn expend the money they receive, for all these factors enter intimately into the cost of production.

There is another, and perhaps more important, matter which would fall within the province of the commission. That is, to determine the amount which capital is fairly entitled to earn; and this would lead to an enquiry into the nature of capital, to ascertain if capital is a tangible thing or merely the figment of a promoter's brain. As a result of the operation of financial prestidigitateurs many Canadian industries are charged with a capital which is composed merely of figures, with no relation to reality; and to pay five per cent. upon the figures, fifty per cent. must be earned upon the money which is actually employed.

We can learn something definite of what a tariff board may do if we consider what the tariff board has done in the United States. It will be remembered that on August 17th President Taft declined to sanction a bill by which the duties on woollen goods were to be reduced, until the measure had been submitted to scientific examination. With the result of that examination before him he now recommends that Congress proceed to a consideration of the whole schedule "with a view to its revision and a general reduction of its rates." The board could not help showing that upon a set of one-yard samples of sixteen English fabrics the duty was 183 per cent.; nor could the President help remarking that "although these duties do not increase prices of domestic goods by anything like their full amount, it is none the less true that such prohibitive duties eliminate the possibility of foreign competition, even in time of scarcity; that they form a temptation to monopoly and conspiracies to control domestic prices; and that they are much in excess of the difference in cost of production at home and abroad." The board states expressly that it is impossible to determine authoritatively what that difference is; and, accordingly, a protection which would be

ample for the fortunate and capable would be inadequate for the unlucky and the ignorant. A shoemaker, for example, who stuck to his last might do very well with a degree of protection which would be quite useless for a shoemaker who spends even a part of his time riding in a motor car. The argument that high wages imply high protection has turned out to be fallacious, since the board has established that high wages by calling for efficiency and improved machinery in reality lessen the cost of production. It by no means follows that the low wages paid to hand-weavers in India will ensure that cotton can be produced more cheaply in Madras than in New England.

If the members of the commission were wisely chosen, in virtue alone of disinterestedness, acumen, experience, and wisdom, there is no length to which they might not carry their enquiry. It is quite conceivable that they might examine the very foundations of protection itself, and ascertain whether it has a basis in truth or arises from an economic fallacy. They might convince us at once and for all time that the consumer never pays the tax, that it is well to buy dear, that an impost which is paid to a manufacturer is as useful to the community as if it were paid into the public treasury, that the money which circulates in the home market is more precious than that which comes from the foreigner, that the cost of living is not in reality rising, that combines and mergers lower prices by the efficiency and economy which they produce, that internal competition is as disastrous as that which comes from without, that men will always use wisely the power to tax which is placed in their hands, even if they are not responsible to those who pay, and that this power is never used directly or remotely for the debauching of society, the corruption of public life, the degradation of parliament, or the debasement of the courts of law. If the commission were able to carry such conviction into the minds of the Canadian people, they would do much to restore confidence in protection and appease the 616,948 persons who voted against the system at the last election, and form forty-eight per cent. of those who cast their ballots.

My own fear, however, is that a commission which honestly advised the payment of higher duties would become as great as Diana to the Ephesian silver-smiths, and that its decrees would be imperative as if they had been let down from heaven; but if, on the other hand, it should with equal honesty demonstrate that, in the interests of all the people, the duties should be lowered, then its conclusions would be considered merely academic, a counsel of perfection which was put forth by a company of deluded though well-meaning doctrinaires whom all practical men are bound to disregard. The commission would then be hortatory or mandatory according to the circumstances of the case.

Danger is also to be found in the inevitable tendency of doctrine to become dogma and propositions to pass into laws. A commission which is appointed to administer a system quickly becomes identified with the system. The existence of the two is mutual; and it is very difficult, or at least it is uncommon, for men to believe that they themselves are not only useless but harmful in the world. They are apt to impute their own excellences to the system which they administer. They are apt to forget that a commission is merely a creation of a party in parliament, as members of parliament themselves come to forget that they are merely creatures created by the people. And yet we must not fail to remember that a tariff commission would be a powerful buttress of that *imperium in imperio* I have spoken of, without which it would appear that democracy cannot govern itself.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

THE LAURENTIDES NATIONAL PARK

LESS than forty miles from the oldest city on this continent north of Mexico, one may shoot or photograph bear, moose, and caribou, catch trout that no ordinary fishing-basket will contain, observe beaver, otter, mink, and foxes going in peace about their daily avocations, watch the bird-fishers, from eagles down, plying their trade, and march through leagues of breezy highlands where the print of a human foot would bring to the face that look of amazement that one remembers in the old wood-cuts of Robinson Crusoe at the first intrusion on his island domain. The purposes of this article are to explain how such things can be in this much commercialized world, to express appreciation and gratitude to the government of the province of Quebec for making them possible, and to strive to strengthen the sentiment for their continuance and extension.

No one who has read Colonel Wood's plea for the creation of animal and bird sanctuaries can fail to have been moved by his words, spoken from the very heart, as to the cruel and reckless slaughter of our "little brothers" who people and make interesting the great out-of-doors. Those who wish him success in his humane endeavour should at least not need to be persuaded that what has been already gained in this direction ought to be most firmly held. Interests, however powerful financially and politically, should not be allowed any foothold in those reservations now set apart for the health and pleasure of men and the well-being of animals. What might appear to be a harmless concession to dam a river's headwaters would have very injurious and far-reaching consequences on both fish and game, and would, in effect, defeat the purposes for which the Park was brought into existence. One invasion would assuredly be followed by another, for here as ever *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*.

It was in the year 1895 that the idea took substance of setting apart some two thousand five hundred square miles of the wild and mountainous country north of Quebec and south of Lake St. John, as "a forest reservation, fish and game preserve, public park and pleasure ground;" at a later date the area was increased, until now some three thousand seven hundred square miles are removed from sale or settlement.

An important though indirect object was the maintenance of water-level in the dozen or more rivers which take their rise in the high-lying plateau forming the heart of the Park. A very breeding-ground of streams this is, and a good walker may visit the birth-places of half their number in a day's tramp. His way for the most part will lie ankle-deep through saturated moss, intersected in all directions by game trails, where the stoutest boot or moccasin that the wit of man has devised will fail to exclude the universal element. Here, in their infancy, rivers run north which ultimately turn and flow into the St. Lawrence, and others flow south whose waters, at the last, Lake St. John will receive. Only a few yards and no great elevation divide streams that are to be a hundred miles apart when the great river takes them to itself, nor does any man know what fortunes befall them through the whole course of their stormy lives. Though the assertion may appear to be almost ridiculous, there is work for the explorer in this region. Blank spaces on the map invite, which may yield no one knows what in the way of game and fish, of mountains that no foot has trodden, of waters that no paddle has stirred and where no fly has fallen, of forests untouched by the axe.

The true range of the Laurentians is distant from the shore of the St. Lawrence some twenty miles, and of those who spend their summers at watering-places on the north shore not one in a hundred spares time from golf, tennis, teas and bridge to make its acquaintance. The nearer and gentler slopes shut out the great mountain masses that march sou'-west and nor'-east from Quebec to the Saguenay, so

that one who does not go out to seek for them might easily be ignorant of their existence. Those who commit themselves to the sea, and adventure so far as Ha Ha Bay, get some glimpses of the range in the Saguenay's wonderful chasm, but there it is sinking to a lower level. They do not guess that the Murray River descends through a grander and more beautiful gorge on its wild way to the sea. A mere handful of people have thought it worth while to push back forty miles from Murray Bay to see the tremendous rock walls of this canon, the stupendous unscalable precipices where the Décharge de la Mine d'Argent falls hundreds of feet from the rim like silver poured from a crucible, pauses and falls again.

As to the heights of these mountains one searches in vain for authentic figures. Eboulements and Ste. Anne, both near the shore of the St. Lawrence, rise over two thousand five hundred feet, and one peak in the valley of the Gouffre is credited with a height of three thousand two hundred feet, but these elevations are greatly exceeded as one journeys inland. Observations with several aneroids show that the St. Urbain Road, the only highway that crosses the mountains, is three thousand feet above the sea at a point some thirty-five miles from Baie St. Paul, while the surrounding hills must be credited with another fifteen hundred feet. It seems to be within bounds to place the altitude of a series of mountain-tops in the county of Charlevoix at from four thousand to four thousand five hundred feet, to assign a height of two thousand five hundred feet to the interior plateau, and to say that most of the rivers rise about three thousand feet above the sea. As these assertions are not in accord with prevailing impressions, it would be interesting to have a more accurate determination than can be made with a pocket barometer. The outlines of these ancient hills have been flattened and rounded by the age-long grinding and chiselling of glaciers, which have also built up huge moraines, and strewed the country with boulders. One such moraine I recall which runs for a mile, as level and straight as a forty

foot railway embankment, through a land of muskeg and fallen timber, giving the only good footing that is to be found in an old Indian portage.

The last of the Montagnais Indians vanished from this place about twenty years ago, but one finds here and there traces of their camps and *câches* and may still follow, though with difficulty, their winding, nearly obliterated trails. If he is possessed by the speed demon which now ceases not to whisper "faster, faster" in our ears, he may be disappointed to find that a full day's march in this country only means such a distance as his motor, without police interference, would carry him over in a quarter of an hour. Haply though, he may be able to appreciate the spirit of the old Connaughtman's comment on the racing-cars whirling past the door of his cabin: "Sure sor, if ye was to go as fast as that ye'd be gettin' there too soon." In that case he may understand the charm of travelling where there is leisure for observation, and where the sun and his stomach are clocks enough for all reasonable and necessary purposes. If his way lies along a *chemin débarrassé* there will be no trees which would block the passage of a canoe, but nothing will be cut that can by any possibility be stepped over. As board and lodging must be carried on the back, two miles an hour, not including stops, will be an excellent rate of progress, nor will he be likely to quarrel with the woodland custom of halting for five minutes or so twice in the hour. Indeed, unless somewhat hardened to the trail, he may have to cry for mercy before the end of the *bauge* is reached. This local word, which I may misspell, does not seem to be translatable, unless indeed it is rendered by "jag."

The unit for rapid travel is three men in a light canvas-covered canoe, and everything but actual necessaries must be sternly rejected if the party is to go straight forward without doubling at the portages. One man for the canoe, one for the tent, provisions, and cooking outfit, and the "Monsieur" going light with personal baggage, blanket, and such other trifles as rifle, glasses, rod, and camera. Travelling

in a northerly or southerly direction, there are waterways which may be more or less utilized, and it is much easier to go from the St. Lawrence to Lake St. John than it is to cross the Park from west to east, although the distance, as the loon flies, is about the same. A rather careful estimate of the time required for this latter trip was fifteen days, and it would be fifteen days of exceedingly arduous work, with every kind of hard going that the wildest and wettest country can afford, and without the assistance even of a blazed trail. The sixty miles would stretch out to one hundred and fifty by the devious route which it would be necessary to follow.

This seems rather a forbidding picture of a tract that the government has set apart as a "public park and pleasure ground," but that is only at the first glance and to the faint-hearted one. Were it not for the outworks that nature has built to guard this her citadel, were it not for the difficulties that have to be overcome in the old-fashioned way by strength and skill of hand and foot, these dear wild places would be overrun by board-floor and cocktail campers, by men with automatic rifles who shoot everything, including their companions, on sight, or take fish for a record that they cannot use, and by tourists who think it amusing to set a noble birch or spruce on fire to make a "forest torch." Thank the gods that be, no motor-roads conduct to this paradise, no easy canoe-route offers, but he who would enter must win his way thither in the manner of his fathers,—and so may it be to the end of time.

The dead-waters in the upper reaches of the rivers are sometimes navigable, and the lakes that lie in one's path give a few welcome miles of canoeing, nor should it be understood that all of the walking is bad. Here and there are stretches of dry, moss-covered barren where the foot falls soft and silently, and scarcely bush, stone, or tree compels one to step aside, or slacken his round three miles an hour.

The Grand Jardin des Ours, perhaps the largest and certainly the best known of these barrens, is hardly less than a hundred square miles in extent, and when the ice takes in early

November the caribou make it their great rallying-ground, attracted thither by the moss upon which they subsist almost entirely in the winter time. Even within the last few years bands running into the hundreds have been seen on the snowy mountain-sides, and, without much difficulty, have been approached and photographed. These animals, so wary in summer and in the early autumn, appear to gain confidence by their numbers, and are easily stalked, and all too easily shot. It is to be feared that too great an annual toll is taken, and that the herd is being diminished by more than the amount of its natural increase. At the same time it must be remembered that for fifty or sixty years, and perhaps for a much longer time, sportsmen from every quarter of the globe have visited this famous "Jardin," and have seldom failed to carry away a good head; also that in the days when this was everyman's land, and scarcely any restrictions were enforced as to season or amount of game, the slaughter must have been much greater than it is to-day. Perhaps, then, there is no cause for immediate alarm, but the situation deserves to be carefully watched so that a remedy may be applied in time. Slightly more stringent regulations, the allowance of one caribou instead of two, the forbidding of shooting in December and January when the bulls have lost their horns, would effect the result, and would ensure excellent sport in this region so long as the Park exists and is administered as it is to-day.

There is, however, very serious menace to the caribou in the unfortunate fact that the great timber wolf has at last discovered this happy hunting-ground, and has taken up his abode there. These murderous creatures do not kill for food alone, but appear to slay for the love of slaying, and if man is to be able to gratify his primitive instincts of a like kind in this place he will have to find means to rid himself of these rivals. So swift and cunning is the wolf that it is regarded as impossible to shoot or trap him, and his habit of feeding only upon his own fresh kill makes poisoning extremely difficult. Already it would seem that there are

fewer caribou in and about the "Grand Jardin," but the marked increase in the number of moose may be one cause of this. Moose and caribou do not dwell together in unity, and the latter, the most inveterate wanderers that the earth knows, are possibly seeking other pastures in some remote part of the Park which the moose do not frequent, and where it would be difficult for man to follow them.

Before the days of the Park the moose were almost exterminated throughout this region, but a few must have escaped slaughter in some inaccessible fastness, and under a careful and intelligent system of protection they have multiplied exceedingly. At the present time it is not uncommon to encounter three or four cows in the course of a day's walk, and these lumbering creatures scarcely take pains to keep out of your way. Man may not shoot them, and probably only unprotected calves have anything to dread from the wolves, so that they are in the happy position of having no enemies. Whatever the fate of the caribou may be, it seems reasonable to suppose that in a few years' time there will be as good moose-shooting here as in any part of New Brunswick, nor is there the slightest fear that, under existing conditions, it will ever be exhausted. This branch of sport is new to the country, and the art of calling has not been developed, so that tedious watching and hard stalking are the only means of securing a head. No horns have been brought out yet which rival the New Brunswick antlers, much less those of the Alaskan "*alces gigas*." Anything over fifty-five inches is an unusually good spread for Quebec, that is to say, ten inches less than a fine New Brunswick head and twenty inches less than the prodigious antlers of the West.

I am tempted at this point to give two narratives from eye-witnesses which exhibit in how different a spirit men may go into the woods after game. The hero of the first episode on sighting a band of six caribou bade his man sit down to give him a rest for his rifle. He then fired and continued firing till all were killed. When his companion made to walk towards the animals, Sir — said to him roughly:

"Where are you going?"

"To cut up the caribou."

"..... I don't want them."

This is, but should not be, the end of the first story. The other is pleasanter to hear. A gentleman from the United States wished to add a caribou head to his collection, and after the usual hunting vicissitudes and disappointments succeeded in doing so. On the way out he and his man almost ran into a moose which carried very fine horns. The license permitted him to shoot, and the rifle was pushed into his hand and he was urged to do so. "No, I have a moose and don't want another; give me the camera," and he actually succeeded in "snapping" the dazed creature twice, at a range of thirty feet.

If one were to assert that there are fifteen hundred lakes in the Park no one living could gainsay him, and reasoning from the known to the unknown this does not appear to be a very extravagant estimate. Of course many of these are mere ponds and beaver dams, but there are not a few six or eight miles in length, upon which it is wise to be very cautious in anything but the most settled weather. Squalls drop from the mountain-tops with sudden and astonishing violence, and the "old hand" skirting the shore and taking no chances often makes a quicker crossing than he who ventures on the direct line.

Very few of these lakes do not carry trout, and in addition to trout at least two species of Alpine charr have been identified in these waters, while the tourilli is also found. Here, then, is diversion for every man who can throw a fly,—no other fishing is allowed,—nor is there any reason why it should not endure *ad æternum*. The only quarrel that the fisherman is likely to have with the sport is that his fish may come too easily. It is no extraordinary feat to take five or six dozen trout an hour, but it is to be hoped that a very few experiences of this kind will satisfy. When it comes to be a question of three and four pounders, with reasonably light tackle, the angler has a very pretty struggle on his

hands for ten minutes or longer, and will carry away a picture of taut line and singing reel, of white water and gray rocks set in solemn green and roofed with blue and white, which he may summon back at will to muse over when the winter fire burns.

Nowhere in the world does the *fontinalis* grow to a larger size than in these waters. Dr. Henry writes of a seventeen-pound trout "in very poor condition," which he took in the Jacques Cartier River some eighty years ago, and this river yields trout of eight or nine pounds weight to-day. All the streams that rise in the Park contain heavy fish, and many of the lakes as well, but in the latter they seldom take the fly, and the stories told by André this, or Moïse that, of great fellows *longue de même et large comme ça*, taken from some lake that he wishes you to visit, are generally found on examination to be based on winter catches made through the ice. It is an odd fact that success in this winter fishing can only be expected in fine and bright weather. We city folk who have trained ourselves to pay as little attention as possible to the influences of sunshine, humidity, barometric pressure, and east wind, would laugh at him who made practical application of the wise old saw, "Do business with a man when the wind is in the north-west." Animals and fish are delicately sensitive to meteorological conditions, while there only remains to most of us an uneasy consciousness of these, which we cannot turn to useful account. Yet are we not without some disappearing trace of the sense which foretells weather: the blind, deaf, and dumb Helen Keller, seated by her fireside, is aware of impending changes and announces the arrival of the rain.

The countless, or uncounted, lakes and streams of the Park are ministered to by a very heavy rainfall. Perhaps two inches fall in the highlands for one on the shores of the St. Lawrence; certainly the saying of the countryside is that a foot of snow *dans les paroisses* means two feet in the mountains. In winter your way through the woods is smooth and level, for all the down timber, stones, and underbrush

are deeply buried. Should you follow in summer such a winter trail, you must look for the blazes eight or ten feet above the ground. Even in the summer-time the extremes of temperature are very great. Snow falls occasionally in July and August, and almost any clear still night there may be frost. It is astonishing to observe a thermometric range of sixty or seventy degrees on a perfectly fine day, but at this height above sea-level, and with no blanket of humidity to shield from the sun by day or keep in the warmth by night, you may pass from twenty degrees at five in the morning to ninety degrees at eleven. More marvellous still is it that the human frame adapts itself quickly and easily to such variations, and that in so pure and fine an air, with plenty of hard work and a spare, woodland diet, a whole series of minor ills which afflict the townsman are absent.

Here may be learned some of the secrets of right-living, as our countrymen of French Canada have done, and the way to healthier, happier, and longer lives. Would you care to try conclusions on a forest trail with one of these dried-up, unmuscular-looking fellows who will never see fifty again? It is true that in heel-and-toe walking on the highway you might give him a mile in five, but through and over fallen timber, in muskeg and alder-swamp, up the rough hillsides and across streams on slippery logs, he will have you beaten, though he carries twice your load. Perhaps early hardships kill off the weaklings, and only the fittest survive, but, however this may be, we find men nearing fourscore who are fit for an amazing day's work. Such a one, after driving forty-two miles over bad and hilly roads with a heavy load, turned his horse homeward late in the afternoon; another thirteen miles covered, he found that the doctor was needed, and drove twenty miles to fetch him,—seventy-five miles between eight in the morning and one the next morning for a man well over seventy and a horse rising seventeen. To this pious soul the reason is very plain why he and his horse are never sick nor sorry, and he will tell you reverently that one who has not been stayed by his own affairs, by fatigue,

or winter storms from helping a neighbour in time of need shall neither lack health nor a sound horse; for so will the good God order it.

A sturdy little beast twenty-one years of age has been known to cover this same forty-two miles in five hours, and a gaunt long-legged grey that was bowling in at a good pace had, as I found, put one hundred and eighty miles behind him in four days,—twice pulling his buckboard up three thousand feet of hills over what the reader might sometimes hesitate to call a road. A friend of eighty, still of sound mind and memory, was a grown man when his great-grandfather died at the age of one hundred and five, and this ancestor came as a child to La Nouvelle France. It may be that as a boy he looked out wonderingly over the St. Lawrence on that June morning when the great fleet of one hundred and forty-one ships of the line and transports passed up on the tide bearing Wolfe to his triumph and death. A "link with the past" indeed, that a living man should remember the accounts of an eye-witness concerning events that took place before the fall of Quebec!

To this same old friend I once put some questions about an aged woman who was picking up sticks by the roadside. With a shade of reluctance, due doubtless to the fact that there was not after all many years between them, he admitted that she was "*pas mal vieille*," which was no more than the truth, as she was eighty-four. "Poor old thing," said I, "and where does she live?" He pointed with his whip to a little cottage on the hillside. "And does she live there all alone?" "But, no, she tends her mother." And true it was.

Nicolas Aubin, when in the full strength of manhood, felled, trimmed, sawed, split, and piled three and a half cords of birch a day for six consecutive days, and had time left to help an old companion to complete his tale. Thomas Fortin, having driven an ax clean through his foot, *hopped* fifty miles home through the wilderness and the March snows, singing for fourteen nights so that he might not distress his

companion by groaning. So one might continue to recount Homeric deeds, if much did not remain to be told about the Park itself.

In the administration of this reserve the government adopts a policy which has shown admirable results; and as this policy is in direct contrast to the one pursued in the Algonquin Park it may be interesting to explain and discuss it. It can be admitted, as a matter of theory, that a "public park and pleasure ground" should be maintained by the people, for the people, and that no individuals should have exclusive rights conferred upon them to fish or shoot within it. This ideal conception takes no account of human nature, and a scheme that has to do with the control and conduct of men should not disregard their weaknesses or the powerful motive of self-interest. The greater part of the Laurentides Park is free to any one who takes out a licence and complies with certain regulations, but at the points most threatened by poachers and *commerçants de truites* the practice is followed of granting five-year leases of moderate areas to individuals and to clubs. The first requirement of these grants is that the lessee shall appoint a guardian, approved by the department, and shall cause the conceded territories to be protected in an adequate and satisfactory manner. Having a direct and personal interest in the results, he is careful to see that the guardian does not fail in his duty, and he is able to form a very correct judgement upon the point from his observation of conditions from year to year. The guardian, for his part, is immediately answerable to an individual who pays his salary and controls expenditures for building camps, cutting trails, making punts, and supplying firewood. Perquisites of this kind are likely to depend to a large extent upon his own honesty and diligence; he contrasts his former precarious living as trapper or *braconnier* with the assured competence which he now earns more easily, and makes his election in favour of virtue. Thus he becomes a faithful servant both of the government and his employer, and a really effective unit in the protection of the Park. The

lessee, in turn, will neither practise nor tolerate any infringement of the laws which would imperil his lease or deplete of fish and game a country which he intends to revisit. He would not necessarily be actuated by these motives if he entered the Park casually, and considered nothing but his own sport or pleasure.

The plan adopted ranges together in identity of interest all those concerned in conservation, and though better and higher reasons exist for obedience to law and unselfishness in sport, is it not well to enlist every motive which makes for the object it is desired to attain? It may be added that the lessee has reasonable assurance of the extension of his privileges if they are not abused, and he knows that he will be compensated for moneys properly expended if the government sees fit not to renew his term.

When the Park came into existence the eastern part of it was much exposed to attacks by poachers who spared neither fish nor game; a few years longer and it would have been beyond saving. One by one clubs came into existence, until to-day seven of them form a *cordon* stretching along and guarding the boundary, with a result which has more than justified their formation and the privileges which have been accorded to them. The guardians coöperate with one another under the general guidance of a most competent inspector, and the striking increase in fish, fur, and feather, is apparent not only in the region immediately protected, and in the interior of the Park, but also outside its boundaries. Trappers who fought bitterly against being excluded from this part of the public domain now find that the overflow of wild life into the surrounding country enables them to bring more pelts to market than they did in the old days, and have become reconciled. Guardians, gillies, carters, porters, and canoemen live in whole or part on providing fishing and shooting for about one hundred persons, who leave each year not less than ten thousand dollars in their hands. Under no other arrangement could the conceded territory afford sport and a living to so many people, and in no other way

would the balance between resources and their exhaustion be so nicely maintained.

On the western border of the Park the same system has been adopted, with, as I am assured, the same excellent results, but as to this I am not able to speak from personal knowledge and observation. Twenty years ago bear had nearly disappeared; now they are plentiful. Beaver were almost exterminated; they have become a nuisance. A dam or lodge was a curiosity worth walking several miles to visit; to-day the animals may be seen at work on every stream. The numerous dams present a series of impassable obstacles to trout moving to and from their spawning-beds. They have also raised the level of many lakes, drowning the timber and destroying the feeding grounds of the large game. Beyond any question their presence in such numbers injures the fishing and shooting, does damage to the forest, and makes the country wetter and more difficult to traverse. Where one finds several hundred yards of a familiar trail under water, and is obliged to make a *détour* through the thick woods, his admiration for the sagacity, diligence, and pertinacity of the beaver sensibly wanes,—these excellent virtues are sometimes uncomfortable to live with. The administration would do well for the Park were it to keep the beaver within reasonable bounds, and might easily derive a handsome revenue from this source.

In this high-lying country the timber is too small to attract the lumbermen, and even as pulpwood it probably has but little value. Where the growth is slow the annual rings are close together and the wood is hard, resinous, and unsuitable for the mill. The few spruces of any size that exist are much scattered and are situated in such remote places that it would not pay to take them out. A very large part of the wooding is small deciduous timber of no present or prospective value where it stands. It does not seem too much to hope that the forest will long be spared, and certainly the loss and gain should be carefully measured before the axeman is given his will of it. The government is in a position

to enforce additional and strict regulations with regard to any cutting which may be permitted,—how desirable this would be appears by the considered opinion of a man whose qualifications to make a statement on the subject are absolute, that for every dollar's worth of lumber brought to market in Canada twenty dollars' worth are destroyed by fire.

It is probable that the whole countryside was burned over many years ago,—perhaps at the time of the great Saguenay fire, and that in the barrens already spoken of the soil itself was consumed. An Indian trapper of great age, who died a generation ago, affirmed that these were *en bois vert* in his youth. If his story was true it fixes the time of the burning at an earlier date, and gives convincing proof that a century does little or nothing towards repairing the damage to the *humus*. The moss with which the barrens are now covered burns like tinder in dry weather, nor is it replaced in twenty-five years. Spare a moment then to extinguish your camp-fire, and see that the match with which you have lighted your pipe is out before you throw it down. A little carelessness, when the conditions are ripe, would make of these plains and hillsides a blackened desolation, which the caribou deprived of their winter pastures would be forced to desert.

In point of colouring nothing can surpass the September beauties of this moss-country. The moss itself, in shades of ivory-white, grey, lavender, and in the swales of green and magenta, is divided into parterres by the mountain laurel, Labrador tea and blueberry, every leaf of which becomes a perfect crimson flame. Wild currants and gooseberries are dressed in copper and bronze. Upon the luminous yellow of the birches it seems as if the sun were always shining, while here and there among them an aspen shows translucent green. The little, solitary, white spruces, despising change, satisfy themselves with a flawless symmetry of outline, which makes their sombre black sisters in the background look still more ragged and unkempt. Blue, deepening to purple, covers the distant and yet more distant ranges.

Yet a very little while and the scene will change. On the long slopes where the moose browse the dwarf red birches will stand a-shiver, their garments at their feet, the snow will come, and all colour but the darkening green of spruce and balsam will depart from the land. Then the silence will fall,—not the mere lessening of noise which we are accustomed to call silence, but an utter and all-enveloping soundlessness, without rustle of leaf, twitter of bird, or murmur of water, that fairly appalls the soul. He who has stood solitary, and strained his ear in vain for some faint vibration of the air, will not think it strange that panic fear may descend on one who finds himself alone in this great stillness. So it happened to Johnny Morin in the old days when the winter mails were carried sixty miles over the snow to the Lake St. John settlements. The regular postman, Onésime Savard, fell sick, and Johnny, as stout a walker as ever slipped on a snowshoe, took his place. Long before daylight, with pack on back, he left the last habitation behind him; by noon, with half his journey done, he was nearly thirty miles from the nearest human being. Has the reader ever been five miles, one mile, half-a-mile, from his next neighbour? A horror of loneliness and silence fell upon him, and he fled back in his own tracks for twenty miles, to a little *cabane* built by himself for trapping, where he rested, and cooked a pancake of flour and pork. Heartened by this food, and fearful of ridicule should he return without accomplishing his errand, Johnny steeled his heart, tightened his belt, and turning north again covered his second fifty miles without halt.

Providence be thanked, we are not as yet a people over-much given to luxury and *gourmandise*. May the time be long deferred when this can be charged against us! If we prize the good things of life in their place and season, we are yet able for a greater gain to shed superfluities with cheerfulness, and like the philosopher to wear either fine clothes or rags. All that the gods give us they sell us, nor can we hope to get the better of this economic law. If you would appreciate

herrings and boiled potatoes, be discriminating with champagne and *foie gras*. If you are to enjoy a twenty-five mile walk after the age of fifty, shun the insidious tram-car, and resist the fascinations of your own, or your friends', motors. Burgundy is a noble and heartsome drink, and long may the vines flourish that yield it, but see that you keep your taste for spring water unimpaired.

May one introduce at this point a reflection on the virtues of temperance? Wine makes glad the heart of man, but it plays the mischief with his wind, and destroys the delicate adjustment between hand and eye upon which his comfort and perhaps his life depends. I have yet to meet a thoroughly good man in the woods, white, red, or half-breed, who would touch alcohol until his day's work was done. The voyager who attempts to assimilate his life in tents to his life in town fails rather miserably and misses the charm of both. If he is not ready to pay the price, it were better for him to remain within striking distance of modern means of transport, soft beds, and *entrées*.

Let it not be thought, however, that the Park bill of fare is always a Spartan document. There are woodland dishes that might give new ideas to Brillat-Savarin. Where can you find a better bird than the ruffed grouse, though a black-duck in condition runs him hard? Bear steaks are apt to make a man forget prudence; caribou-tongue, caribou-liver and bacon, and caribou saddle add not a little to the sum of human joy. Moose soup has a distinction and flavour that no other soup possesses. A great trout enveloped in wet paper and cooked in the ashes creates a profound impression on persons of taste and sensibility, while the same creature lightly smoked, and prepared for the table *à la Finnan haddie*, almost causes one to overlook the absence of eggs and bacon at breakfast. If you weary of trout from the frying-pan, try them boiled in the company of an onion, or cunningly made into a *ragoût* with potatoes, biscuits, and pork. The consumption of the vegetable at once most loved and most disliked is attended in this happy land with no regrets, and

glancing at him in this oblique manner, associated perhaps with a hard-tack for luncheon, it were well to leave the subject rather than pursue it to what must be an anti-climax.

Some years ago the government conveyed a small herd of wapiti to a suitable place in the Park, and there released them. Being strong, healthy creatures it was supposed that they would readily adapt themselves to their environment, and would be an interesting addition to the *fauna* of the Park, but the experiment wholly failed, as these superb deer, bred in captivity, refused to become wild again or to do for themselves. After a year in the woods they showed no fear of man, but only a certain graceful timidity which did not prevent them from taking food out of the hand. During the summer they prospered and grew fat, but in winter they were very helpless, and would have starved had they not been supplied with fodder. Wandering at length out to the settlements, they did such damage to crops that the finest bull was slaughtered by an indignant *habitant*, and the rest of the herd had to be taken back whence it came. It appears that all the members of the deer tribe can be easily tamed, and being tamed, that they can scarcely be restored to the point of view of the wild creature,—a process, by the way, for which the English language lacks a word.

The Park can be approached on the west by the Lake St. John Railway, on the south by the old Jacques Cartier Road, and on the east by the St. Urbain Road, but were it not for what the government has done to assist those who wish to visit it, an individual equipment of tents and canoes would be necessary in every case. Much in expense and labour is saved by the fact that the administration has erected and maintains lodges and rest houses where accommodation may be had at moderate charge, and an outfit obtained for more distant excursions. Thus, it has been made possible, without any great preparation, to shoot and fish within this preserve, or travel through it for the pure joy of seeing the myriad lakes, the untamed rivers, the far-stretching barrens girt about with granite hills that were old when the world was young.

The wise man will see to it that nothing that is not of indispensable daily use goes into his dunnage-bag. He will know that tinned *Delicatessen* are better left on the grocer's shelves, and that an overcoat is as useless in the woods as a silk hat. Others it is vain to attempt to teach,—they must go to school at the feet of experience.

The first step of one who desires to enter the Park should be to communicate with the superintendent, Mr. W. C. J. Hall, at Quebec. Mr. Hall, to whom every sportsman must feel indebted for years of unsparing work spent in the organization and administration of this reserve, will assign to the applicant time and place for his visit. As there are nearly three thousand square miles of unleased territory to choose from, and as limited but exclusive rights are conferred, there will be no possibility of being made the mark of another's rifle. Should the eastern side of the Park be selected, the chief inspector, Monsieur Thomas Fortin, will be instructed to engage men and arrange all the details of the *shikari*. How the sportsman may expect to fare in his hands will appear by Earl Grey's entry in the visitors' book made September 9th, 1911, at La Roche which I take the liberty of copying: "I desire to thank the provincial government of Quebec for having given me the opportunity of visiting, as their guest, the Laurentides National Park, and to acknowledge the great pleasure which I have derived from all I have seen and done; and my regret that I cannot stay here longer. I also desire to congratulate the government on their good fortune in securing as their Chief Ranger Thomas Fortin, whose attractive character, unrivalled experience, and personal charm make him a delightful companion. I would also like to congratulate them on the wisdom of their policy in establishing so large a reserve, as a protection for various breeds of wild animals which would otherwise be in danger of extinction, and as a place of rest, refreshment, and recreation for those who love the quiet of the 'Wilds.'"

It is upon the intelligence and honesty of such men that the preservation of the Park, and the realization of the ideas

which brought it into existence, must chiefly depend; but every Canadian who loves the free life out-of-doors, who desires to see the creatures of the woods and waters protected, who places these things before the getting of dollars by the immediate and destructive exploitation of our every natural resource, has an interest for himself and his children in keeping these great pleasure-grounds inviolate, and a duty to exert such ability and influence as he may possess to that end.

W. H. BLAKE

THE LITTLE FAUNS TO PROSERPINE

Browner than the hazel-husk, swifter than the wind,
Though you turn from heath and hill, we are hard behind,
Singing: Ere the sorrows rise, ere the gates unclose,
Bind above your wistful eyes the memory of a rose.

Dark Iacchus pipes the kine shivering from the whin,
Wraps him in a she-goat's fell above the panther-skin,
Now we husk the corn for bread, turn the mill for hire,
Hoof by hoof and head by head about the herdsman's fire.

Ai Adonis, where he gleams, slender and at rest,
One has built a roof of dreams, where the white doves nest.
Ere they bring the wine-dark bowl, ere the gates unbar,
Take, O take within your soul the shadow of a star.

Now the vintage feast is done, now the melons glow
Gold along the raftered thatch beneath a thread of snow.
Dian's bugle bids the dawn sweep the upland clear
Where we snared the silken fawn, where we ran the deer.

Through the dark reeds wet with rain, past the singing foam,
Went the light-foot Mysian maids, calling Hylas home.
Syrinx felt the silver spell fold her at her need,—
Hear, ere yet you say farewell, the wind along the reed.

Golden as the earliest leaf loosened from the spray,
Grave Alcestis drank of grief for her lord's delay.
Ere you choose the bitter part, learn the changeless wrong,
Bind above your breaking heart the echo of a song.

Now the chestnut burrs are down; aspen-shaws are pale.
Now across the plunging reef reels the last red sail.
Ere the wild black horses cry, ere the night has birth,
Take, ere yet you say good-bye, the love of all the earth.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

THE INCOMPLETE ANGELS

I SUPPOSE we all like to make sweeping generalizations and draw sharp contrasts: there is something eminently comfortable in disposing of a question in a large and absolute fashion, without any scrupulous regard for niggling qualifications. And when the subject of debate happens to be as wide a one as that which I propose to touch upon here, I am not sure that this is not really the most sensible way of dealing with it. In discoursing of the womankind of two nations (and I am afraid my theme can be confined within no modester limits) a little recklessness of treatment is surely permissible,—else one would never get a single definite statement made.

So if I should attempt to appraise the English and the Canadian woman and to draw up what Launce would call the "cate-log" of their conditions, let it be imputed to me as an audacity and not a crime. I have little hope that I shall be so happy as Launce's authority in selecting the salient qualities of my ladies, and little doubt that I shall be quite as unsuccessful in setting down the virtues and the vices in their proper places and to the approval of the reader.

I should perhaps begin by explaining that when I speak of the English woman and the Canadian woman, I refer chiefly to such of the elect as it has pleased Providence or Lady Fortune to call to a station of life somewhere among the more or less well-to-do portions of the community; and I should add that the epithet "Canadian" will be loosely used and will apply mainly to the larger towns and cities of the Dominion, and may even, at a pinch, be equivalent to "American." It may be objected that only a small section of the nation will thus be considered, but at any rate it is an important section, indirectly if not intrinsically; for inasmuch as the majority of us are doing our utmost to acquire

an abundance of the world's goods and to creep and intrude and climb into the company of those wealthy ones, we more or less implicitly acknowledge them to be our models. Thus they exercise an influence out of all proportion to their mass and energy, and in this respect England is not very different from the New World, the material standard having by this time pretty well swallowed up all the others. But while modern conditions and tendencies are broadly similar on both sides of the Atlantic, it is noteworthy that their manifestations, so far as woman is concerned, are by no means identical; and indeed this is the point of greatest interest presented by a comparison of the two types. The one will often seem to offer a striking contrast to the other, and though this may merely be because they exhibit opposite sides of the same quality, yet the contrast is worth observing. Let me conclude my preliminary admonitions by protesting that I do not myself hold a brief either for the Eve of the Old World or that of the New. I believe that they both have advantages and that the advantages are more equally divided between them than is usually supposed; and I also think that they both have faults and pretty grave ones. Indeed I should like, if the attempt is not too wildly temerarious, to throw out a hint or two of the potential paragon who may one day be evolved from them—the complete angel at whose approach “this furious face of things,” as Sir Thomas Browne says, “must disappear, and Eden would yet be to be found on the earth.” Perhaps even such a cursory and partial comparison of our reigning queens as I shall here essay may suggest a few of the virtues with which their happier successor will be endowed; I am sure it will touch upon a good many attributes which she will *not* possess. Let this good intention at least be taken as some little palliation for my presumption in meddling with such high matters.

I imagine that the fundamental distinction between the English and the Canadian woman—the distinction under which most of the minor differences may be grouped—consists in the fact that the former has behind her a long and

strong tradition by which she is constantly influenced. Even when she does not conform to it, she is none the less conscious of it, and as a general rule it gives her an agreeable sense of security and a satisfactory conviction as to the entire rightness of her own standpoint. This explains the attitude of superiority which she commonly adopts towards her younger sister, and which is apt, I am afraid, to ruffle and exasperate the latter. The Englishwoman does naturally incline to the belief that she crosses the Atlantic not to learn but to teach. "We are needed," I have heard one of these pilgrims remark, on the eve of her voyage; "we can help; we have so much to give," and if the sentiment had a rather stronger flavour of evangelicism than usual, it was otherwise typical enough. It must be allowed, I think, that a good deal of philosophy is required to suffer gladly a Lady Bountiful of this order: her sweetness and light will very quickly cloy and discomfort. In something of a similar spirit, too, the Englishwoman graciously pays a tribute to her colonial cousin: "My dear, I never should have taken you for a Canadian. You look almost quite English!" And significant of the spirit in which such a compliment is received is the Canadian's prompt rejoinder, "What's the matter with the hang of my skirt?"

I am tempted to linger for a moment on the topic suggested by this last remark. Though Polonius's observation that the apparel oft proclaims the man has lost much of its point in these drab days, yet it still holds good, more or less, for woman; and the different ways in which our English and Canadian loves do show their wit—or occasionally it may be their want of wit—in their attire certainly deserve a passing note. Here, too, the influence of tradition is more powerful in the parent country than in the new. The Englishwoman accepts, or pretends to accept, the laws of fashion as being of real aesthetic value; her proposed ideal is beauty, however preposterously her practice may sometimes err from it. Hence the travesties of Watts or Burne Jones which now and then haunt, startle, and waylay us in the thoroughfares of

London, and those Delilah-apparitions that, so bedecked, ornate and gay, sail heavily past us with all their bravery on. This uncomfortable deference to art is not nearly so conspicuous in Toronto or New York, where an approach to the man's ideal in dress appears to be more or less general. Men have always, I suppose, inclined to Borachio's opinion, "What a deformed thief is this fashion," and have long since given up the idea of aiming at beauty in their clothing; utility and unobtrusiveness are the qualities they desire, and the result is that their garb now-a-days, in spite of its frank ugliness, has a certain suitability and achieves a sort of harmony. Something of this harmony is frequently to be seen in the dress of the transatlantic woman, which is plain, trim, and decidedly more workmanlike than that of the European, except, indeed, upon those occasions when she is striving to surpass her enemies, acquaintances, and bosom-friends in the splendour of her raiment. For I am afraid that personal vanity is about as potent on the one side of the ocean as on the other, and often vitiates alike the ideal of beauty and that of comfort. It drives our leaders of fashion to put themselves into the trick of singularity, and in these fat and pury times this is most easily accomplished by an unlimited expenditure of money. The consequence is that their attire, in spite of its unparalleled elaboration and sumptuousness, represents neither personality nor beauty but only an inordinate cost. The claims of art afford a pretty excuse for such extravagances, but if only our fair ladies could be brought to the simple test of declaring—truthfully—how much they enjoyed and admired the beautiful garments of other women, they would discover soon enough, I fancy, how far their culture of beauty in dress was sincere.

It is hardly logical to pass from the particular to the general, but this seems an appropriate enough place to say a word or two about the attitude of our gentlewomen towards art as a whole. Here again we may note a similar difference between the Old World and the New. The Englishwoman,

as a rule, either does possess some artistic sense or at least thinks it right to assume the virtue if she has it not, for her traditional respect for art is fairly strong. The Canadian woman is honest; I will not take it upon me to commend the one at the expense of the other—but honesty is a virtue too. Certainly art does not appear to play any real part in the average Canadian's life; painting, sculpture, and music might as well not exist for all the interest taken in them by the people at large. Rich men, of course, have pictures of the best, but too often these are mere outside accessories, imported, as the "Louis Quinze" furniture and the "Madame du Barry" carpets are imported, for the glorification of mansions which frequently remind one a little of the Gentleman Farmer's residence, as described by Crabbe:

" At much expense was each apartment graced,
His taste was gorgeous, but it still was taste; "

though indeed the final concession must sometimes be left a trifle dubious in this case. As for the more modest domiciles, the style of decoration which chiefly captivates the Canadian housewife's heart is that compendiously defined by a Scotch tradesman of my acquaintance, in a criticism of his wife's drawing-room, as "French and frothy." It is true that the aberrations and affectations of a misplaced devotion to "high art," such as are common enough in England, are not often in evidence, but assuredly the power of white simplicity has not yet been recognized in the Canadian cities, and the conception of art as playing an honourable and indispensable part in the affairs of life is still far to seek. The artist and his works are, at the best, regarded with a kindly condescension, such as, for example, I recollect hearing expressed by a prominent member of a Ladies' Musical Club in one of the intellectual centres of the Dominion. "I often think," said she,—and she was a travelled and cultured Canadian, so that her remark cannot be ascribed to provincialism,—"I often think it must be such a treat for artists to perform at our Club. It isn't often they have a chance

of coming into contact with real ladies." This, I think, pretty well sums up the Canadian feeling towards art, and in view of it one likes to imagine Paderewski, for instance, enjoying the treat of a whole morning in the company of a typical Canadian woman. It must not be fancied, however, that these patronesses are quite incapable of enthusiasm for the arts. Admiration is such a strong instinct of humanity that it must needs find some object to fasten upon, and so far as I have been able to discover, its object in their case is generally the minor—the minimus—poet.

Broadly speaking, then, I should say that art among Canadian women is, to an even greater extent than among the English, out of touch with reality. I suppose any fine and simple standard of art must represent a fine and simple way of thinking; once that is attained, dress, decoration, and the like, being the outcome of a definite conception of life, will fall naturally and gracefully into their proper places. At present they are for the most part merely the outward manifestations of an inward tumult of nervous excitement. There is no artistic production, because no one really wants to produce anything beautiful. Man's days, and woman's as well, are grown too hasty for the making of beautiful things or even for the joy in such as are already made. Art is taken vicariously, much as massage is substituted for outdoor exercise. But just as one cannot get the real good of a ten-mile walk without stirring from one's couch, so one cannot enjoy a work of art without taking some little pains to understand it. And the Canadian woman's capacity for taking pains is decidedly finite.

In fact I am inclined to venture upon the generalization that the two virtues in which the average Canadian woman is most signally deficient are industry and the power of admiration. She can only be aroused to some simulation of the former quality by the desire of emulating some wealthier sister in the creation of what are happily termed "fussy notions"—in devising, for example, a "woman's lunch" at which the table-napkins shall look like miniature umbrellas, the

ice-creams take the form of trees in pots, and every other item of the feast assume as incongruous a resemblance to something else as the adaptability of matter will permit. In the excogitation and preparation of such deep schemes a hostess has been known to agonize even to the point of fainting twice—just as Mrs. Kenwigs fainted under the strain of “getting up” Morleena’s linen for the ambitious neighbour’s picnic. And, as in Mrs. Kenwig’s case, she has been thought the better of both for the fussy notions and the fainting. The Canadian woman does seem to me decidedly more childish than the European: her outlook is too often that of the undisciplined and spoilt child, or perhaps it would be more correct to say of the undisciplined and spoilt youth, for she has none of the child’s love of questioning and capacity for seriousness. Admiration, hope, and love, the vital faculties, if we are to believe Wordsworth, of our human nature, are lamentably undeveloped in her. She is frivolous and definite, as frivolous people always must be, with narrow, precise views upon such few matters as she has any views upon at all. In a sense, of course, she is practical, if by that epithet one implies only an aptitude for what is bounded on all sides by physical boundaries. She can appraise anything in dollars and nothing at its true value. Like many shortsighted people, she sees with such exactness in a small circle that she is blind to all the outside wonders of the world; she notices clothes, jewels, furs, physical beauty; moods, feelings, thoughts, and the beauty of the spirit are for her non-existent. Her pleasure is in the things that can be touched and tasted and handled, and she has no reverence for any others. On the other hand, however, this practical strain of hers undoubtedly has its good side. She can generally turn her hand to any piece of unavoidable drudgery with much greater effect than her English counterpart; at any rate the incapacity to perform such household tasks is not regarded as an asset in the newer country, as it still is, more or less, in the old, and if she cannot rival Imogen in her neat cookery and labour-some and dainty trims, yet she does not feel that the opening

of the front door or the laying of a fire involves any insupportable loss of dignity.

It is hardly surprising that such a character should be impatient of uncomfortable moral constraints in the small affairs of life, and one notes that the sense of duty, which still animates the average Englishwoman, is seldom developed to any great extent among the Canadian ladies. To take a small instance: the constant writing of notes, in which so many of our British maids and matrons bravely spend their morning hours, could never become a habit with their more offhand sisters, even if the exceedingly robust and busy telephonic service were to cease throughout the whole Dominion. The readiness to take the trouble of writing, the good manners that prompt a quick reply, the convention that dictates a slight formality,—none of these things has yet crossed the ocean; probably the Canadian woman would declare that she had no time for them.

I very much wish, by the way, that some sage would enlighten us simple folks as to what it is that keeps these toilers so mortally busy of a morning. I have met plenty of them who have servants in abundance, no children to occupy their time, and husbands who are out all day long, and yet they invariably tell me that life is one breathless rush, that they are rarely able to arrive anywhere for luncheon, tea, or dinner at the appointed hour. I always long to ask them the question that Wordsworth put so insistently to the leech-gatherer: "How is it that you live and what is it that you do?" Granted that after a lengthy lunch party they spend the rest of the afternoon at Bridge and then dash home to dress for dinner at some one else's house, still the morning at any rate is left free, and after all, frequent as lunches are, they do not occur every day. Allowing for a moderately early breakfast and a reasonable time to interview the cook, we have still some three hours before lunch to account for, and what I want to know is how they pass that interval. They don't read; they don't sew; they certainly don't meditate, and they can't very well eat and drink between whiles

to any great extent. Of course they shop, but as most of them get their clothes from Europe and the States, their shopping cannot be very exacting. What then is their occupation? All I can be sure of is that they do not resemble the Woman of the Proverbs, not even outwardly, for honour and strength are not in their clothing.

To revert from this digression to the question of their materialism, I may mention that their conversation, when they are among themselves, invariably turns to such subjects as money, and how to make it without trouble, tips for the Stock Exchange (many of them pretend to be deeply versed in these mysteries), methods for counteracting the ravages of time, descriptions of their own ailments and those of their friends, and, in the beginning as in the end, clothes, clothes, clothes. These are, I think, the favourite topics, exclusive of gossip, which exercises its spell all the world over. One may perhaps contrast this state of affairs with the old and, I fear, vanishing European convention that health, dress, and appearance are not matters that should be enlarged upon in public. I do not know if the lack of atmosphere which is so characteristic of the women of the New World may in some measure be ascribed to the purely material nature of their interests. Immaculate and personable as they are, they are yet a trifle apt to look all alike, as if the range of expression on their faces were kept within as narrow limits as that of the ideas in their heads. One sees woman after woman with the same mouth and eyes and the same sleek look of physical prosperity. The precious quality of distinction is as rare as a rose in midwinter, and receives about as cold a welcome, for the Canadian ladies disapprove of any departure from the accepted type. They have little perception of subtlety in any form and are hostile to its manifestations: eccentricity, to be tolerated at all, must show itself in its most unmistakable guise. I dare say, however, that beauty, like most other things, is affected by the laws of supply and demand, and in that case the men of the New World must be held at least part guilty in this

unsatisfactory condition of things. Women are apparently prized by them much as skye-terriers in a show are prized, for their long hair and silky ears, or something just about as sensible. No expense is spared in trimming and adorning the creature's exterior, but perhaps a little attention to her inner embellishment would be more to the purpose.

I would then, make the broad statement that the ideals of the Canadian woman are essentially the bourgeois ones, while those of the Englishwoman are at least strongly coloured by the aristocratic tradition. I heard recently a travelled lady extol the comforts of the steamer which had restored her from the Old World to the New, and she rounded off her grateful eulogy by declaring: "Not a steward or officer upon that ship but took as his ideal *noblesse oblige*," and I fancy the New World's appreciation of the revered motto may be pretty well gauged by this application of it. The aristocratic virtues, gentleness, generosity, patience, fortitude, reticence, and a delicate consideration for others, are scarcely to be found there in their distinctive forms. In Europe they still survive here and there and are generally admired when they emerge from obscurity, but they are plants that do not grow well in a democratic soil, and indeed they seem to come to full bloom only in a society where distinctions of rank are frankly recognized.

I am tempted, in this connexion, to cite that great failure, Napoleon, as an illustration of what I mean by the bourgeois ideal. It is perhaps a little presumptuous to use so great a name in order to point a moral, but there is example for't, as Malvolio says. It has often struck me that Napoleon is very much of the transatlantic type; with his immense practical ability, his selfishness, his material success, his showy splendour, and his enormous egoism, he is a pattern of all that America seems most to admire. That march of his from one gross obvious triumph to another, that empire, built of scorn, like Attila's, that restless eagerness for an extrinsic dominion which only renders its attainer intrinsically poorer and less content,—for the kingdom of Napoleon was without

him,—such things are very characteristic of many a modern “successful man’s” career; and surely a life that neglects the intimate joys of peace, simplicity, reverence, love of beauty, and sympathy with one’s fellows may not unfairly be called a failure. One remembers Tolstoi’s description of Napoleon with its wonderfully illuminating observation that there was just a little too much eau-de-cologne on his handkerchief. Could anything better hit off the man?—one in whom no subtlety of apprehension had place, in whom everything was just slightly over-accentuated, whose appointments were just a thought too expensive,—the exemplar, in fact, of all that unbridled cleverness can achieve. There are plenty of small Napoleons among the men of the New World.

This, however, is by the way. I must return to the members of the female gender, as Mr. Squeers terms them, and continue to dogmatize on their shortcomings, for it is as safe and pleasant to criticize them in the mass as it is perilous and thankless to do so in the individual. And talking of criticizing, I should note that the Canadian woman is a milder *ensor morum* than her English sister or, at all events, does not ply the function with such reformatory zeal. For one thing, she does not, I think, possess that calm belief in the infallibility of her own tenets and the superiority of her own customs to all others, wherein so many Englishwomen walk, clad in complete steel. Certainly there is an agreeable absence of any spirit of interference among the New World ladies. One may develop there spiritually as one likes, without any fear of being taken to task by one’s acquaintances or being relegated in their thoughts to the great company of the damned. At the same time, as I have hinted above, the Canadians do not look with favour on anyone who diverges noticeably from the broad-beaten road; they will not attempt to drive one into it by moral suasion, but they will probably keep aloof from such a haunter of bye-paths and indirect crooked ways.

Perhaps it is partly owing to this love of uniformity that there exists among the women of the New World a broad

union such as is hardly to be found in Europe. I do not mean that one more frequently sees cordial relations established between any two of them—rather the reverse; for though they undoubtedly have a great deal of each other's company (their constant lunches and teas wherein no man participates ensure that much), yet true comradeship between them strikes me as considerably rarer than in England. One does not come across "Torquay marriages" nor find one woman taking an enthusiastic and affectionate interest in the pursuits of another. But certainly the women form a solid whole much more than they do in Europe. For one thing they are not split up into classes to nearly such an extent, and thus it comes about that even that aggressive emulation, which is one of their chief characteristics, conduces to a real union and solidarity of a kind. This spirit of emulation has its bright side too, inasmuch as even the poorest working-woman may not unreasonably comfort her sad heart with the hope of one day being as good—that is to say as well-off—as the best of them all. She feels that all things are possible to her if only the bountiful blind Lady will stand auspicious, and thus she escapes that dreary sense of a dead level of wretchedness and that dull acquiescence in it which are so common among the poorer classes of England. No doubt the things that are possible are not the real things, but none the less the effort to acquire them gives a real interest in life.

In fact the main interest of life in Canada does centre in what one may call the landslip quality of the whole of society. Nothing is finished; hardly anything is ever begun; and what one sees to-day may quite likely be something entirely different to-morrow, or the day after. There seems to be no special reason why anything may not happen. Of course it is merely an outside happening and of no vital importance, but yet it does make a difference. This is what constitutes the charm of living in Canada. One woman sees another wearing a diamond-rayed brooch, or, as they poetically call it, a sunburst: she hasn't one, but then her

friend hadn't one last week, and the chances are that next week they will be able to go about together in triumph—two resplendent sunbursts. The week after, they will, of course, want earrings to match and then bracelets of equal lustre, but what of that? There always remains for indulgent man the pleasure of throwing treasures into an unfathomable gulf and watching them disappear. An Englishwoman of the same class might indeed set eyes on a sunburst and hanker after it in her soul, but there the matter would probably end. She would know that she couldn't have it and would turn her thoughts in some other direction. But the Canadian woman has no such doubts and diffidences: the world is all before her wherein to choose, and why should she not get what she wants? I recollect a typical remark addressed by an affectionate wife to her husband in the course of a conversation on marriage: "I always used to think," she said reflectively, "that I should like a belted duke, but after all I am all right with you, dear!" That really strikes me as very characteristic—the taking for granted that the belted duke would have been only too happy to wed her, the magnanimous resignation of her claims to him, and the splendid picture suggested by such a romantic figure, with the vagueness, and ignorance, and desire for gauds and glitter that it implies.

The broad contrast, then, between the women of England and those of Canada is to be found in the contrast between the aristocratic and bourgeois ideal. The former endows the Englishwoman, who does still more or less unconsciously respect and follow it, with her sense of duty and dignity, her good manners, spoilt though they often are by a feeling of superiority and a consequent tendency to patronage, and her interest, real or apparent, in matters political, literary, and artistic. The latter is responsible for the Canadian woman's somewhat rudimentary sense of duty, her want of reverence, her imperfect manners, and her frank lack of interest in public affairs and in art. The conviction of her superiority to others she certainly does not possess, but it may be questioned if that is an unmixed advantage, seeing

that the possibility of her inferiority is still less likely to be entertained by her. In Canada degree is vizarded, as Ulysses says; nobody regards anyone else as either above or below him, and one of the consequences, I think, is that the desire to serve is almost wholly obliterated. The aristocrats of the old days, in their observance of degree, priority, and place, fully acknowledged that there were higher orders as well as lower, and they could be the most faithful and devoted of servants. But if Kundry, breathing her last wholesome counsel to the women of Canada, were to utter "dienen" as her final word of wisdom, her listeners would only conclude, I imagine, that the cause of her demise must have been softening of the brain. I do not think that any of the Canadians desire to *serve*; they do it if they have to,—just as much as they are paid to do and no more. They give what is exacted, and in their turn exact as much as they can from others—as the upper servant exacts all that she can from the lower—and the grocer says "How do you do?" instead of "Good morning!" and fancies himself the better for so doing. Yet surely the willingness to serve makes the best foundation for the happiness of any one and especially of any woman.

I am afraid that in these random observations I may have dwelt too exclusively upon the less attractive aspects of the daughters of Canada, and doubtless at the end of all my carping Canada might reasonably enough quote in her own defence the reply of the small American boy to his fault-finding parent:¹⁰ "Damn it, Mother, I'm only four!" Or since I have applied to them the epithet "young" in contradistinction to that of "childish," I should at least admit that time may yet do much for them, as it usually does for our spoilt youth; for it is surprising how often the most disagreeable young folks turn into quite pleasant and estimable elders. I confess that they seem to me to be travelling on the wrong road, but so does objectionable youth generally appear to us to be all astray when in reality it is making its way towards a comely middle age as fast as we have any right to expect, considering the fashion in which it has been brought up. At all events I feel sure that many of those

same Canadians would do better if they only knew how. There are lots and lots of nice women in Canada—and in England too, for that matter—who have all sorts of potential usefulness in them, but the way is made too impossibly straight for them, and they gradually become a good deal less nice than they were in the beginning. It is melancholy to think of the waste of so much excellent material, for all that they want is a little help at the right time, a little education, in the true sense of that very ill-treated word. If Ruskin is correct in declaring that “the end of all right education for a woman is to make her love her home better than any other place,” then, indeed, those restless ladies of both England and Canada are clear and evident failures in life. They seem to regard their homes, not as places in which they are to stay and be happy in the quiet ordering of their affairs, but as places which they must get out of at all costs. It never appears to enter their heads that they have duties to fulfil, though a good many of them manage to persuade themselves that they have rights to demand, as if the two things were or could be distinct. In any case I feel sure that our present-day ladies are much in need of learning this truth afresh. If once the importance of keeping their houses capably and accurately, the delight of bringing up their children sanely and joyously, and the duty of using their social power for the help of other less fortunate human beings were to dawn upon them, they might abandon those fields of strenuous idleness in which they now seek, unsuccessfully enough, to conduct their revels and might secure a genuine content in serving the steadfast hours. But in the prevalent conditions of modern life it is without doubt desperately hard for a woman to grasp the possibilities that lie before her, and still harder for her to realize them. I should dearly like to expatiate upon this theme, but it is far too wide and serious for me to append it here. Perhaps upon the mellowing of occasion I may be permitted to deliver my poor opinions upon it and play the severe moralist once again.

JACOB SALVIRIS

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

THERE appeared not long since, on the pages of this MAGAZINE, an article describing certain Scotch Evangelicals of a past generation and their manner of life, and I have been tempted by its perusal to see if I could not furnish forth a companion sketch, however slight, of the modern scions of that stock. It seems to me that the contrast might be instructive, for the present-day representatives of the order are strangely unlike their ancestors and offer a very congenial subject to the student of moral evolution. I cannot, indeed, pretend to trace the causes and course of such an evolution with any accuracy, but the game of "Guesses at Truth" affords, like golf, almost as much enjoyment to the unskilful as to the skilful player, and I shall not hesitate to let fly an idle supposition now and then when the fancy takes me. I do not doubt that the reader will perceive well enough when they go too wide of the mark.

I shall not attempt to determine when or how the change I have referred to definitely began; it is always difficult to delve such matters to the root, and I am poorly qualified for any such nice investigation. But I imagine that the gradual transformation of industrial conditions, the increase of wealth, the easier and more frequent intercourse with the dwellers in the south, and the consequent introduction of novelties and luxuries, the unsettling speculations of the scientists, and, in general, all that we vaguely and comfortably describe as the "progress of the world" may be taken as initially responsible for the metamorphosis. The potent factors which ushered in these brisk and giddy-paced times in which we live were bound to penetrate even into the strongest fastnesses of the ancient rule and to divide the kingdom. However, I shall light-heartedly leave the analysis and elucidation of such questions to the "Kulturhistoriker,"

who indeed, for all that I know, may already have presented us with a clear and concise survey of the whole subject in the two solid volumes which a really thorough scholarship seems invariably to require. For my own part, I merely propose to indicate certain qualities that strike me as characteristic of the true and lineal descendants of the ancient Evangelicals. I know that my method is deplorably unscientific and I am afraid that my discussion will benefit nobody, but it may serve to entertain myself, and at least, as Hamlet says, it will be short.

It will be admitted, I think, that the older defenders of the faith observed their rule of life scrupulously and that they did not fall very short of the ideal which they set before themselves. No doubt the ideal was a limited one, and it cannot be pretended that its narrow compass rivalled the girdle of Waller's mistress in housing all that's good and all that's fair, but such as it was, it was manful and consistent. A severe simplicity of life and an unquestioning conviction as to the truth of its own dogmas, combined with a somewhat contemptuous intolerance of any others, was really the vital part of that old religion, and once these qualities became touched by the novel influences at work, the infection spread rapidly over the whole. The modern generation, it seems to me, attempted to evolve a harmony out of discordant elements; they imagined that they could retain the severe virtues of the primitive doctrine and at the same time develop the softer spirit of tolerance which they came to look upon as eminently desirable; they professed to preserve the old standards of austere morality, and yet they gradually made larger and larger concessions to the claims of individualism and self-indulgence, until, quite unconsciously, they became insincere. The striving after two irreconcilable ideals is, we are told on the best authority, very apt to lead to hypocrisy, and I am bound to confess I have once or twice fancied that these good people do something smack—something grow to—they have a kind of taste. I do not in the least mean to imply that they are Tartufes; far from it. Their

hypocrisy is of that insidious and much more deadly type which is incapable of recognizing itself, and, being based upon an obstinate assumption of its own righteousness, is proof against all exposure. Even that victim of too many a happy Sabbath evening, the minister's little son who smote his mother with a poker, explaining that as she was always wanting to go "home to Jesus" he had hoped thereby to expedite her passage thither, could only evoke in their bosoms a momentary horror at his naughtiness. His methods were too blunt and literal for the subtleties of a sentimental hypocrisy which has originated, I suppose, as sentimentalism usually does originate, in an unwillingness to envisage things as they are, and an endeavour to disguise the inconsistency between one's professions and one's performances. As the old bonds of duty were relaxed, this sentimental attitude was more and more generally adopted, and instead of walking along the narrow and clearly defined path of "right," as their forbears did, these hopeful aspirants of a later day became eager to demonstrate that they were really full of the most blessed conditions, and, while still holding to the ancestral faith, could at the same time be broad-minded and sympathetic, and receptive of all good things else. They began to follow the example of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy; they seriously inclined to hear the novel doctrines which came their way, and attempted, as well as they might, to incorporate each and all of them into their moral system. I may note, for instance, that the revivalistic movement excited a marked influence upon them, introducing an hysterically emotional element into the decent gravity of the old religion, and furnishing them with a good deal of their present-day phraseology; so, too, in more recent days, many of them made a valiant effort to plant mysticism on a soil that can hardly be considered propitious for its growth, and indeed they are, for the most part, ready to give all and sundry creeds at least a temporary welcome.

Thus the ancient solidity has disappeared, and been replaced by a vaguely restless spirit which leads to introspection, self-consciousness, premeditation, inquisitiveness, and similar uncomfortable states of mind. They have abandoned the sober morality of their forefathers, which exacted self-command, restraint, and moderation, and now apply themselves to the amelioration of their fellow-creatures with an acute anxiety that commonly displays itself in an enthusiastic and aggressive benevolence. They make a point of being "kind" to you on every occasion; they try continually to "make others happy"; and more particularly do they show a rampant eagerness to comfort the afflicted by asserting eternal Providence and justifying the ways of God to man. They are untiring in their chase after such subjects for their compassion, and if they should chance to hear that disaster has fallen upon a house, they will speed thither with wings as swift as meditation, even though the inmates may very possibly be complete strangers to them. I would not for a moment pretend that such visitations are necessarily reprehensible or even unavailing. I do not doubt, for instance, that if Dinah Morris were to come and talk to us in our blacker hours, we might be effectually soothed and strengthened. But I fancy she would show a good deal more tact than the outward-sainted deputies of Providence, whom I have in my mind, generally contrive to do. I know that their ministrations are apt to be resented, and that they frequently have to contend against hostilities and hardness of heart. But thrice is he armed who hath his kindness just, and they will not be daunted or yield ground for such trifles as that. No, they come to close quarters with their dear, afflicted friend, expatiate upon his sorrow, protest their sympathy, demonstrate to him that it is all for the best, instruct him how to bear himself under the trial, and themselves exhibit a pattern of Christian resignation. Then they leave him with their hearts jocund and sublime in the lively consciousness that they have played active part in the concerns of Heaven, and should

they meet him a week or two later the probabilities are that they will treat him as the merest casual acquaintance. I have no wish to be unjust to these well-meaning apostles, who are, I am sure, thoroughly convinced that they are divinely missioned, and after all it would be cruel to deprive them of what is, I believe, one of their most genuine pleasures. The excitement of playing Providence, the sensation of dealing with emotions, the self-satisfaction in being "kind to others," are intensely appreciated in lives that are for the most part dreadfully dull, and so it is a real gaudy day to them when they can catch a neighbour in calamity. Of course the fatal thing about them is that they generally perform these kind offices with a benignancy prepense which infuses a suggestion of superiority in everything they say and do—an implication that they are on the very best of terms with the Deity. Wordsworth speaks of the little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love that make up the best portion of a good man's life, but I am afraid that the acts of these philanthropists are apt to be carefully registered and recorded in the tablets of their memory. And even the more unsophisticated and uncritical recipients of their favours are often left with an uneasy sense of not being duly grateful. They are fond of referring to their benefactors as "holy men" and "saintly women," and one knows the qualities which these titles usually connote.

A similar spirit of benevolent interference is observable in them even when enterprises of less pith and moment are on hand. They are always a little concerned about the welfare of one's soul, though they make a point of being liberal and open-minded in the matter, and they will go about with you, after Dogberry's fashion, to elicit your opinions on man, on nature, and on human life. For it is not often, I think, that they will ask you point-blank, as I have known a maiden of eighteen ask a middle-aged lady, "Have you found Christ?"—and I am afraid it is still rarer for them to receive the reply that was given on that occasion,

"My dear, I should never take the liberty of looking for Him." As a matter of fact, they rather pride themselves on getting on nicely with people and on putting them at their ease, and flatter themselves that they can do wonders in a ten minutes' conversation in the way of drawing out all that is best in one. But I have rarely been able to bestow an unqualified admiration upon such exhibitions of that happy faculty as I have been favoured with, perhaps because I have always found it difficult to respond suitably to one who opens an acquaintance with the enquiry, "What are your principal interests in life?" Indeed, it has often struck me that this affability of theirs does too commonly take the somewhat questionable form of asking questions.

In that respect they are certainly indefatigable, and they profess a lively interest in an infinity of subjects, especially in such as are supposed to appertain to culture. They consider it their privilege and their duty to appreciate such lights of philosophy and art as may be shining for the moment in the intellectual heavens, and I am afraid that they have even developed an admiration for the mostly vicious quality of cleverness; it is a thousand pities, for it does not really set their genius, as Alan Breck would say, and I have often thought how much pleasanter and happier many of them would be if they would only be content to remain comfortably stupid. But no! They are determined to show an intelligent understanding of the modern phases of thought; Nietzsche is not too heavy for them or Shaw too light; they will study their author with uncomprehending diligence, and pronounce him in the end most "interesting and suggestive."

Of course, however, the majority of them use a good deal of circumspection in allowing themselves to make acquaintance with such writers as I have mentioned, and indeed in their traffic with everything that is not admittedly on the side of the angels and the evangelists. It is all very well to be tolerant, but it will not do to go too far in that direction; and it must not be supposed that they have abjured

the traditions of upright living. They have only modified and mitigated them to suit their wants, depriving them in the process, I am afraid, of most of their tonic virtue. Perhaps a sketch of the modern Sabbath as compared with the ancient may serve to illustrate this difference of temper as well as anything else.

The formal, outward observance of that day, though it is still sufficiently exacting in most households, no longer exhibits the rigour of the earlier discipline. Yet I am not sure that the unadulterated draught in all its crude bitterness might not have been easier to swallow than the mixture which contains most of the original ingredients but attempts to mollify them by a powerful infusion of saccharine. There was no pretence about the matter in the old days; the Sabbath was devoted to fortifying exercises of the soul, and the spirit in which it was regarded was one of strict worship. The spirit which is supposed to pervade it nowadays is one of "love," but I am not sure that spirit and letter are always on the easiest terms with one another. It is, for example, no longer held needful for soaring human man to turn his thoughts away from all things secular; indeed a considerable latitude is permitted him in that respect, only, if he does talk on mundane topics, or read a book not recognizably edifying, he must be sure to do so in the proper spirit—the Sabbath spirit—which (I have never quite fathomed how) is slightly differentiated from that of ordinary hours; it implies, if I am not mistaken, the consciousness of a somewhat dangerous relaxation of bonds together with a confidence in the power of keeping oneself well in hand and a tolerant concession to the frailty of one's companions. Moreover, this spirit of love insists that the day shall be delightful; a predetermined air of chastened gaiety is assumed by the elders of the family, who, from the time of their uprising onward, seem ready to exclaim with Mr. Chadband, "Oh, let us be joyful." Nothing could be further removed from the happy pieties of the golden age, for it is obviously achieved with conscious effort, and the result is

that it casts a baleful cheerfulness over all the day. The children of the house, I think, seldom show these shining morning faces: at their best they sit with sad civility, like Pope, and at their worst they wear a sullen aspect of gloom that betokens a quite Leopardian *tædium vitæ*. The devotional offices of the household take on an appropriate tinge of rose-colour: morning prayers are frequently followed by a thankful little homily to the effect that all's right with the world, and thereafter the family will betake itself in all amity to the singing of hymns, the children—and visitors—being granted the treat of choosing each his own special favourite. Attendance at morning and evening service in church is of course still the rule, and there is Sunday School for the younger disciples; I may note as significant of the kind of instruction affected by teachers in the latter institution, that in one of the classes I have known the pupils were set to count the number of times that the world "love" is mentioned in the Gospel of St. John.

The constant strain of preserving a demeanour indicative of overflowing cheerfulness and grace abounding is of course extremely wearing, and it is hardly surprising that the Sunday meals have lost something of their former Spartan character. I do not mean that the feasters manifest any particular hankering after Egyptian flesh-pots, but at the same time I doubt if they would care to sit as guests with Daniel at his pulse. At any rate they have pretty much conformed to the usage of the world in this respect as in many others.

So, too, in the matter of raiment they are inclined nowadays to be point-device in their accoutrements, and are by no means ready to contemn the world's passing fashion. The ancient simplicity has vanished and many of them will spend large cost in painting the outward walls of their fading mansions. They will assure you however—it is perhaps superfluous for me to say that I speak here of woman-kind—that they are not really interested in such matters; and it is true enough that they commonly show a certain reluctance to discuss the subject of dress. If the convers

does turn in that direction, the odds are that you will find it adroitly diverted, and your hostess or companion will be telling you what a beautiful aspect Venus presents in the evening sky, or asking you about the habits of silkworms, or expressing her admiration for Chinese missions, or saying how sorry she is for the poor workers in the cotton-district, and how we are to cope with the problem of unemployment. But sometimes she will condescend to explain her attitude on the question of fine array, and then you are given to understand that vanity has nothing to do with it, and that she is guided solely by two motives, the first of these being to glorify God by worthily adorning the temple, and the second to show a good example to other people. I have never quite succeeded in following the arguments by which this is demonstrated, but I have always felt that they must be unassailable; certainly when she purchases herself a set of Russian sables she will somehow or other—so clever are women!—manage to leave you with the impression, and herself with the conviction, that she has thereby done a good deed and one eminently pleasing both to God and man.

In fact they are all of them so bent upon persuading themselves that they do everything from the highest of motives that I have sometimes felt they have quite lost the capacity for merely human emotion and enjoyment: even their indulgences fail to give them any genuine pleasure because they cannot or will not recognize what are the things that they really do like. They not only speak, as Mr. Snawley would say, like a good book that has got nothing in its inside but what is true, but they act accordingly. Their avocations and their diversions must all be of an uplifting nature, and as both of them are numerous—for they have not profited by Thoreau's advice to let their affairs be as two or three and not as a thousand—it is hardly surprising that the effect upon their physical, let alone their moral, state of health is often very grievous. Their atmosphere is exhausting to the last degree; I have known house-

holds over which such an aura of rectitude prevailed that every one who sojourned there for any length of time—guests and governesses, down to the very foot-boy—would almost inevitably succumb to an attack of nervous prostration. And yet all the time, they are acting with the very best of intentions, for they will take any amount of trouble for what they consider to be a worthy object, and lose no opportunity of diffusing their sweetness and light. It is saddening to reflect that creatures so extremely bright and good can only be relished by poor human nature as an occasional luxury.

Even the natural affections themselves often seem to be parched at such spiritual altitudes. These patterns of perfection, who profess love for all mankind, seldom show any convincing trace of personal affection for the individual. I have frequently been struck by the easy and becoming fortitude with which they will accept the deaths of their nearest kin; it is, I suppose, magnificent, but it certainly is hardly human. I have known a pious father whose only child deceased—or, as you would say in plain terms, went to Heaven—and he visited the churchyard a day or two later and chronicled in his diary the satisfaction he felt in contemplating the goodness of Providence; and on another occasion an equally pious lady, speaking of her mother's exit from the world, exclaimed joyfully: "It was not a death, it was a translation!" And yet these two would, I am sure, have sincerely regarded themselves as heart-broken mourners. It should be noted here, however, that the modern generation are no longer inclined to jest upon the subject of death nor yet of the Deity: is it, I wonder, because their convictions are less steadfast than those of their ancestors?

Whether this be so or not, it must at least be admitted that they are a great deal fonder of theorizing and of asking advice upon all sorts of matters, trivial and important. I think they like to be considered original and open to new ideas; and yet, as a matter of fact, the older generation

was, without any effort, much more original than the moderns. The latter have indeed a great gift of impressive commonplace, but for all their excellent intentions of being receptive and sympathetic, their minds are anything but flexible. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why they are so impregnable in argument: certainly in the discussions on morality and religion into which they sometimes insist on inveigling you, they are panoplied against all strokes. Nothing will make them see their opponent's point of view or yield an inch from their original position. A calm consciousness of superiority attends them, and if you are roused thereby into any excessive heat of expression, or, as they think, indecorum of sentiment, they triumph over you by the simple expedient which Mr. Pecksniff found so effective in the case of Anthony Chuzzlewit—they give you to know that they will be more than usually particular in praying for you at night.

I should add, finally, that in spite of all their preoccupation with high and lofty matters they have a curious shrewdness in worldly affairs. They do not by any means despise material success, and while they devoutly ask the Deity to exalt their prosperity, yet they hold that they must on no account stop there, but must set hand to the work themselves. They will move heaven and earth to achieve their ends, and will display a notable power of keeping the celestial and the terrestrial absolutely separate from each other—as it were in water-tight compartments. Such a faculty is eminently convenient, and I have often admired and envied the comfortable way in which a happy churchman will commit his cause to Providence and then straightway go and do something—anything—to further it, and apparently without any perception of the anomaly.

I must own I have never determined entirely to my satisfaction how far they are conscious of this taint of unreality in their lives; I suppose only to a very limited extent. Men were self-deceivers ever, and so, for that matter, were women, and in spite of all their introspection I think that

these anxious seekers for the truth do as a rule but slenderly know themselves. Yet I have, now and then, fancied that a vague, uneasy suspicion that their state of grace is not really as perfect and delightful as it ought to be, does occasionally cross their minds and casts a gleam of pathos over their righteousness. Human frailty is sad, but the lack of it is perhaps still sadder, and certainly after a prolonged residence in their midst one is apt to acquire a great tolerance, even a sneaking fondness, for honest vice.

I would not, of course, have these fragmentary, and perhaps not altogether impartial, criticisms applied without distinction to the whole tribe of the Elect. I have only attempted to note some of the salient traits discernible in that smaller band who, having to all appearance accepted and upheld the Evangelical tradition of their sires, have yet by subtle degrees so signally transformed its hardy spirit. They are a notable people and very distinctive of the Gorgon City, but they are not by any means its only inhabitants, and one need not go about with a lantern to find even there a reasonable number of folks who have warm hearts within the outer broadcloth. Yet the petrifying influences of Medusa are in the air, and it is not easy to remain wholly unaffected by them; and for my own part when I think of the place and these, its worshipful citizens, I am ready to declare quite cordially but firmly that I do desire we may be better strangers.

¶SAMUEL INGLIS

THE BOOKSELLER

I HAVE just come from the funeral of my friend the bookseller,—the last of his race, as he always said. I can see him still, his thin, wizened face, his bright ferret-like eyes peering through his heavily-brimmed spectacles, his coat off, and sleeves rolled up, as he sat on a stool at his desk poring over one of his favourite volumes, or as he potted around his old shop, stroking his books and almost purring to himself.

How he loved his books! He was no mere seller of books, he was a book-lover, a book-collector. Once a book—a good book—got into his hands it rarely left them again. They were his friends, his children. “A good book,” he used to say, “is a friend forever. And, unlike human beings, the more you cut 'em the better they treat you,” he would add, chuckling in his cracked, high-pitched treble as he made his only joke.

“Yes, sir, a good book is a friend for a life-time. It is more, it is an introduction to the aristocracy of Intellect. How else could we know the literary giants of former days? Do we not owe to James Boswell our knowledge of Sam Johnson, ‘Nolly’ Goldsmith”—he spoke of his favourite authors as if they were personal friends—“and all that glorious company of the Immortals who walked across the stage of the eighteenth century, leaving the world the richer for their presence?”

“Have we not suffered with David Copperfield, or felt hungry with Nicholas Nickleby? Does not Tom Pinch and his pathetic love-affair rend our very heart-strings? And are we not filled with joy at the discomfiture of that arch-hypocrite Pecksniff?”

“Did we not feel the darkness of death steal over us when dear old Colonel Newcome answered ‘Adsum’ to the last roll-call? And who amongst us is there hard-hearted

enough to say he has not wept for Tess! Poor Tess! A pure woman, indeed, more sinned against than sinning, and yet the victim of a cruel unrelenting fate. Do not these books, my friend, make us better? If the lesson of Tess's life could be read from our pulpits and taught in our schools, would it not do some good, would it not have some power to check the evil in the world?

"Ah!" he continued, picking up a book and stroking it gently, while his old eyes beamed with love, "Look at this, look at this,"—holding up a first edition of the "Essays of Elia,"—"the embodiment of the gentlest soul that ever lived. What a debt we owe to Charles Lamb! And what a hero he was. Show me another such in the history of the world. Gentle, patient, long-suffering, and yet humorous and wholly delightful; a man, sir, who played with words, as on a musical instrument, a soft melody in a minor key that now brings the tears to your eyes, now makes you laugh for very joy.

"And here is old Bacon, first of the essayists—queer mixture of morality and corruption. And Dicky Steele, and Joseph Addison, and Macaulay—I can see him now as he used to come into my father's shop,—a little man with a large head and deep sonorous voice, and grave and courtly manner. What language, man, what a style! Look at his essay on Clive. All the wealth, all the pomp and panoply, all the gorgeous imagery of the East mirrored forth in language that makes it live before your very eyes. And look at this, sir, the severest castigation in the language. I'll warrant you, poor 'Satan' Montgomery was sorry he ever wrote his 'Creation.'

"No, sir, there is no demand for these books now. The world of to-day has no time for books. If as old Bacon says, 'Reading maketh a full man,' this world must indeed be an empty place. Why, sir, look at this," and he turned to a magazine in which he showed me the following sentence: "To his own England, Tennyson is already the voice of a by-gone age."

'I am an old man, sir, and I am passing away. And I am thankful, too. 'The old order changeth, giving place to new,' and now they tell me that he also—he, Tennyson, who penned that line—is passing away, and his works no longer stir his countrymen.

"Yes, sir, a strange world this, and a sad one. What with its money-madness and its motor cars, its bridge, and its balderdash, the old world itself is passing—passing to the devil."

Poor old friend, none too soon has the grave enclosed thee in its cold embrace. Thy day of usefulness has passed, all thy confrères have preceded thee. It was time that thou too shouldst go, quietly and with dignity, ere progress in its frenzied march should sweep thee from its path even as thou wert wont to brush the dust from thy beloved tomes. *Ave atque vale.*

JOHN S. IRWIN

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

THE schools of the Middle Ages gathered about the immediate person of some great man: the *discipuli*, as they were called, sat at the feet of the master, and hung on his words, for books were unknown; and blessed above many was he who possessed in manuscript any of "the wisdom of them that know." The march of the centuries has made it easy now for the earnest student to learn of men whose faces he has never seen: he has access to the master's thoughts through his works, and in these he can hear the echo of the master's voice. "For books are not absolutely dead things," says Milton, "but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of the intellect that bred them." Then follows that noble sentence: "Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Among the teachers of the age, the novelist holds a high, if not the highest, place. Scott made us all mediævalists, restoring the link with the past which for nearly two hundred years had been severed. Dickens made us all brothers, bridging with the silken cables of human sympathy the chasm which threatened to separate rich and poor. The romanticist of to-day is the heir at once of a rich tradition and of a compelling responsibility. "This is a serious thought for the conscientious novelist," says Sir Conan Doyle; "the making of the spiritual life of England is in his hands." It is a fitting thing, that from the land where romance was conceived and born should come a man in these latter days, with at least a trio of great novels, to demonstrate more clearly than most of his confrères the true function of his

Art, "to hold the mirror up to Nature." His pronounced triumph in the field of fiction has been due, in no small degree, to his wholesome respect for the difficulties it presents. Far from rushing prematurely into print, Fogazzaro declined to take upon his shoulders the reproach of unripe reflection. He was forty years of age when he published his first story, and his latest work, a trilogy of novels, was given to the world between his fifty-fifth and his sixty-fourth years. These words of praise are entirely deserved: "Among the crowd of dreary, morbid, pessimistic romances, his few shine with kindly light, clean, sweet, and wholesome."

Antonio Fogazzaro was born March 25th, 1842, at Vicenza, an ancient town some forty miles due west of Venice. His father, Mariano, and his mother, Teresa, were of the staunchest patriot antecedents, people of the truest culture. After a careful home training he became, at the Liceo of his native city, the pupil of the Abbott Zanella, a man with a poetic genius, who instilled into the lad an intense love for Aeschylus, Lucretius, and Heine. Here were laid, deep and broad, the foundation truths which his poems, papers, and novels were to emphasize in the years to come. At the University of Padua and later at Turin, whither his parents had gone in order to escape Austrian domination, in the free air of Piedmont, Antonio read for law. He obtained his papers in the regular way, and began to practise as an advocate. But the artistic bent which he had inherited from his father soon got the upper hand of him, and he gave his attention to music and to poetry.

As early as 1872 he delivered a lecture on "The Future of the Novel in Italy," but it was nine years before he put his precepts into practice. He then published "Malombra," a romance based, it is thought, on an episode in Goethe's "Wahrheit und Dichtung." From this time onward he has put forth, in the midst of a busy life—in which he has engaged in civic administration in his own town and has become a senator of Italy—a wide range of literary product. About fifteen years ago, while on a visit to Paris, Fogazzaro lectured

in French before a distinguished audience, and at once the smouldering interest in his work burst into flame. Like Athens of old, Paris "eager to hear or to tell some new thing," welcomed the author with open arms; he was at once denominated "il credente," the believer, and in an incredibly short time "Il Piccolo Mondo Antico," which had just appeared, went through thirty editions.

It is with the great trilogy of novels, the writer's "magnum opus," of which the above mentioned is the first, that we shall concern ourselves in this paper. "Il Piccolo Mondo Antico" appearing in 1896, was followed five years later by "Il Piccolo Mondo Moderno," and this in turn, at the end of 1905, by "Il Santo." These have been translated into English in almost the reverse order: "The Saint" appeared in the year after it was published in Italian; the first of the three under the title "The Patriot," came in the same year; and the middle one, known as "The Man of the World," was given to us in 1907. Concerning the whole, which is so completely a unit of conception, if not of fact, we are driven to one of two conclusions: either that the end was in view in the author's mind from the beginning, or that his amazing intuition enabled him, after the first was completed, to see, with an unerring logical precision, how a sequence of circumstances must follow from those already depicted. When, however, one has pondered with care the closing words of "The Patriot," and again of "The Man of the World," some such conclusion as the former commends itself as being more likely.

Another problem, and a more difficult, is fairly before us at this point. Are these three novels really novels at all, or are they Acts of a mighty drama? To push the question further, are they not severally dramas, together constituting a study of human character and an oracle of human destiny such as sends us to the ancient Greek trilogy for its equal? It has been pointed out wisely and well that in one essential feature the novel differs from the drama: that in the former the climax towards

which the forces of the action are making their contribution is at the end of the work, while in the latter it is at some point at the centre. One thinks of Plato's phrase about education; in the novel there is only "the way up," while in the drama there is also "the way down." To cite the well-known instance of "Julius Caesar"; as a novel it would be a lamentable failure, for the protagonist disappears in the third Act, while the remainder of the play is devoted to the punishing of the assassins. This difference is a generic one, and may be put thus: the subject of the novel is action, while that of the drama is character. Reasonably enough the former is concerned with its climax, while the latter is concerned with its development.

The more one reads this trilogy of Fogazzaro's, the harder it is to satisfy one's mind on this question. The respective members thereof seem to be, each in its turn, the mature expression of those ruling principles in the youth's education referred to above; namely, patriotism, culture, and religion; and as individual pieces of work they have as much in common with the drama as with the novel. In "The Patriot" the climax surely comes with the tragic death which overtakes little Maria: the rest of the action is bent to the redemption of Luisa's broken spirit through the reawakening of motherhood within her. In "The Man of the World" the electric forces are on the point of bursting all bounds when Maironi is called from the brink of his fall before the charms of Jeanne Desalle, to the bedside of his dying wife: what remains is but the detailed record of his conversion. In "The Saint," the crisis seems to me to come at the point where Benedetto, arrested in a sick room and carried before the Commendatore, has poured out his reproaches upon him and departed in exhaustion: Jeanne's carriage is at the gate, and as, entering it, he rides homeward, he fights, and wins, his last wild battle, that with himself. There is now but one purpose for the action to follow, the salvation, first of Noemi, and then, as the Saint passes to his reward, of the hitherto unbelieving Jeanne. If it were not irreverent, one would like to express

the hope that Fogazzaro had been spared to give us some signal piece of out-and-out dramatic composition, to be the coping-stone of the arch of his work.

To balance and complete his skill as a dramatist, our author had that other indispensable quality, incisiveness of thinking. Not only in his own land, but wherever the battles of intellectual and spiritual freedom are being fought, he has become a force to be reckoned with. He has been called the "Christian evolutionist," doubtless from his well-known belief in the principles of Darwinism, and his conviction that these can, and must, be reconciled to the teachings of Christianity. He has said of himself, "I am a Catholic Christian: hence I accept all the dogmas in their true and proper sense, from the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures to the Infallibility of the Pope." His loyalty to the church has been evidenced by his submission to the decree of the Jesuits, which placed "Il Santo" on the Index five months after it was published: nor could the ill-concealed sneers of certain of the Liberal Catholics, with whom he sympathized, induce him to alter his attitude. The general feeling of what one might call the more enlightened section of Romanism towards Fogazzaro is neatly expressed in a sentence taken from "The Catholic World" of 1906, in which the writer, commenting on the whole matter, says, "There are always men whose zeal outruns their discretion, and who bring down the thunderbolt of condemnation upon a whole movement by some inconsiderate act." Such criticism is a tacit admission of the justice of that cause of Italian enlightenment for which Fogazzaro has been fighting, for which Cavour lived and died—the cause so completely summed up in the last words uttered by that patriot-statesman, "libera chiesa in libero stato,"—a free church in a free state.

The Little Ancient World, of which we get so many fugitive glimpses in the first of these three novels, is the world of Lombardy and the Italian Alps in the 'fifties, when from the lakes to the island of Sicily the whole race was under the heel of some despotism or other. To these stirring days

of his youth the novelist takes us back; his book is an invaluable mirror of Italian life, and an interpretation of Italian consciousness from within. This is our greater good fortune, inasmuch as the efforts that have been made by foreigners to enter intimately into the Italian sympathy have been perilously near failure. Amid this unrest, among the surpassing glories of the Italian Lakes, "The Patriot," Franco Maironi, lives a discontented life with a wealthy grandmother. Nobly born, an ardent Italian, quasi-mystical in his creed, a drifter, in that his sensuous tastes and dilettante manner of life leave him unfitted for practical activities, he is disinherited and banished from his home for wedding Luisa Rigey, the accomplished but free-thinking daughter of French parents. The love they bear each other is deep and passionate, but with no other tie to bind them, Luisa finds the conviction growing upon her that she does not wholly belong to her husband who does not wholly command her respect. On his part, Franco is conscious of the strong antagonism in their lives; their beliefs in matters of religion are utterly at variance, and that undercurrent of unity which is the *sine qua non* of domestic happiness is scarcely present between them.

Meanwhile, the political horizon is darkening. A police-raid on Maironi's own house is meant to intimidate him, but his proud spirit begins to chafe under the monotony of this caged inertness; in consequence of a difference with Luisa, who reproaches him with lack of purpose, he resolves to go to Turin in order to earn something for the support of his family, and to work for the emancipation of his country. Then comes the tragedy of the story. Little Maria, a child of four, almost the only bond uniting the equally fond parents, is drowned. A telegram brings the sorrowing father in secret to his heart-broken wife; but nothing that he can do avails to bind up the wounds of her grief. He tries in vain to get her away with him, then escaping in safety himself, he is separated for nearly four years. The mother's faith, even in the shadow of a divinity to which she had clung, was now gone; her heart and soul were in the coffin, just as her

form was ever at the grave side of her babe. Franco, toiling in Turin, is able barely to support her and her uncle who owns the house; only at times in their correspondence is mention made of the causes of their estrangement. Early in 1859, as Piero makes his way back with the patriot army into his native province, a meeting is arranged; a mighty soul-struggle ensues, and they are reunited. The instinct of the mother in Luisa becomes the instrument of her final redemption.

Almost a generation has passed, in which the freedom of Italy has been achieved, when, in "Il Piccolo Mondo Moderno," we are introduced to the "Man of the World" in the person of the son of Franco and Luisa named Piero, after their beloved uncle. When we reflect on the pre-natal influences which surrounded this second child of their union, we are not surprised to find, struggling in his soul, the antagonisms of the parents. An orphan from infancy, pupil of the worthy Dom Paolo, it was natural that the father's faith should be his from the first, but it is not so easy to explain the presence of an insidiously sensual imagination which at times assaulted the very citadel of his soul. When the story opens, in the 'eighties, Piero has already been wedded for some five years to Elisa, only daughter of the Marchesa Scremin, whose ward he has been. The young wife had soon developed insanity, and Signor Maironi found himself adrift, subject to all the temptations of enforced celibacy. His desire to escape from the world with its dangers by becoming a monk, could not be gratified; conscious that to be idle was to invite ruin, he acceded to the earnest request of his friends and accepted the mayoralty of his native town.

It was then that there came across his path the divinely beautiful Jeanne Desalle, a woman with a spiritual nature akin to his own mother. Divorced from a brutal husband, she was spending her time in various parts of Europe, with a gifted but cynic brother, to whom she was devoted as to a son, but her loneliness, the loneliness of every true woman, was seeking for an affinity, her affection for a place to rest. By a pure, platonic attachment, she was drawn to

this reserved but powerful man, to whose nature such an attachment was not possible; as for Jeanne, "her soul would be sublime could she give to the Creator the love she has bestowed upon a creature." Maironi's passion, cast, in spite of himself, in a baser mould, was held in check only by Jeanne's absolute purity; naturally enough his association was the subject of popular gossip, and became such a scandal that he resigned as mayor. A visit to the now-deserted home of his parents awakened the slumbering grain of Maironi's conscience, but the calm of his new resolutions was broken in upon by the appearance of Jeanne on the train as he returned to his native town. He joined the brother and sister at a quiet hotel in the mountains, whither they had gone to escape the heat of the plains in July. Here the old intoxication gripped again the springs of his being; he was scarcely saved from an utter fall by a summons to the bedside of his dying wife. This was his conversion. Elisa's remains were laid in the cemetery at Oria beside little Maria; Piero made a disposition of his estate for philanthropic uses, and then disappeared.

It is a rule that sequels are ill-advised, not to say unpardonable; in the case of "Il Piccolo Mondo Moderno" no one can fail to find certain of the qualities which made its forerunner great. The book is a study, sympathetic but relentless, of a soul which has indeed inherited a conflict of elements, but which by its greatness towers above the petty pawns of modern civic politics. These are narrowly pious, and their shallow prudery is but a foil to the humanism of Maironi. The religious mania, of which, we are told by an expert, he is the victim, is not without parallels; and we are not surprised to find the Piero who thrust his arm into the candle-flame in his younger days as an act of self-discipline, become, in the sequel, The Saint of Jenne. There is, in truth, in the second novel, clear enough evidence that another will carry the author's thought to its completion, and that the theme of this other will be religion. Long before, while discussing church reform with a distinguished French writer,

Maironi had remarked, "For that, we must have saints." And the last words of the book commenting on his disappearance, are pregnant with suggestion: "Whether the day will ever come in which the hidden life of the missing man will be revealed, and the mystery of his disappearance be solved, He alone knows who called him to do battle for His cause."

The attitude taken by a generation towards its master-spirits may well be a register of its own foibles rather than of their faults; certain it is, that persecutions directed against men have a habit of reacting upon those who began them. The bishop who degraded Wycliffe succeeded only in degrading himself; the church which cursed Tolstoi cursed only itself. There was a large place in the ancient dispensation for such maledictions; the founder of the Christian religion made it a religion of blessings.

The advisers of His Holiness the Pope, in their zeal to protect the flock from evil influences and to guard the precious dogmas of the church, have, in times past, placed on the Index the works of such arch-heretics as Voltaire and Renan; with equal, though more unfortunate, fidelity they have of late pilloried the writings of the most devoted and faithful of their own adherents. Such has been their treatment of the late George Tyrrel, and of the novelist we are concerned with, so recently gone from us; this is the fate which overtook "Il Santo." That there are reasons for such action, no one will deny, but its pure futility is apparent to all.

On the establishment of political liberty in Italy, the Vatican issued an injunction to all true believers to abstain from the exercise of the franchise and the other prerogatives of citizenship. His temporal power being gone, the Pope himself a prisoner in his palace and a ward of the state, it was felt that for Catholics to elect, or be elected as, deputies would be to recognize the royal power which had overthrown him. Such recognition would stultify the claim of the Vatican to sympathy, a claim which was urged the world over with a steady persistence. This fiction was shared

neither by the Popes themselves, nor by some portion of their best people, notably the Christian democrats (a body of younger churchmen who are making practical social service their test of a man's religion), who saw that the fields were becoming waste because there was no one to till them, and, worse still, that an enemy, in the form of militant Socialism, was sowing tares. In 1905, after the "*coup d'état*" in France, tacit permission was given to the faithful to exercise the franchise, one of the things the Christian democrats had been agitating for. Advancing now with courage along the whole line, they accepted Fogazzaro's book as the clearest expression of their gospel of aggressive service and evangelism. This acceptance was probably the immediate cause of its condemnation by the Jesuits.

The action of "*Il Santo*" opens some three years after the disappearance of Maironi, during which time, under the name Benedetto, he has been a servant in the Benedictine monastery at Subiaco, in the south. Through the sister of a friend, Jeanne hears what she takes to be news of him, and at her arrival at the sister's home she finds that her surmise is both true and false. Benedetto at once withdraws from the monastery, and though they meet face to face in the church of the Sacro Speco, he gets safely away; first in the valley of Jenne, and afterwards among the "submerged tenth" in Rome, he leads the life of St. Francis over again. He is pursued by the very finesse of persecution, but neither prelate nor police dare to lay hands on him for fear of the people. Absolutely forgetful of his own needs, he soon becomes the object of keenest apprehension on the part of Jeanne and her friends, the Selvas, who are watching over him. Finally, driven from one shelter to another, he is carried in a fever to the little garden house of Professor Mayda, where he had been a day labourer, and here, surrounded by a throng of those poor whose lives he has made so much brighter, as well as by his own friends, he passes into the unseen.

Thanks to friends among the Benedictines, Benedetto had been able to obtain one of the cherished desires of his life, an audience with the Pope, in which he was drawn to speak freely of his own convictions in regard to his church. As the monk is probably voicing the sentiments of Fogazzaro himself in this address, we ought to mention the four evil spirits which have, in his opinion, entered into the church; the spirit of falsehood, the spirit of clerical domination, the spirit of avarice, and the spirit of immobility. The heart-rending thing to Benedetto, and indeed to the reader also, is the conviction growing in his soul of the utter helplessness of the Pope. This vicar of Christ upon earth is as much a cog in the machine as the humblest member of the hierarchy.

The circle of no life-story is complete without its arc of love, and the intuitive skill displayed by Fogazzaro in this portion of his work is perhaps the greatest triumph of the whole. Keen enough to discern that in the "Sturm and Drang" of life, love's current is furtive, deep, and undemonstrative, he has given us little of its play upon the surface, but he has fed the undertow with a passion akin to fury. Not what is said or transpires but what is felt and implied stimulates the reader's interest and imagination.

So related are these two natures, that a mental telepathy is constantly playing between them: the presence of Jeanne the agnostic, whose spell Benedetto has fled in order not to compromise his soul, is never wholly absent from him. So well-disciplined, however, has he become, that when they meet suddenly face to face at the Sacred Cavern, his detachment overcomes her eagerness. Not a word is she suffered to speak; following his lead to the upper church together they kneel on opposite sides of the "*prie-dieu*," before the Mater Dolorosa.

"Will you promise to live for the poor and the afflicted as if each one of them were a part of the soul you love?" Jeanne did not answer.

"Will you promise this, if I promise to call you to me at a certain hour in the future?" She did not know of what

solemn and not-far-distant hour he was thinking, as he spoke thus. She answered quivering,—“Yes, yes.”

Tragedy has been defined as a set of irreconcilable circumstances; the antithesis has taken different forms, for example, divine law versus frailty, or human decree versus the individual conscience. The tragedy of Greece began in the main with the former, representing the struggle between Nemesis and that human instinct after Freedom which strove to rise above it. But ancient tragedy knew both the terrible, unwitting, yet fore-ordained sin of Œdipus, and the tender devotion of Antigone, which brooked a tyrant's wrath and disobeyed his law, to perform the rites due to the body of her slain brother. This war between conscience and convention, between principle and precept, and, with it, the clash of man's indomitable resolution and woman's unquenchable devotion, constitute the tragedy of this book.

But in a large way its very name is the writer's challenge to those in his church who were aiming at the shadow rather than the substance. He himself called it a “libro di battaglia”; and, as one muses, the thought turns to those novels of our own tongue, “The Cloister on the Hearth” and “Robert Elsmere,” which are in their own way of a piece with “Il Santo.” Whether such a man as the Saint would receive at the hands of the church, a saint's honours, is a problem which can only excite curiosity and difference; at the least he combined in his soul the mediæval and the modern, the way of renunciation and the way of ministration.

Antonio Fogazzaro has been taken suddenly, before the completion of his three-score years and ten; but he has left behind him a *monumentum aere perennius*. The life and literature of Italy have been purified by his presence, and seekers after truth have everywhere been strengthened by his example.

WILLIAM J. ROSE

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MR. WELLS

PHILOSOPHY, which begins in wonder at the world, not infrequently ends in wonder at the philosophers. Philosophers are too often men without imagination enough to be historians, just as historians are too often men without imagination enough to be dramatists or novelists. So long as man asks himself the three eternal questions of whence? why? whither? so long will there be philosophy; but as we grow older we tend to look for profitable discussion of them, not so much in the works of the philosophers, whose abstractions, however well fitted to be a good mental gymnastic for the young, seem chill and arid to the mature, but in the great historians and poets, in Gibbon and Goethe and the Book of Job. But wonderful and eternal as are these, we sometimes pine to have the ancient problems presented to us in modern guise, and in no living writer are the varied elements of modern life more fully synthesized than in Mr. H. G. Wells.

Mr. Wells was born in 1866, the son of a professional cricketer, and of a housekeeper in one of the large English country houses. After a certain amount of education in a very bad private school, of which numerous recollections tinge his novels, he went to the Royal College of Science in London, where he took First Class Honours in Zoology and the degree of B. Sc. Previous to this he had been an assistant in a druggist's and in a big drapery store, and had disliked both experiences, especially the latter, which in "Kipps," he describes as "crawling up a drain-pipe till you die." After graduation, he was for some time a teacher in various institutions, till increasing literary success allowed him to devote himself to literary work. So varied an experience, acting on a man whose eye, like that of Dickens, seems to be covered with collodion film, so quickly does

it seize and so truthfully retain every impression, has been invaluable to his later career.

In 1894-5 he first came before the British public as a writer of short stories and novels, for the most part pseudo-scientific, and revealing a mind prying, imaginative, vivid. Some of these early stories are, of course, mere fantasies, written in pure whimsy. There is little philosophy in his delightful tale of the anarchist who steals from a bacteriological chemist the germ of cholera, in order to flood with it the water supply of London, but being discovered and hard chased, in noble despair drinks the little flask of the solution, that in death he may achieve his desire. Going back from his chase to his laboratory, the chemist finds that the man has taken not the cholera solution, but the neighbouring test-tube, containing the germ which brings out large, blue spots upon monkeys. Others had more than a touch of the horrible and cruel; or sought to peer over into that other world beyond the border, where madness lies, the world of strange, impalpable imaginings, of the nameless, shameless fear with which it is not well even for the novelist to play.

But he was never merely fantastic; from the first his most apocalyptic visions were based on an attempt to trace certain tendencies of the present day; from the first he had the desire of the scientist to reason only from ascertained facts; grant him his assumptions and his conclusions are not fantastic, but inevitable. A good example of this early work is "The Time-Machine," in which a professor invents a machine which is able to travel through time; after some thoughts of going back to the execution of Charles I, he determines to behold the future, and careers onward at an ever-increasing rate till at last the seasons rush past him in alternate bands of white and green; at various points he stops, to give to us on his return a series of gruesome pictures of future epochs. At one stage, with the development of mining, the world has split into a feeble but beautiful and æsthetic race on upper earth, and a cannibal brood of

dwellers underground, their uneasy and untamed slaves. The book ends with the decay of the human race, the resumption of the world by the animal and vegetable forces of nature, the recrudescence of monstrous forms like the dinosaurs of old, and the devouring of the last feeble relic of the human race by a gigantic stag-beetle.

It was from the first evident that Mr. Wells was a man of scientific knowledge and training, eagerly and even feverishly, with a touch of bitter discontent and revolt, questioning the world about him, thinking, and thinking with vivacity and originality, over the world-old problem of the chief end of man, and of man's relation to the world, so stupendously enlarged and defined by modern science; a man too who had the courage of his convictions, and who was willing to face even that most terrible deduction from the evolutionary theory, that man may be merely a step in the upward process.

In 1899 "Tales of Space and Time" and "When the Sleeper Wakes" struck a new note. In them he is more scientific, but less occupied with science, writing not about bacteriologists, and giant orchids, and haploteuthis ferox, but about ordinary men and women, yet using more resolutely the scientific method of reasoning from proved facts, of pushing to their logical conclusion in the future the results of his knowledge of the present.

"When the Sleeper Wakes" describes with much vividness of touch, and with a very convincing wealth of little human detail, how a wealthy and intelligent man, waking from a sleep of rather more than two hundred years, finds that by the intelligent action of his trustees, and by the working of these economic forces which even in the nineteenth century were bringing about vast concentrations of capital, he has become the owner of the world. The gradual spread of the internationalizing forces of science and of commerce has made all the world practically one great state, controlled by his trustees, a self-perpetuating body, with the directors of the great trusts as their lieutenants. The vast mass

of the people are really their serfs, adequately fed and clothed, not in actual misery or discomfort, but with all true manhood crushed out of them in the grip of this vast corporation. More than a third of the people are controlled by the labour department, in which, as it is described to the awakened sleeper, "at any hour of the day or night there is food, shelter, and a blue uniform for all comers—that is the first condition of the department's incorporation—and in return for a day's shelter the department exacts a day's work, and then returns the visitor's proper clothing and sends him or her out again. . . . in your time men starved in your streets. That was bad. But they died men. These people in blue, the proverb runs, 'blue canvas once and forever.'" At the other extreme, a large class of idle rich has been developed, who usually, as they feel the end drawing nigh, go off for a year or so of enjoyment to a pleasure city, an organized and state-regulated Capri, after which there is for them the euthanasia, a painless and indeed pleasant death.

Just as the sleeper wakes, a revolt is being organized against all this by the people, under the leadership of Ostrog, greatest of all the bosses, made so by the refusal of a position in early life. They are revolting in the name of the sleeper, to whose awaking the oppressed people have looked for many years for the redressing of wrong, much as in the riot and wrong of the Middle Ages men looked for the awaking of Frederick the Redbeard, sleeping in his enchanted cave with his knights around him. The revolt is successful, but Ostrog rules merely for selfish ends, and his little finger proves thicker than the loins of the trustees. The people, having made one revolution, plan a second. In Paris, Ostrog crushes their revolt with black police from Africa; in London, now inhabited by 33,000,000 people, the sleeper, unexpectedly vigorous, refusing to be put off with pleasure cities, dancing girls, and the other snares with which his feet are beset, heads the revolt, drives off Ostrog and his police, but dies in the fight. Here the book ends. In the

revised edition, Mr. Wells says: "I have with a few strokes of the pen, eliminated certain dishonest and regrettable suggestions that the people beat Ostrog. My Graham dies, as all his kind must die, with no certainty of either victory or defeat. Who will win—Ostrog or the People? A thousand years hence that will still be just the open question we leave to-day."

"Tales of Space and Time" is chiefly taken up with two stories, one of the stone age, one of the future. The story of the future is on the same lines as "When the Sleeper Wakes," telling how a young couple of the upper class gradually fall, through no fault of their own, into the clutches of the labour bureau, from the hopelessness of which the death of an old lover, who leaves his fortune to the heroine, restores them to wealth and prosperity. Its main interest, from the point of view of Mr. Wells's development, is that it is preceded by a story of the stone age. Ughlomi, the exile from his tribe, makes the first stone-headed ax the world has seen, and with its aid comes back to achieve supremacy over the tribe, and even over the animals. After ruling for some years, he is in his turn killed by another inventor.

The scene of both stories is laid in the outskirts of what is now London. Where Ughlomi fought with the bear, there to-day the suffragette brawls with the policeman, and there in the twenty-second century the lovers work in the treadmill of the labour department. Before Ughlomi there were countless generations, and after the lovers countless generations shall come. Each passes and is forgotten, yet each, with all its pain and sorrow and futility, its love, its hatred, and its tears sees us one step further on the onward march. As the lovers sit together, they look out over the valley, and try to cast their thoughts back to the age of stone: "Even then—so recent had it all been when one judged it by the standards of geological time—this valley had been here; and those hills yonder, higher perhaps and snow-tipped, had still been yonder hills, and the Thames

had flowed down from the Cotswolds to the sea. But the men had been but the shapes of men, creatures of darkness and ignorance, victims of beasts and floods, storms and pestilence, and incessant hunger. They had held a precarious foothold amidst bears and lions and all the monstrous violence of the past. Already some at least of these enemies were overcome. . . .”

For a time Denton pursued the thoughts of this spacious vision, trying in obedience to his instinct to find his place and proportion in the scheme. “It has been chance,” he said, “it has been luck. We have come through. It happens we have come. Not by any strength of our own. . . And yet. . . No. I don’t know.” He was silent for a long time before he spoke again:

“After all—there is a long time yet. There have scarcely been men for twenty thousand years—and there has been life for twenty millions. And what are generations? It is enormous, and we are so little. Yet we know—we feel. We are not dumb atoms, we are part of it—part of it—to the limits of our strength and will. Even to die is part of it. Whether we die or live, we are in the making.”

In 1901 Mr. Wells began to hunt more systematically for a solution, and published “Anticipations,” the first of a series of essays, and of more or less connected sociological treatises. In this first attempt there is more than a touch of bitterness, of revolt against the present, the natural accompaniment of the thought of the clever young man who is making his way in the world, and finds against him not merely the intellectual intolerance of the British middle classes, but also all the organized inertia of social and economic conservatism, whether represented by the knee-breeches of the footman or of the bishop. In 1903 came “Mankind in the Making,” in every way calmer, and especially in a literary sense marking a great advance. “A Modern Utopia” and “New Worlds for Old” discuss similar sociological matters; as do two novels, “The Food of the Gods” and “In the Days of the Comet.” Finally, in 1908 came

"First and Last Things, a Confession of Faith and Rule of Life," a suggestive but rather unsatisfactory treatise on religion, metaphysics, logic, ethics, socialism, and what not.

Mr. Wells's general solution of the difficulties of the present lies in socialism, though by that word he frankly admits meaning very different things at different times, and at no time anything very simple. From the first he is struck at once by the enormous and growing complexity of modern life, by its terrible disorganization and apparent futility, and by the willingness of the average man to accept the *status quo*. Society is like a plant, with a vast interwoven mass of tangled roots, of which some quiver with life but many are dead. In the past hundred years the economic revolution has brought about an unprecedented increase in rapidity and cheapness of communication; industrial production on a big scale, and the consequent supersession of work done at home by the big factory; an enormous consequent increase of wealth and of vast clotted urban populations; a consequent growth of vast, world-embracing trusts and corporations; with all of which goes comparative acquiescence of the state in these altered conditions, and a willingness to go on, not so much with the old laws as with the old habits of thought and action, the old social and moral codes, which were enough in the simple rural age of the eighteenth century. Of this, "Tono-Bungay," published in 1909, is full. "I had always had a sort of implicit belief that in our England there were, somewhere, people who understood what we were all as a nation about;" a belief of which the utter confusion of London soon disabuses him.

But it is not so much the confusion which impresses him as the resultant effect on the human millions, so multitudinous, complex, and futile. "London," I began. "It's so enormous!" "Isn't it! And it's all up to nothing. You find chaps keeping grocers' shops—why the devil, Ponderevo, do they keep grocers' shops?—They all do it very carefully, very steadily, very meanly. You find people running about and doing the most remarkable things—

being policeman, for example, and burglars. They go about these businesses quite gravely and earnestly."

With this complexity and confusion and ineptitude strong in his mind, with the thought of all the countless narrowing influences thrown round the minds and even bodies of us all, Mr. Wells was at first a militant socialist. The unorganized must be organized. Petty little county-council governments, with their old-maidenly regard for vested interests, must be swept away. The crooked must be made straight, the rough places plain. If, in the process, a few poor human worms are displaced, a certain amount of discomfort caused to the king, and the House of Lords, and the church, and the legal profession, and a few other such small, curious, temporary manifestations of the imperfection of the established order, what is all that to a man who realizes that we have thirty million years at least in which to build the City of Mankind, and that it matters little if in digging the foundations a large amount of unmeaning, or even of well-meaning, dirt has to be flung on one side? This thing has got to be put right. In most cases man will, in the long run, like being organized. If he does not like it, so much the worse for him. The car of humanity will roll over him and pass on its way. Thus, in "A Modern Utopia" the world is run on splendidly scientific lines by an upper class of Samurai, who devote themselves to a rule of great austerity, to training their brains and wills, and to keeping under their bodies, while beneath their enlightened sway, a sway based really on a perception of their superior fitness, the rest of the world lives in organized peace, and freedom, and content. Everything is ordered by the state, and so well organized that it irks no one. The Samurai serve through love, and all others accept their rule in recognition of its superiority.

But it is the characteristic of Mr. Wells to be inconsistent; it is his supreme merit that he sees the world so vividly, and from so many different angles, that he is always coming on something new and wonderful. Consistency is the mark

of either God or beast, and it is as old as Aristotle that we are neither. The Almighty, seeing the light and shadow for the same, has a consistent synthesis; so, too, the animal has an egocentric synthesis; but we, who are at once part of the process and conscious of it, can have neither. When I was a boy I used to watch the game through a knot-hole, and so attained to a consistent and unvarying standpoint; later on I was, on occasion, privileged to run up and down the touch line, losing thereby my consistent standpoint, but seeing more of the game. I doubt if we can do more than that with the game of life;—try to see as much of it as possible, even at the cost of our consistency.

Mr. Wells's inconsistency comes from his recognition, just as he gets things organized, of the supreme value of the individual, of the supreme loveliness of the poor futile creature whom he has been clearing out of the way. In the same year that he wrote "When the Sleeper Wakes," he also wrote "Love and Mr. Lewisham," the story of a pupil teacher full of ideals and reforming impulses, who soon marries a nice, kissable, pink and white little girl, and has some very human joys and sorrows, and finally gives up all his ideals of changing the world and its ways to live contented in his narrow round in a little corner of London. Nor can one read that story without feeling that it was worth while to abandon the ideals for the kisses, and that Mr. Lewisham and his Ethel are nice, lovable, human people, not to be swept aside by any organizing agency on any pretence whatever. Similarly, between "Anticipations" and "Mankind in the Making," appeared "The Sea Lady," a splendid fantasy of the love of a rising young politician for a mermaid, and of how at last she dragged him down with her to her secret caves, glad and dead, with her kisses on his lips. In the same year as "A Modern Utopia," appeared "Kipps," a story of the life of a poor little assistant in a drapery store, who is left some money, and spends it foolishly, and marries a servant-girl, whom he has loved from boyhood; they have their little joys and sorrows, poor

futile things, and it all comes right in the end. I do not envy the man who can read "Kipps" and not feel that Kipps and his Ann matter, matter infinitely, that the very hairs of their heads are all numbered.

The plots of "Love and Mr. Lewisham" and of "The Sea Lady" show that the hardest blow at Mr. Wells's theory of organization was struck by his fierce realization of the passion of love. This comes out still more strongly in two of his later novels, "Ann Veronica" and "The New Machiavelli," which discuss with great frankness and beauty the theme of "all for love and the world well lost." As a result he is in imminent danger of being put on the index expurgatorius by Mudies and the *Times* and other well-regulated circulating libraries. I confess to finding them delightful; I have nothing but joy in the irony of it, that just when the little cockney has built up and fenced in his suburban elysium, suddenly he hears the pipes of Pan shrill, loud and clear, and is driven to tear down the walls for the entrance of the goat-foot God. They are immoral in the same sense as is "Antony and Cleopatra." It would have been much better for Antony to have remained with Octavia, and to have written a nice, priggish letter to Cleopatra, regretting the past, and promising friendship and respect for the future. He might even have remained the friend of Octavian, become a Christian, and anticipated the work of Constantine. But it does not need a Shakespeare or a Wells to prove that that is not the way of this life.

When Mr. Wells goes on to theorize about this love, which has come to play so important a part in his scheme of things, he is a pure Platonist. "The true order of going," says Socrates in the Symposium, "or being led by another to the things of love, is to begin from the beauties of earth and mount upwards for the sake of that other beauty, using these as steps only, and from one going on to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair practices, and from fair practices to fair notions, until from fair notions

he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is." (Jowett's translation, II. p. 582.) Exactly the same thing is said at greater length by Mr. Wells in the last pages of "First and Last Things"; he adds only the thought that in the attainment of this universal love lies salvation; that love is the fulfilling of the law; he endeavours to unite the message of Plato with the message of the Apostle.

Sociologically Mr. Wells has come round from organization for its own sake to organization for the sake of the individual. So intensely does he feel the uniqueness of the individual that he comes sometimes to regard interference with him as impossible. From this it is but a step to look on the process as fated, as that in which we take part we know not why or how. This comes near to the view of Mr. Hardy in the "Dynasts," that we are woven by an impersonal will which takes no thought of us, but

"has woven with an absent heed
Since life first was:"

that

"Nothing appears of shape to indicate
That cognizance has marshalled things terrene."

But while Hardy is essentially the peasant, crushed and uncomplaining, Mr. Wells is of more aggressive stuff, and clings to the belief that though we are swirled along in the process, poor windlestraes in the roaring pool of time, we yet count, that even Kipps, and the millions of the rest of us, apparently so futile, count also. The conflict between his desire for organization, and his increasing perception that it must be a spiritual organization, based on love, comes out in what is my favourite of all his novels, "The Food of the Gods," published in 1904. This book has the very obvious, artistic defect of beginning as a fantasy and ending as an allegory, but both fantasy and allegory are so good of their kind that the artistic error is to me of no more importance than is that of Plato in discussing love and rhetoric in the

same dialogue. In this novel a scientist succeeds in segregating the principle of growth in the form of a powder, which if fed to children, animals, or plants, develops them to about six times their natural height, with limbs, appetites, and brains in proportion. The story begins in Mr. Wells's most fantastic yet most realistic vein, with the contrast between the smallness of the blear-eyed scientist, poking about in his laboratory, and the surpassing greatness of his work, a greatness in the consequences of which he is not at all interested. Then follows a picture of the fight between a band of men and a horde of giant rats, far transcending any picture of a tiger hunt. The glow and thrill of it, the heroism of the big engineer who goes down a gigantic rat-hole and, single-handed, kills the last of the horde, makes one feel what a fine, fearless thing is humanity at its best. Then the mood of the author darkens. The giants who grow from the food pass from a curiosity into a nuisance, and from a nuisance into a terrible danger. There is a great battle, in which humanity tries to extirpate them, but fails, and though the conflict is left unfinished the giants secure what is evidently ultimate triumph by firing great casks of the "Food of the Gods" itself among their besiegers. "It is not that we would oust the little people from the world," says the young giant on the last page of the book, "in order that we, who are no more than one step upward from their littleness, may hold their world for ever. It is the step we fight for, and not ourselves. . . . We are here, brothers, to what end? To serve the spirit and the purpose that has been breathed into our lives. We fight not for ourselves—for we are but the momentary Hands and Eyes of the Life of the World. . . . Through us and through the little folk, the Spirit looks and learns. From us by word and birth and act it must pass to still greater lives. . . . We fight not for ourselves but for growth—growth that goes on for ever. To-morrow, whether we live or die, growth will conquer through us. . . . To grow—and again, to grow. To grow at last into the fellowship and the understanding of God. Growing. . . . till the earth is no

more than a footstool. . . . till the spirit shall have driven fear into nothingness, and spread. . . . (he swung his arm heavenward) there."

The passage still has something of his old love of organization, something of that belief in strength which is, after all, only a belief in mechanism. But there is also a belief at once in the individual, and in the process of which he is a part, a religious element, which presages his later work.

Thus, Mr. Wells's socialism remains, not as a scheme but as a religion. The natural result of this was his break in 1908 with the Fabian Society. He still wants organization, but not the organization visioned by retired civil servants, such as Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, whom indeed, with very doubtful taste, he caricatures in "The New Macchiavelli." The synthesis must be based on a change in the heart of man, a change wrought by love, and not the iron organization which he had at first thought adequate. In "First and Last Things" he tells very frankly how embarrassed he was when some young people tried to live as the Samurai of his "Modern Utopia," and called on him to be their leader. "These attempts of a number of people of very miscellaneous origins and social traditions to come together and work like one machine made the essential wastefulness of any terrestrial realization of my Samurai very clear. . . . the Samurai are just one more picture of the Perfect Knight, an ideal of clean, resolute, and balanced living. They may be valuable as an ideal of attitude but not as an ideal of organization. They are never to be put, as people say, on a business footing, and made available as a refuge from the individual problem."

Social change there will be, the gradual submission of the individual will to the universal will of the universal state. In this process it may even be necessary to force the pace a little, to do some violence to vested interests, to deal faithfully with the ignorant and the selfish. But such organization is only secondary, only the necessary concomitant of the spiritual change, a change which, when it is perfect, will issue not in socialism but in anarchy, in that state of perfect free-

will which he describes in "In the Days of the Comet," when each does that which is perfect, and in so doing does that which is right in his own eyes.

The question then comes of the meaning of the unending process of life, the interminable flitting by of one generation after another? Is it of value only as leading to the World City of Mankind, or has it a value in itself? Just as Plato ends the "Republic" with the story of Er the son of Armenius, to tell us that if we wish an ultimate answer we shall find it not along the lines of reasoning but of religion, so Mr. Wells ends "Tono-Bungay" with a symbolism which is almost myth. The hero, a naval architect, who has invented a new destroyer, finds in its trial trip a symbol of the world. "Out to the open we go, to windy freedom and trackless ways. Light after light goes down. England and the Kingdom, Britain and the Empire, the old prides and the old devotions, glide abeam, astern, sink upon the horizon, pass—pass. The river passes, London passes, England passes. . . .

"This is the note I have tried to emphasize, the note that sounds clear in my mind when I think of anything beyond the purely personal aspects of my story.

"It is a note of crumbling and confusion, of change, and seemingly aimless swelling, of a bubbling up and medley of futile loves and sorrows. But through the confusion sounds another note. Through the confusion something drives, something that is at once human achievement and the most inhuman of all existing things. Something comes out of it. . . How can I express the values of a thing at once so essential and so immaterial? It is something which calls upon such men as I with an irresistible appeal.

"I have figured it in my last section by the symbol of my destroyer, stark and swift, irrelevant to most human interests. Sometimes I call this reality Science, sometimes I call it Truth. But it is something we draw by pain and effort out of the heart of life, that we disentangle and make clear. Other men serve it, I know, in art, in literature, in social invention, and see it in a hundred different figures, under a hundred

different names. I see it always as austerity, as beauty. This thing we make clear is the heart of life. It is the one enduring thing. Men and nations, epochs and civilizations pass, each making its contribution. I do not know what it is, this something, except that it is supreme. It is a something, a quality, an element, one may find now in colours, now in forms, now in sounds, now in thoughts. It emerges from life with each year one lives and feels, and generation by generation and age by age, but the how and why of it are all beyond the compass of my mind. . . .

“We are all things that make and pass, striving upon a hidden mission, out to the open sea.”

In “First and Last Things” he puts it even more plainly, that only to the eye of faith is there a real meaning in things. “I assert that I am important in a scheme, that we are all important in that scheme, that the wheel-smashed frog in the road and the fly drowning in the milk are important and correlated with me. What the scheme as a whole is I do not know; with my limited mind I cannot know. There I become a Mystic. I use the word scheme because it is the best word available, but I strain it in using it. I do not wish to imply a schemer, but only order and coördination as distinguished from haphazard. All this is important, all this is profoundly significant. I say it of the universe as a child might say it of a parchment agreement. I cannot read the universe, but I can believe that this is so. And this unfounded and arbitrary declaration of the ultimate rightness and significance of things I call the Act of Faith. It is my fundamental religious confession. It is a voluntary and deliberate determination to believe, a choice made.”

In thus endeavouring to extract from Mr. Wells the quintessence of his teaching, I have inadvertently become a philosopher, and so removed myself two degrees from reality. The remedy is to go back to Mr. Wells himself. Impossible though it be to appraise a contemporary, to me it often seems not extravagant to call him the Plato of the twentieth century. By incessant reading, by dint of feeling and real-

izing acutely, by the use of scientific terms which never become a jargon, he has risen to the command of a vigorous and abundant English almost as direct and clear as Plato's Attic; just as that great master of language and of the heart of man, in his resolve not to divorce thought from the common things of the ordinary day, fashioned the Dialogue, and would almost certainly to-day have attempted the novel, so Mr. Wells, in "The New Macchiavelli," is evidently groping after a new medium of expression; the novel is merged in the philosophic treatise, and two discrepant forms of art are joined in an inartistic unity. Both have the same spirit of ruthless criticism, and the same love for what they criticize; the same ability to soar, without losing sight of the earth beneath, and of the human myriads who crawl upon it; the same prying mind, too restless to fear inconsistency; the same untiring love of truth, leading them on to wider and ever wider syntheses.

W. L. GRANT

NOTES ON TRAVEL

WITH April, the uneasiness of spring comes to all things. In Canada, where the change of the seasons is so marked and nature crowds so much movement into a few weeks, the influence of springtime on man's humour is necessarily great. The return of the birds, the running of the sap, the passing of ice and snow, remind him that earth is preparing for summer's growth. He, too, must share in the general movement; he, too, must be doing. So it is that a bright spring day, with a clear sky overhead and good going underfoot, carries to most a mandate for motion; unless, unfortunately, work-a-day necessities stifle spring's command.

For most persons, the longing for travel is merely an itching soon passed. To those subject to its pangs, the *Wanderlust* is a consuming passion. To them, modern nomads, the command of spring is irresistible. They must move, they must go; whither they journey matters not, so long as the movement is forward and rapid. Consequently, spring sees an emergence of tramps from winter quarters, ready and willing for the long, dusty roads they follow during the summer; and, in the same way, with spring there is a resurrection of trunks and an ever-increasing number of passengers by railroad and steamer.

Like Kipling's mad world-circler, some of those who travel for the lust of movement are merely victims of an insanity desiring only motion. Others are driven by a longing and by a hope, perhaps only half-expressed even to themselves, that they may, somewhere, find complete contentment. These are unfortunate people for, in the end, most of those who run up and down the world to seek Nirvana, will finish like the Norseman: he "strong strove, far travelled, and, at the last, as he died, found peace." They are not an uncommon type; they belong to that class who become uneasy

unless their thoughts are totally occupied. That uneasiness is usually the expression of mental idleness. It can only exist because such individuals are unable, through deficient education, or are too effortless, to busy their minds with self-created problems. Boredom is the commonest symptom of this condition. Novel-reading is usually the first of the self-prescribed remedies. Reading soon palls, and alleviation from self-weariness is sought in a constant succession of new sights. The last treatment, like some drugs, at first does good, but soon the patient becomes a hopeless slave to his remedy and a travel-fiend has been created.

It is a curious thing that the great travel stream of Canadians is always towards the Old World; and it is regrettable that so many, who are absolutely ignorant of the Canadian West, should be familiar with European countries when the purposes for which they cross the ocean might be fulfilled equally well by a journey through their own land.

Some few of those who cross the ocean each year are merely travel-fiends; most go for other reasons. A few go to buy clothes. Some go to complete their education by a view of the Old World. Probably the great majority, outside of those who travel on business, go to rest or merely to amuse themselves.

A travel-fiend will find fully as much incident and mental occupation in shooting the rapids of a northern river, or in making an overland journey on foot in winter or summer, as he will in tramping the London pavements or in motoring through the Riviera.

It may be true that the cut and substance of English tweeds are perfect and that the *chouette* articles from the Rue de la Paix are the daintiest imaginable; but it is not difficult to send such things to their wearers.

How exactly does a journey to the Old Country educate? First of all, a sight of the mistakes of the Old World acts as a horrid example; it forms a fine resolve in the unaccustomed beholder that never will his country, or he, commit, at least, these faults. Then the sight of the good things of the Old

World fixes an appreciation of their merit in the mind far more firmly and more rapidly than can be done by reading. Thirdly, both good and bad are new things to the traveller, and by their newness they are of advantage to him, because the viewing of new things and the contact with fresh manners and customs of living, in themselves, do much to stimulate and to broaden the understanding. But the greatest educational influence of a journey to the Old Country on one born and brought up in Canada is none of these things. It is a fourth factor which often remains unappreciated; it is the strengthening of the faculty of realizing things described in written or spoken language. Too often our knowledge of what has been read remains merely a memory of ideas, perhaps only of words, written in a book; the facts, the actualities, which these words were meant to convey have not been appreciated. Much of the education, in and out of school, of English-speaking people is inevitably connected with England. Consequently we have all more or less knowledge of nursery tales, of Dickens, and of English history. Though we remember something of these, they rarely seem as real to us as do things seen, handled, and known intimately in childhood. It is only by seeing the London of Lord Mayors, Cats and Curiosity shops, of Zoological Gardens and Houses of Parliament, of Trafalgar Square and Buckingham Palace, that these things become definitely conceived as actually existing. Previously they were vaguely unreal; afterwards they become definitely realized and the mind has received invaluable instruction in the faculty of forming complete concepts from language. A journey in Canada can equally well supply instruction in each of these ways. It is not difficult to find in Canada horrid examples, repugnant things, to deter from evil doing; good things and opportunities of doing good present themselves everywhere to stimulate to good works; Canada is a huge country and a life-time could be spent in roaming her territory without exhausting its novelty; the realization, by travel, of some of the school-taught facts of Canadian history and geography might be

just as valuable a mental training as the fixing of the concept of the British Isles.

But travel through Canada gives to a Canadian, in addition, things that a journey in a crowded European country can never afford. In seeing her, even the dullest intelligence must appreciate something of her sleeping power; the slowest imagination must perceive something of the development she will undergo; and the most thoughtless must recognize something of the responsibility lying on those now living, to make certain that her development shall be wisely directed. A wider knowledge of Canada's present cannot fail to arouse a splendid enthusiasm in one seeing his country for the first time; the thought of what a wisely-guided future may hold for Canadians must inspire a determination to secure those benefits to his people. Travel in foreign lands can never so thoroughly teach a young Canadian the advantage of rectitude and constant effort as will a journey through his own West; for nowhere else can the results of right-living be seen so well. No foreign country can force an impulse to action as can Canada; for no other country has such scope, none other can offer opportunities like hers for doing great things.

Probably the vast majority of those who commence their travels in the spring journey for pleasure, for recreation, and for change of scene. Canada's woods and streams, mountains and prairies, can furnish none of the elaborate pleasures of a summer at Ostend, nor of a spring at Monaco; but they will give to every one who loves them long days of pure delight in the clear freshness of unaltered nature. Beautiful England, ordered France or Germany, and the much advertised Alps, abound in pretty corners—all of them vaguely familiar from views published in magazines. Can these small, man-laboured scenes compare with the rugged hugeness and the primitive loneliness of the Canadian Rockies? The pert prettiness of European views may please, and, although they are much alike, they sometimes may be novel; but in their power to interest or to inspire they can never

compare with the natural beauty and the myriad variations of Canadian landscape.

In its instruction, in the pleasure it will give, and in its inspiration, a journey through his own country cannot fail to be of greater value to a Canadian than a trip to the Old World. The past belongs to the old nations; the future is Canada's; that he may wisely aid in winning that future, every Canadian should know his country, its power and its beauties, from Halifax to Victoria. Then, and only then, is he prepared to visit the elder peoples that he may learn from their mistakes and profit by their wisdom.

THOMAS L. JARROTT

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE SCHOOL- MASTER

DISSATISFACTION with the finished product of our secondary schools appears to be general among those members of the faculty of the University of Toronto who interest themselves in mere first year students. One complains that matriculants cannot spell, another that they cannot compose English sentences, another that their memories are broken pitchers, another that they cannot think historically, or in any way consecutively. Things are not as they were, it is protested. This grumbling may mean little. It may simply indicate that common attitude of presbyopic senility which paints glories in the past because it can no longer see the present. Men will be turning their backs on the base degrees by which they did ascend, forgetting their own toilsome progress from crude beginnings. And intellectuals overlook the fact that all students are not of professorial stuff.

Furthermore, the skeleton in our own house at times rattles his joints audibly, while the public points the finger of scorn. An honour graduate of an arts course has been known to describe a riot in Montreal in words which sounded thus, "The millita had to be called out and the police used their blood-guns." And year after year graduates of one of our courses are said to compare less than favourably with mere faculty entrance students at our faculty of education. Still, we may be pardoned if, even while we harbour the skeleton within, we look to the props of our house.

In the past we have lightened the burden and in some measure solved our difficulties by weeding out undesirables in the first and second years. The number of students in arts in the fourth year is approximately half of the number in the first year. Realizing this, we have sought of late to raise the standard by raising the percentage. But published figures

show that this method has not had the desired results. One is reminded of a certain public-school inspector who insisted on marking the grammar and arithmetic entrance papers in one of the Ontario towns. He retained these papers because arithmetic and grammar were regarded in those days as the "plucking subjects." Whenever he found a candidate in arithmetic who had all the answers wrong he was not discouraged. He looked through the paper to discover if any of the reasoning was sound, and if he found the reasoning sound at any point he gave the candidate liberal marks. If he failed to find correct reasoning, being a patient man and jealous of the good name of his inspectorate, he would look through the figures, and if he found that the candidate added 7 and 9 and obtained 16 he counted this for virtue and gave a mark. By such means the required percentage was secured. Percentage is really a very fluctuating standard. Three "howlers" in Latin prose will "plough" a prospective undergraduate in one university; more than thirty are insufficient to "pluck" him in another. The examiner is the measure of 'all things. Percentage is altogether relative.

The latest proposal is to hand over much of the work of the first year to the high schools. This proposal comes from so high a source that it cannot be criticized lightly. But it is surely in order to raise the question as to the capacity of the schools for this work; and this question should be considered with the axiom constantly in mind that education is primarily not for the convenience of the educator but for the career of the educated.

With what success are the schools of the province, as at present equipped, facing the work which corresponds with first year university work? An examination of the records of the faculty entrance examination is interesting.

	Candidates	Passed	Percentage Passed		Candidates	Passed	Percentage Passed
1908 Part I	689	279	40·5	1910 Part I	599	302	50·4
Part II	465	137	29·2	Part II	375	158	42·1
1909 Part I	742	186	25·0	1911 Part I	547	296	54·1
Part II	487	149	30·5	Part II	505	265	52·2

The results point to conditions in the secondary schools which should make the university pause before deciding to hand over to the schools work at present done in the first year at university. It is true that the proportion of those passing to those writing has increased during the past two years. This may indicate improved teaching in the upper school, or it may indicate that, on the one hand, doubtful candidates were discouraged from writing, and, on the other hand, that the insistent cry for greater leniency and more certificated teachers was heeded by the department. It must, of course, be remembered that the number of candidates does not at all represent the total number of students preparing for these examinations in any given year, but exact figures are not available. Again, it is so easy to yield to expediency and lower the standard. Some years ago the examiners on a modern language paper decided that a certain number of marks should be deducted for errors. After examining the papers it was discovered that the number of candidates failing was very large. Consequently those same examiners were constrained to increase the total number of marks to 200 and deduct according to the same scale. On this basis a satisfactory percentage of successful candidates was secured.

It must be borne in mind that the faculty entrance is a hard examination if both parts are taken in the same year; but when the parts are taken in successive years, it will be difficult to discover an excuse for so many failures, particularly difficult in view of the fact that some few of the schools, year after year, are facing this examination with moderate success. The uninterrupted failure of the majority of the schools is accepted with complacency because of ignorance of the facts resulting from the present practice of publishing the results by counties and not by schools—a state of ignorance which the local press fails to expel—and because of the fact that the task of securing strong teachers is coming to be regarded as hopeless.

The reason for this attitude of despair is apparent from an examination of the statistics of teachers in high schools and collegiate institutes of Ontario.

	Total	Men	Percentage	Graduates	Percentage	Specialists	Percentage
1901	573	474	82·7	445	77·6	439	76·6
1906	689	511	74·2	528	76·4	488	70·8
1911	853	537	62·9	615	72·0	516	60·4

Those who regard the University of Toronto as providing the best undergraduate training of any university in America—a truly American conception—may be interested to learn that the number of alumni of the provincial university teaching in the secondary schools, was 265 in January, 1906, and 240 in January, 1911. "Our noble statesmen, our soldiers true," may "come from Toronto" in due proportion, but for pedagogues, quite as necessary a product, we are looking more and more to the other universities and the other sex. Further, we are taking general-course graduates rather than specialists, and in a province swarming with bachelors of arts we now secure 28 per cent. of high school instructors from non-graduates.

Yet the university can do nothing without the school-master. Most of the problems which perplex the faculties of the university would solve themselves if only our schools were manned by teachers of insight and power, if only we could be assured that every matriculated student who comes to us had learned to think clearly and steadily, and to enjoy reading history, or poetry, or science. Can the university do anything to remedy these conditions? It would appear that if only we could determine the causes contributing to deter able men from entering the high schools, remedies might readily suggest themselves; and the causes are neither inscrutable nor irremediable.

The main factor in turning university graduates into other professions, according to the general opinion, is the comparative inadequacy of salary. Yet the salaries have quite kept pace with the increase in the actual cost of living. Within five years, the highest salary paid in the high schools has advanced from \$3,000 to \$3,500, the average salary paid principals from \$1,270 to \$1,582, and the average salary paid male assistants from \$1,023 to \$1,387. Last autumn, Strathroy,

one of the smaller collegiate institutes, which in 1905 paid none of its assistants more than \$1,050, advertised for a classical specialist for September, 1912, and offered \$1,500. This indicates to what lengths enterprising school boards are willing to go rather than allow their schools to become inefficient.

Of course the schoolmaster must be content even yet to receive a salary very much smaller than he might have earned in other professions. He must endure to see his less successful class-mate who decides to enter the medical or legal profession rushing by in his motor-car, while he himself paddles it stoutly in the mire. In our generation we may hardly expect to see the prevention of ills, physical and moral, rewarded as liberally as their cure. But there are a few men yet who do not covet their neighbour's motor-car; and the salary is adequate for the man who desires a modest and thoughtful and not uninfluential career.

It cannot be merely a matter of salary and commercial spirit; for in British Columbia, where the increase in land values to-day offers to the man of ability a readier wealth than did the sands of the Caribou in the fifties, the secondary schools do not lack male graduate teachers. In 1909 the percentage of male teachers in the secondary schools of British Columbia was 79.2 as compared with 67.5 in Ontario; while the percentage of graduates was 96.7 as compared with 74.9. Again, the total number of graduates in the elementary schools of British Columbia was, in the same year, 60 as compared with 86 in Ontario, although the school population in Ontario was eleven times as great, and British Columbia does not boast a university. Further, in 1909 in British Columbia the number of graduates receiving academic certificates was 46, 29 men and 17 women. No layman may know from the annual report the number of graduates who received their first certificates allowing them to teach in Ontario; but judging from the attendance at the faculties of education the number of men would be between 15 and 25, while the number of women would be between 40 and 50. Whatever advantage the West may have had five years ago in salary has been pretty well

lost. Ontario is now doing justice by its schoolmasters as compared with other provinces, if not as compared with other professions.

But another consideration which deters graduates is the less interesting associations of the profession. One must always be dealing with immature minds in the school-room; and outside the school trustees are too often ambitious nonentities who regard a sacred trust as the first round of the ladder of municipal preferment. Still, youthful minds are really not less interesting than adult minds. And in towns and smaller cities, at least, pride in a good secondary school will generally secure a sufficient number of worthy aspirants for positions on the trustee board. No good teacher has ever failed to reap in the success of his students an abundant recompense for these inconveniences. And recent tributes, such as those to Principal McBride of Port Perry and Principal Strang of Goderich, as the close of a career approaches must bring a gratification seldom realized by successful public servants in other spheres. Neither the youthful fancies of students nor the petty ideals of paymasters should be sufficient to scare even our most brilliant graduate from the schools. In the conditions not inherent in the profession or in democracy an explanation must be found for the present situation in Ontario.

In the first place, it has not been demonstrated that a year of professional training at the outset is indispensable, or indeed desirable, for a graduate of parts. For some reason our men shy at this year, and even under the improved instruction now given in the faculties of education, few of those who do submit to it are brought to realize the wisdom of the rule which makes it compulsory. Only some eighteen names of men appear in the list of those receiving interim high-school specialist certificates in June, 1911, and several of those so elaborately certificated were men who had been teaching as graduates for years in the province. Interesting revelations are in store for one who will inquire into the number and academic standing of the men who each year are in attendance at these training schools which have now become integral parts

of the two great universities. The stronger men seem to feel that the course is hardly necessary; and naturally so when they reflect that the efficient principal of the university schools is himself a man who started teaching at the age of sixteen, and learned to do by doing, and that such an enterprising department as that of history in the provincial university attained its present teaching proficiency without any submission to formal instruction in methods and psychology on the part of its professors and lecturers. Further, they may know that the Pacific province, which each year carries off the highest honours at McGill matriculation, and which no one familiar with the facts will accuse of having high schools inferior in efficiency to those of Ontario, demands as qualification for high-school teaching only a degree in arts from a reputable university, and a good moral record, together with common sense and a knowledge of the School Law as tested by one examination paper. Of course much of the success of the high schools of British Columbia is due to the fact that the uniform standard demanded of entrants is from one to two years in advance of that demanded by our local boards of examiners.

It is realized that some regulation of the supply of teachers and some plan of selection is necessary. It is also recognized that a certain preliminary training in methods similar to that prevailing twenty years ago is advisable, especially in the case of young and inexperienced graduates. But another and wiser solution of the problem of securing good men for secondary schools may be found if the university will unite with the department of education in the search for it.

And this regulation as to professional training is of a piece with the general fixity and misdirected rigour of our system. For example, some years ago a first-class honour graduate in classics found himself teaching senior English in one of the collegiate institutes. Although his work was successful and satisfactory, an inspector insisted on his giving over the work of the fourth form to a specialist in English. He might retain without offense the work of the third form; but the departmental regulation demanded that the senior work should be

handed over to a man who bore the official stamp of specialist in English. This classical specialist resigned and sought other fields. On the same basis Professor Alexander would be barred from teaching upper-school English. For, to say nothing of the fact that he never passed a training-school examination, he graduated in classics and actually wrote his doctor's thesis on a Greek subject.

This regulation as to specialists is not more galling to a man whose ability to teach should be evidenced by successful teaching, not by paper certificates, than the numerous rules governing time-table and curriculum. A man of individuality naturally shuns a system where the number of hours to be spent on each subject is fixed, where the art work and science notebook must be dated and kept on scheduled time if the inspector is to be satisfied, and where conformity to regulations fills so large a part of the teacher's life and an even larger part of the inspector's interest.

This is essentially a problem for the university. Greater than the system, which should direct and not cramp and shackle, is the school-master. It is he who makes the university possible, and it is surely the right of the university to interest itself in seeing that the profession is rendered attractive to its ablest graduates.

B. C. Sissons

THE FORTUNES OF LA TOUR

AMONG the pioneers of New France were Claude Turgis de St. Etienne, sieur de la Tour, and his son Charles Amador de St. Etienne. The memory of the son is well enshrined in Acadie as the La Tour of its early and romantic history. For more than half a century Charles La Tour was connected with New France, mainly in the coasts of Acadie, though he spent four years at Quebec and voyaged elsewhere. He was an extraordinary character. He received patents, grants, and commissions of various descriptions from French, Scotch, and English. He was a lieutenant-general for the king of France, a representative of the Company of New France, a baronet and grantee of New Scotland, governor of all Acadie under Louis XIV, and grantee under Cromwell; not to speak of his alliances with the New-England Puritans. In religion he was Catholic, Protestant, or Pagan as the occasion required. The following pages are devoted to an account of his remarkable career.

The family belonged, says Parkman, to the neighbourhood of Evreux, Normandy. There may have been a connexion with the ancient French family of La Tour d'Auvergne, which included the Duke of Bouillon, the Huguenot leader, whose ducal predecessors were governors of Normandy. It does not seem probable, however, that the immediate family of the Acadian La Tours was of distinguished order. The common tradition is that Claude La Tour, who was a Huguenot, became reduced in circumstances, and sought a change of fortune in the New World. He sailed from Dieppe, in Poutrincourt's party, February 26th, 1610, and was accompanied by his son Charles, fourteen years of age, born about 1595. Poutrincourt's son Charles (Biencourt) was of the company. To him De Monts had transferred the seigniory of Port Royal in 1607, when he was barely

sixteen years of age. The vessel bearing this party, after a voyage of three full months, arrived, about the first of June, at Port Royal, called by Lescarbot "the most beautiful earthly habitation that God has ever made." They set about the reestablishment of the settlement, which had been virtually abandoned for almost three years by Europeans, but was guarded faithfully by the Indians. They repaired the rude houses, put seed in the ground, and baptized the Indians. This was the introduction of Claude La Tour and his young son Charles to New France. For the next thirty-three years,—about paralleling the reign of Louis XIII—Charles La Tour lived in Acadie, with the exception of one short visit to France in 1632.

After three years of pioneer work disaster came. On November 1st, 1613, the English expedition under Samuel Argall destroyed Port Royal and dispersed the French colony. Poutrincourt arrived opportunely from France, in the spring of 1614, with succour for the few remaining settlers, but returned the same year and saw no more of Acadie. His son, Biencourt, remained in charge of the ruins of the colony, and among those who remained with him was young Charles La Tour. Although the English had destroyed the French settlements in Acadie they made no attempt at colonization themselves. For some time Acadie was a wild no-man's-land. The manor-house at Port Royal became a shifting camp in the forests. La Tour, as he tells us, with a few companions, roamed the woods with the Indians, clothed and living like them, speaking their language, and supporting themselves by hunting and fishing. Communication with France was maintained by fishing and trading vessels, which took their peltries. The first French settlement of Acadie was undertaken under Henry IV, the Huguenot Henry of Navarre, who was assassinated May 14th, 1610, in that age of assassinations and poisonings. The Queen Regent, Marie de Médicis, took no interest in a country which had expelled her beloved Jesuits, and the influence from Quebec was also directed against Acadie. Thus the land was neglected by

all. In 1617 the power of the Queen Regent was broken and Louis XIII became king. Biencourt, hoping for better things under a new régime, endeavoured to establish settled relations with France. From Port Royal, which he had doubtless partially rebuilt, on September 1st, 1618, he addressed an interesting letter to the authorities of the city of Paris, asking support and facilities for trade. The letter served its purpose, as, in 1619, two companies were formed at Bordeaux for Acadian trade, one for fisheries and the other for fur trade, with the principal posts at Miscou and the St. John River. Probably this marked the first establishment of a permanent trading-post at the St. John River, though parties of French fur traders had been in the habit of wintering there from very early times.

Far away from Port Royal, at the southern point of the Nova Scotian peninsula, near Cape Sable, a palisaded fort, named Fort St. Louis, was built at a place known as Port Lomeron (afterwards Port La Tour). This appears to have been the principal post. There were a few other small trading-posts, but for fifteen years after Argall's attack there was little or no attempt at colonization or cultivation. The country was exploited by the fur traders and fishermen. Frenchmen formed alliances with the Indian women. La Tour had an Indian wife, by whom was a daughter, Jeanne, who married sieur Martignon D'Apren-distigny, a creditor of La Tour, who settled on La Tour's land at the St. John River.

In 1623 Biencourt, hardy young pioneer "of ability and character beyond his years," died in Acadie, aged thirty-one years. "Poisoned, it is said," writes Benjamin Sulte. People who stood in La Tour's path sometimes disappeared. La Tour, who termed himself Biencourt's lieutenant, came into possession of his property, posts, and outfits.

Of La Tour's father, Claude, little is known for fifteen years after Argall's conquest. It seems probable that after this event he took up his abode at Pentagoet (Penobscot) where there was a French post at a very early period. He

had there, in 1625, a palisaded trading-post, the foundation of Fort Pentagoet, which was later strengthened and made an important fort by D'Aunay and others.

By 1627 more attention was being directed to colonies by the European powers. In France Richelieu was directing affairs. Early in that year he had created and taken charge of the new office of "grand master, chief and superintendent-general of navigation and commerce." War had broken out between Britain and France over Rochelle and the Huguenots. Before Rochelle, in May, 1627, the king signed Richelieu's act forming the Company of New France, known also as the Hundred Associates. The company had vast privileges and became feudal proprietor of all New France. In Great Britain, Sir William Alexander, under his grant, was preparing to send out Scotch colonists. La Tour, feeling the insecurity of his position in Acadie, resolved at once to make an effort to obtain recognition and support from France. Under date of July 25th, 1627, he forwarded a letter to the king seeking a royal commission for Acadie and aid to hold the country for France. It appears that he also wrote to Richelieu, as the writer found the letter, of which a translation follows, in *Etudes* (Paris, Oct. 5th, 1908), under the heading of "*une lettre inédite d'un Acadien à Richelieu.*"

"Monseigneur: Having been advised that it hath pleased the King to place in your charge all the affairs of the sea, and also having observed from this side the notifications given by you, I should not wish to fail in the duty that I owe your highness of advising of the condition and affairs of the country that pertains to the extent of the coast of Lacadie, which I have frequented for twenty years since the sieur de la Tour, my father, brought me when I was but fourteen. I have learned with great labour the manners, languages, and modes of life of several peoples of the said country, having, after the attacks that we received from the English, lived four years and more with the savage people, clothed like them, seeking my living in roaming

the woods, hunting the deer and other animals, and in fishing. I thus obtained knowledge of the languages and secured the friendship and alliance of several peoples. In this way I have maintained myself up to the present, having served the late sieur de Poutrincourt as ensign and as lieutenant, who at his death by his will constituted me in his room and place and left his lands, and posts, and outfits, in recognition of my faithful services. Since his death I have maintained myself with a small number of French and a number of the people of the country that I have made into allies, supporting myself in the said coast of Lacadie, with three small vessels, against the efforts of the French of the great river, who down to the present have persecuted me unto death, all to their injury, as they have no reason. I do not encroach at all on their limits. Whoever wishes takes what he wants, and there is nothing to depend upon for the preservation of the country, which is at present in great danger of being lost to the French if help is not given. I am writing of this to the King, if your highness approves that I receive the honour of having my letters presented to him, in which I give warning that I have learned from a reliable source that the English *have orders to take possession* of the said country of New France and will make an attack upon me, coming from the rivers of Chouatouct and Guenybegny,¹ where they are settled, near Virginia, on the same coast where I am, at some two hundred leagues from my habitation. I am resolved not to leave the country to be lost, and to defend it in the service of my King with a hundred families of my allies whom I have retained with me, and those I have in ordinary, whom I have accustomed to the use of arms, and my resolute little band of French, who, if we are forced, know how to live in the forests, as we have done in the past, and to give trouble to the English. If the country can be assisted with some people and supplies, with a good commission, I will seek other means with the English. I can maintain against them a great number of people who do not

¹ Saco and Kennebec in Maine.

like them and know the means of taking them by surprise. I write fully to the said sieur de la Tour, my father, who has travelled and knows the country, whom I beg to seek from your highness a commission such as is necessary for the welfare of the country. This would increase my desire to serve the King and to execute your commandments, with all the respect and fidelity that one owes to his prince and to his superior, with equal affection. I pray God for the health and prosperity of your highness and avow myself to be ever, monseigneur, your very obedient, very humble, and faithful servant, De La Tour. From Port Lomeron, in New France, the XXVth July, 1627. To Monseigneur the Cardinal de Richelieu."

Claude La Tour appears to have been in France at this time or, perhaps, was the bearer of these documents to France. Being a Huguenot he would not be likely to find favour with Richelieu, who was then engaged in a determined effort to break the Huguenot power. He took passage back to America by a vessel of the company bearing supplies to Champlain at Quebec. This vessel was captured by David Kirke, who, in his letter to Champlain of July 18th, 1628, from on board the *Vicaille* gave notice that he had the sieur de la Tour on board. La Tour found friends among the Huguenots of Kirke's expedition, and more in England, who were exasperated by the Rochelle war. Kirke introduced him to Sir William Alexander, who had just established his colony at Port Royal. La Tour was a widower and became united in marriage with a lady who was a near relative of Alexander. Alexander made both Claude and Charles baronets of New Scotland. Under date of April 30th, 1630, they were granted the southern part of Nova Scotia, bounded, roughly speaking, by a line drawn between the present towns of Yarmouth and Lunenburg. This territory was divided into the baronies of St. Etienne and de la Tour. Both grantees were "to be good and faithful vassals of the said Sovereign Lord the King of Scotland." In these grants the name of Port Lomeron was changed to Port la Tour, and this name is perpetuated to the present day.

Claude La Tour, accompanied, it is said, by some additional settlers for the Scotch colony at Port Royal, returned to Acadie in the summer of 1630 and appeared before Fort St. Louis. It may be doubted whether the son could have been entirely ignorant of the father's doings in Britain during the latter's long stay there. Charles, however, refused to confirm the action which his father had taken on his behalf. He had now very different aspirations and expectations. La Tour's friend, Denys, tells a tale of an attack by the father upon the son's fort, which is probably a fiction. Champlain relates fully the other incidents regarding La Tour but makes no mention of this alleged furious two-day assault by Claude La Tour upon Fort St. Louis. It is unlikely that it ever happened. Great Britain, at this time, was about relinquishing her claims on Nova Scotia in favor of France. Charles La Tour was on the point of being acknowledged by the Company of New France, and was momentarily expecting the arrival of their supply ships, when he learned of these transfers of allegiance. The situation was awkward. A strong story was needed to offset Claude La Tour's action and prove Charles's loyalty to France. It appears to have been furnished. Charles sent his father on his way to Port Royal but did not beat him off with sword and shot. In fact, he brought him back in a few weeks' time and made him French again.

Very soon after the departure of Claude, the ships hoped for made their appearance. The two vessels were loaded with supplies and munitions, and brought artisans and workmen, as well as three Récollet missionaries. They had been on the seas for three months when they cast anchor in the broad bay of Port La Tour, near the fort in the wilderness where dwelt La Tour with his "Souriquoise" wife and one or more children. One of the first duties of the religious fathers was to perform some marriage ceremonies, including one for La Tour. The vessels brought letters exhorting La Tour not to submit to the English, and authorizing him to build a habitation in Acadie where he judged best. Claude La Tour returned from his brief sojourn among the Scotch at

Port Royal, a council was held, and it was decided, says Champlain, "*de faire encore une habitation à la rivière St. Jean.*" There had probably been a post at the St. John River before this time. Here may lie a solution of the question over which historians dispute and maps disagree, regarding the site of Fort La Tour—the simple solution that La Tour built *two forts* at the mouth of the St. John River, at different times, on different sites. The first one, probably a small fort or palisaded post, was doubtless destroyed during the Rochelle war of 1628, when all the French posts in Acadie, with the exception of Fort St. Louis, were captured or destroyed. A document in Colonial State Papers on "The Kirkes' case" states that the Kirkes, in 1627 or 1628, took "the three principal forts, called Port Royal, St. Jean, and Pemptacoet."¹ Governor Winthrop, in his Journal (11,126), refers to an attack by Scotch and English upon La Tour's "fort at St. John's," some time previous to 1633, "when they plundered all his goods to a great value." This appears to refer to the first fort and probably to Kirke's expedition. Denys speaks of La Tour's fort at St. John as having been on a different site from the fort occupied by D'Aunay (Fort La Tour) on the west side of St. John harbour. He doubtless had in mind an earlier fort built by La Tour, which was probably on the east side of the harbour (Portland Point?) where the early maps place it. Denys is not an exact chronicler of historical matters. He was not very familiar with the Bay of Fundy, and perhaps never visited the St. John River but once, at some date unknown. He tells us himself that he never visited the coast between St. John and Penobscot.

When it was decided, as Benjamin Sulte writes, to "reestablish the post of the river St. John," La Tour considered that more men, arms, and material were necessary in order to build a substantial fort and hold the country against the English. La Tour believed in despatch and at once sent the smaller of the two vessels back to France for further supplies, about the end of October, 1630. A representative,

¹ Report, Canada Archives, 1894.

one Krainquille, bore letters explaining the situation and reporting that the Scotch still remained at Port Royal. Peace had been signed between the English and French courts in September, 1628, and the treaty of Suza followed, May 4th, 1629.

In April, 1631, the same vessel was again equipped at Bordeaux with supplies and arms and despatched to La Tour. It bore him what he had long coveted,—a royal commission, dated February 11th, 1631, naming him a lieutenant-general for France in Acadie at Fort St. Louis. The building of Fort La Tour, at the mouth of the river St. John, now took place, 1631-1632. Claude La Tour was provided with a house at Port La Tour. The noble Champlain did not approve of the time-serving policy of the La Tours. In his account of these matters he remarks that these people, the La Tours, were inclined "to regard their own particular comfort and advantage rather than to preserve and make use of the property of those who employed them, to their profit."

In 1632 Richelieu forced from Great Britain the treaty of Saint Germain by which all places occupied by the British in New France were to be handed over to the Company of New France. In August, 1632, the commander, Isaac de Razilly, arrived in Acadie with three vessels and three hundred men, commissioned by Richelieu to receive possession of the country for France. He received the transfer of Port Royal, and in one of his vessels, the *Saint Jean*, the remnant of the unfortunate Scotch colony was embarked—forty-six persons, with their captain, Andros Forrester. These people were landed in England and the French vessel arrived back at Havre-de-Grace, February 11th, 1633.¹ Razilly brought with him as his lieutenant, Charles de Menou, sieur D'Aunay, who took back the *Saint Jean* with the Scotch colonists. Of Razilly's goodly company there appears to be record of only one other name, Nicolas Denys, business

¹ Letter from New France in Renaudot's *Gazette*, cited by Moreau in his "History of Acadie."

man and protégé of Razilly. Razilly established himself at La Have. Richelieu formed a society for the purpose of "restoring and developing the establishments of Acadie."

La Tour viewed with deep resentment this superseding of his authority in Acadie. But the new force was too strong for him to resist openly. It does not appear, however, that he submitted to Razilly's authority. He has even been accused of an attempt to raise the Indians against him. He had great influence with the Indians, reaching back to the times of Poutrincourt at Port Royal. It is stated that the early English settlers of Maine feared that he would lead the red men against them. With his Indians and a few French followers he maintained himself independently and continued the fur trade at Cape Sable and the St. John River, where his new fort was established about the time of Razilly's coming. The relations of the La Tours with France and Britain were peculiar. Through the influence of Sir William Alexander, Charles I stipulated with France, where he had certain claims, that Alexander's grants to the La Tours in Nova Scotia were to be respected by the French. This fact and long occupancy of Acadie may have counted in La Tour's favour. But La Tour had now a regular commission from France and had been recognized and furnished with supplies by the Company of New France, of which Razilly was a member. He remained undisturbed by Razilly in his habitation at St. John.

La Tour needed people for his new establishment. To secure settlers and investigate his status under the new order of things he repaired to France in November, 1632. Moreau says that he obtained a concession of lands around his fort, probably referring to his grant at St. John River. He published in the *Gazette*, March 6th, 1633, a letter in which he is given the title of lieutenant-general of the king at Fort La Tour. In this letter he offered "to all who wish to retire to the clime of Acadie, lands of the greatest fertility, which the Company of New France had conceded to him, abounding in all sorts of birds and game, likewise in beaver,

while the sea and the neighbouring rivers abound with fish." He took care to mention also that "divine service is administered by the Capuchin fathers." At this time the Récollets were excluded from Canada. On March 16th, 1633, a letter of the secretary of state, de Bouthillier, was addressed to La Tour, as captain of Fort La Tour, on the recommendation of the Capuchin father Joseph, Richelieu's adviser, directing him to retire from Fort de la Tour any priests, secular or conventual, who might be there, and to put in their room and place Capuchin fathers. La Tour was not successful in inducing any families to settle in Acadie, but brought out with him, in 1633, some soldiers and adventurers for his St. John habitation, where he pursued an extensive trade.

In 1633 he expelled from what is now Machias, Maine, some Massachusetts men who were establishing a trading-post there. La Tour claimed jurisdiction in that part, and was sometimes termed "governor of eastern Sagadahoc" (now eastern Maine). He killed two men, sent three prisoners to France, and confiscated their goods. When asked to show his commission he replied that his sword was his commission for the time being, and that when necessary he would produce his commission. There was no permanent English settlement at this point in the disputed territory for one hundred and thirty years after this affair.

Under date of January 15th, 1635, the Company of New France registered its formal cession to Charles La Tour of "the fort and habitation of La Tour, situate on the river of St. John, in New France," with land five leagues by ten leagues, held of Quebec. There was also registered, January 15th, 1636, a grant of "*le vieux logis*" (Cape Sable), ten leagues by ten leagues. These were the territories where La Tour lived and traded from early days. The Cape Sable grant appears to have been originally made to Claude La Tour, and probably it was intended that Claude should remain there. Denys speaks of paying a visit to the Cape Sable fort "about 1635" (perhaps it was earlier, Denys' memory was not always good) and of seeing both La

Tours at that time. There Claude La Tour probably ended his days, in 1635 or 1636. The Cape Sable fort may have been then abandoned.

In 1635 Razilly sent a force, under D'Aunay, which ejected the New Englanders from Penobscot and repulsed their vessels, with a military contingent under the redoubtable Miles Standish, in an attempt to recapture the post. La Tour declined to take part in this expedition, though requested to do so by Razilly. In 1637 Razilly suddenly died at La Have. Another man in La Tour's path had disappeared. His relative, D'Aunay, with the approval of his brother and heir, Claude de Razilly, succeeded to his position in Acadie. But D'Aunay's authority was not acknowledged by La Tour, who now aspired to rule the country. D'Aunay did not heed La Tour's pretensions, but removed the whole French colony and his seat of government from La Have, on the opposite side of the peninsula, to Port Royal, where he was joined by the remnant of Poutrincourt's early colony. He erected strong fortifications and founded the present town of Annapolis.

La Tour was well established at the mouth of the St. John River. Each year great flotillas of canoes, manned by his "*coureurs de bois*" or by the Indians themselves, floated their freights of peltries down the river to Fort La Tour. La Tour was "*un vieux routier*" among the Indians. He spoke their languages and understood their ways. Looking across French Bay he could see on a clear day the entrance to the basin of Port Royal. From his side of the bay he viewed D'Aunay's position with great jealousy. Did not La Tour himself inherit the seigniorship of Port Royal from young Biencourt? Had he not lived in Acadie and had authority there for more than a score of years before D'Aunay's coming to the land? Was he not now duly commissioned as a lieutenant-general of the king of France and installed in the company's fort in Acadie? Furthermore, had he not his British grants with a French backing? It appears that D'Aunay at this time represented the Acadian Society, which

had assumed direction of affairs in Acadie to the exclusion of the Company of New France, which La Tour represented. This added greatly to the rivalry. So between these two men, of very different mould, dissensions increased and soon culminated in armed collision. An attempt at a settlement by the French government in 1638, which gave La Tour jurisdiction over the whole Nova Scotia peninsula, only made matters worse. La Tour visited La Have and Port Royal and endeavoured to incite the French against D'Aunay. He asserted that within two years he would drive D'Aunay out of Acadie, which he no doubt expected to do. But the event proved otherwise, as D'Aunay, besides being an enterprising colonizer, was a fighter.

La Tour at this time was flourishing and aggressive. In 1639 some of his Indians killed one of D'Aunay's men. In 1640 Marie Jacquelin, the strenuous and heroic, came from France to wed La Tour, and there was war in Acadie, a war that furnishes one of the most interesting and stirring chapters in the history of New France. It was waged with bullets in the Baie Françoise, with edicts and decrees in France, and greatly disturbed the Massachusetts Bay. In one encounter D'Aunay captured La Tour and his bride and killed his captain. He released his prisoners, however, as he lacked sufficient authority at that time to hold them. In 1641 La Tour's commission was revoked and a commission issued to D'Aunay as lieutenant-general. La Tour was accused of acting "in prejudice and contempt of the will of His Majesty" and of "keeping in confusion and disorder the affairs of the said country of Acadie." La Tour tore up copies of judgements served on him and sent the bearers prisoners to France. He now began negotiations with New England. In 1641 he sent a deputation to Massachusetts, under Rochet, and again in 1642 under his old lieutenant, Lestang. D'Aunay, on his side, steadily strengthened his position. He purchased all the Razilly rights in Acadie and these were transferred to him in January, 1642. In 1641 he became a proprietor in the Acadian Society, and in 1642 was appointed adminis-

trator of Richelieu's personal interest in the society, given to the Capuchins, and founded the seminary for Indians at Port Royal.

In 1643 D'Aunay established a blockade at the mouth of the St. John River, "at an expense of near £800 a month," said Thomas Gorges. During this blockade a Huguenot supply ship named the *St. Clement*, bearing some reinforcements for La Tour, arrived in the bay. One dark night La Tour and his wife, with the resident religious fathers, stole past the blockading vessels, and boarding the *St. Clement*, set sail for Boston, where they arrived in June. This irruption of La Tour into Massachusetts gave the Puritans much concern. They consulted many authorities, including Jehoshaphat and Nehemiah, as well as Solomon, as to a proper course to pursue in the emergency. La Tour gave a drill of his men on Boston common, in company with the Massachusetts militia, on training day, and ended by a fiery charge across the common. He was permitted to hire ships to go "against Mounseir dony," and in Boston drums were beaten to call volunteers for La Tour. In one month he fitted out and armed a fleet of five vessels with money advanced by his friend Major Edward Gibbons. The contract is recorded and duly provides for a division of "the booty and pillage," to be made "according to the custom on similar expeditions." La Tour attended a Puritan meeting while in Boston and one of the elders gave him, as a parting gift, a French testament, with Marlorat's notes, which he promised to read. Governor Winthrop's countenance of La Tour, in this matter, led to his defeat in the following election.

When La Tour's preponderating force appeared in the Bay of Fundy, D'Aunay was compelled to beat a retreat to Port Royal. He was pursued and some damage done, but his fort was not attacked. A dozen Frenchmen on both sides were killed and wounded, but no New Englanders. Some valuable pillage was secured, including a vessel loaded with peltries, belonging to D'Aunay. The Massachusetts vessels returned safely to Boston. La Tour, by the *St. Clement*,

sent his best representative, his capable wife, on a mission to France, where the war of affidavits and *procès-verbaux* was continued. La Tour furnished a certificate, September 4th, 1643, that he had been unable to obey the command to repair to France, on account of indisposition. He seems, however, to have been exceedingly active. In 1644 he paid another visit to Boston in search of aid, but without substantial result. While on this trip he and some of his Massachusetts friends pillaged D'Aunay's post at Penobscot and one man was killed on each side. La Tour arrived back at his fort in September. A few days after his departure from Boston, Madame La Tour arrived there in the ship *Gilliflower*, from England. This vessel had been boarded by one of D'Aunay's cruisers and Madame La Tour only escaped capture by hiding in the hold of the vessel. In Boston she brought a suit against this ship for keeping her six months on the passage, in violation of agreement, and secured a verdict for £2,000 damages. Chartering three vessels she sailed from Boston and arrived back at Fort La Tour in December. A payment was made to the vessels of "a hundred and seventy-two pounds in beaver, sterling money, and a small chain of gold to the value of thirty or forty pounds... besides we do engage ourselves to give satisfaction unto Major Gibbons for the sum specified in the bond. De la Tour; Francoise Marie Jacquelin."

After hearing his wife's report and learning of the final judgements against him in France, which were rendered March 6th, 1644, La Tour took his departure from the fort, with a portion of the garrison, and arrived once more in Boston in January, 1645. He was now liable to death if captured, and D'Aunay had full authority to effect his seizure. Fort La Tour saw him no more for almost seven years. Madame La Tour was in command. The religious fathers left the fort and eight or nine more men went with them. With a garrison reduced to forty-five men,—Huguenots, English, Swiss, etc.,—and not strong in ammunition or supplies, this fair and dauntless, perhaps fanatical, chate-

laine of Fort La Tour boldly faced the good soldier, sieur D'Aunay, with his five hundred men and the power of the French government behind him. For over three months she held out, hoping against hope that aid would come from her Huguenot friends in France or from New England. D'Aunay, aware of La Tour's absence and of the smallness of the garrison, expected an easy conquest and made a premature attack upon the fort, but his vessels were repulsed with heavy loss by the well-aimed fire of Madame La Tour's guns. He, however, maintained a close blockade of the entrance to the river St. John, though it was winter season, and captured a vessel with supplies and letters from Boston. In the early spring he landed forces with cannon and built earthworks. Madame La Tour remained obdurate, refused all offers of compromise, and answered a last summons to surrender with a volley of cannon-shot. On April 17th, 1645, the day after Easter, there was an all-day cannonade from land and sea and the walls of the fort were badly breached. In the evening sieur D'Aunay gave the order for an assault. Madame La Tour's little force was swept back, and Fort La Tour was carried by storm with heavy loss on both sides. Pillage was granted D'Aunay's men.

D'Aunay hanged the larger portion of the survivors of the garrison, as an example to posterity of "so obstinate a rebellion." According to Denys, D'Aunay's enemy, Madame La Tour, was obliged to witness the executions, with a rope around her own neck, doubtless supposing that her turn was to come next. She was spared, but owing to her efforts to communicate with her husband through some of his Indian friends, she was confined within the fort and a threat made to send her a prisoner to France. Thereupon the strenuous woman fell ill, and died, June 15th, 1645, in the fort she had so bravely defended. She is said to have left an infant son who was sent to France. Her heroism recalls the famous defence of Lathom House in Lancashire, England, by Charlotte de la Trémouille, another Huguenot, which took place just a year before the defence of Fort La Tour.

D'Aunay repaired and occupied the fort. He sent a communication to the Massachusetts authorities, dated from "Fort St. John," November 3rd, 1645, in which he claimed redress for his losses, through their support of La Tour, and stated that he would give until "the first of spring and no longer whether you will give satisfaction or not." Negotiations resulted in D'Aunay sending a deputation to Boston in 1646. He claimed £8,000 damages, but a treaty was finally concluded that waived this financial claim. Governor Winthrop sent to D'Aunay a rich sedan chair, originally intended for the viceroy of Mexico, but which had been captured from the Spanish a short time previously by some roving Boston vessel. The governor with a military guard escorted D'Aunay's deputation to their vessel. "A quarter cask of sack and some mutton" were put on board, says Winthrop, and when the vessel sailed all the guns about Boston gave salute. La Tour's cause was dead for the time and there was peace between Massachusetts Bay and Baie Françoise.

Dated at Boston, May 13th, 1645, La Tour had given Major Gibbons a mortgage of his fort at St. John and of all his rights in Acadie, with the exception of the southern part of Nova Scotia. Major Gibbons was to be placed in possession of the fort on the first day of the following October. In the summer of 1645 La Tour went to Newfoundland to see his friend Sir David Kirke, intending afterwards to go to England, says Winthrop. If Kirke had taken up the matter, there might have been a different chapter in Acadian story. But, although the former conqueror of Quebec and of Acadie had unsettled claims against these parts, he was not prepared to take up La Tour's cause. Major Gibbons failed to get possession of the fort. La Tour returned to Boston in a small vessel called the *Planter*, belonging to Kirke. This vessel was armed and fitted out, in partnership with his Boston friends, who still trusted him, for a three months' voyage to trade with the Indians "upon the coast of Lacadie."

In the middle of winter, 1645-1646, La Tour sailed away from Boston, with a crew half French and half English, upon his ostensible trading voyage. But, as governor Winthrop says, he "turned pirate." Arriving at his old domicile at Cape Sable he and his Frenchmen put the Boston men ashore in the snow and sailed towards the Gulf of St. Lawrence. According to some accounts he again visited Newfoundland. He probably paid a visit to his friend Denys. We know, however, that on August 8th, 1646, he arrived, with his vessel, at Quebec. Guns saluted and he was received with much honour by the governor, de Montmagny. One of his earliest recorded acts there was a gift of one hundred livres to the parish church. On June 11th, 1648, in the procession at a religious festival, we read that one of the four bearers of the canopy was Monsieur de la Tour. During his stay of about four years at Quebec he frequently stood as sponsor at baptisms of French and Indian children. Among his namesakes were Charles Amador Martin, the second Canadian priest, and Amador Godefroy. He took part in Indian wars, and was still the fur trader and explorer. He was one of the early visitors to northern and western parts. Old stories even credit him with having reached Hudson Bay. Among his associates at Quebec and Three Rivers was young Des Groseilliers, who left the service of the Jesuits the year of La Tour's arrival at Quebec and began the fur trade on his own account or, very probably, in connexion with La Tour. La Tour assisted at the marriage of Groseilliers, in 1647, to Hélène, widow of Claude Etienne, and daughter of La Tour's friend, Abraham Martin. Groseilliers visited La Tour in Acadie in 1653. His later companion, Radisson, married, in 1672, a daughter of La Tour's old friend, Sir John Kirke, who was one of the charter members of the Hudson's Bay Company. Towards the close of La Tour's stay at Quebec, Father Druillettes left there on his diplomatic mission to New England, where he was the guest of Major Gibbons. Druillettes hoped, at least, to obtain permission, such as had been given La Tour in 1643, to enlist volunteers to go against the Iroquois, but was not successful.

On May 24th, 1650, D'Aunay perished, through the upsetting of a canoe, at Port Royal. Some Indians are said to have connived at his death. As Moreau says, "his enemies survived him; and French Acadia fell in a manner with him." Winthrop calls him "a man of a generous disposition, and valuing his reputation above his profit." His children, all born in Acadie, were sent to France, where his four sons died soldiers' deaths. His four daughters entered religious orders; the last survivor, Marie de Menou, died at Paris in 1693, leaving her possessions to her brothers and sisters and confirming to them her rights in the seigniory of Port Royal, which she had transferred to them in 1688.

With D'Aunay's strong hand gone from the helm, all was confusion. Acadie became a prey to usurpers and speculators. D'Aunay's father, over eighty years of age, was given the government of Acadie early in 1651. The aged man was a tool in the hands of the Le Borgnes, who now appear upon the scene in Acadian history. Emmanuel Le Borgne, D'Aunay's agent at Rochelle, obtained a confession of judgement from the father for a large amount. The old man died at Paris, May 10th, 1651. In June, 1651, the sieur de la Fosse was appointed administrator of Acadie. But amid these apparently regular proceedings came a La Tour stroke. La Tour had gone to France upon the death of D'Aunay. The times were venal, there was confusion in that country caused by the troubles of the Fronde. He obtained a royal commission as governor of all Acadie, dated February 25th, 1651. Collecting a force, with Philippe Mius, sieur d'Entremont, as his major-general, La Tour appeared once more in Acadie and forced Madame D'Aunay to yield him up possession of his old fort at St. John, which he occupied in September, 1651. On February 18th, 1652, Madame D'Aunay was compelled to abandon formally her rights to the fort of the river St. John and the fort of St. Peters (Cape Breton), the habitations of La Tour and Denys. Under the same date she made a compact with the Duke of Vendome by which he became co-seigneur of Acadie. This was con-

firmed by the king in December, 1652, by a document which sets forth "that certain individuals, among whom are Charles de Turgis de St. Etienne de la Tour, Simon and Nicolas Denys, brothers, and Maillet, have usurped upon our dear and well beloved dame Jeanne Molin. . . . different forts and considerable places in the said country." The Le Borgnes appear to have been in league with Vendome and de la Fosse for the exploitation of unfortunate Acadie. Le Borgne de Bellisle probably came to Acadie in 1651 in a ship bearing supplies in charge of one St. Mas. In that year Denys was driven out of the country, and again in 1653. The Le Borgnes appear to have been Huguenots, as they burned the fort and chapel built by Razilly at La Have and expelled the Capuchin fathers from Port Royal. They seized all D'Aunay's property and held Madame D'Aunay a virtual prisoner.

In 1653 came a remarkable La Tour stroke. In that year he married Madame D'Aunay. The unfortunate lady, not of the strong type of the first Madame La Tour, harassed on all sides, sought a refuge in this union. The lengthy marriage contract, dated February 24th, 1653, deals with various interests.¹ The fort at St. John was given his new wife and the claim of Major Gibbons was entirely shut out. Gibbons' mortgage was due February 20th, 1652, and, strange to relate, this date found D'Aunay dead and La Tour again in possession of his fort.

La Tour appears to have paid a short visit to Quebec in May, 1653. On July 17th, 1653, he granted a part of his Cape Sable land to sieurs D'Entremont and Pierre Ferrand and erected the same into the barony of Pobomcoup, the only French barony created in Acadie. The name is preserved in the modern Pubnico and the heir to the barony is still there.

La Tour's marriage contract stated the object of the marriage to be "the peace and tranquillity of the country." But there was no peace for La Tour. In 1654, Le Borgne, established at Port Royal, was preparing to drive him from

¹ An English version is in Murdoch's "History of Nova Scotia," i, 120.

the country, says Denys. But, in the summer of that year, Cromwell's ships, with the Anglo-Americans, appeared in Acadian waters and seized all the French posts. La Tour succumbed without a struggle to his old friends from Massachusetts and was carried to England. It was three years before he returned again to Acadie, with another new patent,—Cromwell's grant of Acadie or Nova Scotia to La Tour, Thomas Temple, and William Crowne. His Alexander grant helped him in getting this, and he was assisted financially by Sir John Kirke of London. The claim of Margaret Gibbons is acknowledged in this patent as £3,379 11s. Major Gibbons, as the good Winthrop says, was "quite undone" by his transactions with La Tour. He made an assignment of his estate in 1651. He died at Boston in 1654. His widow went to England and presented a petition to the British government regarding her claim on Acadie, "asking for £200 yearly till the debt be paid, which de la Tour considered reasonable." She died, however, at Plymouth, England, very soon after this patent was issued. La Tour transferred his interest in the patent to his co-grantees in consideration of receiving annually a twentieth part of the product of the country.

In 1657 La Tour returned to Acadie with Colonel Temple and his party. He may have taken up his abode at first at his old fort at St. John, as he had supplies shipped there from Boston in 1657, but he appears very soon after to have been at Port Royal, where he seems to have been given command. With the accession of Charles II in 1660 came new complications. La Tour, equal to all exigencies, had a petition prepared by Scottow to the Privy Council setting forth that he had been expelled with violence from his habitation at St. John River by Cromwell and been despoiled of his property, for which he asked redress to the extent of £6,000.

La Tour did not live to see Acadie become French again by the treaty of Breda. He appears to have spent his last years at Port Royal, and to have died there in 1665 or 1666. There is an ancient tradition that he was drowned. The

date of birth of his daughter, Marguerite, is placed at 1665. The manuscript account of Joshua Scottow with La Tour, found by the writer in the public library of Boston, begins upon La Tour's return to Acadie in 1657 and ends in 1663, under which date there is a charge for preparing a petition to the British government on behalf of Madame La Tour, and it is stated that the account was sent in to her.

La Tour died heavily in debt. Although a man of energy and ability, unscrupulous, of great resource, and having control at different times of large sources of wealth in the fur trade, the troublous times in which he lived and the extraordinary vicissitudes of his career did not tend to financial prosperity. His widow, Charlevoix says, had "a very fine establishment" at Port Royal, some years after La Tour's death. Sir Thomas Temple in a will drawn in 1671 makes a bequest to her and her children by La Tour, including "all the debts due unto me from the inhabitants of Port Royal."

The family of La Tour is extinct in male line but there are still numerous descendants through the distaffs. His son Jacques, born in 1661, died about 1699. His son Charles, born in 1664, was engaged in trade in connexion with Gabriel Bernon. In 1696, during "King William's War," he was seized and his vessel condemned by the New Englanders. He was in France in 1702 when he and his sisters presented an interesting petition to the French government reciting their grievances and asking recognition of their seigniorial claims in Acadie.¹ A decree was issued partitioning the seignories, which were not of great value, among the heirs of La Tour and Le Borgne. Later on, about 1730, Jacques La Tour's daughter made some pretensions to old La Tour rights in Nova Scotia and attempted to dispose of them to the British. In 1710 Charles La Tour was wounded in the last defence of Port Royal against the British. There his father, as a lad, had landed from France just one hundred years before. He served on French privateers up to the

¹ Massachusetts Archives, French Collections, iii, 331.

peace of Utrecht in 1713, which ceded Acadie to Great Britain. In 1714 he went with the French forces to Cape Breton (Isle Royale). In 1728 he visited France, had a ball extracted from his thigh, and was made a Knight of St. Louis. In 1730 he was commissioned captain. He died in 1731 in Cape Breton. In 1732 his widow, Madame de la Tour de St. Etienne, was granted a pension of three hundred livres by the French king.¹

France held Cape Breton by the treaty of Utrecht, and the story of Louisbourg was yet to come, but the final cession of Acadie to Great Britain was the beginning of the crumbling of all New France and foreshadowed the rise of modern Canada.

G. O. BENT

¹ Canada Archives, Richard Collection.

HUMAN PROGRESS

MAN'S attitude towards his past as well as his future varies with his varying moods. At times he becomes naturally *laudator temporis acti* with a wistful look backwards to "the good old times," even when these are flagrantly fictions of his own imagination. Every race, too, in its traditional fancies on man's origin, dallies with illusory memorials of a Paradise Lost, a vanished Golden Age. But this attitude is traversed by cross currents of thought. In general, the mind of man exults in the invigorating hope of "a good time coming" more than in the indolent illusions of a good time that is irrecoverably gone. All moral or religious faith, all rational action, assumes that good is, by its very nature, triumphing over evil. The ideal state of life is therefore projected into the future, rather than reflected upon the past.

This varying attitude of the human mind offers, obviously, a problem for psychology rather than history. But in regard to the past and the future of man's life, is there any conclusion won by the warrant of historical research? Are the ascertained facts of history such as to justify the belief that man has made veritable progress in the past, so that he may reasonably press onward in the hope of further progress in the future? This question is forced into some prominence at the present moment by a book which has startled its readers by its pronounced scepticism on the reality of human progress.¹

The solution of the problem thus revived must clearly begin with a definite understanding of what is meant by 'advance' or 'progress.' Now, to exact thought it must be a mere truism that any real advance of man is an improvement in himself, not in external things. No increase, for example,

¹ "Is Mankind Advancing?" By Mrs. John Martin. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company, 1910.

of the things commonly comprehended under the name of 'wealth' can be taken to imply, necessarily, a real advance in men. It is true that the word *wealth*, by its etymology, denotes a condition of *weal* or well-being; but it has fallen from its high origin to represent merely certain extrinsic conditions of welfare in contrast with its intrinsic essence. It is only, then, by the fuller development of his own life that there can be any true progress for man; and one of the valuable features of the book under consideration is the prominence which it gives to this essential point. More than once the statement is repeated, that "there is no wealth but life,"¹ and a whole chapter is devoted to its illustration and enforcement.

This chapter might indeed be regarded as in one respect superfluous. Its theme has been familiar from of old in the higher teaching of men. When or where it first came to be recognized,—that is a question of minor importance. Let us be grateful that it has become the heritage of the civilized world as a prominent factor of Christian thought. In the Gospel which represents the early tendency to translate the thought of Christ into Hellenic forms, He is described as having come into the world "that men may have life, and have it in superabundance."² The description certainly embodies the spirit of the Master's teaching, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth."³ Our conception, then, of human progress must proceed on the assumption that man himself is greater by far than all his possessions, and that it can profit him nothing to gain a whole world of possessions if he lose possession of himself, if he himself, his own life or soul (*ψυχή*) be lost.⁴

But even this definition of progress does not unmistakably indicate its drift. It may still be asked whether progress consists in producing individuals of exceptional worth

¹ Pp. xii. 286.

² John x. 10.

³ Luke xii. 15.

⁴ Matthew xvi. 26; Mark viii. 36.

or in uplifting the great mass of mankind. The two views are not always distinctly separated; and that may arise from the fact that they are by no means incompatible, are, in fact, perhaps even inseparable. This will appear if the place of the great man in human progress is correctly interpreted.

On the historical position of the great man, there are also two theories, which unfortunately are sometimes treated as if they were mutually exclusive. They are perhaps best distinguished by the names 'aristocratic' and 'democratic.' The latter, which is also known as the representative theory, views the great man as but the highest or most brilliant bubble on the wave of human progress, and therefore as merely representing, in no sense as creating or directing, the movement of which he is a product. The facts commonly cited in support of this theory go no further than to prove that the great man, like every other phenomenon in nature or in history, can arise only in a suitable environment. But this of course is by no means ignored by opponents of the theory. Carlyle, for example, in his numerous biographical sketches, almost invariably lays stress on the environment in which men are brought up; yet he was undoubtedly chief among the champions of the aristocratic view.

Carlyle's championship of this view, which gleams in incidental flashes through all his writings, finds a noble embodiment specially in his "Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship." It forms also one of the most striking and powerful influences in the literature of the nineteenth century. For a time, indeed, Carlyle's influence seemed to receive a check from hasty exponents of Darwinism, who interpreted the process of evolution as a mere transposition of elementary particles—molecules, atoms, electrons, or whatever else they may be called—with varying degrees of velocity in their movements. Such an interpretation of course excludes a real evolution of anything whatever, not to speak of heroic natures among men. It is not surprising, therefore, that thinkers who conceive more clearly what evolution means

called a halt upon this tendency of Darwinian speculation. As far back as 1863 Huxley had declared that "the advance of mankind has everywhere depended on the production of men of genius."¹ At a more recent date, fortunately, the late William James has given us² two essays on the subject with special reference to the extravagantly democratic theories of Herbert Spencer and Grant Allen. The leading idea of these essays is that the great man is the unexplained "variation" of Darwin's doctrine on the origin of species;³ and accordingly it is contended that the superiority of a great man is due to intrinsic characteristics, generally inscrutable to science, rather than to extrinsic conditions in physical or social environment. "If anything is humanly certain," says James, "it is that the great man's society, properly so called, does not make him before he can remake it."⁴ Again, the metaphor of the words, "The best woodpile will not blaze till a torch is applied,"⁵ seems like a reminiscence of Carlyle's "I liken common languid Times to dry dead fuel, waiting for the lightning out of heaven, that shall kindle it. The great man, with his free force direct out of God's own hand, is the lightning."⁶

This view is in thorough harmony with Darwin's general, but also explicit, teaching. He too was struck by the insignificant influence of environment in producing any significant variation from a common type, though such variation he regards as essential to the origination of new species. The frankness with which he expresses his perplexity over this fact is sometimes amusing. In a letter to Sir Charles Lyell he declares that he feels "inclined to swear at the North Pole and, as Sidney Smith said, 'even to speak disrespect-

1 See Huxley's "Life and Letters," Vol. I., p. 259.

2 In the volume entitled "The Will to Believe."

3 This idea, however, had been suggested by Huxley in the letter just quoted, where he adds that the production of men of genius "is a case of 'spontaneous variation.'"

4 "The Will to Believe," p. 234.

5 *Ibid.*, p. 242.

6 "Lectures on Heroes, etc.," Lecture I.

fully of the equator.'"¹ It is for this reason, as is well known, that Darwin is driven to the desperate expedient of falling back on "any slight modification which *chances* to arise"² and gives some advantage to its possessor in the struggle for existence. But it scarcely needs to be explained that chance, like fate, is a word that has no place in science. Both terms are simply popular expressions applied to any phenomenon which we fail to bring into intelligible connexion, especially into causal connexion with other phenomena.

These explanations were suggested by the question of the place which great men occupy in the progress of mankind. We have seen that there are insuperable scientific difficulties against any theory which would belittle them into mere products of their environment. All who feel the spell of great men are apt to be drawn to the view that these form the ideal towards which human progress must point. This is the case with some whose general scientific attitude might be expected to favour the democratic theory of genius. Even Mrs. Martin strikes a discordant note amid the strong democratic tones of her book by assertions to the effect that "the ideal aim of society is the production of men of genius."³ But the very meaning of such assertions is apt to be misunderstood when they are taken by themselves. For it ought not to be overlooked that this very enhancement of the great man's value is given usually in terms which imply that that value is to be found, not in his solitary grandeur, but rather in the service which he is capable of rendering to his lowlier fellows. It is the progress of mankind that is described as being fostered by the production of men of genius. This is the true purport of the democratic ideal of great men, and of the ethical sentiment to which it owes its power. If, therefore, progress must aim at the production of men of genius, it is because these are indispensable means for the ulterior and more essential aim of elevating

1 Darwin's "Life and Letters," Vol. II., p. 212. The same thought finds expression in several other letters.

2 *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 176. The italics are Darwin's.

3 "Is Mankind Advancing?" p. 207.

the whole race. It is pleasant to find that this is the clear and enthusiastic purpose of Mrs. Martin's book. For her "the race advances only as fast as the common people advance;"¹ they "are the true human race."²

From this point of view the function of the great man in human life comes to receive not only a natural, but also a moral, interpretation. In accurate ethical thought his superior natural endowments are not conceived as conferring on him a right to exact from his inferior fellowmen all the advantages which his superior force can wring from their weakness. On the contrary, his natural superiority imposes on him rather a moral obligation to render a larger service to others. From whatever source this ethical idealization of the great man's function may have originally come, we may be grateful that it forms an unmistakable feature of Christian teaching, though the great body of professing Christians may still fail to give it due recognition in practice. It is peculiarly prominent in the teaching of the Master Himself. It may be said, indeed, to indicate the trend of His whole social ethics. Its illustration forms the express purpose of the familiar parable of the Talents,³ and the gist of the parable is elsewhere embodied in the pithy saying that "to whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required."⁴

This ethical subordination of exceptional endowments to the service of humanity connects with another feature of Christian ethics. It has been a natural tendency of those who have risen above the common people in any direction, to look down, with no kindly feeling, upon those who are left beneath on the lower levels of human life. The attitude of Christ stands in striking contrast with this. He insists rather, with unique force, upon the claim of the unfortunate for generous appreciation and help. There is a tender beauty in the Hebrew forms of thought, in which He again and again

1 *Op. cit.*, p. 299.

2 *Op. cit.*, 296.

3 Matthew xxv., 14-30. Evidently it is from this parable that the metaphorical use of the word *talent* has been derived. See Trench "On the Study of Words," p. 93 (18th ed.)

4 Luke xii. 49.

enjoins a helpful care and gentleness towards "the little ones" of the human family.¹ It is not surprising, therefore, that it was among the common people particularly that Christianity made progress at first.²

The work of the great man is thus seen to be morally, as well as naturally, subordinated to the elevation of mankind at large. But this subordination of the great man's function in human life is enforced by an additional fact, which prevents us from regarding the production of his exceptional endowments as in itself the true end of human progress. Genius is unfortunately marred by a defect which painfully lowers its value as a factor in the evolution of higher types of humanity. If, at times, the exceptional individual derives from his genius an advantage over his fellows, quite as often, at least, his peculiarity unfits him for the common struggles of life. Either, therefore, he goes down early in the struggle, or he carries it on to a later age under pitiful disadvantages. So prominent has this fact been in the history of eminent men, that the theory of genius, which attracts most attention at the present day, is that which regards it as an intrinsically morbid development in human life. Without going into the merits of the theory as an explanation of genius universally, it may be taken to be an undeniable fact that, in a large proportion of cases, genius is accompanied with characteristics, physical as well as psychological, which are essentially morbid. In many men of genius these characteristics involve such a price to pay for their exceptional worth, that it is impossible to regard the production of such men as forming the ideal aim of human evolution. Evolution must tend to healthy types. If it did not, it would very soon bring itself to a stop.

These explanations have cleared the way to a firmer grasp of the question: whether mankind is really advancing. Almost universally, those who doubt or deny the reality of human progress point to the ancient Greeks generally, but more specifically to the Athenians of the fifth and fourth

1 Matthew x. 42; xviii. 6, 10, 14. Compare Luke xv.

2 1 Cor. I. 26-28.

centuries before Christ in support of their attitude. And no wonder. The brilliance of that period, even at this distance, still dazzles the minds of men and bewilders their judgement. But what are the facts? The one significant fact is the extraordinary number of men of genius by whom the period is rendered illustrious. This is taken as proof of the unsurpassed point of advance reached by the Greeks of that exceptional time.

Now, it may be admitted that, for two or three generations about the age of Pericles, Greece produced, in proportion to its population, a larger number of great men than any other country has ever done during an equal period. But at the outset it must not be overlooked, as the most undeniable implication of this fact, that the human race had risen from its primitive barbarism to the culture of ancient Athens. Any doubt, therefore, as to the reality of human progress can merely touch the question, whether man has made any advance beyond that ancient type of culture.

But what is required to settle this doubt? It is not enough to point to the extraordinary proportion of eminent men which ancient Athens produced. That alone does not imply that humanity had then touched the highest point of its attainments and has made no advance since then. There is no real advance of humanity, as we have seen, unless a higher level is reached by the great body of the common people, and not merely by a few exceptional individuals. It has indeed been contended that the common people of Attica, at the time in question, represented a higher standard of intelligence and morality than has ever been since attained. Such a contention can of course be tested only by an elaborate examination of the extant literature of the period, such as is obviously far beyond our limits. But a few facts will indicate the insuperable difficulties which the contention has to face.

The comedies of Aristophanes, in general, furnish numerous materials for our purpose, but one is peculiarly apposite. It bears as its title the name of "Ploutos," the Wealth-God,

and every line of it bears witness to the prevalent corruption arising from the worship of this deity. Ploutos indeed explains that he began his divine office on the plan of distributing wealth in accordance with the moral deserts of men, but that Zeus, the Supreme Ruler, objected to such a distribution, and in order to prevent it inflicted upon him the calamity of blindness. "Thus, from my loss of sight," he declares, "I am unable to see righteous men." "That is no wonder," his interlocutor replies; "for even with the full use of sight I have not seen one for a long time."¹ The play, it may be added, contains² in germ the story which was expanded into Lucian's "Timon," and forms the source of Shakespeare's "Timon of Athens" as well as of Molière's "Misanthrope"—a story which would have been preposterously incredible, except in a society at least as corrupt as our own in its demeaning worship of wealth.

The moral condition of society at large is pretty fairly indicated by the character of men in public life. Now, it has been noticed as a significant fact, that Pericles and his colleague, Ephialtes, are, along with Aristides, too emphatically distinguished for their honourable administration of public funds to let us evade the impression that such honesty was something exceptional in Athens.³ And the general condition of the people at the time is indicated with startling significance by their treatment of the men thus distinguished by their public honour. Aristides was ostracised; Ephialtes was assassinated, and even Pericles was throughout life stung by charges or insinuations so abominable as even the basest of yellow journals would hardly dare to mention in our day.

Nor were other prominent men more generously or more justly appreciated. It was perhaps as a friend of Pericles, though ostensibly for his religious opinions, that Anaxagoras was driven into exile. It was apparently with the same

¹ Act i., scene 1.

² Act iv., scene 2.

³ Lloyd, "The Age of Pericles," Vol. ii., p. 24. The general impression of Lloyd's work in this respect is confirmed by Gilbert's "Beiträge zur inneren Geschichte Athens im Zeitalter des Peloponnesischen Krieges."

religious pretence, though from the same real motive of hostility to Pericles, that Pheidias was cast into prison, where he was allowed to die, if he was not actually poisoned. Diagoras of Melos was hunted with a more ferocious malice. The reward of a talent was offered to any one who would slay him; even two talents were offered to capture him alive. Yet it does not appear that he was guilty of any worse offence than a refusal to accept popular religious ideas with uncritical credulity; for that is all that is necessarily implied in the common description of him as an atheist.¹ These persecutions, it is scarcely necessary to be reminded, were followed, at the opening of the next century, by the sacrifice of Socrates to popular prejudices; and it was in the latter part of this century that Aristotle was very reluctantly obliged to exile himself from Athens in order, as he alleged, to prevent the Athenians from sinning against philosophy a second time. In fact it was in Athens during her most brilliant period, that the popular sentiment of Greece betrayed its fiercest hostility to any intellectual freedom in the domain of religion.

Those ancient persecutions may, indeed, perhaps be palliated as aiming, though very blindly, at a movement which might not unreasonably be attacked in some of its representatives. For every great intellectual movement is apt to gather into its ranks a crowd of undesirable followers who can but imperfectly interpret, if they do not wholly misinterpret, its real significance; and there is abundant evidence to prove that men of true philosophic spirit, like Socrates, were, not unnaturally at times, confounded with a host of mere pretenders who had caught little more than the language and outward show of philosophic culture. It was, in fact, during the Socratic period that one of the noblest names for a teacher that any language has ever employed—sophist, *σοφιστής*, literally one who makes wise—began to fall into that degraded use which has supplanted its original meaning. Even, therefore, with the lofty ideals of education

¹ *ἄθεος*. It should not be forgotten that this term was commonly applied at a later date to the early Christians.

which are splendidly expounded in the writings of Plato and Xenophon, it is impossible to estimate at a very high value the actual education of the period in Athens itself, not to speak of the other Greek states.

But a truce to this unwelcome task! Let us rather revel in the serene atmosphere of Athenian culture, refusing to be annoyed by the clouds which throw over it an occasional gloom. Let us admit, for the nonce, that at the climax of Athenian history man rose to an eminence which he never reached again. Yet it must not be forgotten that the culture of a single small state is not the achievement of mankind. Such a state at best stands to the human race as the exceptional genius to the common people. Its value, too, lies in the service which it renders to humanity. That service, moreover, as in the case of the eminent individual, is often accompanied with morbid conditions which weaken the chances of survival in earthly forms. Perhaps, therefore, it is not altogether without truth that Hegel¹ describes even the transcendent geniuses of Athens as "divine monstrosities," indicating the approach of death in the social organism that gave them birth. At all events, Attica, with all its unequalled culture, had failed to form the equipment for holding its own among the nations, and went down whenever it came to grapple with its real match in terrestrial warfare. Does it not seem as if this pointed to an insuperable condition in the evolution of man's higher life? In the physical life of men there is so much to encumber, to fetter, to retard their spiritual work that that work attains a fuller efficiency when it is freed from earthly encumbrances. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." It was only by the fall of the Greek states under Macedonian and Roman conquest, that Greece came to exert her civilizing influence in East and West. Plutarch saw that Alexander's work in the world's history was to sow the seeds of Greek culture in the lands he conquered, while among Romans like Cicero, who had become

¹ In one of his earlier essays. See "Werke," Vol. i., p. 389.

saturated with Greek literature, it was a common thought, that they, the conquerors of Greece, had been conquered by Greece in their turn. Nor should it be forgotten that the great movement which appears in history as Christianity is no mere product of Hebrew religious life. Its intellectual form came to it from the early Greek Fathers, as its social organization is due to the genius of Rome.

Even, then, if the past two thousand years have given birth to no individual or community surpassing the great men or the society of ancient Athens, this would not imply that the human race, as a whole, has made no advance since then. It is surely sufficient to point to the civilizing of the numerous and populous tribes that broke down the old organization of the Roman Empire, and threatened for a time to reduce antique civilization to their own barbaric level. Their descendants now represent the greater part of the civilized world; and in these an immensely larger proportion of the human race than the ancient world ever conceived has been lifted to a standard of civilization which nears, if it does not equal, that of ancient Greece.

In the experience, therefore, of the past twenty centuries, not to speak of the ages prior to these, there is no ground for any despair of further progress. The truth is that the very book we have been considering is no utterance of hopeless pessimism. Its own query with regard to the advance of mankind is answered in the hopeful tone which must inspire all rational effort. If it repeats the plaint of the old Hebrew prophet, that "we are no better than our fathers,"¹ it is with the evident purpose of shattering our self-complacency over mere illusions, so as to spur us on to the achievement of real advance. In fact, the rôle of the book is that which Socrates ascribes to himself in an earnestly humorous passage which it quotes² from Plato's "Apology,"—the rôle of a god-sent gadfly that rouses men from their spiritual slumber. And this is surely the function of religious and ethical teachers in all ages.

¹ 1 Kings xix. 4.

² "Is Mankind Advancing?" p. 184.

One of the most cheerful features of the book is that it points to a progress which aims at no senseless ideals. As we have seen, it is particularly impatient with the vulgar and shallow illusion that there is any real progress implied in the mere accumulation of material wealth. With equal decisiveness it sets aside a shallow aristocratic ideal which would aim, by "eugenics" or any other method, at the production merely of a few exceptional individuals. But while advocating a generous democracy which aims rather at the elevation of the common people, it opposes vigorously the assumption that this is to be attained by keeping them all on a dead level of undifferentiated equality. Directly in the teeth of the Declaration of Independence it asserts that men are born *unequal*, and that therefore the ideal, to which real progress points, is a social condition which secures liberty and fraternity amid all the inequalities that are inevitable in the human race as in every other race of living things. It follows from this that those modern theories are resolutely rejected, which ignore the fundamental differentiation of human beings into men and women. The protest against these theories is all the more significant from the fact that the author is a woman, and a woman who cannot be charged with any unreasonable bondage to purely traditional prejudices of her sex. Her words are thus invested with a very solemn authority. In opposition to those who herald the exodus of women into outside industries as a mark of progress, she regards the movement as "a calamity to the human race," and she pleads for their re-entrance into the home as an indispensable condition of further advance. It is a woman who tells us that the present exodus can be viewed with satisfaction only "by persons who do not rightly understand woman-nature." It is a woman who assures us that by this movement "the vessel which for ages has conserved the seeds of memory, ideality, piety, art, and the affections, is being rudely handled. Woman in the crowd, woman in competitive industry, in office, factory, and shop, woman in herds, deprived of the nesting instinct, de-

prived of solitude, has no time for memory, for the affections, for the quiet brooding of the mind in which ideals are born and cherished." No wonder that with such a conception of woman's true mission there should be an indignant repudiation of the complaint "that woman has been dwarfed by confinement in the home. This is said in the very face of what many of us know our Puritan home-keeping grandmothers to have been!" Probably most men who are masculine enough to be intellectually honest will admit that, if there is any dwarfing tendency in the separate occupations of the two sexes, it is to be found in the humdrum routine of the trades reserved for the male, rather than in the varied calls for a versatile intelligence that arise every hour in the rearing of children and in conserving the tender graces of home life.

J. CLARK MURRAY

RICHARD WAGNER

I hear the music's deep resounding tone,
 I see the white-stoled priests move slowly by
 Singing His praise who rules the earth and sky,
 While outside in the dark and all alone
 Man's soul is fighting with the dread unknown.
 Will it resist the world's alluring cry,
 Or in the bonds of flesh forever lie,
 And darkness cloud the path that love has shown?

Master, thy haunting strains the heart-strings tie,
 Beneath thy spell we feel the immortal powers,
 And as we wistful pass the short-lived hours
 Enraptured till the magic echoes die,
 Above all earthly things thy spirit towers,
 And we too dwell among the gods on high.

E. B. GREENSHIELDS

